The Waynesboro' Village Record.

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Select Poetry.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet
Weary with parting, and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest—
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish and one less to kiss;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin—
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to Heaven's glad shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ALICE CAREY.

After this sweet singer passed away, newspapers gossips, as they will sometimes, took up certain old and half-forgotten stories, in which her name was connected, with that of a person once well known in literary circles, and rehearsed them in the public *ear*. From what we know of the man himself, we never believed it possible for a woman like Alice Cary to have any feeling toward him higher than gratitude for service rendered; and we always felt something of pain and repulsion whenever we heard their names associated.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of deep satisfaction that we read, in the *Independent*, from the pen of Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, the true story of her love and life. Here it is:

"If a public career comes to a womanly woman, the secret almost always lies in the story of her heart. Alice Cary was born a singer. Whitter's words of her are tenderly true:

"Foredoomed to song she seemed to me;
I querried not with destiny,
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet all the more I said, God speed!"

"Had she been a happy wife and mother, her song would not have been less, but gladder. But it was not the "facility divine," it was the inexorable facts of fate that made her a writer by profession.—Had she married the man whom she loved, she would never have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain and soul into money for shelter and bread. Phœbe Cary, in her touching sketch of her sister, Alice, written last spring, says of her: "If in her mortal life she ever felt any deeper or holier affection than that for her kindred, except in dreams of poesy, she rolled the stone over the youth of its dead sepulcher, and sealed, it with everlasting silence. Among the things hallowed by her use there was not left a single relic which could reveal such a secret. And so, knowing there was one chamber in her heart kept by her always as a safe and sacred sanctuary mine is surely not the hand to lift from it now the solemn and eternal curtain of the past."

"Yet; no less because of these words sacrilegious hands have rudely attempted to lift it. The sanctuary of that pure heart is ruthlessly invaded even in the grave.—A story under the title of the "Unknown Love of Alice Cary," in the newspapers, is still traveling through the length of the land. It asserts that in her youth she was affianced to Rufus W. Griswold; that he was false to her.—forsaking her for a woman of the world; that, long after, when he returned to New York, friendless, poor, and sick, she forgave him the great wrong that he had done, and nursed him till he died. This story, in many conflicting phases, was often, to her great annoyance, told of her during her life. The fact that Rufus W. Griswold did in his last will *bequeath to her his personal effects* was made much of in print and in private circles, and used as an unanswerable proof that at one time he had been her lover.—Within a week I have read in a letter in the New York *Evening Post* that the will proved the love and relationship between the two persons *beyond a doubt*. Yet no less, in its foundations, the story is false. Referring to it once, while we two sit alone together, Alice said to me: I will tell you just the truth. If you ever think it necessary, you can tell it." I believe it to be but justice to her sacred life, with which idle gossip is yet too busy, to tell it now.

"Bereavement in death and in life had made her Western home too desolate to be borne. These, with the impulse of the brave will that served her to the last, brought her to New York, to make not the life that she would have chosen for herself, yet a life worthy to be lived. "Ignorance stood me in the stead of courage," she said. "Had I known the great world as I have learned it since, I should not have dared; but I didn't. Thus I came." The leading literateur at that time was Dr. Rufus W. Griswold. He had compiled the books called "The Female Prose Writers and The Female Post of America." He was sharply on the lookout for every new genius in literature that appeared. He had visited the sisters in their Ohio home, and in 1850 obtained a publisher for their volume, and had added both their names with selections from their poems to his own "Poets of America."—He knew everything necessary to their success in the sphere of labor which they chose, while they practically knew next to nothing. He encouraged and helped them in many ways, and thus commanded their gratitude.

"For Alice to incur a debt of gratitude was to pay it, if at the cost of her life.—Yet even the good will of one type of man to woman is often a misfortune.—Her soul may be white as snow, yet he cannot take her innocent name upon his lips without smirching it with somewhat of his own vileness. His vanity has been flattered by idle women, till *conquest* has become not only the habit, but the necessity, of his morbid and miserable soul; till, where he knows he has not won it, he yet is base enough to boast of it. Such a man (judging by every record left of him) was Rufus W. Griswold.

