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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



LIVE AND LET LIVE.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Well! Farmer Smith has lost his wheat, his sheds and mammoth barn;
His little boy, with one small match, burnt up the whole concern;
I'll tell you, wife, he'll feel it sore; a man on money bent
Can't stand up under such a load, when not insured a cent.
I don't know as I pity him; I call it a great sin
To hoard the harvest of three years in spacious barn and bin;
I can't feel pity for a man who locks double his door,
And stops his ears to all the cries that come up from the poor.
I like to see economy; I like to see men save,
And lay up something for their kin when they are in the grave;
But you and I know very well, from what we both have seen,
There is a line which, when 'tis crossed, a man gets to be mean.
When wheat was sixteen shillings—a price that paid us well—
Smith said, "I'll wait for twenty, I vow, before I'll sell!"
Then when it reached that figure, he said to me one noon,
"I guess I'll hold it longer; 'twill be three dollars soon."
He held it, and he ran in debt for things to wear and eat;
When merchants dunned him he would say "Wait 'till I sell my wheat!"
Soon that old tune got fiddled out and men began to sue,
And he began to borrow to pay 'accounts long due.
When Smith goes off to buy a thing he spins around the town,
And tries with all his might and main the price to banter down;
When he has anything to sell 'tis priceless in his eyes,
And he must have the highest mark—the lowest when he buys.
"Live and let live" are golden words; this other motto too,
"To unto others as you'd wish that they would do unto you!"
If Smith had done as they command, he would not have to-day,
The ashes of three harvests to load and draw away.
Wife! if you take a berry and dry it in the sun,
I'll shrivel up till it takes two to make the size of one;
So may a man in grasping gain so shrivel up his soul
That 'twill never expand again while life's years o'er him roll.
God bless the farmers of our land! They are not all like him,
Who walks around that smouldering pile, now, in the twilight dim;
Living on God's broad acres, these souls expand and grow;
Their ears are ever open to tales of want and woe.
God bless the men, where'er they are, in country or in town,
Who do not think it life's great work to crowd their neighbors down;
This world would be the better; this life would pleasure give,
If every man who toils to live would let his brother live.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CHOOSING FOR LIFE.

Mary Randall was in a difficulty. The time must come when her choice must be made between two persons for a partner in life, one of whom love recommended, with all the fervency of youthful affection, mindful only of the present; while the other, looking forward to the future, and not troubled by the present, was as strongly pressing the claims of the other. In the society which she moved, Mary Randall was regarded as a girl who not only had been favored by nature with many physical adornments, but who had received from her, also, those beauties of mind which make a woman truly lovable. On the good foundation which nature had laid, careful instruction had reared a glorious character, which governed her actions well—so well that it was said by some one, and confirmed by every one, that Mary Randall never even parleyed with evil when she knew it to be such.
Of course, as a rule, such a person must be a mark in society, and Mary Randall was no exception; for, in her sphere, she received the admiration and attention of many young men. But two, however, were looked upon as in any degree likely to be successful. They were Charlie Maynard and Frank Morton. The difference between these two young men was marked. Charlie Maynard was handsome, pleasant, and consequently a pet in society.—Frank Morton was rather plain in appearance, and, though pleasant in appear-

yet was reticent, and, on the whole was not a man to show well in a drawing room; but those who knew him best, knew that there were great depths in the man; all acknowledged that he possessed many sterling qualities.
Charlie Maynard was the most sociable, and in looking in his frank, open face, there was so much on the exterior to admire, that very few saw further; those who did, know that there was no strength of character to support him, and their views were strengthened by the fact that he never refused the glass of wine offered him, because, as he said, "anything to be sociable." Frank Morton, on the other hand, often fell in the good opinion of some, by his steady refusal to take even the most "sociable" of glasses.

Mary Randall was one of the few who noticed these differences, and they were strongly marked to her, for she loved Charlie Maynard, and often had been grieved when he had shown the weakness of his character, and had been led to compare this weakness with the stability of Frank Morton. She had often, on these occasions, wished that Charlie was like Frank Morton. But to return.
Mary Randall was in a difficulty, because these two young men had proposed; and as both could not be accepted, a choice must be made. It was a serious thing for her to make a choice for life, and she felt the responsibility, and had asked time in which to consider; but now the period was near when a definite answer must be given.

