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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

NATURES WORSHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent string
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of mourning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far,
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand—
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearls they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer!
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunsets' purple air.

The wind with hymns of praise, are loud,
Or low with sounds of pain:
The thunder organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of the stary march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

BROKEN TIES.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.

Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling rain lies;
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth
They too are gone or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth,
Is darkened or estranged;

They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncultured yet remain?

That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to Heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

Each case, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MARION'S SUNLIGHT.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

Give me my supper, sis, I'm hungry!
"And I'm so sleepy that I can't keep my eyes open."
Marion Dean looked at the two great boys with a heavy sigh, and laid aside the little quilted hood and faded shawl.

"Let me rest a moment, Harry, and you shall have your supper. I have worked hard all day, and am wearied to death. O boys, if you were only able to help me bear my heavy burden!"

She pushed back the falling braids of brown hair, and leaning her head upon her hands.

What a dull, hard life it was! Work, work, work, from morning until night with no one to cheer her, nor any hope in the future!

She looked at the sturdy youngsters before her, and wondered if she would ever be able to do her duty by them. They must be fed, clothed and educated, and only her own poor, little hands to perform the task.

She held them out before her, and laughed contemptuously. Poor, feeble things! Were they competent to do all these things.

Harry called again for his supper, and Artie crept close beside her and laid his head upon her lap, in a pleading manner and half chiding herself for her forgetfulness, she arose, drew out the little table, placed upon it her white cloth and old-fashioned china, and brought forth her bread and little cakes, and because she felt lonely and poor, she tried to be indulgent to her darlings, and filled the tiny glass saucers, from her own preserve can, and placed it on the table.

When this was done, and while she waited for tea to draw, she took poor, tired Artie in her arms, unlaced the little shoes and rocked him in her low chair by the fire, wishing all the while that there was something better for her.

It was while she sat thus, with her fine face worn and shadowed, that there came a little rap upon the door, and then without waiting for the usual summons it opened, and upon the threshold stood a man, with a noble, appreciative face, and a pair of splendid dark eyes, which took in the whole picture. There was no mistaking the weary, drooping figure at the side of his overcoat, and took the tired youngster in his own stout arms.

"There, Marion, you are sufficiently tired without making a baby of this great fellow. Why, Arthur, you're a man!"

"He was mother's baby, Mr. Holbrook, and I cannot bear to put him away. Poor little Artie!"

She looked at him with tears in her eyes, and wished him under the care of one like the strong man before her.

Mr. Holbrook was the owner of the great mill where Harry worked. Harry had been there but a few weeks, and only earned the trifling of eight dollars per month; but even this was a blessing to the hard-working sister, and when Mr. Holbrook had first made the proposition she could have fallen down and worshipped him. He had never seen her until that night, and it was the merest chance that they met. Some one had spoken of Harry Deane, and wanting an errand boy he called.

He did not understand her wants, but he admired her strength and pure unselfishness, and he had been there often, and talked as freely as an old acquaintance. It seemed a great kindness, and even concession for this man, the richest in all the country, to call upon her; but his visits brought her words of comfort, and so she could not discourage them.

He came that night to talk as usual of books, and the great world and its wonders, and to cheer her into smiles. He succeeded, and left her happy and content.

"Girls, there is to be a grand fair at the hall next week, did you know it?" asked one of Marion's shopmates.

"No, tell us about it,"

"It is for some benevolent object, I believe. I shall certainly go. Carrie Dolman, my chum, works at Mrs. M.'s shop, on Centre street, and says that Miss Dolivar has brought a splendid dress to be made for it. It is a beautiful pink silk, with flounces of real lace. Of course she is going with Gerald Holbrook, for they are engaged you know. What a grand match that will be. I mean to ask Marion to get a ticket for me. Holbrook hires her brother, and calls there once in a while. You know he always was noted for his kindness to those in his employ. I know Marion can have plenty of tickets if she will accept them."

Marion's face burned. Accept tickets from Miss Dolivar's affianced husband! No, no! And the white teeth left a scar, let mark upon her under lip, and her eyes blazed like fire. It was a long day and Marion worked hard, but she dreaded night and her return to her quiet home.

"What had she to do with Miss Dolivar's lover?"

Nothing; but the thought pained her more than her poverty and weariness. Ah, why did he come?

