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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

THE HEART OF MAN.

"Each has a secret self—an inner life
Of hopes and fears,
High aspirations, doubts, calm and strife,
And joys and tears.
"No eye but God's within the veil can look;
Unto the world
The human heart is an unopen book—
A banner furled.
"A mighty ocean, to whose lowest depths
We cannot see—
A secret treasury, of which heaven keeps
The master-key.
"An unsolved, awful mystery sublime
N'er understood—
A battle-field, where virtue strives with crime
Evil with good.
"The angels of our kind and adverse fate
Are marshaled there;
Light grappling with darkness, love with hate
Hope with despair.
"None ever pass those secret inner door
That guards the heart,
It is a crypt ourselves cannot explore
In every part.
"We are not as we seem—for oft the eye
Belies the breath;
The lips cry peace when haggard care is nigh
And wild unrest.
"Measure the sunbeams, compass sea and land
Creation's plan,
Find out! 'T were easier than to understand
The heart of man.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In 1848 a circumstance occurred in the city of New Orleans, which at the time created great excitement that afflicted the entire population. An old merchant, highly connected, wealthy, and of distinguished social position, one night mysteriously disappeared. His family were in intense distress, and his business in consequent disorder. He left his store at a late hour, ostensibly to go home; but before going, contrary to his usual practice, put into his pocket a large sum of money.

His way led along Peters Street, on the bank of the river, but far down in the Third district of the city. His life may have been sacrificed and his body thrown into the flood that rolled at his feet. Police regulations at that time were had, and crimes of this description were not unfrequently perpetrated. A little way back from the street was a ruinous building, half tumbling to decay, and inhabited by a number of people, men and women, injured to vice and living by robbery.

Among the bank notes Mr. Cosby was known to possess was one for \$500 with the word "Canal" written on the back. The rest were of various denominations and without peculiar identity.

Mr. I— and myself visited the residence of the missing man, at the request of his wife, and by her we were charged with the duty of tracing out and bringing to justice his supposed murderers. She was a tall elegant looking lady, of commanding presence and great culture. The wealth of her rich beauty and mind were inherited by her daughter, a girl scarcely twenty. The terrible bereavement had paralyzed the senses of the mother, but had aroused the energy and fire of the young girl's nature. More like a beautiful Nemesis than ordinary woman, she appeared to us. As we entered the room she was in the act of consoling the mother. The long black hair had escaped from its confinement, and had almost enveloped her person in its cloying tresses. The great luminous eyes were tearful, but flashing and full of fire. The face was dark with the blood of her Spanish race, but the figure was queenly, slender and faultless to a model. Starting up as we entered the room, she inquired very hastily, and almost fiercely, I thought:

"Are you the detectives?"
"We are," I and I mentioned our names.
"I must speak to you in private," she said, and led the way to an adjoining apartment.

"What do you think of the matter," she asked when out of hearing of her mother.
"As yet an opinion would be mere guess-work," I replied.

"Nevertheless I have come to one. I have no doubt that he was murdered, and that the deed was committed somewhere near the old ruinous building near the river."

"Some such idea has crossed my mind, but there is no trace as yet which can lead to the proof of it."

"We will find out, rest assured," she said, "and to this end you must co-operate with me, and now listen to what I have to say. To-night just at twelve o'clock precisely, do you two visit the old building. I will be there. Ask for the young woman who applied at nightfall to them for shelter. Let your object be, apparently, to arrest her."

"But I do not understand."
"But you will. I am going there at dark, disguised as a beggar girl. By the time you come my information will have been collected."

"I will read the guilty secret," she said "if the criminal is there, however deep in his heart he may bury it."

Strange as it may appear, I made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose. I could not. I felt as if the beautiful creature exercised over me a magnetic control.

