

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1872.

NUMBER 40

Select Poetry.

DEAD IN THE SIBERIAS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

His foot prints have failed us
Where berries are red,
And madrons are rankest,
The hunter is dead!

The grizzly may pass
By his half open door;
May pass and re-pass
On his path, as of yore;

The panther may crouch
In the leaves on his limb;
May scream and may scream—
It is nothing to him.

Prone, bearded, and breasted
Like columns of stone;
And tall as a pine—
As a pine overthrown!

His camp fire gone,
What else can be done,
Than let him sleep on
Till the light of the sun?

Aye, tombless! What of it!
Marble is dust,
Cold and repellent;
And iron is dust.

Poor Lonely One.

'Tis the same old, old story, so oft re-
peated but always new; for time, with
wings so fleeting, fans into existence
bright flames that fiercely burn, flames
fed anew by the warming breath of love.
She loved! Oh how deeply loved she
the one in whom she relied, as upon some
greater power. Was that love idolatrous,
or why was the idol broken? Was it to
teach a lesson of divine love, of which
the heart knew not, that we heard that
sad voice sighing in strains pathetic as
those of the Undying One?

Place not thy trust below
Where changes come,
But build thy faith on high,
Poor lonely one.

There is a Rock of Strength,
When whirl winds blow;
Cast there thy anchor deep
Nor terror know.

When waters wildly dash,
And waves run high—
When darksome are the clouds
O'ercast the sky,

Put not thy trust below,
There is a Guide,
Who when the billows roar,
Bids them subside.

The stars are shining still,
Poor lonely one;
Didding their Father's will,
Which will be done.

Put not thy trust below,
Where changes come,
But build thy faith on high,
Poor lonely one.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MY FIRST VISIT TO N. YORK.

It was my first visit to the city. I was rather green, and perhaps showed it in my looks. After a long walk which I had taken to see the sights, I had wandered into a quiet sort of a street where I stood wondering which way to go to reach my hotel. Just at that moment a tortoise looking woman carrying a large bundle approached me and said:

"Master, I'm a poor woman, and my husband's so sick he ain't able to do any work, and me and my poor little children is almost starvin' for bread. Won't you be good enuff to give me two shillins?"

I looked at her a bit, and said:

"Hain't you got no relations nor neighbors that can help you?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'm too poor to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of friends."

"That's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have friends till we need 'em."

"Oh, sir; if you only know'd how hard I have to work, you'd pity me—I know you would."

"What do you do for a livin'?" said I, for she looked too delicate to do much.

"To do fine washin' and ironin'," she said, "but I'm sick so much that I can't make enuff to support us." And then she cofed a real grave yard cough.

"Why don't you git some of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup?" said I.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "I'm too poor to buy medicin', when my poor little children is dyin' for bread."

"That touched me—to think that such a delicate young creature as her should have to struggle so hard, and I tucked out my purse and gave her a dollar."

"Thar," said I, "that will help you along a little."

"Oh! bless you, sir, you're so kind—now I'll buy some medicin' for my poor husband. Will you be good enuff to hold this bundle for me till I step back to that drug store on the corner? It's so heavy—I'll be back in a minnit," she said.

I felt so sorry for the poor woman that I couldn't refuse her such a little favor, so I tucked her bundle to hold it for her. She said she was 'raid the fine dresses might git rumpled, and then her customers would not pay her; so I tucked 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the medicin'.

There was good many people passin' by and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they shouldn't see me standin' there with the bundle in my arms. I began to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginnin' to get pretty heavy, when I thought I

felt sumthin' movin' in it. I stopped rite still; and held my breth to hear if it was anything, when it begun to squirm about more and more, and I heard a noise just like a tomat in the bundle. I never was so surprised in my life, and I cum in an ace of lettin' it drop rite on the pavement. Thanks I, in the name of creation what is it? I walked down to the lamp post to see what it was, and Mr. Thompson, would you believe me, it was a live baby! I was so completely tick aback that I staggered up agin a lamp post, and held on to it, while it kicked and squaled like a young panter, and the sweat jest poured out of me in a stream. What on earth to do I didn't know. Thar I was in a strange city, whar nobody didn't know me, out in the street with a little young baby in my arms. I never was so mad at a female woman before in all my life, and I never felt so much like a draitied fool as I did that minit.

