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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

PASSING AWAY.

BY DR. E. A. CURRIE, OF VA.

They are passing away with the fleeting hours;
They are passing away with the fading flowers;
They are passing away on the sighing breeze;
They are passing away like the falling leaves;
In life and in death, by night and by day,
All things of this world are passing away.
The dreams of our youth have long passed away;
The hopes of our childhood have gone to decay;
Our evening dreamings are still coming on,
But as soon as they come they pass and are gone;
In life and in death, by night and by day,
One by one they are passing away.

The seasons are hurrying each other along,
They fit and are gone like the mists of the morn;
The Summer was here with the wild bird's song;
Now by Autumn winds its bright robe is shorn;
Soon winter will come with its stern decay—
And the bright things of nature will all pass away.
Our friends and our lovers are passing away,
Our hopes and our joys only blossom to fade—
Stern time in his flying will brook no delay,
And nothing escapes his remorseless blade—
Time and death in this world bear away,
And beneath their tread all things pass away.

Yet beyond the valley and shadow of Time,
There are glorious things that can never decay,
They call to our spirits in accents sublime:
"O come, for with us is no passing away,
We dwell forever in cloudless day,
Our joys may be thine, never passing away."

Then mount our spirits and thitherward fly;
Remember this world is all passing away,
Let faith bear ye upward, beyond the blue sky,
To dwell in the bright land of shadowless day.
By his aid who hath broken the bonds of the tomb,
Ye may rise on the wings of his mercy and love,
Where the garden of God in perennial bloom,
Surroundeth the glorious mansions above—
Be patient and faithful, and never decay,
To accomplish your work before passing away.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TESTIMONY IN TIME.

The case pending before our court interesting the people deeply. A few months previously Jacob Ames had died, leaving property to the amount of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, all of which was readily available. At first it was supposed that the old man—he was eighty-seven—had died without having made a will, as he had often been heard to remark that making a will seemed like a preparation for death, and as there could be no question about the inheritance of his property, he did not choose to make any such, to him, ghostly testament. His direct and only legitimate heirs were two orphans, both girls, children of his only daughter. One of them was a cripple, requiring almost the undivided care and attention of the other, and both were beloved by all who knew them. While people were feeling that the orphan sisters were to be thus grandly provided for, a man named James Arnold presented a will for probate, said to be the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Ames, made several years before. This Arnold was a nephew-in-law of old Jacob, the child of a wife's sister, and had for several years been employed as business agent and general accountant of the deceased; and when he caused the will to be presented, he produced a number of witnesses who declared that they had often heard old Ames say that he had made the only will he should make, and that seemed to make the matter sure, two witnesses to the will, former servants or employees of the testator, swore positively to having seen Ames place his signature to the document after which they signed their own names. Honest people shook their heads at this, for these two witnesses—a man and his wife—were not above suspicion. In fact, it was generally believed that a small sum of ready money would buy them, body and soul.

I entered the court-room late in the afternoon of the third day, just as the last witness was about to leave the witness-box; and this witness was Thomas Clouman, the servant just alluded to. He had been questioned by a jurymen, and had made a plain statement. Everything was

against the poor deserving orphans, and all in favor of the despised nephew. In fact, no honest man, under the evidence, could have brought in a verdict against Arnold's claim.

The jurymen who had questioned this witness sat at the end of the box; and close to him, among the spectators, stood old Harry Goodrich, who was at that time engaged in the papermill of Day & Lyon, at Portland. I had known him years before, when he worked for Rice, of New York. The juror held the will in his hand, open, and Goodrich cast his eye upon it. I saw the paper-maker start and tremble.

"Let me look at that!" I heard him whisper, for I stood close by.
The juror, without considering, handed him the document; and before the counsel could interpose and regain it, Goodrich had seen all he desired and his first movement, after relinquishing the will, was to hasten to the side of the orphan's attorney, and whisper, hurriedly and excitedly, in his ear. I saw the attorney, whose name was Shipman, bend his head attentively, and then start to his feet—What was it? In those few brief moments the whole audience had caught the fever of excitement, for it was clearly evident that something of importance was on the tapis.

"May it please your honor," said Shipman, very quietly—so calmly and so quietly, that we feared it could be nothing of importance, after all—"I must ask the indulgence of the court. I wish to present new and important testimony."
There was a slight war of words between the opposing counsel, after which, by permission of the court, the old paper-maker took the witness-box. He gave his name, residence, occupation, etc., and then Mr. Shipman placed the will in his hands.

"Mr. Goodrich, will you please examine that document?"