Those acquainted with the city at this period, can form some idea of the danger

of the plot we had formed. To us it was a matter of daily occurrence. But for the young girl, inexperienced and tenderly nursed, to thrust herself into the very house of the unscrupulous and desperate wretches who were suspected of this crime was simply appalling. It would not do, however, to go to the place before the hour appointed for our coming, for that would defeat the object in view. It was therefore with many misgivings and unreasoning but poorly concealed, we bided our time. But we determined to be there at the very moment, and the clock was on the stroke of midnight when we knocked at the door. The outside of the house gave no signs of life within. The shutters were securely fastened, and no ray of light penetrated the darkness; but muffled sound of voices reached our ears, until our knocks hushed them to a whisper. There was a momentary hesitation, as if consulting together, and then the door was opened widely.

It was a low room, dusty and brown from age. About a dozen persons were seated around, but every eye was turned to the door. Two men had risen to their feet and stood in an attitude which might mean defense, before the fire-place; but the object that attracted our attention was a young girl sitting in the corner of the apartment. Her face was as dark as a gypsy's, and her dress was of poor material, ragged and unclean. Patches and rents had almost changed its hue and disguised its texture. She seemed to thinly clad for that cold night, and her slender frame shivered as if from cold, as the chilly air from the open door swept in.

"What do you want?" was the stern question addressed to us by one of the men at the fire. Before I had time to reply the girl sprang to her feet and spoke in a low, but her face flashing on the light of the fire, was that of the Nemesis I had seen that day.

There was a short fierce struggle, and the men were in our power. The girl then walked to a place in the floor, and touching a concealed spring lifted a trap door. She made Mr. I— lift the box that lay in the hidden place. The lid was wrenched off, and in it were the old merchant's money, papers and pocket-book. With the money was found the bill and the word "Canal," written across the back.

It was not long before the men confessed their crime. The old man had been murdered, and his body thrown into the river.

The daughter accomplished her mission. She had carried out her designs, and traced to their hiding places the proofs of the murderer's crime. It is useless to state what followed. Long years have fled since then, and the Nemesis is yet among the living. Beautiful still, there are many hearts to grow glad at her smile, and share with her the joys of the home she charms.

The Planets and their Inhabitants.

M. Figuier, a noted French scientific gentleman, saying that modern astronomy has demonstrated that there are other worlds than ours, that the earth simply makes a part of a class or a group of stars which do not differ essentially, and that there is an infinity of other globes like it, proceeds to consider the internal affairs of the other worlds. Since there is nothing to distinguish the earth from the other planets of the solar system—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, he argues that we must find in the others as we find here—air and water, a hard soil, rivers and seas, mountains and valleys. There must be found also in them vegetation and trees, and traces covered with verdure and shade. There must be in them animals and even men, or at least beings superior to animals and corresponding to our human type.

"Science has shown that the physical and climatological connections of the earth and the other planets are identical. On these planets, as on the earth, the sun shines and disappears, yielding place to night, cold and darkness succeed to heat and light. In them, as on the earth, the rich carpet of herbage covers the plains, and luxuriant woods covers the mountains. Rivers flow majestically off to the seas—Winds blow regularly or irregularly and purify the atmosphere by mingling their strata charged in different degrees with the produce of the evaporation of their soil. In quiet nights, dwellers on these planets see the same heavenly spectacle that delights our eyes, the same constellations, the same celestial visitors. They have panoramic views of the planetary globes with their following of faithful satellites and luminous stars shining like gentle brandished torches. Once in a while there is a sudden luminous trail which rows the heavens like a flash of silver—a star that shoots and drops into the depths of space. Again, it is a comet—a beautiful tail that comes to bring us from worlds millions of miles away."

The planetary man, according to his belief, corresponds to the terrestrial man; the planet the process of creation of organized life must be the same as in earth; the successive order of appearance of living creatures is the same as on globe. And, like the terrestrial man, planetary man dies, is transformed at death into a superhuman, and passes into ether.

GOOD NATURE.

As welcome as sunshine
In every place
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.

As genial as sunshine,
Like a warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word
From a good-natured heart.

SINGULAR CASE.