I started for the drug store, with the baby squallin' like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squaled. The man what kept the store said he had'n seen no such woman, and I musn't bring no babies in thar.

"By this time a everlastin' crowd of people—men and wimin—was gathered around, so I couldn't go no whar, all gabblin' and talkin' so I couldn't hardly hear the baby squall.

I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em what I should do with the baby. But thar was no gettin' any sense out of 'em, and none of 'em wouldn't touch it no more'n if it had been so much pisen.

"Thar won't do," says one feller. "You can't come that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," says another little rusty-lookin' feller, "we've got enuff to do to take care of our own babies in these diggin's."

"Take your baby home to its ma," said another, and support it like an 'onest man."

I tried to get a chance to explain the business to 'em, but drat the world I git in edgways.

"Take 'em both to the Tooms," says one, "and make 'em give an account of themselves."

With that two or three of 'em cum toward me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other.

"Gentlemen,"—ses I—"the baby squeelin' all the time like forty cats in a bag—'Gentlemen, I'm not gwine to be used in no such way. I'll let you know that I'm not gwine to be tuck to n' Tooms. I'm a stranger in your city, and I'm not gwine to support none of your babies. My name is Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody what wants to know who I am, can find me at the American—"

"Major Jones," ses a clever-lookin' man, what pushed his way into the crowd when he heard my name, "Major, don't be disturbed in the least," ses he; "I'll soon have the matter fixed."

With that he spoke to a man with a leather ribbon on his hat, who tuck the baby, bundle and all, and carried it off to the place what they've got made in New York a purpose to keep sich poor little orphans in.

A Remorseless Swindle.

Some years ago—we do not remember how many, but suppose it to be a dozen—there was a newspaper announcement about a man who had left a package of money at Earle's Hotel, then on Park Row, New York, to be put in the safe for safe keeping, receiving for it the usual check from the clerk. Upon presenting his check, a day or two later, he could not get his package—the clerk was horrified to discover that it was missing. It happened that a check had been presented, which was an exact imitation of the check given by the clerk, and on this bogus check the package had been innocently enough delivered to the person claiming it.

The depositor brought a suit to recover \$15,000, the alleged amount of the deposit left at Mr. Earle's. For years the matter was in litigation in the courts, going from one tribunal to another, and keeping Mr. Earle "on the keen jump" (as Emerson has it.) The result of it all has been that Earl had to pay the \$15,000, and a good deal more and expenses, amounting in all to no less a sum than \$42,000. This amount Mr. E. has paid in cash, to settle this troublesome job; and now, having a few months since paid the last installment and ended the ugly matter, he received, a week ago, (he was in town a day or two ago and told his old friends of it,) a package from Boston enclosing a letter. The package was the identical original missing package from the safe—was identified as such—and with it were papers which have proved beyond a question that the actual amount deposited in the hotel safe was not \$15,000, but only \$500; and it was also revealed that the depositor had a confederate, and that the whole operation was a swindle and a robbery. A duplicate check was made so like the other that there was no difference; and the two rogues have doubtless divided the "swag" which the courts have decreed to the plaintiff. The note, which revealed these facts, was signed "Howard," with this interesting addition: "A Conscientious Scoundrel.—Hartford (Conn.) Times."

Preaching and hearing, and reading and discoursing, they may be a kind of ploughing or harrowing, or some such piece of husbandry; but it is a hand out of the clouds that sets the seed of everlasting life in our hearts.

An exchange says: A white man in one of the bar-rooms in Alabama, the other day, offered to pay for a quart of liquor if a negro present would drink it at one pull. The offer was taken up and the darkey is now a colored angel.

TRANSGRESSORS' FATE.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday week a close carriage drove up to the Coates street entrance of the Eastern Penitentiary. The door of the vehicle opened, and a man with a big diamond on his bosom alighted. He helped from the carriage another man in citizens' dress. The latter wore a slouch hat, a brown overcoat, and black necktie. He had a moustache and small chin whiskers, and his face was very pale. Then another man, also with a big diamond in his shirt emerged from the carriage. He was followed by a younger man in citizens' dress. The men with big diamonds were deputy sheriffs.

