

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

A SPARROW'S NEST.

And what a melody thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this;
Not neatly wove, with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;
But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends.
See! bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!
See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And ravelings of a worsted mat,
And scraps of silks, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together,
Well, here has hoarding been, and living,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these.
Think! had these odds and ends been bro't
To some wise man renowned for thought—
Some man of men a very gem—
Pray, what could he have done with them?
If we had said: "Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing—
Just bits and scraps, so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all;
"And out of these, you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,
Neat, warm and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small ones may lodge and board,"
How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast,
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought-of, much less seen!
Ah! man of learning, you are wrong;
Instinct is, more than wisdom, strong;
And He who made the sparrow taught
This skill, beyond the reach of thought.
And here, in this uncultured nest,
These little creatures have been best;
Nor have kings known, in palaces,
Half such content as is in this,
Poor simple dwelling as it is.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE SHREWD QUAKER.

Some years ago a Quaker knight of the shears and tumbler, who exercised his avocation in Canterbury, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards decamped without paying for them. The Quaker was to poor to lose the debt; but like too many others of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. About five years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, and found, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to his mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself. "I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."
He immediately prepared an advertisement in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Kent Herald—
"If Mr. Henry Webber, who was in Canterbury about the month of August, in the year 1853, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage."
Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the editor that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from London, might be found at the "Rose Hotel." The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his accounts, notwithstanding to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a bailiff with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The bailiff was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.
The Quaker now entered the coffee-room and rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak to him. The waiter obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.
"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker in a bland tone.—"Perhaps thou dost not know me?"
"I don't believe I have the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero, with a forced smile.
"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor in this city, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.
"Oh, no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot possibly be me that you wished to see."
But the Quaker was not to be shaken off by this denial of his identity.
"Ah, John! I know thee well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very coat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made or it could not have lasted thee so long."
"Oh, yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstances to which you allude. Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Canterbury, and you may depend on me doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a copy of the paper containing the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity and continued, "Yes, I see thou art in luck; but as my demand is a very small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest in possession of thy large estate. A tap at the window here brought the bailiff into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.
"What?" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me?"
"Yes I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened thee."
"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you if I must."
"The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full. The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed.—He said nothing till he came at the last charge, which was for "advertising," when he broke forth, "Hallo! what's this? For advertising?" "That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"
"Oh, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that is all right, I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."
Here the swindler savagely demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"
"Truly, I did," replied the Quaker, with most provoking coolness.
"You told a falsehood in it!" quickly retorted the rogue.
"Convince me of that," said the imperturbable Quaker; "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."
"You said in your advertisement that I should hear of something to my advantage, if I would come here."
"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of something to advantage," and it is not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"
"If I catch you in the street," said the swindler, in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a thrashing as will not leave the breath in your body!"
"Nonsense!" said the Quaker; "if thou really intend to do anything of that sort, we had better step out in the back-yard, and finish the business at once."
The rogue was completely abashed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless, and almost petrified.
"Now," said the tailor, good naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly; for then thy conscience will not disturb thee, and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"
There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as the writer received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN delivered a lecture in New York, a few nights since, in which he told his audience what he knew about Jim Fisk, who was gone where "the woodbine twined." Here it is:
Jim Fisk's career, he said, was familiar to all. He commenced it in a pedler's cart in Massachusetts. Soon he drove six horses, and had the handsomest wagon in the Eastern country. Then he went to Boston and entered the house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., and soon became a part and parcel of the great city of Gotham. He went into many shoddy contracts, however, and after a while was thrown overboard with his partners, with ten thousand dollars. He went to New York and spent it at once. Then he came on for another ten thousand, and got it again. With it he got into Wall Street, New York. From being on Wall Street he got to sleeping with old Daniel Drew, the long-faced old pharisee who builds churches and steals railroads. During these times he (the speaker) frequented to meet him down at No. 9 Wall Street. While here he fell in with Jay Gould, and they hatched up the Erie plan. Fisk had but one idea.—He got a printing press and printed 30,000 shares of forged Erie stock. Next day it came out on the street and there was a panic, and he and Gould bought five millions of stock for next to nothing. They got the railroad and run it for a while, and then bought an opera-house, the pet project of his life. Here he congregated actresses, singers, danseuses, women of luxurious habits and tastes, more than rivaling Sardanapalus in his court and Solomon with his barbaric temples and his thousand concubines.
He wanted a Judge and a Court, and so he bought old Judge Barnard. He wanted a lawyer, and so he brought David Dudley Field, and so he went on until he had stolen banks and railroads until he could control New York. The last thing he did was to buy Kev. Mr. Beecher and raise his salary to \$20,000. Then he had a sensational Judge, a sensational lawyer, a sensational regiment, and finally a sensational preacher. He knew the people were all hypocrites, and so he, the greatest one of them, bought the best pew in Plymouth Church, where Mr. Beecher holds fourth.
The speaker went on to say that after he had built the Pacific Railroad, Jim Fisk and Tweed and the rest of the New York ring, undertook to steal it, but found that it was bankrupt before they came in. They had gone down to the office of the company, on Wall Street, and broken o-