He was a man of poetic temperment of fine scholarship, of generous impulses, and, in certain directions, of rare gifts, yet no less he was a man of fickle fancies, of violent temper which often fell upon his nearest and dearest friends, of monstrous vanity, and of ungoverned passions. "I never was engaged to him in marriage; I never loved him," said Alice Cary to me. I could not have loved such a man though I learned him in his best phases. I came to pity him, because he was his own worst enemy. As a friend I owed him much, and before his death I found it in my power to pay back in part my large debt of gratitude. When he returned to New York, poor and sick, with certain death before him, I, with Miss ———, hired a room and nurse for him. From that they have made the romantic story of my nursing him for unrequited love.—It was old Betsey who nursed him. You know how big and strong she is; yet even she became worn out, for his sickness was long and very painful. Many unkind, even cruel things have been said because he willed to me his personal effects. Besides the books and pictures which he bequeathed to the Historical Society, they are all that he posessed, and he left them to me, not more out of personal regard than from a desire to repay as far as he was able the money which I had expended for his comfort during his last long sickness."

"In the profoundest sense Alice Cary never loved but once. The man whom she loved is still alive, gossip, with its keenest scent, has never found or named him. With all her fulness of affection, hers was an electric and solitary soul.—He who by the very patent of his being, was more to her than any other mortal could be, might pass from her life, but no other could ever take his place. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear on a son to prevent his marrying a girl uneducated, rustic and poor. "I waited for one who never came back she said. Yet I believed he would come till I read in a paper his marriage to another. Can you think what life would be loving one, waiting for one who would never come?

"He did come at last. I saw him.—His wife had died. Alice was dying.—The gray haired man sat down beside the gray-haired woman. Life had dealt prosperously with him, as its wont with men. Suffering and death had taken all from her save the lustre of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and wasted face they shone upon him full of tenderness and youth. Thus they met with life behind them—they who parted plighted lovers when life was young. He was the man whom she forgave for her blighted and weary life with a smile of parting as ever lit the face of woman."

The Sealed Fountain.

There has been much distress this Summer in many places from wells and brooks going dry. People have learned what a thing to be grateful for is even the common blessing of water.

John Foster compares our life to a sealed up reservoir containing a certain amount of water. How much is in it, we have no means of knowing. We must keep constantly using it, and there is no means of replenishing the supply. Every day the amount deminishes, and soon it will be gone.

What a solemn thought it is that every night we are twelve hours nearer eternity than we were in the morning! How can we put off getting ready for it? How can we allow such trifles as occupy us every day to draw our minds off wholly from this great concern? What comfort will it be to us, when the last hour comes, to remember that we were clad in the finest and most fashionable raiment, and that we fared sumptously every day, or even that we were most dilligent and studious in our daily tasks, and took a high standing among our mates, when there lay our Bible all unread, its teachings unregarded?

Remember this sealed reservoir, and how fast you are using up its precious contents. Some of these hold very little more. How will it be with you when you have quaffed the last cup? Will you then be sure of a welcome where the blessed "river of the water of life" is flowing forever.

If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?

SEEING THE POINT.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well said the father, "You've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not.—He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor. And he said:—

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:—

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been this month filling it up with chip dirt—*dime novels*.

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said, "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day since.

Other and older persons might well see the same point. A mind filled with fiction hates and rejects truth. A person reading history, art, science, or travels, may grow wiser every day; but a man might read fiction a hundred years, and know no more when he finishes than when he began.

There is real sin, and sorrow, and suffering enough in the world for us to pity and relieve, without wasting our tears over the troubles of some fictious "Matilda Jane;"—and there is work, and enterprise, and adventure enough in real life to engage our powers without resorting to cheap novels for inspiration and excitement. But unfortunately the girls who will shed as many tears over some heroine's fictions sorrow as they would while peeling a pan full of onions, are the very persons who would turn up their noses at a suffering beggar, and leave a sick person to starve unvisited in a garret. And the boys who wax heroic over the great doings of some count, hero, or cut-throat, are too lazy to make an honest living, and are willing to have their mothers wait on them and black their boots while they lie in bed after sunrise, or smoke cigars, and swear, to prove that they are men!