The four advanced to the huge stone entrance and stopped before a massive iron door. One of the deputy sheriffs pulled a little brass knob.—Soon a harsh grating noise was heard, and a small wicket in the huge iron door opened. The deputy sheriffs accompanied by the two persons in citizens' dress, walked in.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"Straight ahead to the warden's office," said Mr. Ogden, the gate-keeper. The deputies nodded, but said nothing. As the little wicket closed again with a clang the man in the brown overcoat gave a start and his face turned a little pale. He glanced at the solid masonry and then looked furtively at the great iron door through which he had just entered. Then a sigh escaped him, and dropping his eyes on the stone pavement, he tottered on with the officer.

To the Warden's office was but a step. The deputy sheriffs opened the door and walked in. They were evidently expecting the prison clerk, Mr. A. L. Ourt, seated at a high stool behind a desk. He got down a great book, and opening it picked up a pen. He looked at the warden, who was standing by. The deputy sheriffs approached the latter and handed him some papers. Meanwhile the gentleman in the brown overcoat, half fainting, dropped into a seat. The warden read the papers and handed them to the clerk, who then looked at the two prisoners in citizen's dress and bowed coldly to the man in the brown overcoat.

THE EXAMINATION.

The clerk glanced over the papers, and then gave a little cough. He nervously picked up the pen and beckoned to the man in the brown overcoat tottered over toward the desk.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Joseph F. Marcer," was the answer in a faltering voice.

"What is your age?"

"Thirty-seven."

The clerk then nodded to a deputy keeper. The latter approached with a pine stick, marked off in feet and inches. He stood it up behind the prisoner's back and took a good look over the top of his head.

"Five feet eight," he called in a cold, business-like voice. The clerk nodded and put it down. The deputy took a tape line and drew it around the prisoner's chest.

"Thirty-six inches, chest," The clerk nodded and put it down.

Then followed a critical examination of the prisoner's eyes, hair, complexion, marks or scars, and other physical peculiarities, all of which were duly tabulated in the huge ledger. The clerk then nodded to the man in the brown overcoat, and with a shudder he heeled away from the desk.

YERKES.

"Next man!" said the clerk. The other young man advanced to the desk.

"What is your name?" said the clerk.

"Charles T. Yerkes."

"Age?"

"Forty."

Precisely the same examination was then gone through with as in the case of other prisoner. After all the entries were made the clerk handed a paper to the deputy sheriffs and they departed. He then gave two tickets to the under-keeper.

"This way," said the latter and he moved towards the door. The two prisoners followed him. In fifteen minutes they reappeared from another door dressed in new gray trousers and gray jackets. They also wore gray caps.

"Marcer in 71 and the other one in 89," said the clerk. The keeper nodded.

"Come along," said he, and the three slowly disappeared across the carriage-way and up the stone stair-case. The keeper inserted a massive key, the great iron door opened heavily, and the two passed. It closed again with a clang.

"I suppose," said the reporter, "that is the end."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "that is the end. They are buried from the world for a long time, and perhaps forever."

WHO IS YOUR FRIEND.—Who is your friend? Not the boy or girl, man or woman, who tries to lead you astray, tempts you to do wrong, mocks at the sacred things, or give you bad advice or bad example. Such a person is your enemy, not to him.

Who is your friend? The person who tells you to do right, to walk in truth, to be faithful in good works; the person who urges you to pray, to study God's word, to be always at church, to look forward to full membership with his people, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. Such a person is your friend. Listen to him.

I do say that to pass through the customs of society, its complaisance, its flatteries, its wide lies, and its thousand little permissions, and come out unscathed, is not easy. I do say that to pass through business in the way which it is conducted and keep your garments white, and maintain a pure character, requires the utmost endeavor.—Beetcher.

The Government of Children.

The government of children says Henry Word Beecher, has been a source of discussion in the household since the world began, and will be, presumably, till the "new heaven and the new earth" are produced. Children ought to be an element of harmony in the family, and to bring to the parents united-councils and co-operative love. In many cases this is the happy result. Where it does not produce this effect, it may be from any of a variety of causes.