"What is the written date of that will?"
"September fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-one," answered the witness, reading from the instrument.

"Now, Mr. Goodrich, will you please inform the jury, and the court, if you observe any thing else, in or upon that paper which hold in your hand, that would positively affect the reliability of that written date. Make your own statement in your own way, only make it concise and clear."
"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," commenced the witness, "this piece of paper which I now hold in my hand was manufactured by myself and was calendered upon a machine of my own invention.

The water lines, in the place of the ordinary blue ruling, was included in my improvement. You will also observe, upon close inspection—though the ink upon the surface has somewhat obscured it—my own stamp in water-marks. Your honor can examine it for yourself."

The Judge took the document, and held it up against the strong light; and involuntarily he read aloud, so as to be heard by all in the room—for every breath was hushed—"H. Goodrich's Patent. Eighteen hundred forty-three."
"Yes, your Honor," broke in Goodrich, whose professional integrity was now in the balance, "I can solemnly swear that sheet of paper was not made until at least two years after the date of the instrument which has been written upon its face."

The paper was given to the jury, who were all upon their feet. Arnold's counsel demanded to see it. Mr. Clouman and his wife got up, and tried to leave the room, but were prevented. Judge and bar were in a state of ferment, while the dense audience swayed and fro in eager, painful suspense. Would this old man's testimony have its legitimate weight?
Ah! how could it be otherwise? There was a witness more potent than an intelligent court and jury than speech of tongue. The contested will bore in its innermost heart—in its "heart of hearts"—the emphatic evidence of the base lie upon its written face. Other witnesses were called—one paper maker and two paper dealers—but the thing was settled. The water-lined date of the paper was evidence enough. A little while the Judge gave his charge—about as brief a charge as I ever heard. A little longer, and we knew that the orphan's were the true and legally established heirs to Jacob Ames's fortune. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Suffice it for me to say, that the perjured parties were severely punished, while the sun of joy and gladness cast its gracious beams upon the beloved and deserving sisters.

Social Intercourse.
Without friends what is man? A so literary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrically indeed in its form, beautifully and exquisitely finished, outliving the lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted, its roots rottenness, and its bloom dead—a scathed, lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are rushing out eastward, when the clouds are dark above, and the muttering thunder grows along the sky, when our frame, palsied by the skeleton hand of disease, or reared within the maelstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flourishing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentous storms, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind, within the attraction of sympathetic kindness, pour the "oil and balm" of peace into the yet festering wound, and deliver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

When I was young I lived on a farm with my parents, and a very good farm it was too, containing over one hundred acres of rich mellow land of which we yearly raised the crops of hay and grain. Living at our right was a man by the name of Richardson, who was about fifty years of age, bearing the name of an excellent farmer, which name he richly deserved, as a person might see on passing his premises, for his buildings possessed that snug, warm look of which only a good farmer can boast, and all of his cattle were in such a condition as to arouse the wonder and admiration of his neighbors, who tried in vain to excel him, and often have I heard remarks like this: "I cannot understand how neighbor Richardson has produced so good a farm of that which, when he moved on it, was no better than ours." On our left lived a man by the name of William Stephens, who was very slack in his habits, whose buildings, although never so Mr. Richardson's, were not to be compared with those in any respect. The floors of his stable and barn were adorned with many a useless article, through which one of his best horses broke a leg, and thereby lost his life. His cattle were in very poor condition, and were always getting into his neighbors' grain, for his fences being out of repair, no one could expect otherwise. He usually managed to get to the neighboring village at least once a week to get the liquor he needed to brighten him up, as I think there was nothing about home to cheer him. He was the only son of a wealthy farmer, and while young allowed to do about as he pleased, and never wished for a thing without it was granted, so that when he became a man, his idle habits, which he attained when young, followed him to the grave. As I have given a brief outline of William Stephens' life, perhaps you would like to hear something more of James Richardson. He was the son of a poor cobbler, who provided a scanty living for his large family by toiling day and night on the bench.