Don't fill your apple basket with chip-dirt.

A THOUSAND MILES.

Sitting quietly at my desk this calm evening, the wind hushed outside, and the sound of conversation unheard in the house, how can I believe that in spite of all this silence I am not at rest? Is it true, as I have been told it is, that while I sit in my arm chair, I am at the same time traveling more swiftly than the swiftest bird can fly? If so then in what carriage am I drawn and where is the steed which draws it? You and I are traveling more rapidly than the swiftest antilope can run. The world itself is our carriage, and the Power which drives it is force which the Supreme Being who made the world and us, has brought to bear upon it.

Look at the sun in the early morning. It is seen in the eastern sky, just rising over the hills or the tree-tops. Higher and higher it climbs until noon; and then lower and lower it sinks, until it goes out of sight beyond the western hills. Men once thought that the sun did thus travel every day from east to west. We are not to trust the appearance; it tells us faise.—It is not the motion of the sun over our heads, it is the motion of the earth itself, which makes the sun appear to rise in the east. Every day the earth turns around carries us and all its burdens of hills and forests and rocks and seas with it. Just as, riding swiftly in a railroad carriage, we sometimes for a moment think the trees and houses, rocks and fences to be hurrying past us in the opposite direction; so the world carrying us swiftly onward from west to east, has made it appear that the sun and moon and stars were traveling from east to west.

But who can tell how fast the earth is turning on its axis? Why any boy or girl who has studied arithmatic can tell. For the earth is 25,000 miles in circumference, and turns once round in exactly twenty-four hours. Now, divide 25,000 by 24, one hour, and I find it to be a little more than one thouand. So while you and I are sitting by our evening lamps, quietly reading or writing, we are being whirled along our journey, never stopping, and at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour.

SONG FROM GOETHE.

Many thousand stars are burning,
Brightly in the vault of night!
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upward with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story,
Ever would we gaze on high,

What garment is too light to be either modest or useful? The shift of the wind.

A Man With Nerves of Steel.

Young Danaldson, the dearing æronaut, who made a balloon ascention at Reading, Pa., on the 30th of August last, and performed a series of trapeze feats when a mile or more from the earth, repeated his thrilling performance in Norfolk on Monday last. There was no basket to the balloon, but its place was supplied by a trapeze similiar to those used by circus performers, and above the trapeze was placed a hoop, secured to which was a suit of heavy clothing to be used by the ærial voyager when he encountered the cold currents. The Norfolk *Journal*, in describing the ascension, says that when the balloon was released from its moorings and reached a great altitude Donaldson suddenly, and apparently with little effort, threw himself into a sitting posture on the bar, kissing his hand to the crowd below. Suddenly, pretending to lose his balance, he fell backwards, sliding head downward until he caught by his toes on the side ropes that suspended the trapeze bar.

In this perlious position he swung to and fro for several seconds—a time which seemed an age to the awe-stricken crowd below. It was curious to observe the varying emotions of the crowd—as varying as the positions of each individual. Some were filled with admiration of the courage of the daring man and kept their eyes riveted on him. Others, shuddering with horror, turned away with pallid face and beating hearts and covering their eyes with their hands to shut out the dreadful sight. Faint shrieks were heard from the ladies, and some turned to leave the spot, but true to the characteristic of their sex—curiosity—concluded to take one more look, and looking once, looked again.—Throwing himself back in his seat on the bar, the æronaut sat astride the same.—Then began a series of gymnastic evolutions—balancing himself on his back, turning over and "skinning the cat" by the side ropes, etc. Upward grandly and steadily rose the balloon, cleaving the air like a mighty bird. At length it looked like a mere speck in the clouds.