She went home, ate her supper, and sat down more weary and discontented than ever. She did not look up when Holbrook came, and when he laid a little package of books in her lap, she put them gently back.

"No, thank you kindly. I cannot accept them."

"Don't let your pride interfere. I will loan them, if you do not wish to accept them as a gift."

He laid them on the table and went on with his conversation.

"There is to be a fair next week at the hall. Would you like to go?"

"No, thank you."

"It will do you good, Marion."

"No, no, sir. Please do not urge me. I would not go for worlds."

"Marion, who has come over you? Are you getting weary of my friendship?"

"O, no, sir," she half sobbed. "It is not that, but—"

"But what? Are you weary of my visits?"

"No, not weary—but O, don't come again."

He looked steadily into her face.

"Do you mean this, Marion?"

"Yes."

Her reply came low and choked, and her face was white as death, as she spoke.

As for him, he arose, said good-night and went out, leaving her nothing save the old desolation made more dark and dreadful by the sunshine she had known. Meekly she took up her cross, and bore it steadily, unflinchingly onward, hiding deep down within the recesses of her lone heart the love she had felt for Gerald Holbrook; and no one knew that she was a martyr, a heroine.

She dreaded the night of that happy festival. For she daily heard the progress of Miss Dolivar's rich dress, and the splendid appearance she was expected to make, and night after night she lay in her narrow bed and pictured her, as she would appear beside Gerald, and all hearts admiring and envying them.

She had brushed up the boy's best suits, added a neat little necktie of her own manufacture, and squeezed out sufficient from her own hard earnings to purchase the tickets, and enable them to go with a neighbor's family, and when there joyous faces disappeared, she sat down as usual to think, think, think!

She was left to her gloomy thoughts but a short time, for there came along the hall a quick, well-known step, and before she could rise, Holbrook was before her. He came straight to her.

"Don't look at me unkindly, Marion! I could not help it. I have been unhappy ever since that night, and I came for an explanation. Was it because some

one told you that I was engaged to Miss Dolivar?"

She did not lift her eyes when she replied:

"Yes."

"And did you believe it?"

"How could I help it?"

"And so your pride and honor would not permit you to allow me to continue my visits?"

"No. I feared it might bring us both trouble."

"Dear Marion, it is false! There is but one image in my heart, and that is your own—May I always keep it there?"

She could not answer him, but she lifted a face so radiant and beautiful with her new-found joy, that he held her far from him and gazed at her, before he could believe his own eyes.

When at an unreasonable late hour the happy boys returned, they stopped short in the door, and hushed their noisy demonstrations, and wondered what had come over her.

She held them close to her warm heart told them the whole story; and Harry threw up his cap, and Artie gave a stout hearty yell of approval, and declared that he would make the "jolliest sort of a brother."

And Marion, with all her new-found happiness, knelt down and thanked God for His great kindness, and slept in peace.

A Checked Life.

A Philadelphia paper gives some details of the early life of Mrs. Wharton, now under arrest in Baltimore for the murder of her husband. It says Mrs. W. then Ellen G. Nugent, was born in that city 45 years ago. Her father, George Nugent, was a most prominent and successful merchant of the day, doing a large importing business of fine goods, silks, etc. In character he was strictly upright and honorable, living as it were by a set rule of firmness and justice to all. Of all Mr. Nugent's children his daughter Nellie was the idol. He lavished every attention upon her that money could command. By the universal voice of those who knew her she was certainly a most lovely girl. About twenty years of age, of slender and graceful, yet quietly bearing, with magnificent jet black hair of unusual length, dark eyes, and fair complexion. It was about this time that she began to develop a passion that has ever since been inordinate with her, and that was the desire to dress magnificently. Her father spared no expense to gratify her lightest whim, and gave her money enough to clothe a dutchess. Her father allowed her to carry the purse of a dutchess, and consequently the reader can judge of his surprise when outside bills that had been contracted by his daughter to the amount of thousands of dollars were sent in to him for settlement, and all this heavy running into debt had taken place in a comparatively short time, and without the slightest premonitory intelligence. It was found that this money had been expended for laces, silks, jewelry, etc. etc., which were lavished with an imperial hand as presents upon her young friends. The debts were paid by her father.