pen the safe, but upon getting in found nothing but a bill for his services for building it, amounting to a million dollars.—So they gave up the project.
Fisk, he said, did not succeed in anything. He was a sort of Barnum, without Barnum's genius, but still with his immense blowing power. He was a buffoon, a clown at the circus. He was a gigantic nothing, and when his estate comes to be settled up it will be found that he was a thousand times worse than nothing. He may settle a million or so upon his wife, but he still owes for his tooth-brush, his patent leather boots, now that he had "gone where the wood-bine twined."
LIARS.
We are growing too polite to call things by their right names.—We have softened "Grogshops" in "Sample Rooms," and those whom our blunt Saxon ancestors called liars, we now designate as "persons who are given to exaggeration." And the doom of those people, which is thus stated in our good old honest bible, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," we euphuistically paraphrase into "All those who are conspicuously inexact shall go to a place of very torrid temperature."
To charge a man with being a liar is to offer him the last possible indignity, because it lays at his door the most despicable of crimes which involves utter demoralization.
There is no defense for it. It is not witty, nor wise, nor beautiful, nor profitable.—Any block-head can lie.—A lie is a moral deformity. In the long run, and the truth will come to be known, and the lie exposed. In the long run, therefore, the lie is unprofitable.—And yet liars abound, with all history in demonstration of the folly of falsehood.
There are the business liars, the buying liars and the selling liars. The buyer unduly depreciates the goods, and the seller unduly extolling, are in this class. Solomon caught them at it in his day.—"It is naught! it is naught! said the buyer; but when he is gone away, he boasts eth."
Even this day many a man boasts when he has lied another out of his property.—The seller attempts to lie the buyer out of his money. Both regard it as very witty. Some parents rejoice when their boys display this smartness. Some employers encourage their salesmen in this sharp practice. In such cases the employed will some time be too sharp for his employer, and vice versa. Business may come in slowly, but confidence once secured, fortune follows; but business built up on lies falls down in a day, when want of honesty in the tradesman is discovered.
There are the polite liars, whom we smoothly call "diplomats," men whose paws are soft as velvet, and armed with claws like steel. They gain nothing by direct force of truth. As soon as a man who is smoother, and more patient, comes along, their time of ruin comes.
There are liars of gossip, men and women, the only salt of whose discourse is falsehood, who "scatter fire-brands, arrows and death," and say, "Are we not in sport?"
There are begging liars, who live by their wits, such wits as they have, who are framing narratives of misfortunes, who are attempting to deceive the charitable, who are "dead beats."
The worst of the class is the long faced liar, the "pious" deceiver, who "asks a blessing" on the lie he is about to tell and then "return thanks" at its success.—Alas! for the success! It always comes back on the hypocrite in a curse.
Truth is clear. It is easy. It requires no study. The falsehood has no real permanent power. Truth triumphs at last. The simplest soul can conquer life to himself by truth, but it is not in the wit of man to bring beauty and good up out of a reeking corruption of lies.
Longevity of a Good Deed.
Here is a neat little story from Kentucky: About twenty-five years ago a young man from that State took a horse-back ride to Virginia, where his father came from, and on his way he met a man and his family removing West, who were so poor as to be almost reduced to starvation. He had compassion on the wretched group and gave them a twenty dollar bill with which to reach their journey's end. In about fifteen years the young man received a letter from the man he had befriended, saying he was a prosperous merchant in Southern Kentucky, and enclosing a twenty dollar bill to pay his loan. After another ten years, which included the Great Rebellion and its termination, he was elected to the Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature, and, being a man of talent and influence, was chosen Speaker, in the contest for which he had noticed that a stranger, and one of the other party, was his strongest supporter. His curiosity was aroused by this, and he asked the man's motive, as he never had, to his knowledge, seen him before. "Sir," replied the member, "you will recall, when I mention it, a little scene that occurred when you were a boy on your way to Virginia. It was you who saved my wife from starvation. She told me, time and again, that never did a morsel of food taste so sweet, so unutterably delicious as that you gave her then. She was just six years old at that time; but when she saw your name, during the late canvass, among the prominent probable candidates for the speaker-ship, she laid down the law as to how I was to vote.—This is all. Neither she, nor her father and mother, brother and sisters, nor myself, has ever forgotten you."