Opera glasses and telescopes were brought into requisition, and by their aid Donaldson could be seen still performing his gymnastic feats. After rising to a tremendious height the balloon hung for a few moments seemingly suspended in mid air, and then sailed off in a southeastern direction. When the balloon was a mere speck in the distance, invisible to the naked eye and almost through the powerful telescopes, the man with nerves of steel and the heart of a lion repeated his daring trapeze feat of hanging head downward, suspended by his toes. Such a scene was never before witnessed in Norfolk, and seldom anywhere in the world. The discription of such a scene reads like a romance, but the reality far surpasses the most vivid powers of "word painting," and we desist from the vain efforts to depict it.

When the ærial ship had reached an altitude of about half a mile, and struck the colder current of air, the æronaut was observed to climb up to the hoop and get his suit of thick clothes. Descending to the bar, he dressed himself, and then resumed the gymnastic display—exercising himself to keep warm. Those who were fortunate to have telescpes saw the balloon gradually descending. Occasionally the æronaut would throw down a bag of sand to enable the balloon to rise—the country probably not being suited for a descent. Late in the evening it was rumored that Donaldson had descended safely near Kempsville, in Princess Anne Co.

How to Become a Millionaire.—John McDonough, the millionaire of New Orleans, has engraved upon his tomb a series of maxims he has prescribed through life, and to which his success in business is mainly attributed. They contain so much wisdom that we copy them.:

Rules for the guidance of my life,
1804.

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of existence.

Time is gold: throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Never spend but to produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the transaction of your life.

Study, in your course of life, to do the greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity.

Labor to the last moment of your existence.

Pursue strictly the above rules, and the divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your hearts content.

First of all remember that the chief and great duty of your life should be to tend by all means in your power, to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator.

The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue, no order, without religion, no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live righteously, wisely, and soberly.

JOHN McDONOUGH.
New Orleans, March 9, 1804.

It is better to be proud of your pride than vain of your vanity.

Never get trusted because you think a better time for payment will come. Pay as you go.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY FALES.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the still waters
Our erring footsteps guide;
'Tis pleasant; thus believing
Their ministry on earth;
I know an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing
She turns me with a tear:
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth.
Of her, the loving angel,
That sitteth on my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passion's dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles;
It may be, unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife, Oh brothers
An angel heard below;
Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have passed from earth
Oh! cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth.

Ten Hard Dollars.

Those people who are interested in hard money will perhaps be profited by reading the following story from the *Chirstian Weekly*, by Dr. Spaulding:

"My father was a poor man. A large and growing family was dependent upon him for its daily bread. Coming home one wintry evening from a weeks toil in a neighboring town with ten hard-earned dollars in his pocket, he lost them in a light snow. Long and fruitless was the search for them. After the snow was gone, again and again was the search renewed, with the same result. The snow fell and melted again for a whole generation, and the story of the lost dollars was still fresh in our family circle; for a silver dollar to a poor man in those days was larger than a full moon.

"About a mile away lived another father of a family in similar circumstances. He, too, knew how much a dollar cost dug out of rocky farm. At least once or oftener, every week for forty years he had occasion to pass our door, giving and receiving the common neighborly salutations, and every time with a weight increasingly heavy on his conscience. But all such pressure has its limit; and when that is reached the crash is the greater for the severity of the strain. In this instance it was as when and old oak rends its body and breaks its limbs in falling.

"One day, completely broken down, he came to my father in tears, confessing: "I found your dollars lost in the snow forty years ago. They have been hard dollars to me, and I can carry them no longer. I am come to return them, and ask your forgiveness, and as soon as I can I will pay you the interest."

"The scene was like that when Jacob and Esau met over the ford Jabbok.

"He did not live long enough to pay the interest, but quite long enough to furnish a practical comment on the text:—"The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?" Who will say that conscience, though slumbering in this life, will never awake to punish the offender in the life to come?"

"If any man wants *hard money*, let him get it dishonestly, and he will find it the hardest money that he ever saw—hard to keep, hard to think of, and hard to answer for in the judgement day.