The mother, sometimes, has an intense and excitable affection for her children, which, when roused up by anything that to her seems like injury, takes on the form of a fierce instinct, such as we see in the lower animal kingdom.

At other times, the mother feels in an intense degree her special and peculiar ownership in the child. And truly the mother has a right that the father has not. She travelled, she bore it, she suffered. She watched, she nursed, she nurtured. She watched the anxiety, the task of early training and instruction. Her life is like a fountain poured out for the child, and whenever she sees or fears that her long labor of pain and patience is liable to be prevented by the intrusion of one who, though farther, and in law made even superior to her in the control of children, it rouses resistance which springs from the very roots of moral sensibility. A woman may often press this right unduly. But no just and thoughtful man will fail to recognize a reason of justice in a woman's claim to have much of the management of the children, provided she is really seeking their advantage.

Since men do not as yet produce angels, but only little unripe men over a gain, children must always be a source of more or less trouble, inconvenience and annoyance in the house. Both parents must take their share of the patience inevitably required. Among other things, children's love must be borne with. They must not be too sharply rebuffed; and yet for their own good and the welfare of the family, they must not be lawless nor boisterous within doors. Out of doors, and in play-rooms remote from hearing, let them shout. It is good practice for the lungs. But in, or near, the common sitting room, they should be trained to quietness. It is best they should early feel the responsibility of contributing to the common good.

The household is a little commonwealth. The child is a new citizen. He must early be taught the duties of citizenship. It is an evil influence which permits the child to sacrifice every person's comfort in the house for the selfish sake of its own enjoyment. Let may be pleasant to the child for the moment, but it sacrifices a higher good. A child cannot learn too early order, subordination, obedience, and a willing contribution of its own pleasure for the good of others. If restraint, or even discipline be needed to secure these results, it is best that the child be subject to them. Health and freedom may be secured without allowing children to make nuisances of themselves. For another reason it is cruel for parents to leave their children untrained and boisterous; such children invariably are objects of dislike to all about them.—They are the neighborhood talk. No parent by neglect of discipline has a right to take sides with the parent who desires an orderly family; where the children are not vexatious despots; where a man may feel reasonably safe from an eruption of bears and buffaloes in human form; and where the sharp irritable selfishness of over-indulged children shall not be his daily portion.

A Masonic Story.

Two men had been fast friends. In an evil hour they quarrelled. They did not speak, and had not spoken for years.—Mutual friends tried the art of reconciliation in vain. They were avowed enemies for life. One of them became a Mason after the estrangement, and it happened that the other remained ignorant of the fact. One evening he too was admitted to a lodge. Almost the first voice he heard, and certainly the first face he saw, was that of his enemy, who presided over the ceremonies of initiation, and was obliged, according to usage to address him by the title of "brother." This was a peculiar situation, and a severe ordeal for both. After the lodge was closed the Apprentice sought the Master, and without any preliminaries, the following colloquy ensued commenced by the newly made Mason.

"Are you a member of this lodge?"

"The answer was 'I am.'

"Were you present when I was elected?"

"I was."

"May I ask if you voted?"

"I did."

Now will you tell me how many votes it requires to reject a candidate on ballot for admission?" The worshipful Master answered, "One."

There was nothing more to say. The initiate extended his hand, which was warmly grasped by the other, and uttered with thrilling accents, deep emotion mellowed his voice, "Friend! Brother! you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget." This is a little ray of Mason light. No language is so eloquent as the silent throbbing of a heart full of tears.—While this kind of cement is used in our moral edifice, should it not be enduring?

SOCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FIRESIDE.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the wool of the childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enmeshed upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid picture of after years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving a tone while fresh, and surviving in its decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.

SPEND WISELY.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor.—The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make a great waste. Hair by hair, heads grow bald; straw by straw, the thatch grows off the cottage; and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass.—Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry finery. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks.—A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and have a chance to rest when you are old.

A Clever Writer has to say concerning Dress.

"To come to the conclusion of the whole matter: to be well dressed requires first, to be neatly dressed; next, to be appropriately dressed; last, but not least, to be dressed within one's means.—The costume that is unpaid for is not a becoming one to anybody; and robbing Peter to pay Paul is poor policy at best."