Miss Nellie was the brilliant center of a large circle of people of the best class in that vicinity. So that when, shortly after, all received an invitation to the marriage of that young lady, it created some little stir of excitement. At length all the invited guests assembled at the Nugent mansion to witness the marriage of the beauty. Great preparations had been made for the event. The hour at which the nuptial knot was to have been tied struck with a dismal clang, and yet no bridegroom. Messengers were sent in haste, and on their return they announced that Mr. Williamson had not contracted the marriage, and knew nothing about it. Subsequent investigation showed conclusively that the marriage had not the slightest foundation, so far as any attention of Mr. Williamson was concerned, people began to intimate that something was wrong in her head. Mr. Nugent, after careful pondering of the matter, was resolved to have Nellie removed to an asylum for the insane. It wanted but a day or two of the execution of the asylum project, when one morning it was found that the bird had flown in the night from the nest. In a very little while the father had eloped with young Lieut. Harry W. Wharton, had proceeded with him to Philadelphia, and had been there married. The runaway couple had not been long from home until they received assurances of forgiveness, and returned. Notwithstanding the growing suspicion that she poisoned her husband and son, it is the universal testimony that never was there a more loving wife. She was most passionately devoted to him, and following him every where.

See how the torrid zone birds build their nests, away out on the end of a limb, so that the monkeys cannot seize their young. The monkey has to take a back seat, look at the nest and grit his teeth and wink, but he dare not—dare not try it. The hummingbird builds nests of non-conducting materials, so that the thunder-storm cannot spoil its eggs. It knew the mysteries of thunder long before Benjamin Franklin brought down a spark from a thunder-cloud.

An indolent youth being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation, replied: "I am engaged every morning in hearing counsel. Industry and Health advised me to rise, Sloth and Idleness lie still; and they give their reasons at length, pro and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and to hear with patience what is said on both sides, and by the time the case is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table."

BOYS USING MONEY.

Is not the right use of money an important part of education? If so can it begin too early, or neglected with safety? And where else can it be taught so well as in the house of childhood? In the case of boys, a writer in the *Congregationalist* urges upon parents a course of careful training, and says:

The temptation which besets young men are never greater than when he first begins to spend money on his own account. In the case of most young men the power of these great temptations is largely increased from the fact that they had no training whatever in the use of money. Many a boy goes gallantly wrong upon entering college, because he finds himself then, for the first time, with money in his pocket, whilst he is without education and without sense in the matter of spending it. Many a clerk is ruined in the same way.

Why should it not be so? Everybody is aware that the heads of grown people are turned by the sudden accession of wealth. The follies committed by those who unexpectedly become rich, are matters of universal recognition and ridicule. Why should boys be wiser than men? Why, with greater temptations, should they have more self-control than grown people? The officers of our large schools and colleges are urgent in the entreaties they make of parents not to furnish their sons an abundance of pocket-money. The unhappy results of this are continually before their eyes. But the remedy lies further back. They should be trained from early years to the right use of money. It is an exciting time for most boys when they begin to have the sense of manhood coming on. It is a true intoxication at just the moment when all the passions are breaking into life, and when the love of the approbations of companions is the strongest to feel "I am now my own master." And it is simply tempting the devil, to add to the power of this intoxication by letting a boy awake precisely then to the unused feeling, "I have money in my hands, and I can do as I please with it." And yet this can hardly be avoided. In the matter of spending as in other things, cannot be kept forever in leading strings.

The true method is to teach him to spend wisely; to begin early, and diligently to train him to use money for himself and to use it well. Parents must of course judge for themselves what arrangements it is wise to make. But suppose that when your boy is ten years old you furnish him an allowance sufficient to buy his shoes and gloves. Let it be large enough to cover also, such trifles as a boy needs, and whatever it is right he should give away. He will be proud of the trust you place in him. He will gladly seek your aid in fulfilling it. He will, moreover, willingly consent, and this is of the highest importance, to keep an exact account of his expenses. In this way, and by enlarging the allowance as circumstances permit, parents may hope gradually to accustom their children to the use of money, and to prepare them for the time when they shall control entirely their own expenses.

Much might be said concerning the many advantages that would result from such a course. Poor children might be taught, not only to spend prudently, but to save carefully, if any object required, and especially to give, from true principle and out of a loving heart. Our children are too much restricted in their power of making others happy.