Learn all you Can.—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach he always found some body who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge.—It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed some of the most sagatious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime. So in acquiring knowledge we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talk with the first you meet.

Widows.—An exchange paper, the editor of which no doubt lately "set up" with a widow, goes on thus: For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like an interresting widow. There is as much difference between courting a damsel and a widow. as there is between cyphering in addition and the double rule of three. Courting a girl is like eating fruit, all very nice as far as it exteuds, but doing the amiable to a blue-eyed bereaved one in black crape, comes under the head of preserves—rich pungent, syrupy. For delicious courting, we repeat, give us a live widder."

Educational.

EDITED BY D. B. M.

History in Schools.—It has been truly observed by a celebrated English moralist—that to remain ignorant of the leading events of history is always to continue in the infancy of knowledge. It would seem that under a conviction of the truth of this apothegm, the Legislature of our State wisely placed the study of History among the common school branches u-p on Teacher's Certificate.

A few weeks since, while on a visit to a grammer school of West Chester, recitation in history claimed the attention of a class. The lesson was a review of a number of the leading historical events of the Western Continent. The young lady who conducted the exercise, at its conclusion, gave an opportunity for any questions, but as the time for recess had come, after the pupils had withdrawn, I wrote on the black-board the following exercise: "Mention seven historical events that may be considered Eras in American history—giving the date of each in chronological order."

When the pupils convened again their teacher directed the attention of the class to the board. A question naturally arose as to what constitutes *Eras* in history? For it soon became evident that a great number of important events would be presented to the student of history—not only amounting to seven,—but even seventy times seven! They were informed that the *leading events* of American history embraced either such as had, or would be likely to have, the chief influence on those which were to follow. This explanation allowed a pretty large margin for the exercise of judgment, as to what complexion marked the historical facts to be inquired after. It is believed that this very uncertainty, and the latitude which it allowed, imparted some interest to the investigation. At any rate, there was such a very general spirit excited, in the whole school, that the teacher concluded to resolve it into a committee of the whole! So the school were informed that during the rest of the session, they would be allowed to consult their text-books, or the historical works in the school library for materials from which to derive their respective answers. It was also intimated to them that within the last few years, events had transpired of great national interest and influence but which have not yet been recorded on the pages of any historical work.

Under the above circumstances the pupils commenced their investigations, and it is believed that an hour and a half has rarely witnessed the work of a school-room, in which the scholars were more interested or more closely engaged, in an exercise.—The slates were soon all in requisition, and the authorities to be consulted. In a short time a number of full answers was exhibited. But the long period from the discovery of the Continent to the present time, abounds with such a mass of leading events that the more considerate and the best informed of the investigators, found that the chief difficulty must consist in making a selection of *seven* great and chief historical incidents. To such it became evident that it would be easy to compile a list of chronological facts, without ever coming within a century of the invention of the Telegraph, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, or the building of the Pacific Railroad.

If such was the difficulty of the pupils, that of the *judge* of their performance was scarcely less so. It would certainly never do to ignore the events of the last quarter of a century,—and yet, there were enough prior to and during the Revolutionary War, to have swelled our chronological table to its full compass. As the slates were handed in, (most of them being filled with the real material,) I glanced over them and soon ascertained that there were several that comprised the required number with the proposed conditions all included, but scarcely two of them were alike in every respect. Very soon, perceiving that deciding on the respective merits of the answers would be an endless task, the teacher suggested that her pupils might spend a part of the afternoon in wrighting them out on paper, and, as I did not leave the place until the next day, the several exercises, some 25 in number, were copied and handed to me during the evening.

It will be seen that by confining the Eras of American history to the number of seven, a very limited view must be taken of the historical events that have transpired, connected with this Continent since the voyage of Columbus. It is believed that the students of history will find a very profitable exercise in constructing a chronological table of the leading events of this Continent. It might well be extended to ten or even one hundred times the number named—and such a hand-book of chronology, taken in connection with the exercise of searching for the incidents and reasoning upon them, in regard to their dependence on, or relation to each other—especially if they were traced in connection with an atlas—would go far in imparting an interest in historical researches,—while it would create an enthusiasm for both Chronology and Geography, which the separate technical pursuit of these important branches of study could never confer.—*Pa. School Journal.*

☞ A woman at Westfield, Mass., contributed to the growth of the town, last week, by giving birth to two sons and two daughters.