It is only within the past century that the law has required in case of murder, the finding and identification of the victim. Previous to that, if a man disappeared, and his absence could not be accounted for, a person to whom circumstantial evidence pointed as his probable murderer could be arrested and hanged for the alleged crime. A most extraordinary case, which occurred during the war between England and France, at the beginning of the present century, first called particular attention to the singular law, and was ultimately the cause of its being replaced by the statute as it now stands. The story is substantially as follows:

Two Englishmen, uncle and nephew, took their quarters at a well-known inn in Portsmouth close to the pier. They were well received by the landlord, for they had plenty of money in their possession. The uncle, whom we will call William, suggested to his companion, who shall be called Robert, in the hearing of the landlord, that they should hand their money to their host for safe keeping. Robert objected, and proposed that they should keep it on their persons. This was agreed to.

At night they occupied the same room and the same bed. The inn was an old-fashioned irregular building. From their bed-room the two men could enter a long passage which ran along the end of the house to the pier. They went to their room together about 11 o'clock at night. Next morning Robert entered the landlord's room in great haste, and asked the landlord whether he knew what had become of his uncle. The landlord said he did not. At the same time he observed to his horror that the hands of Robert were stained with blood. The landlord arose and suggested that they should go to the bed room together. They did so. On entering a terrible spectacle met the landlord's gaze. The clothes of the bed which had been occupied by two persons, were stained all over with blood. The pillow was saturated with it. The wash basin and the stand were also bespattered with blood. On the dressing-table lay a large jockey or sailor's knife, the handle and blade all bloody. Drops of blood marked the floor from the bedside to the door which opened to the passage referred to. The landlord told Robert the case was a very suspicious one, and that he must place it in the hands of the proper authorities. He did forthwith. Robert was arrested. On being searched, his clothes were found to be bloody. Blood stains were discovered in the passage from the bed-room door to the water's edge, where apparently there had been a struggle. On Robert were found the purse and papers of the missing man.

Robert, who manifested coolness and presence of mind, told the following story: After his uncle and he had been in bed a short time, the former who lay on the outside, complained that his nose was bleeding. Presently he got up and went to the washstand. He used water freely, but in vain. The bleeding continued, and so violently that the men both became alarmed. Robert suggested the application of cold iron to the back of his uncle's neck. He took his jack-knife out of his pocket and applied it accordingly. In attending his uncle his hands and shirt were stained with blood. As the bleeding still continued, William dressed himself and said he would go out at the side door and walk on the pier in the cold morning air. Before doing so he handed his pocket book and purse to his nephew to keep until his return. Robert fell asleep after his uncle left and was astounded when he awoke in the morning to find that he had not returned.

Robert was indicted for murder. All the circumstances were against him. The jury believed that William had been murdered and his body carried down to the water and flung in. Robert was accordingly convicted and sentenced to be hanged and he was accordingly in a few days returned. He confirmed every word his nephew had uttered in his defence. When William reached the pier on the night of the supposed murder, he turned to the left, and had only gone a few paces when he was pounced upon by a press-gang. He was overpowered and carried to a boat, and in an hour found himself on board a British sloop of war in Southampton waters. The vessel was getting under way. In her he remained for three months without a chance of writing to his friends. Then the ship was captured by a French frigate, and William spent twenty months in a French prison. On his release he returned to England to find to his horror that his beloved nephew had been hanged as his murderer.

When the morning of the resurrection comes to that phantom thing, which lies buried in human bosoms, we shall meet in the gates of the golden city, and the vast multitudes may come up purified and made beautiful, but no longer mourned.

Heart Graves.