"SOWING WILD OATS.—An exchange has the following words on the prevalent opinion among parents that their sons, when they start out in the world and prove a little wild, are merely "sowing their wild oats," and will eventually come out, not only unharmed, but in the end purified and impregnable to future temptations.—We make bold to pronounce this a mistaken idea. There is nothing more important—there is no duty more imperative upon parents—than that they should know where their children are at night. If you want to insure the ruin of your children, give them perfect liberty after dark. You can not do anything more suicidal to their future happiness, nor surer to evacuate their total ruin, than to allow them to be out after night to follow their own inclinations, on your supposition that they are merely "sowing their wild oats." They are sowing a seed that will bring forth evil fruit. Let your son be ever pure in spirit and in deed, and he will be certain to fall in with those who will corrupt him and undermine all his good qualities if thrown upon the world to "sow his wild oats." Parents should bear in mind that "as ye sow so shall ye reap," and if your children are to see the sights (or the elephant, if you like,) there is nothing that they should see that you should not see with them. We do not mean that you should be too strict nor that your son should be placed under restraints that will break down his spirit or give him an idea that he has not equal liberty with his associates. You cannot expect young men to be sour-faced saints—they must have certain pleasures and recreations. But what we do mean is that you should know that your son is not a frequenter of vile resorts. It is certain that a man will not be a drunkard unless he lays the foundation in youth, by evil associations. Not one man in a hundred will do an iniquitous act unless he has been set the example—virtually taught to do it.—Nineteen out of twenty young men who are allowed perfect freedom at night will be injured by it.—An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.—Therefore we say that there is nothing more important than that your children should be in at night, or, if they must be abroad, you should be with them, or at least know where they are. We do not believe in a child seeing life, as it is called, with all its terrible lusts and wickedness, to have all his imaginations set on fire with the flames of vice. Nobody goes through this fire without being burned, and the scars will stick. No, do not let your children "sow their wild oats," if you can prevent it.
Success in Life.
Man steps upon the stage of action as the proud lord of all created nature, endowed by his Maker with an intellect capable of dividing all but his intelligence into the treasury of the mind things, both new and old, which, scattered by the wayside, ripen with choice blessings.—With the golden wand of time, science and art appear, and with each succeeding revolution, bear him onward toward the great goal in life which has ever been the height of his ambition.
Go back with me to that time when first the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. Then trace down through each succeeding age of the world's history, and in characters of living light may be seen, visible on every hand, his efforts crowned with success; and as the monuments of brass and marble reared to exhibit his energies stand before us, we become stimulated to greater activity.
In our turn, we launch forth upon the billowy and tumultuous ocean on life's changing scenes, seeking to reach some desired haven; but we drift listlessly with the tide, unless all the energies of our manhood are called into play to buffet the adverse winds of fortune.
All that is necessary to insure success, is to have that urgent motive power which brooks all opposition, and go-ahead principle we may carve for ourselves a monument of fame and glory. Then make up your mind that to-day, this very hour, is the brightest one of your whole existence; and as the little rippling stream gently glides along to mingle its waters with the great ocean's current, let your acts and energies, emanating from no matter how small a source, so mingle themselves in the great currents of events that all, seeing your good works may profit by them.
Then throw off the yoke of inactivity; let the master spirit have full scope, and rest assured peace shall crown all your efforts, and victory perch upon your banner.
How to ENJOY LIFE.—It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only guarantee of life. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day.
CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Allow me to offer a receipt for dyspepsia which has always (and in some very bad cases too) proved effectual: Camomile flowers, one ounce; hops one ounce; one quart water; cold; put in at night, and it is fit for use in the morning. Dose, one wine glass a day. When the bottle is about half used, fill it up again. If I am not mistaken, the patient will be perfectly cured before he has used many bottles. So says an exchange.