She was sitting alone on the porch, when she heard the door open, and saw Charlie Maynard enter. He was looking at her with a look of surprise. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I was just coming to see you," she answered. "I have been thinking of you very much lately," he said. "I have been wondering how you are getting on." "I am well, thank you," she replied. "I am still in a difficulty, you know." "About what?" he asked. "About my future," she answered.

"You mean about Frank Morton?" he asked. "Yes," she said. "He has proposed to me, and I don't know what to do." "Why not?" he asked. "Because I don't love him," she said. "Then why do you care for him?" he asked. "Because he is a good man, and I think I should be married to someone who is good," she said.

"You are a very sensible girl," he said. "I am glad you are not marrying Frank Morton." "Why not?" she asked. "Because you don't love him," he said. "I don't love him," she said. "Then why do you care for him?" he asked. "Because he is a good man, and I think I should be married to someone who is good," she said.

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in offices of trust he may be found "most faithful of the faithful. If you should ask him the explanation of his rise to such a position from one comparatively lowly, he would point to his wife as the cause of it all. Ask her if she ever regretted the choice she made ten years ago, and she would tell you that then she made a choice the full value of which she will never be able to know. But how did all this happen? Simply in this:—Being industrious, when he had removed to the town, Morton soon found work, and what he found to do he did with all his might; and so, being of a saving nature, he laid up money against the bad times to come. They had come, but he was prepared, and, weathering them safely, had gone on his course of independence. Soon his worth became known; and he had risen from one position to another, until finally he had gained the position of "master" in his trade.

Mary Randall, when she gave herself to Frank Morton, had given only respect; but soon she did give him that love which is, indeed, love, and to-day Mrs. Morton does not regret the choice she made when she was in difficulty as Mary Randall.

Far different from this is the history of Charlie Maynard through the last ten years. No one whom you should question would be able to tell you anything good of him. In appearance he is bloated, his carriage is sneaking, and nothing about him indicates nobility or even respectability. His home is the gin-place, his home is in a low den; and his once pretty wife is now careworn, dragged down with sorrow. How did all this happen? Charlie Maynard, when he went to that school, was an industrious man; his industry gained him his reward; he obtained work; he did not know how to save. "Sufficient for the present" was his motto; and, consequently, when adversity came, he found himself worsted. Having no work, he became discouraged; and that social ease which he had formed, held out prospects of relief from care for the present in what was called a sociable glass. That was the beginning of his destruction; and he went down, down he went, until now he is no further in this world. The once thoughtful Kate Kempton is now weighed down with sorrow, and as once she cared only for the present, all her thoughts are now for the future, when she shall be dead forever. Bitterly does she repent her choice; for she knows too well "what he is doing in adversity."

A Frontier Horror.

A terrible result of the passion for drink is given by the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Republican, which must fill the reader with horror and pity—at the dreadful fate of the poor unfortunate victims, and who for the stings of remorse which must lead the father and husband:

"A few years ago a man was living with his young man wife in Mankato, Minnesota. He was intelligent and successful in business, until passion for drink lured him, and his business and reputation were both wrecked by its influence. He was forced to seek a new home for his family, and his wife, bred to luxury, accompanied him to the frontier in the hope that the removal from temptation would free him from the habit which had possessed him. Here they lived for several years his abstinence from drink being broken only by an infrequent and occasional haunch when he visited some of the near towns. Early in December he told his wife that business compelled him to go to such a place, and that he would be absent several days. She about to become a mother again, with three helpless children, and scanty supply of wood, fearing that the remote clamor of appetite was the motive which drew him away, entreated him stay, but in vain. He left. Some afternoon, one of those severe storms of December—doubly severe on the unprotected prairie—came on. Before its close she was entirely destitute of wood, and the terrible alternative was presented to her of freezing to death with her little ones, or seeking assistance from the neighborhood, over three miles distant. She bravely chose the latter, and leaving her three suffering little ones with nothing but a mother's yearning love and prayerful blessing, she started out to seek relief. The next day she was found, half buried in the snow, dead, a new-born infant at her side. The three children were found dead in the house. This, while the once fond husband and protecting father was away reveling in the delirium or dozing in the stupor of drink. No words can add to the horror of this tale, but beside the unspeakable agony of that dying wife and mother, how trivial our common losses, griefs and sorrows seem!"

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy and cannot help it;—no misfortunes dampen their smiles, but diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is far above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the busy exchange of gold, which may buy some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference.—They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts, and makes them radiant and beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

With the humble there is perpetual peace.

FORDUNK VILLAGE.