But we pass this by, to say a word about the confidence that may come to be established in this way between the boy and his parents. The child's safeguard is not the love of parents, but a hearty confidence between him and them. Happiness will be your boy if you shall win a trust from him as shall lead him gladly to admit you to a share in all his life. A sad thing it is when he no longer tells you what he does with his evenings—a sad and ominous thing when he begins to incur expenses of which he is unwilling to have you know. Foretell, so far as possible, the danger of this. Let him have money at an age when he will naturally seek your sympathy in the use of it. Trust begets trust. Your confidence in him will awaken his in you. It will appeal to his honor. This which is so strong in boys, and goes so fearfully wrong of ton, he is at pains to secrete. It is his other and better side. It is love's strongest pledge. Make it, in your son, a mighty pledge of his confidence in you.

In a few years, if this boy lives, it will be the most important practical question that can be asked concerning him: Does he know how to use money? Teachers will watch concerning this. His employers will ask about it anxiously. His answers to it will be potent to determine his life. For ours is a day when most men have more to do with money than with anything else. The nightest passions are involved in it. And as a man spends, so he is.

A FISH STORY.—We met a boy on the street and without the ceremony of asking our name he exclaimed:

"You just orter been down to the river, a while ago!"

"Because a Dutchman was in there swimming, and a big cat fish come up behind him and swallowed both of his feet, and went swimming along on top of the water with him, there came behind another big fish, and the dutchman and the two fish went swimming about."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a while, the dutchman swallowed his fish, and the other fish swallowed the dutchman, and that's the last I saw of either of them."

A fainting fit—Tight lacing.

AUNT RACHEL.

Do you know her, my reader? I hardly need to ask that question, for 'tis quite unlikely that you have ever seen her little house near these. It is just such a box of a cottage as you may have read of many times, till you concluded it was the more charming from its expectedness. It seems hardly large enough for a family of furies, over-shadowed as it is by great lime-limbed willows, beautiful in the barren winter and glorious in the summer sun; and yet besides little Ruth and Letty, Aunt Rachel has a faculty for making comfortable the many who visit her each season.

The cottage is a miracle of neatness, but Letty was "brought up" under her eye, and even Ruth's childish plays are almost as orderly and quiet as the dear grandmother's movements.

It is really delightful to sit at the round table, whose appointments speak so strongly of the past. The linen is exquisitely fine and white—she wove it long years ago—and the pattern is far more beautiful than anything made in our poor day. The china is almost a century old; so down the teaspoons; the teapot, you will notice, is not of modern make, but it will interest you to know that it once held the cups that cheered General Washington after a hard day's work. If you care to hear them, she can tell you many a story of those dark days, and she will tell them as thrillingly as if the events occurred but yesterday, so vivid is her remembrance of them.

There are flowers all about the cottage—old favorites of her father and mother perchance. The purple-veined morning-glory drapes the pantry windows, and blush roses bloom beside them. There are more of their sisterhood in the garden that slopes to the edge of the shining "Neverisk." The rough fence glows with fiery eyes of the nasturtium, and sweetens the air with the breath of flowering peonies. Down the walk are bunches of grass-pinks tall spikes of lavender, tufts of velvet marigolds, and old-fashioned peonies; then there's always a carefully tended bed of mignonette "because Alice loved it so."

But there's no use in trying to describe these things to you; much more shall I fail if I attempt to picture Aunt Rachel, her pale, sweet face, whitened hair, and quiet Quaker garb. Go for yourself and hear her patient voice narrating the events of the past. She will tell you, doubtless, of her happy girlhood, the serene wedded life, full of brightness and harmony, till the blow came that left her at once without parents and husband, with nothing but the baby Alice to live for—how the darling grew to youth and beauty and then went home to the others. Her memory of her mother and father, and the children's ways and merry laugh keep the memory of her mother green.

If you have grief in your heart because some one you loved has been removed from out your life, you may wonder how she can speak so calmly of her departed and of her trials, which have not been few. She will tell you that the discipline was needed—that we forget God in our happiness, and sometimes He sends us the thick darkness, so that we are forced to Him in our utter need. Her heart brimming over with sympathy, leads her to many kind deeds and words; and as I view her daily worth, I question why the same quiet may not brood over many a mourning one—why each may not learn himself that:

"There is no sorrow to the earnest soul That looketh up to God with perfect faith."

An Amusing Duel in Louisiana.