There is nothing like beginning life with settled economical principles. Extravagance is a habit easily contracted and goes on increasing in volume as a snowball does when rolling down a high hill.

OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

BY TOM MOORE.

Off in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

A Masonic Story.

Two men had been fast friends. In an evil hour they quarrelled. They did not speak, and had not spoken for years.—Mutual friends tried the art of reconciliation in vain. They were avowed enemies for life. One of them became a Mason after the estrangement, and it happened that the other remained ignorant of the fact. One evening he too was admitted to a lodge. Almost the first voice he heard, and certainly the first face he saw, was that of his enemy, who presided over the ceremonies of initiation, and was obliged, according to usage to address him by the title of "brother." This was a peculiar situation, and a severe ordeal for both. After the lodge was closed the Apprentice sought the Master, and without any preliminaries, the following colloquy ensued commenced by the newly made Mason.

"Are you a member of this lodge?"

"The answer was 'I am.'

"Were you present when I was elected?"

"I was."

"May I ask if you voted?"

"I did."

Now will you tell me how many votes it requires to reject a candidate on ballot for admission?" The worshipful Master answered, "One."

There was nothing more to say. The initiate extended his hand, which was warmly grasped by the other, and uttered with thrilling accents, deep emotion mellowed his voice, "Friend! Brother! you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget." This is a little ray of Mason light. No language is so eloquent as the silent throbbing of a heart full of tears.—While this kind of cement is used in our moral edifice, should it not be enduring?

A Knock Down Argument.

There is much infidelity of a kind which cannot be easily argued out of men's minds. It has its seat in the heart; and nothing in the shape of argument can affect it, so long as the skeptic remains in health, strength or courage. But times of storm or danger will come—when all this bravery and courage fails, and then this infidelity flies like a dream.

An English paper reports that a Mr. Bradlaugh, a noted infidel, having concluded a lecture, presented his doctrines to the people and called upon any person present to reply to his argument, if they could. A collier arose in the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows:—

"Master Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jem were both Methodists till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jem turned infidel and used to badger me 'bout tending prayer meetings; but one day in the pit, a large cob of coal come down on Jem's head. Jem thought he was killed and all, mon! but he holler and cry to God!" Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a knowing look, he said:—

"You man, there is nowt like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man!"

The collier carried the audience with him, for they well knew that a knock in the head by a big chunk of coal would upset the courage and with it the skepticism of stronger infidels than "my mate Jem." Many an infidel has discarded his infidelity and cried to God for mercy in sickness or in danger, both on land and sea; but who ever heard of a Christian turning from his faith in the hour of peril; and forsaking God when death was at the door?

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity, New York, how many know that within a few feet of the great crowded thoroughfare of Broadway, is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating young lady, the records of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands. No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death appears on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple. The most beautiful girl of New York,—as it was exclaimed,—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of England's oldest families, who with his regiment entered N. Y., when the British occupied it, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing officer. Soon after he deserted her and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for, at a proper age she was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and a true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave.

Couldn't Understand.

Two negroes, bargaining for some land the price of which was \$900, said they had only half so much money. "Very well," said the land agent, "I'll take \$450 down and a mortgage for the balance in a year."

Sambo scratched his head a moment and replied, "But I say, boss, s'poss a feller hain't got no morgitch?"

The agent explained that he would take a mortgage on the land to secure the balance.

"But boss, I hain't got no morgitch." The agent again explained, but the darkey couldn't see it, and disclaimed the ownership of a single "morgitch." The other darkey here came to the rescue, and lucidated the pint. Says he, "Sambo, don't you know what a morgitch is?—Den I tell you. S'poss you pays da boss \$450 down; den you gives your word on de honor of a nigger dat you'll pay him de last day ob de year you pays da boss \$449 —and don't pay him de udder dollar, why den de morgitch says de boss can jist take all the money and the land, and you don't have nuffin—not a cent."

"Golly, boss, a morgitch makes a nigger mighty honest."

A Young Man was enlarging to a lady friend on the character and qualifications of a young lady, who was a mutual acquaintance.

The youth wishing to commend her goodness with her heart, laid his hand upon the region of his own heart, and said, "She is all right here."