Dr. Hall has writen a long article to prove that it is unhealthy for man and wife to occupy the same room, but we know of some wives who would make it unhealthy for their husband to sleep anywhere else.

Wit and Humor.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty?—A big hole.

Heaps of ladies have got their mouths puckered up because this is leap year.

A Waynesboro' lady says the latest thing out is—her husband.

A young lady recently betrothed says that "C. O. D." means, "Call on Dad."

A Troy girl says she had rather have her corsets tight than her fellow.

Ram—an animal whose butt is on the wrong end.

Nebra ka has an editor so lazy that he spells wife, yf.

If seven days will make one week, how many will make one strong?

Simpkins says it is the priviledge of hoops to surround the loveliest of all things among which are girls and whisky.

"Our children will have immense tax on their hands," said a gentleman. "O, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady, "what a blessing we have nails on ours.

A Revenue assessor in Ohio, asking the usual questions enquired: "Did your wife have any income last year?" "Yes sir replied the assessed; "both girls.

A reporter who obtained entrance to a studio of a noted young lady sculptor states that she worked with her arms bare to the shoulders, and her ankles likewise. Goodness gracious.

It is said that if you take two letters from money, there will be but one left.—We have heard of a man who took money from two letters, and there wasn't any left.

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

"John" said a master to his apprentice as he was about starting on a journey, "you must occupy my place while I am absent." "Thank you, sir," replied John I'd rather sleep with the boys.

An Iowa husband, a few months ago, agreed to give his wife three dollars a week to remain in comparative silence, deducting one cent for every superfluous word she uttered. She now owes him nearly enough to pay the national debt.

In the quaint old town of Burlington, New Jersey, lived a colored divine, who was known among his ebony countrymen by the euphonious cognomen of "Brudder Jacksing." Some years ago, the above mentioned "brudder" was preaching to his "deluded bredderin," when, all of a sudden, getting much excited, and picking up the elegant new Bible, which reposed before him, upon that sacred alter for the first Sunday, held it poised in mid air for a moment, when down it came like a thunder bolt to its former resting place. This was noticed instanter by one of "de belubbed," who thinking, perhaps, the whole proceeding totally wrong, immediately exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the room: "Brudder Jacksing, if yer wants to try dat 'speriment over again why just please take de old Bible."

"It Isn't Catching."—The following little story, is told at the expense of a lady school teacher, not a thousand miles from this place, who is very properly anxious in regard to the prevention small-pox in her school, and therefore strictly enforces the rule that whenever a case of sickness is reported in the family of any one of her pupils, the pupil must bring a certificate from the family physician stating that the disease is not contagious, failing in which the pupil must remain away until all danger is over. A few days ago she was informed that one of her pupils, a little girl, of Teutonic extraction, had sickness in her family. On being questioned the little girl admitted "she had sick at her house; that her mother was sick.—She was accordingly sent home. The next day she returned to the school and shyly siding up to the teacher, with her finger in her mouth and her little bonnet swinging by the strings, she said: "Miss ———, we've got a little baby at our house, but mother told me to tell you *it isn't catchin.*

True as Preaching.—Every capitalist of a town ought to use his means in stimulating some wealth producing industry. The man who invests his money in an establishment that makes plows, threshers, mowers, woolen goods, etc., is a local benefactor. There is no mistake about it. All such enterprises naturally stimulate the growth and add to the wealth of the community in which they are established. Every dollar kept at home has its advantages, more or less, to every citizen. The most wealthy and prosperous cities and towns in the world are those that work on the co-operative plan—that aim to build up their own merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, laborers, &c. Every cent diverted from home consumers, lessens to a greater or less extent, the ability of home men to meet their liabilities.