James attended school until he was 12 years of age, when he went to live with a man near by, who was in search of a boy to work for him. His master proved to be a very good farmer, and taught James many useful lessons, which he never forgot. At the age of twenty-one he began working for a farmer several miles distant, collecting his wages and using them at his own discretion. At first they were small, but finding him to be steady and honest, in a short time his wages were increased, so that he was able to lay by a small amount each year, and in twenty years from the time he began working on his own account, he had accumulated enough to purchase the farm on which he now resides, and still have a small reserve with which he procured the necessary utensils for carrying on the farm. He soon found that his buildings needed more repairs than he felt able to pay for; but still he wished to have as good buildings as any of his neighbors. Here was a fix; he was ambitious to excel, but had no money to proceed with. His first thought was to go to his old employer and ask his advice. "My friend," said he, "I will say that I have refrained from saying before, but now that you have asked my advice I will tell you frankly what I think, and if you follow it it will be of great service to you. You have indulged in a habit ever since I knew you, which is injurious to your body as well as your purse, which if you continue, will shorten your days, and if you quit it may save you a great deal of trouble. Take that tobacco from your mouth young man, and save the money you expend each week for it to purchase tools for repairing your buildings, and depend upon it you will prosper." He followed that old man's advice, and the tools he purchased the next year seemed like a gift to him, and he soon had his buildings in the best of order, and his farm prospered, and he became the wealthiest farmer of the place as we found him at the beginning of the story. Thus, we find the adage true that, "Many a little makes a muckle." A. J. A.

THE GENEROUS BOY.—One day a gentleman saw two boys going along the streets in New York. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty and tied together by pieces of strings. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street.
"I say Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these roses just where I could find them? And they're so poopy and nice! Look sharp, Billy; maybe you'll find something handy."
Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying—"Oh! jolly, Billy! if there ain't most half a peach! and 'ta'n't most dirty neither." "Cause you ain't found nothing, you may bite first."
Billy was just going to take a very little taste of it when his companion said—"Bite Bigger, Billy; maybe we'll find another 'fore long."
Yes, that shows how a hungry boy was glad to get hold of half of a castaway peach; but, better still, there is a lesson of generosity on it. The poor boy wished his playfellow to share in what little he had. "See, too, how it is possible for some people to make a good use of what others throw away."

"There is a good deal of valuable matter to be found sometimes in heaps of rubbish," says Professor Tryall.
A lady had her dress trimmed with "bugles" before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

VANISHED YEARS.

Who can look back on the vanished years without a sigh of regret for the many remembered joys that the years now vanished brought to us, but can never recall the pleasures that the years now vanished brought to us again? To one, it is the remembrance of the child's caressing fingers straying about the neck, and the patting of tiny, slippery feet over the stairs or down the hall. It is the music of a sweet, innocent voice, floating in rippling laughter, or precious baby words from the past along the vanished years into the tide of the present. To another, sweet, loved faces, that float suddenly from the mist of vanished years—as if the daisies grew not between the closed eyes and our own. They meet us again with the same never-forgotten glance of tenderness; and we ask of the vanished years if they have given back to us our own, or whether the spirits of the air take form, sometimes, only to vanish again, leaving us only our memories. Half-forgotten songs float dreamily back to us, and the memory of a woman's smile, or a manly voice, has thrilled many a heart with an intensity of emotion that only a presence from the vanished years could bring.

Youth, beauty, love and happiness, all belong to the beautiful vanished years; and looking forward brings not the satisfaction that we find in silent, sweet communion with the past.

The joys, the happiness that has been ours is ours still, for faithful memory is ever going backward to the vanished years, and bringing to us our treasures that have been. But in looking forward we see only what may be, and past experience tells us that hopes fail. Perhaps there is nothing in the past of a person, who has reached the quiet middle years of life, that brings mingled sadness and smiles as the recollection of youth's first love. How real it all seemed then, and yet how the vision changed! This girl that seemed an angel then is only a ordinary mortal now, faded and world-weary; like the boy who thought himself a man, and claimed the manly right of worshiping every angel in maidenly guise. And from the relics of the departed years is drawn the curl of shining hair that was such a talisman then. It is just as bright, just as golden now, and it coils itself about your fingers just as prettily, reminding you in its almost animated curling of the coquettish grace of its wearer. But, alas! the years in vanishing have stolen from it its talismanic powers, and to-day it is only a lock of woman's hair, shorn before the silver threads began to linger in sad, silent tokens of the cares and weariness of the earth-life.

A thought of silver hair brings us back to the present. Glancing in the mirror we find them plentifully bestowed upon ourselves, and smile as we wonder if the girl to whom that curl belonged has kept that shining lock of bright chestnut hair we gave her in exchange. Only the vanished years can tell. They tell us of a broken vow that made two lives a failure? Why, then, did not that golden hair rest forever in happy security against the wall, and not be broken over the corner, nothing belonging to the vanished years return to us, we are hastening on to eternity. Earth-life is only a shadow of the substance that the second life affords. Eternity is before us, and who shall say that in the eternal years all shall not be restored to us.