On a certain occasion since the beginning of 1871, in the little town of Ouachita City, on the banks of the Ouachita river, about twenty-five miles above the city of Monroe, two gentlemen (Johnson and Jones) concluded to play one game of "seven up" at \$5. They took their time and interspersed the game with several drinks. They finally finished the game. Johnson, being winner, raked in the money.

Johnson studied about it for a while—He made up his mind that it was not right for Johnson to take the money, as they were neighbors—not gamblers, anyway—and were only in fun. He said:

"You are not going to take that money, are you?"

"Yes, indeed, I am," said Johnson.

"Well," said Jones, "you had as well take it out of my pocket."

"Now, Jones, take that back."

"I shall not take it back; and if you are not satisfied, help yourself in any way you choose."

"But Jones, I insist that you take it back, because I don't steal myself."

"I shall not take it back; and I now repeat that you had as well have stolen that money out of my pocket. If you wish a difficulty, you can have it anyway you like."

"Well, then, we will shoot it out," said Johnson.

"Very well, sir," said Jones; mention your time and place."

Without further ceremony, all the arrangements were made for the duel to take place that evening. Many of the neighbors were there, and at once concluded to have the fight come off. They knew Johnson, who proposed the shooting, would back out unless he could be encouraged. They knew, on the other hand, that Jones would stand up without flinching. The seconds loaded the pistols with blank cartridges, and informed Johnson of the fact, but did not let Jones into the secret.—They did this to make Johnson stand, which, of course, made him fearless, bold and daring. He went to the appointed place, and Jones was there, cool and calm. The moment for action arrived, and all parties took their positions, the distance being ten paces. The pistols were hand-

ed to Johnson and Jones in death-like silence, every one being as serious as death. The count commenced—"One!" "Stop?" said Johnson. "It is understood by all parties that there ain't no bullets in these pistols!"

Jones, hearing this, and knowing nothing of it before, rather staggered forward, reeling, looked into the muzzle of his pistol, and cried out, "I'll be d—d if there ain't bullets in mine!" and at the same time pulled down on Johnson.

This was too much for Johnson. He broke for the nearest house, which was about two hundred yards, and they say he doubled up like a four-bladed knife, and has not been seen since, but sent word back that all might "shoot it out!" who choose, but he wanted none in his. Jones won the field against all odds.

Narrow Gauge.

Mr. R. H. Lamborn, of Philadelphia, writes under the date of July 15th:—"The old 'war of the gauges' has been opened again. The contest in which the 7 feet, the 6 feet, the 5 feet 6 inches, the 5 feet, the 4 feet 10 inches, and the 4 feet 8 1/2 inches were pitted against each other, has by the same success of 'natural selection' resulted in the almost universal adoption of the last named and narrowest gauge.

The advocates of the three-foot gauge claim that in the majority of instances in which railroads have been and are to be built in the United States, the stockholders would be better remunerated and the community at large accommodated more thoroughly and at lower rates for freight and passage were three feet used instead of the new wide gauge of four feet eight and a half inches.

They claim that the whole United States will ultimately be overspread by a network of local narrow gauge roads, which will be emphatically the "people's roads," and which will pour their freight and passengers into great trunk lines leading to the prominent centers of trade.

They claim that there are mountain communities where the people must for decades remain without railroads if the broad gauge is retained, but into which narrow gauge roads can be built for sums that can readily be commanded; that the sparse populations of our great mining and grazing Territories must for many years depend upon a few main East and West trunk lines and expensive wagon transportations, unless a cheap gauge is adopted, which will enable them to build local branches at small cost; that villages and country communities by thousands in the districts controlled by lines yet to be built, must, in case the broad gauge is retained, exist without the advantages of local roads for a generation longer, unless the "new and cheap machine"—the narrow gauge—be adopted in its stead. There-fore, would it not be well for stockholders and bondholders, before spending their money in laying another rail upon the ponderous broad gauge plan, to pause and gravely consider the merits of the new and cheaper system? Would it not be wise for legislators forthwith to encourage, by proper laws, a contrivance which promises so much benefit to the great masses of their constituents? and is it not due to the people who so generously assisted the corporations that are to-day determining the gauge for scores of years and for hundreds of thousands of miles of new roads in our vast trans-Mississippi empire, that the plan best adapted for the early and ultimate accommodation of the entire community shall be adopted and maintained?

The Sea of Galilee.