The earth is a churchyard, full of graves with no head stones, and no overgrowing grass—full of vaults, not built in the shape of dim chapels, nor upon green hillsides, but borne about in living charnel houses, even in beating hearts. We walk with the dead under our feet, by our sides, and, saddest of all, within our hearts. There are therein fewer graves with stone columns than without. Human beings have bright and idolized hopes, but they perish and are buried without epitaphs; they form expectations that fill in a single moment and are mourned for a lifetime, yet with an unspoken lamentation. There are more ashes in living beings than in sculptured funeral urns, and they are pale cold ashes, too, that lie upon living coils of fire, till the flame is smothered and gone; cold ashes that are swept from the ruins of such proud, high temples as youth, hope and young love only build. They are heaped high over the dark ruins, and when a single ray of sunshine falls upon them, we smile and are happy. Oh, how these temples have been wept for when they have fallen! How the gorgeous castles have been mourned for when they have crumbled, and the brilliantly illuminated fancies, when they have faded in darkness! All in silence have these graves been dug; bitter tears have hallowed them when the companion on the pillow knows not that they were shed. The soul has prostrated itself in its sad cemetery when the world has seen the man or woman stand proudly erect. It has been said, that there are souls that have no summer, but it is not so; if winter covers all it is because the spring flowers have died, and the young hopes have perished and been buried in those sad, sepulchral, the burial services have often been said when God was the only priest, good angels the only pall bearers and the lone heart the only mourner.

Brothers have made graves and sisters have not known it. Sisters have buried idols and brothers not know they were worshipped. Husbands have laid away the dead out of the sight of wives. Wives made sepulchres which husbands have never seen. No grass grows on these graves, no birds sing to them, and no flowers spread their sweet perfume above them. That "they are not dead, but sleeping," for the pale occupants glide in and out at all hours of life, and the resurrection is but the signal for a new burial.

So we live, smile and count our joys, while we carry graves in our bosoms, and have the dead ever for companions—dead hopes, dead loves, dead ambitions and desires. The heart gathers October leaves from its garden, and piles them high on its mound of death, but the gate of life drifts then off, and the tombs stand naked and forlorn. Sometimes we may read an inscription in the dimmed eye, and the silver hair, the strange lines of care, and the bearded form; but usually each sees the dead of his own heart.

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Riches and Honors.

A distinguished man lay on his death bed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said, with a sigh, "Alas! this is a very fine thing in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me." Who can reflect without sadness on the closing moments of the gallant Gen. Neill? His life-long dream was to obtain the little baton and ribbon of marshal of France. He could not sleep after seeing it conferred on McMahon as a reward of valor in the battle of Magenta. Before the next engagement, he told his friends that this time he would win the prize he so much coveted. The conflict was over and they sought him anxiously upon the glory field. They found him almost crushed beneath his war-horse, and the practiced eye of the surgeon told him that life would soon be over. Word was sent to the Emperor, who quickly arrived, and taking from his own breast the badge of the marshal of France, he placed it over the heart of his faithful follower. The life long dream was realized, and with a single throb of exultant joy and gratitude he threw his arms about the neck of his sovereign; the next instant he fell back into the embrace of King Death.

Oh, how can we struggle, and toil, and distract our hearts from the one great purpose of life, simply to gather about us possessions which, though they may be very fine things in this country, will be of no use to us in the country we are so shortly going to?

A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of the sky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment must all pass away.

The tears of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

O, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no friends so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present—
For future hopes—and praise them,
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them;
For things afar still sweeter are
When youths bright spell hath bound us
Soon we're taught the earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'T would prove the bliss of earth was this
Our home and friends around us.

"Some Shaking."

Tom is a queer genius, and tells some tall ones occasionally. He visited us the other day in our sanctum with a "How do you do, old fellow?" "Hallo, Tom," says we, "where have you been so long?"

"Why, sir, I've been down on Severn river, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever."

"Ah, indeed," said we, "are they very bad down there?"

"Rather bad," said Tom dryly. "There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks. Well the other day as the hands were putting up the bricks preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill, and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were dust of the finest quality. Just at that juncture, the chills came on with red fever, and they commenced shaking with such gusto, that they were entirely obscured for hours, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse."

"Gas!" said we.

"Not at all," said Tom.

"Why, I was sixteen miles further down the river the other day, and saw four men carrying a big pine log from on board a schooner to the shore. The chills came on, and they shook the log, which was thirty feet long, all up in pieces of the proper length for firewood, and then taking a re-shake of it, split and piled it up, at the same time shaking all the knots out of it!"