IN A BAD FIX.—A very good widow who was looked to by the congregation to which she belonged, as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved a porter, and one day, just as she had received half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she saw two of grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of the back door, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends she popped a cork—"Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes the bedcord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided." In a few minutes she popped another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again; but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under 'er. Scat!" Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtain. "O, dear me!" said she; "I had forgotten; it is my yeast! Here, Prudence, come and take these bottles of yeast away!"

Struggle on to victory. Never give up, when you are right. A frown is only a muscular contraction, and can't last long. A laugh of derision is but the modified barking of a cur. If you can be laughed out of the good or the good out of you, you are weak. In intellect than the fool, whose arguments is a guffaw, and whose logic is a sneer.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the light wings of sleep,
On my bosom lie soft.
Oh! come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats low on the ear,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave,
Wear the loveliest blue,
When the dew's on the flower
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll stray,
Where the whole year is crowned,
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet,
As the echo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathing of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lesson they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll fly,
Like two winged spirits—
Of love through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand,
On our dream wings we'll go,
Where starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Through long dreamy hours,
Till love's angels envy
The heaven of ours.

THE LOST FOUND.

There was once a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on. But that evening a gentleman who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore; and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little but felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off for home. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap, and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall-door. He knocked. "When the servant opened it, and knew who it was she screamed with joy, and said, 'Here is Master Tom!'" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainting; "there was no spirit in her." What a happy evening they all children and parents spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven when those who were in danger of being lost forever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you, and say, "I am delighted to see you safe, 'Welcome! Welcome!'" You will not see there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed but in garments of salvation, white as snow with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is and then do it.
But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose that you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out by sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within! When you would have turned away and gone home, how sad you would feel! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting, helplessly onward—can you tell whither?—*Loving Words.*

At a social party, where humorous definitions was one of the games of the evening, the question was put, "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, more famous as a man of business than of wit, is an insurance against fire in another world, for which honesty is the best policy." Correct.

Jackson and the Bravo.

It was while he was Judge that he arrested the notorious desperado Bean, whom nobody else could arrest. Many of Bean's descendants are still living, and the place where old Hickory's eyes brought him down is still pointed out.

As the story runs, Bean went away and left his family for two years. When he returned his wife celebrated the advent by presenting him with a new-born babe. This was a new departure in domestic economy, and Bean did not accept the situation with very good grace. His demand for a satisfactory one, and in the absence of the poor little baby, playfully remarking as he did so, that he wanted to distinguish it from his own. Some thought this was an innocent proceeding, a practical joke on the baby, in fact, while others considered it an outrage should be punished. The grand jury took that view of the case and indicted Bean. Bean, as usual, brushed up his horse pistols, and said that they might indict, but they couldn't arrest him. The sheriff tried it and was vanquished. Court came on, the criminal docket was called, and the clerk reported Bean "not taken."

"What's the matter?" asked Judge Jackson of the sheriff.

"Nothing's the matter, only I can't arrest him," replied the official.

"Then, by the Eternal! summon the county to help you, and bring him in here!" thundered the Judge up some citizens, and advanced on Bean. The latter backed himself up against a house to prevent a rear attack, drew his pistols, and told them to come on. He was a center shot, and to have advanced would have been certain death to some. No one cared to sacrifice his life in giving the others a chance to make a start. The sheriff reported to Jackson that Bean could not be taken without a sacrifice of lives.

"By the Eternal! summon the court!" thundered the irate Judge; and "the court was summoned."

Jackson refused arms, and advanced empty-handed and bareheaded upon Bean. His friends tried to restrain him, as he valued his life, but he heeded them not. He kept his cold eyes fixedly upon the desperado, walked right up to him, jerked his pistols away, took him by the collar, and marched him off to jail.

Jefferson's Ovary.

It is related of Jefferson that he might have been a rich man and not a poor man as he was, but for the multitude of admiring visitors that thronged Monticello from year's end to year's end, and literally ate him out of house and home. As many as fifty strangers sometimes swarmed in upon him in a single afternoon. They came on horseback, and in carriages, and dozens of them stayed all night, and many of them stayed for days and even weeks. No other man of whom we have record was ever so over-run with visitors for so long a period. They came from all lands, and belonged to almost every rank in life. It was not possible to turn them away. Jefferson had to stand the punishment, and he stood it bravely, and with at least outward serenity of spirit, although his inward struggles were terrible. He finally sold his library, perhaps the best in America, and that his beautiful home would pass into the hands of strangers.