What the traveler will see when he catches his first eager glimpse of the limpid sheet of water will be a small oval-shaped lake, thirteen miles long and six broad. It is evidently of volcanic origin, and the earth-quakes which have rent the walls of Tiberias, as well as the hot springs at several places in the vicinity of the lake, show that volcanic agencies are still at work. All along the eastern side runs a green plain, which, except at one spot (the probable scene of the destruction of the swine after the healing of the Gadarene demoniac) is every where about a quarter of a mile in width. Beyond this rises, to the height of about 2,000 feet, an escarpment of desolate-looking hills, scored by various ravines, and having a plateau at the top. As there are neither trees nor villages to be seen on that side, and no signs of cultivation, the view in that direction has a certain monotony, but this is atoned for by the air of mystery derived from its very desolation, and from the fact that even in our Lord's time it was so frequented that He had to visit it when he required the refreshment of solitude. It was of this lovely shore that we are reminded in the lines of the beautiful hymn—

"Come to a desert place apart,
And rest a little while."
So spake the Lord when mind and heart
Were faint and sick through toil."

It was somewhere among these featureless hills—probably toward the north-eastern part of the lake—that he fed the 5,000 who had flocked after him on foot; it was somewhere about those grey ravines that He spent the night in prayer. And how many times must His eye have rested with pleasure on the dimpling surface of the inland sea! a sight delightful in any region of the world, but doubly refreshing and delicious—in this sultry land.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive impious; they leave a noxious trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

A Parisian philosopher says: "Why has nature given us two ears and one tongue?" In order that we should regret but one-half of what we hear."

Never slander an acquaintance.

Wit and Humor.

There is but one good wife in the world, and every happily wedded man thinks he has her.

Why are the Stars and Stripes like the swells of the ocean? Because they will never cease to wave.

An old lady read about the strike of the wire drawers in Worcester, Massachusetts, and said of all the new-fangled things, wire drawers must be the queerest.

Them soldiers must be awful dishonest set," said an old lady; "For not a night seems to pass that some sentinel is not relieved of his watch!

What should a man carry with him when calling upon his affianced? Affection in his heart, perfection is his manners, and contentment in his pocket.

When gazing upon great conflagration what three authors would you name in order to express your thoughts? Dickens, Howitt, Burns!

And old dutchman who was some years ago elected a member of the Legislature, said, in broken English style: "Ven I went to de legislature I thought I would find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was."

"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith, an' sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of them will come out of it."

"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer in search of a female compositor. "Have you any daughters who would make good type setters?" "No, but I have a wife who would make a fine devil."

TAKING DOWN A HEN.—Almost every journal in the country has republished the item about that man at Findlay, Ohio, who bravely rushed into a burning grocery and brought out three kegs of gunpowder, the explosion of which would have destroyed much property. It looked like a heroic deed and was so considered; but alas! there is another side of the story. It is now asserted that he rushed into the flames through mistake. Some one told him that three kegs of brandy were being destroyed.

Suppose a man and a girl were married; and which is, of course impossible—that, at the time of the hymenial contract, the man is thirty-five years old and the girl five; which makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten years—this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they live until she is fifteen, the man being forty-five—this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old—this makes the man sixty, only twice as old. And now, as we haven't time to work it out, perhaps somebody will be so good to tell us how long they would have to live to make the girl as old as the man.

A father desired that his son should live and die in ignorance of the female sex, removed to the backwoods in one of our far Western States, where he brought him up unaware of the existence of the feminine gender.

But it happened that he brought him to town one day, and upon seeing a female on the other side of the street, exclaimed: "Dad, what is that over there?" "Only a grouse," said the fond father, when to the amusement of the bystanders, he exclaimed: "Then, dad, I want some grouse."

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred.

YOU CAN'T CONCEAL IT.—A poor farmer cannot conceal the fact that he is a poor farmer. All his surroundings proclaim the verdict against him; his horses, cattle, wagon, harness, plows, fences, fields—even his wife and children bear silent, but unmistakable evidence against him. On the other hand all things will testify favorably on behalf of the good farmer. Every passer-by can read the pro and con. This fact alone ought to stimulate every farmer to do his best for the sake of his own character, as well as interest, for he may rest assured that every passer-by will pronounce judgment according to the evidence.

A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away,
One little act performed in life
Turns darkness into day.

The gauge of the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line Railroad is to be changed to the narrow gauge on August 15.