"Can't believe anything like that, Tom."

"It's a fact," said Tom, and he resumed—"there's a farmer down there who, in an apple-picking season, hauls his niggers out to the orchard, and sets one up against each tree. In a short time the chills come on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees on to the ground."

"Fact," said Tom, "They keep a man alongside of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear that he will shake the tree down."

Tom continued: "Mr. S—, a friend of mine, and a house carpenter, was engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was finishing the chills came on, and he shook every shingle off the roof. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet."

"Another gentleman near the same place, was taken with a chill the other day at dinner, and shook his knife and fork down his throat, besides breaking all the crockery-ware on the table. His little son, who was sitting at the table at the same time, was taken with a chill and shook all the buttons off his inexpressible, and then shook himself clear of them!"

We then prevailed upon Tom to desist, who did so with the understanding that he was to give us the balance at some other time.

How to Live Long.

They live longest, as a class, who lead calm and even lives, mentally and physically; who are exempt from the turmoils and strains which are incident to human existence, and who are assured of to-morrow's bread. There is no one thing, aside from the blessing of God, which has such a direct influence in promoting longevity as an assurance, felt to be well grounded, of a comfortable provision for life, for all the ordinary wants of our existence. Not long ago a man died in a poor house in England, where he was taken care of for ninety years; he had no anxieties for to-morrow's bread; he had no trouble about providing for wife and children, lest they be turned out of house and home. He had no notes to meet in bank, which if not paid by a certain day and hour would involve protest and financial ruin. Ah, this load of debt, how it grinds one's manhood to powder; how it shames a man's honor; how it has driven to desperation, to drunkenness, to suicide, to murder! How the anguish of it takes the energy and health out of a man, and makes him pine and languish for weary days and weeks on beds of thorns, which pierce through the body, into the soul!

So one good way to avoid sickness and premature death is to avoid debt as you would the devil.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A crusty old bachelor in Congress proposes to levy a tax of twenty-five percent on corsets whereupon a down East paper remarks: "Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not ladies have the same privilege?"

An Oregon toast over a glass of ardent: "Hear's what makes us wear old clothes!"

Three in one—ice, snow and water.

A contented mind gives peace.

No Mistake in Nature.

How many of all the people in the world sit down themselves once in a lifetime and sincerely thank God that any one of the breaths they breathe doesn't kill them? And yet, but for the nice and unvarying proportions with which the poisonous and the wholesome gasses mingle to form the atmosphere, one breath might do this.—The plague that once came down on London, so that the people were not enough to bury the dead, was only the result of wrong mingling of gasses, just a Apothecaries clerk's sometimes give us oxalic acid for seidlitz powders.

Why shouldn't oxygen lose its vitalizing property just for one breath, and that be the end of us? Or, when we eject the carbon from our lungs, itself a deadly poison, why should it not remain close at hand to be exhaled at the next inspiration, especially when we repeat the operation something over thirty thousand times every day?

Dr. Holmes says that walking is continual falling, and that if the foot was not put forward at just the right moment to receive the weight of the body, we should just so often find ourselves prone in the dust. And so with every breath we breathe, if the provisions were not carefully applied, would be the occasion of our sinking into the valley and shadow of death.

It is thus that these safeguards are placed on every hand. How could the merchant trust his ship to the ocean, if water might at any time lose its density? With how much expectancy could the farmer sow his seed, if there were no provision for it to grow up out of the ground instead of into it? If he might raise corn when he planted peas, or potatoes might yield onions, or if all the seed he sowed might yield nothing, with what courage could he sow, or with what confidence could we expect anything to eat?

What puts strength in the timber that supports the roofs over our heads? And after it is put there, why should it remain there, and thus we sit comfortably, day after day, at our desk, and in our homes, without feeling a continual uneasiness, lest we find ourselves buried in rubbish?

