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BY W. BLAIR.

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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 repress
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 chill winds blow;
Cast there thy anchor deep
Nor terror know.
When waters wildly dash,
And waves run high—
When darkness 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 thy 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
look. 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 wonder-
ing which way to go to reach my hotel.
Just at that moment a tortoise looking
woman carrying a large bundle ap-
proached 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 shillings?"
I looked at her a bit, and said:
"Hain't you got no relations nor neigh-
bors 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."
"I 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 cof-
fed, a real graveyard coffin.
"Why don't you get 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.
"That," 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
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
get rumpled, and then her customers would
not pay her; so I tucked 'em in my arms
very careful, and she went to the store af-
ter the medicin'.
There was good many people passin'
by and I walked up from the corner a lit-
tle ways, so they shouldn't see me stand-
in't 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

TRANSGRESSORS' FATE.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday week a close
carriage drove up to the Coates street en-
trance 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 dia-
mond in his shirt emerged from the car-
riage. 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 wick-
et in the huge iron door opened. The
deputy sheriffs accompanied by the two
persons in citizens' dress, walked in.

"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 ex-
pected. The prison clerk, Mr. A. L. Ourt
sat on 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 gentle-
man in the brown overcoat, half fainting
ly, dropped into a seat. The warden read
the papers and handed them to the clerk.
He then looked at the two prisoners in citi-
zen's dress and bowed coldly to the man
in the brown overcoat.

"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 pecu-
liarities, all of which were duly de-
scribed in the huge ledger. The clerk then
nodded to the man in the brown overcoat, and
with a shudder he reeled away from the
desk.

"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
the 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 re-
appeared 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 wo-
man, who tries to lead you astray, tempts
you to do wrong, mocks at the sacred
things, or give you bad advice or bad ex-
ample. 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 cus-
toms of society, its complaisance, its flat-
teries, 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 main-
tain a pure character, requires the ut-
most endeavor.—Becher.

Preaching and hearing, and reading
and discarding, 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 ever-
lasting 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 li-
quor if a negro present would drink it at
one pull. The offer was taken up and the
darkey is now a colored angel.

The Government of Children.

The government of children says Henry
Word Beecher, has been a source of
dissension in the household since the world
began, and will be, presumably, till the
"new heaven and the new earth" are pro-
duced. Children ought to be an element
of harmony in the family, and to bring to
the parents united-councils and co-opera-
tive 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 traveled, she bore it, she suffered—
Cruelly upon her feet, 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 su-
perior to her in the control of children, it
rouses resistance which springs from the
deepest 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 wo-
man's claim to have much of the man-
agement 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 annoy-
ance in the house. Both parents must take
their share of the patience inevitably re-
quired. Among other things, children's
love must be borne with. They must not
be too sharply rebuked; and yet, for their
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 enjoy-
ment. It may be pleasant to the child for
the moment, but it sacrifices a higher good.
A child cannot learn too early order, sub-
ordination, obedience, and a willing con-
tribution 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 al-
lowing children to make nuisances of them-
selves. 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 pa-
rent 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 irruption of
bears and buffaloes in human form; and
where the sharp irritable selfishness of
over-indulged children shall not be his
daily portion.

They will not learn.
The world learns its lessons slowly—
Much of the world does not learn its les-
sons at all. The young are everywhere
growing up amid the ruins of other lives
apparently without inquiring or caring
for the reasons of the disasters to life,
fortune, and reputation that are happen-
ing, or have happened, everywhere around
them. One man with great truss of money
in his hands, betrays the confidence of
the public, becomes a defaulter, and blows
his brains out. Another, led on by poor
and place, is degraded at last to a poor
demagogue without character and influ-
ence. Another, by surrender of himself to
sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with
heart and brain more foul than the nests
of unclean birds. Another, by tasting
and tasting the wine cup, becomes a
drunkard at last, and dies in horrible de-
clirium, or lives to be a curse to a wife,
children and friends. There is an army
of those poor wretches in every large city
in the land dying daily, and daily reinforc-
ed. A young girl, loving not wisely, but
too well, yields herself to a seducer, who
ruins and forsakes her to a life of shame
and a death of despair. Not one girl, but
thousands of girls yearly, so that, a great
company of those whose robes are soiled
beyond cleansing, hide themselves in the
grave during a twelve-month; another
great company of the pure drop to their
places and kept filled to repletion the ranks
of prostitution. Again and again, in in-
stances beyond counting, are these trage-
dies repeated in the full presence of the
rising generation, and yet it seems to grow
no wiser.