For the Village Record.
LINES.
Brother, mellowed down in sadness,
Look around thee and behold;
There is joy, and peace and gladness,
With their blessings manifold.
Yonder mountain cold and frowning,
Has above it starry skies;
And its snowy tempest howling,
Melt in Summer's melodies.
Yes, fruitful vales smile beneath,
With refreshing mountain rills,
Imparting plenty, joy and peace;
Every heart with rapture fills.
Though each year has its sorrow,
That, sadly o'erhangs the heart,
But of brighter days to-morrow,
Hope, the future does impart.
Then, oh! look beyond the river,
This side stormy—that side calm;
There is bliss and rest forever,
When the golden shore is seen.
Brother, mellowed down in sadness,
Look above thee and behold,
There'll be joy and peace and gladness,
When the peary gates unfold.
M. K. G.
Waynesboro', Feb. 1872.
Good Words.
While there is much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam one perfect specimen of humanity, namely himself.—Hought to go out and work.—fight, if it must be—wherever duty calls him.
A scorpion stings when his head lies hid under a leaf that he cannot see; even so the hypocrites and false saints think, when they have hoisted up one or two good works, with all their sins therewith are covered and hid.
Good sense is that portion of judgment which is sufficient for the discovery of simple truths and useful knowledge; it teaches us to reject striking absurdity and palpable contradictions.
If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment; pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.
Politeness is the poetry of conduct—and like poetry, it has many qualities.—Let not your politeness be to flatter, but of that gentle kind which indicates refined nature.
God hath set our eyes in our foreheads to look forward; not to be proud of that which we have done, but diligent in that which we are to do.
More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.
Error is, in its nature, flippant and contemptuous; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments and p raves upon assertion, which it calls conclusions.—CURRAN.
Richest Boy in America.
The papers are telling about a boy in New England, now fourteen years of age who is supposed to be the richest boy in the United States, because he has a great deal of money. To our mind, the richest boy in America is the one who is good hearted, honest, intelligent, ambitious, willing to do right. He is the one who loves his mother and always has a kind word for her, who loves his sister or sisters, tries to help them, and regards them with true affection. He is the boy who does not call his father "the old man," but loves him and tries to help him as the hairs of his old age gather fast upon his brow.
The richest boy is the one who has pluck to fight his destiny and future. He is the one who has the manhood to do right and be honest, and striving to be somebody; who is above doing a mean action; who would not tell a lie to screen himself or betray a friend. He is a boy who has a heart for others, his young mind is full of noble thoughts for the future, and who is determined to win a name by good deeds. This is the richest boy in America. Which one of our readers is it?
This boy we like; we should be glad to see; would like to take by the hand and tell him go on earnestly, that success might crown his efforts. And if he is a poor boy, we should meet at the threshold bid him enter, and give him good advice, well and kindly meant. The other rich boy in New England we don't care anything about, for there are fools and snobs enough to worship, flatter and spoil him.
HOW THEY RANK.—The various States of the Union rank in the following order with regard to population: 1, New York; 2, Pennsylvania; 3, Ohio; 4, Illinois; 5, Missouri; 6, Indiana; 7, Massachusetts; 8, Kentucky; 9, Tennessee; 10, Virginia; 11, Iowa; 12, Georgia; 13, Michigan; 14, North Carolina; 15, Wisconsin; 16, Alabama; 17, New Jersey; 18, Mississippi; 19, Texas; 20, Maryland; 21, Louisiana; 22, South Carolina; 23, Maine; 24, California; 25, Connecticut; 26, Arkansas; 27, West Virginia; 28, Minnesota; 29, Kansas; 30, Vermont; 31, New Hampshire; 32, Rhode Island; 33, Florida; 34, Delaware; 35, Nebraska; 36, Oregon; 37, Nevada.
The young man who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by