A female herb doctor at Detroit recently solicited the privilege of curing a paralytic. She ordered the patient's undershirt taken off and burned to ashes, and the ashes given him in small doses, and also rubbed on his chest. It is a fact that the man soon recovered, and is free to think that her queer remedies cured him.

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—A sensible shoemaker, who made a princely fortune by the sale of an extensively advertised shoe string of his own invention, wrote this stanza, which now adorns his crest:

If you are wise and wish to rest,
Then pitch right in and advertise;
If you are not, then sit down sot,
And let your business go to pot.

Gluttony is the source of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

A man in Meriden, Conn., did without tobacco last year, and gave his wife sixty dollars at Christmas, as the result of his economy. Go thou and do likewise.

A family paper is a family treasure.

Wit and Humor.

Why does a rooster cross the street?
To get on the other side.

What makes more noise than a pig—under a gate? Two pigs.

What looks most like a half a cheese?
The other half.

Which side of the horse invariably has the most hair on it? The outside.

The cat is a wonderful house; we have seen a cat run up a house in five minutes.

Garrison says that the woman question was an "un-embracing" one. Who said it wasn't.

At a church fair in Philadelphia one woman took seven premiums, but was put in jail for "taking" them.

A boy in Iowa has a silver quarter stuck fast in his throat. It can't be a quarter or it would pass.

A Boston paper is "in favor of women voting if they want to." A Western paper "would like to see the men who could make them vote if they didn't want to."

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, and the other is pitch her in the water.

A woman, on being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined to avoid his company in this world and the next.

"Come here, my dear, I want to see you all about your sister." "Now tell me truely, has she got a bean?" "No, it's the janders she's got, the doctor says so."

A fellow out west gets off the following definition of a widow: "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the subject."

Always catch a lady when she faints but do not rumple her hair, it makes her come to before she is fairly ready.

"Papa," said a boy, what is punctation?" "It is the art of putting stops, my child." "Then I wish you'd go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

A lawyer one asked a Dutchman concerning a pig "in court."

"What ear-marks had he?"

"Well, von I-fer-berk became acquainted mit de hock, he hab no ear-marks except a very short tail."

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said:

"Is't what I came here for you men?—Arrah by the powers! you may be sure that it wasn't for want, for I had plenty of that at home."

SAYINGS OF JOSEPH BILLINGS.—The only thing that makes a mule so highly respectable is the accuracy of his kickings.

I have known people to have so little character, that they had no fallings.

If you have got a horse you ask two hundred dollars for, and are offered seventy-five for him, always sell him, don't spoil a good horse trade for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

To make a goose good eating, bring her up tenderly.

A little boy defines snoring as "letting off steam."

You can't convert sinners by preaching the gospel to them at half price. Any sinner who is anxious to get his religion in that way is satisfied with a poor article.

Revenge sometimes sleeps, but vanity always keeps one eye open.

The only human being on the face of the earth that I really envy is a laughing Christian.

Men of little authority are like men of little strength—always anxious to lift something.

There are two kinds of men that I don't care to meet when I am in a great hurry—men that I owe, and men that want to owe me.

THE NATURE OF AN OATH.—Early in the rebellion when the Federal forces were stationed at Beaufort, S. C. there was an old dakry by the name of Lige Jackson, who deserted by his master, was left to take care of himself as best he might. Lige was considered a chattel of weak intellect, and moreover he was exceedingly awkward in his attempts to play the role of a house servant. He smushed and destroyed pretty nearly everything he laid his hands upon, and having waited upon nearly every officer at the post, each in turn, after giving him the benefit of a good cursing for his stupidity turned him adrift.

It happened that Lige was a witness in a case that came before a court-martial, and being called up to give his testimony, was objected to on the part of the defendant, who stated that he didn't believe the nigger was of sound mind.

"Stand up, Lige," said the court. "Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Lige scratched his head for a moment, and then turning up the white of his eyes he replied: "Look a yare, masse; dis nigger has waited on 'bout half de officers since dey fust come to dis place, and if de don't stand de nature of an oath by dis time, den dere's no wirtu in cussing."

The court considered Lige a competent witness.

Ginsler, an ironout, says that the voice of woman can be heard in a balloon when at the height of two miles, while that of a man cannot be heard when higher than a mile.