A clever writer has to say concerning
dress: "To come to the conclusion of the
whole matter: to be well dressed re-
quires 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. Ex-
travagance 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 reconcilia-
tion 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 ad-
dress him by the title of "brother." This
was a peculiar situation, and a severe or-
deal for both. After the lodge was closed
the Apprentice sought the Master, and
without any preliminaries, the following
colloquy ensued commenced by the new-
ly made Mason.

"Are you a member of this lodge?"
The answer was "I am."
"Were you present when I was elect-
ed?"
"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 Mas-
ter answered, "One."

There was nothing more to say. The
initiated 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
modern 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 mould-
er in the halls of memory; but the sim-
ple lessons of home, enmeshed upon the
heart of childhood, defy the rust of years,
and outlive the more mature but less vi-
vid picture of after years. So deep, so
lasting, indeed, are the impressions of ear-
ly life, that you often see a man in the
imbecility of age holding fresh in his re-
collection 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 at-
tempt 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 por-
trait, 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 it in decay. Such is
the fireside—the great institution of Pro-
vidence 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
barren, 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 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 con-
cluded a lecture, presented his doctrines
to the people and called upon any per-
son present to reply to his argument, if
they could. A collier arose in the as-
sembly, 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' tend-
ing 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, ah, mon! but he holler and cry to
God!" Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh,
with a knowing look, he said—
"You man, there is now't 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
unsettle the courage and with it the skep-
ticism 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 Chris-
tian 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 re-
pass Trinity, New York, how many know
that within a few feet of the great crowd-
ed 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 beauti-
ful girl of New York, as it was exclaim-
ed, she attracted the attention of a
young officer, a member of England's oldest
families, who with his regiment enter-
ed N. Y., when the British occupied it,
after the battle of Long Island. Char-
lotte, then only seventeen, was wooed
and won by the dashing officer. Soon af-
ter he deserted her and then—the old sto-
ry—she soon after died of a broken heart.
A little daughter which she left was ten-
derly 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'pos a fel-
ler haint got no morgitch?"
The agent explained that he would
take a mortgage on the land to secure the
balance.
"But boss, I haint 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'pos you pays de boss
\$450 down; den you gives your word on de
honor of a nigger dat you'll pay him de
udder \$450 in a year. Den s'pos on de
last day ob de year you pays de boss \$49
—and don't pay him de udder dollar, why
den de morgitch says de boss can jst take
all the money and the land, and you don't
have nuffin—not a cent."
"Golly, boss, a morgitch makes a nig-
ger mighty honest."

A young man was enlarging to a lady
friend on the character and qualifications
of a young lady, who was a mutual ac-
quaintance. The youth wishing to com-
mend 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
quack 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 rise;
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 dis-
eases. As a lamp is choked by a super-
abundance 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 nothing
to 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 un-
der 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 "anti-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 pa-
per "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
truly, 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 cel-
lar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the
cider is running all over the floor."

A lawyer one asked a Dutchman con-
cerning a pig "in court."
"What ear-marks had he?"
"Vell, von I first 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 respect-
able is the accuracy of his kickings.

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

If you have got a horse you ask two hun-
dred 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 sin-
ner 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 smashed 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 defend-
ant, 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 ossible
since dey fues come to dis place, and if de
don't stand de nature of an oath by dis
time, den dare'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.