"Consider Me Smith."
A good story is told of old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of South Carolina.
The doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.
He looks as though he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, reputed to be agile "as a cat," and in addition, was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art." Well, in the Freshmen class of a certain year, was a burly beef mountaineer, of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.
Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie or whip. At length he determined to give the old gentleman a genteel, private thrashing, some night in the college campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.
Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night Jones met the doctor crossing the campus. Walking up to him abruptly:
"Hello, Smith! you rascal—is this you?"
And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly fell him.
Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was a straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.
"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" he groaned. "I really thought it was Smith!"
The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately:
"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith."
And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, that he never made another mistake as to personal identity.
The Devil's Servant.
Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the town of Lyme, Conn., the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, named Dorr began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose up in the house and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night.
He thought he died, and went away where the bad people go, and as soon as Satan saw me, "he asked me whom I came from."
"From Lyme, in Connecticut," I told him right out.
"Ah! and what are they doing at Lyme?" he asked.
"They are trying to settle a minister," I said.
"Settle a minister!" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that! Bring me my boots; I must go to Lyme this very night!"
I then told him as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. Dorr, was opposing the settlement, and very likely would prevent it altogether.
"My servant Dorr!" exclaimed his majesty; "here take my boots; if my servant Dorr is at work, there is no need of my speech at all!"
This going did the business. Mr. Dorr made no more opposition; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title "my servant Dorr" with him to the grave.
Too Much for the Devil.
This is Edward Hale's story: A man had sold himself to the devil who was to possess him at a certain time unless he could propound a question to his Satanic Majesty which he could answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared concerning first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended upon the third. What should it be?
He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife appeared in the room with a bunnet on her head. Alarmed at her husband's condition she demanded to know the cause.—When informed, she laughed and said, "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him the cause of the front of this bunnet?" The devil gave it up and retired in disgust and the man was free.
A farmer near Nashua, N. H., recently bargained his farm to another for \$2,000, but when the day and purchaser arrived, informed him that his wife was in hysterics about the trade, and guessed he would back out. "But," said the purchaser, "I have come a long distance, want the farm and must have it. How much more would induce you to sell it?" "Well," replied the agriculturist, "give me \$250 more and let her cry."
The young man who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by

Wit and Humor.
White vests are a bad investment for the young men, now that the girls have got to using so much oil on their hair.
The last subject discussed by a debating society was, "if you had to have a bill, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."
"How wonderful," exclaimed some unknown philosopher, "are the laws governing human existence! Were it not for light facing all civilized countries would be overrun with women."
The editor of the Athol Transcript is affected by the weather. He says: "The devil of the office has a soul. On this account we don't care to compel him to steal wood. Will several of our subscribers take the hint?"
A Kansas paper's cow obituary says: "There is not a farm wagon in the country that a gate has not stolen something out of; not a sbe in town that she has not opened; and the stones that have been thrown at her would make five miles of turnpike."
An old lady in Orange county, N. C. who is pious clear though, has named all her furniture after the Scripture and the Apostles. Whenever she wants to sit in her easy chair she tells her servant to "bring up the Apostle Paul and put it near the fire."
How do you do, Mrs. Beggs. Have you heard the story about Mr. Luby? "Why, no, really, Mrs. Gad—what is it—do tell?" "Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world! No I must never tell on it—I am afraid it will get out." "No, I'll never open my mouth about it—never?" "Hops I'll die this minute!" "Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Fuddy told me last night that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's eldest daughter told Mrs. Fichens, that her grand-mother heard it by a letter which she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam boat just arrived from the Fejee islands that the mermaids there were crinoline made of shark skins." Mercy on us!
An Irish surgeon who had coughed a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision. But that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing a letter from another."—This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent.—Doubt crowded doubt, and the problem grew darker at every examination, when at length, by a question to the servant who attended it, it was discovered that the woman had never learned to read.
A CHAPTER ON WHINING.—I hev allurs observed, says Josh Billings, that a whining dog is sure to get licked in a fight. No cur of well reggerlated morals can resist the temptation to bite a cowardly purp that tries to sneak off with his tale altogether.
The whinin bizzness man is just so. Avridge mankind don't put any konfidence in him.
Most people don't like to trade with him because they are afraid he'll bust up or mebbe he's already busted.
The more down a bizzness man is, the more his kustomers will let him stay there.
A good, ringin bark is wuth more to put greenbax in a man's pocket than forty years of whinin.
I enst knoved a post-master to get turned out of office and tried to whine himself in again. Ef any body cud make that kind of beggin pay he cud. But he has been whinin ever since, and every time he duz menny other dogs take a nip at him.
A STUPID HUSBAND.—Riding horse back just at night through the woods in Saginaw county, Michigan, I came into a clearing, in the middle of which stood a log-house, its owner sitting in the open door smoking a pipe. Stopping my horse before him, the following conversation ensued:
"Good evening sir," said I.
"Can I get a glass of milk of you to drink?"
"Well! I don't know. Ask the old woman."
By this time his wife was standing by his side.
"While drinking it I asked:
"Think we are going to get a stern?"
"Well, I really don't know. Ask the old woman—she can tell."
"I guess we shall get one right away," said the wife.
"Again I asked:
"How much land have you got cleared here?"
"Well I don't really know. Ask the old woman—she knows."
"About nineteen acres," said she, again answering.
"Just then a troop of children came running around the corner of the shanty."
"All these your children?" said I.
"Don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows best."
"I didn't want to hear her reply, but she wouldn't wait for me to ask her."