Why is it that we can open our eyes mechanically every morning, and then dress ourselves leisurely and thoughtlessly, without feeling amazed that everything is simply because these provisions in nature are God's laws. In them He is continually manifesting His goodness and His care. They are thus expressions of His Providence, and in them we witness miracles every day?

CROWNING HENS—OR WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Why shouldn't we crow?" said the speckled hen.

"Why not?" said the white hen.

"Why not?" said all the hens, as the question went round.

"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, just as good as that domineering old cock; in my opinion we are superior!" said the speckled hen.

"And in mine," said the white hen.

"And in mine," said all the hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things.

So they practiced and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old cock; and a very remarkable noise they made.

"Hey-day!" said the old rooster, stopping to listen as he ran through the yard.

"My dear creatures, what are you at? Clucking you are highly respectable; when you take to crowing you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut. Keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant at the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Jerseyman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and it's pretty sure the defendant threw it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it was a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I should say it was a stone of some bigness."

"Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why as near as I can recollect, it was something."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance—how long was it?"

"Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."

HUNG HIMSELF UP TO DRY.—A farm laborer attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper who saw him go into the water leaped after him and brought him safe to the shore.

The fellow attempting it the second time, the reaper got him out the second time; but the laborer determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity, and hanged himself behind the barn-door.

The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down.

When, several hours afterwards, the master of the farm yard asked him upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang himself:

"Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you may mean by ground.—I know I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times; and I know, too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought he hung himself up to dry."

Wit and Humor.

Mutual friends—Kerosene and coroners.

A good wife and health, is man's best wealth.

Why is old age like a dog's tail?—Because it is in-firm.

Barbers make many friends but scrape more acquaintances.

Why is a young girl like a music book? Because she is full of airs.

Daily newspaper paragraphing is getting to be fearfully abbreviated. Here's a specimen re-reading a death: "Clay Spencer, colored, pint of Memphis whiskey."

If there are 600,000 grains in a bushel of wheat—and somebody says there are—how many drams are there in a quart of old rye.

The other Sunday a lady who teaches a class in the Sabbath school of a Pittsfield church, mislaid her Bible, which she had laid down for a moment. She looked about the floor, in the rack and elsewhere, but didn't find it till the teacher of another class told her it was on her bustle where a mischievous member of her class had lodged it, just for fun.

A married friend of ours said he would always have remained single, but he couldn't afford it. What it cost him for "gals and ice cream," was more than he now pays to bring up a wife and eight children. Bachelors should think of this.

Somebody who evidently knows how it is himself, sagely remarks that when you see a young lady making a fuss over a widower's children, make up your mind that if she don't soon have the right to spank 'em, it won't be her fault.

A French authoress says: "A kiss gives more pleasure than anything else in the world." To this an editor responds: "That writer evidently never experienced the childish rapture of descending the stairs by sliding down the banisters."

A funny incident happened in New York city avenue car the other day. Of course there was a crowd, and of course the conductor asked the passengers to move up a little further front, when one gentleman cried out: "I say, conductor! these young ladies are almost squeezed to death now, and I protest against squeezing them any tighter. If you want it done you'll have to come forward and do it yourself!"

A Chicago girl wrote to her lover in Springfield, Mass., just after the fire, saying: "Our wedding day was set for next week, and if you will stand up with a woman dressed in a cotton skirt and her father's overcoat, come on." The brave young telegraphed in reply: "Get ready, I will be with you."

The pioneer Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright, uttered many wise and odd and witty sayings. He was often much annoyed at one sister, more noisy than pious, who would go off on a high key at every opportunity. At an animated class-meeting one day she broke out with, "If I had one more feather in the wing of my faith, I could fly away and be with the Saviour."

"Stick in the feather, O Lord! and let her go," fervently responded Brother Cartwright.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where there were collected together some dozen countrymen, the animal, as usual, ran opposite the door and there stopped, in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men in the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse. "Yes," said the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stop whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar room in silence.

A man from one of the rural districts recently went to Washington to see the stone? "Why as near as I can recollect, it was something."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance—how long was it?"

"Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."