A few friends, and even the Legislature of a few States tried to help him. But these efforts were of no avail. His affairs grew worse and worse. He finally petitioned the Legislature of Virginia for permission to dispose of his estate by lottery, but before the act was passed he died. His estate was sold at auction by creditors, and his heirs were turned from their ancestral door forever. Happily Jefferson died unconscious that six months would elapse before his furniture would be sold at auction, and Monticello and Poplar Forest be advertised for sale at street corners; that the sale of his property would fail to pay his debts; and that his beautiful home would pass into the hands of strangers.

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 and chaos, but think 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 an 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 impracticable 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 not stronger than they were in their youth. Think before, in a 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.

A Missouri musician sat on a keg of powder to smoke. His wife could not positively identify a shirt button that was found in that vicinity.

A policeman asked a drunken Ethiopian whom he could scarcely see in the dim light of a cell, "Are you colored?" "Colored, no; dis yer emile jis born so."

Advertise in the RECORD—your sales;

Wit and Humor.

A wit being requested "to say a good thing," laconically responded "Oysters."

What grows bigger the more you contract it?—Debt.

He who in the world would rise,
Must take the RECORD and advertise.

Old maids are said to be rare in China; but rare old china is frequently found among old maids.

Utah may have its plural wives, observed Mr. Quilp, but other parts of the country have very singular ones.

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing. They both make him hold.

A dandy in love is in just about as bad a fix as a stick of molasses kandy that has begun to melt.

The young ladies of Waterville, Me., having recently organized an anti-tobacco society, the young men of that town have organized an anti-cosret society.

A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself; with only one quill.

Why is a caterpillar like a loaf of hot bread? Because it's a "grub" that makes the butter fly.

Why is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has experienced many a hard blow.

A Kentucky girl says when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave; that the weed nourished by her dust may be chewed by her bereaved lovers.

A gentleman says that he was recently at a railroad station where a sergeant was drilling a company of raw recruits; while giving the word of command the train started, and just afterwards a dandy-looking chap arrived in time to see the cars off in which he wished to go. At this moment the sergeant was shouting to his men, "Get I left I left!" The fellow looked around in high indignation, and cried out, "If I am left I can whip the best man among you!" The drill was a merry one for some time after this challenge.

A YANKEE TRICK.—A story is told of four Western "bloods," with more within ready cash, who went into a saloon a few days ago, and "wined" themselves to the extent of several dollar's worth of liquor. The liquor being drank the next question was the pay for it, and after a few moments consultation one of the quartette called the waiter and asked for the bill. One thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to draw out his purse; the second prevented him, declaring he would pay, and the third did the same. The fourth forbade the waiter taking any money from either of them, but all three persisted. As none would yield, one said the best way to decide the matter is to blindfold the waiter and whoever he first catches shall settle the bill." This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was groping his way around the room, they all slipped out of the house, and left the waiter in the lurch.

DON'T WANT ANY MORE.—A characteristic anecdote, one which has often been related by the Mormons themselves will clearly illustrate this principle in the authoritative distribution of wives. Among the applicants to Brigham for this special privilege of modern snitship, there came, one day a brother of an unusually doubtful character, when something like the following dialogue ensued:
"So you want another wife do you?"
"Yes if you please, Brother Brigham."
"Well the long and the short of the matter is, that you can't have one."
"Why can't I have one as well as the other saints?"
"So you want to know the whole story, do you?"

"Yes I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em."
"Well you shall know, then in short order; I want your race to die out!"

They tell about a blooming young widow in Darby who used to live, next door, to Mr. Smith, who was a miller, who was a timid man, whose mild eyes beamed blandly through his spectacles. The widow had a kindness for Smith, and he reciprocated it; but he had barely enough courage to carry on the campaign. So at last the widow pretended to be terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and when ever she saw a gust coming up, she used smooth her hair and rush into Smith's house.

Then, when she heard a peal of thunder, she would scream and rush up and throw her arms around the neck of the mild-eyed Smith, and implore him to protect her, and Smith always looked embarrassed, and anxious, and said he would. Then she would faint, and Smith would feel half glad and half sorry. About six thunder storms settled the business, and now she is Mrs. Smith—he is only sorry that her apprehensions of the lightning were not realized. He says that if ever there was a woman who ought to have been torn to pieces by electricity, it is that widow. She has thunder storms every day in Smith's house, and it is lively and vigorous for Smith around there.

"Name the longest day in the year?" said a teacher to a young hopeful of five summers. "Sunday," responded the little man.