BY JOSE BILLINGS.

Stranger! have you ever been to Fordunk Village, my natif place?
It is a dear little lullaby of a place, sleeping between two small mountains in the state of Pennsylvania.

It contains about 1,000 souls now, and is watered by goose creek which meanders thru the village as crooked and as lazy as a school boy, on his way to the district school house.

I was born there, and the ground on which the old house is there yet. My ancestors all there too, but they have retired from business, and are taking their ease, in the old grave yard, back of the little one-story church.

The red painted tavern, where years ago, the town folks gathered in, on Saturday nights, to wet their whistles, and brag on their bush beans and other garden sals, is gone, and departed.

And Roger Williams, where is he? Roger was the village blacksmith, and could out-argy the parson on a bit of scripture, his anvil is still, and he now lives in his new house, with the rest of the old people, just back of the little one-story church.

What is Square Watkins, the justice of the peace? He knew law, and the statutes, just as easy as he did the 10 commandments, his little office, for 50 years unpainted, is no more.

No one of his name is left, he and Roger the blacksmith, lay side by side, just back of the little one-story church as still as deth can make them.

Sue Dunham, the crazy woman, I don't see her! Poor Sue she was not always well, but no one turned her away, a nights lodging no one refused, she was even butiful still, when I was a boy, but I shruok from the flash of her mysterious eyes.

The old folks knu her story, it was that sad one so often told, and so soon forgotten; a man's peridy.

Sue Dunham raves no more, but in the farthest corner, just back of the little one-story church, whar the dead lay the thickest, lies Sue.

A weep in willow, sown by accident, hangs over her grave, and on her head stone, these words, almost knowed away by time, can be made out, "Sue Dunham aged 59."

Parson Powell, who led his flock to the side of still waters, who wet with hallowed drops at christenings, who joined in wedding ones, I miss him too; peacefully he sleeps, just back of the little one-story church.

Deakon Tucker, who sold sugar by the pound, and molais is by the pint, who delt in whale ole, and bar soap, who kept razors, and razor straps, who could measure a yard or kotton kaliko to a thread, and who, 4th of Julys, sold 3 fire-crackers to us boys, what has bekum of the deakon?

Years ago he fled, not far away, but cluss up tew the back wall of the little one-story church, near to parson Powell. An odd fellow was Ez. Farnham, and withall as keen as a trade as a horet.—Them that swopped hosses with Ez. once, didn't hanker tew do it again; he was honest, but oh! how fatal to dicker. No one now in the whole village, remember him; he has gone whare they don't give nor git boot; they put him in the half akcher, just bak ov the little one-story church.

Job Piersons iz dead too, and so is Job's wife, and all ov Job's sons and dauers. I go up and I go down the good old village of Fordunk; the people all stare at me as I stop here and stop there, tew say tew myself, "here it was that Lige Turner threw Dave Larkins, 40 years ago, on a wrassel on the village green, and there stood the old town pump."

Her old Beverly, the barber, shaved for three cents a shave, and thare Burbank half-soled boots for a quarter.

"Here—let me see I was here?—Yes, old mother Beneweay sold taffy here each stick at least 13 inches long, and made out of Deakon Tucker's best Porto Riko molassis."

There stood the little red shool hous, right there; it was the forks ov the road then, it is the kornar of a block now.

"Who can tell me whare Daniel Purdy, the skool master, lives now, no one! I have asked a dozen, but no one remembers Daniel Purdy."

"It iz a sad thing to be a skoolmaster, no one ever seems tew kno whare they go when yu miss them. They just seem to depart that's all. I never kno one to di, and be buried!"

"Ah, it iz pleasant!—it iz sad, to go bak tew the village of Fordunk, thare iz more people thare now than thare was when I was a boy, but how different am I. The old trees are the same, man kant alter them, goos krik runs just whar it did, with willows in all its elbows, the mountains each side have not grown any smaller, the birds sing the same songs but I don't kno enny one that I meet, and wht: a still more lonesome, no one that I meet kno me."

When I go to Fordunk, and want tew see ennybody that I remember, I go down the main street to the fust kornar, just whare Joel Parker once lived, then I turn tew the left, and keep on fur a ways till I cum to the little one-story church.

Just bak ov that they are all living now. They dont remember me whn I go there, but I remember them. It won't be very long now before I shall jine with them.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells,
Come borne on the winds of the autumn—
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain—
As the voices of the sentinels mingle
In the mountain regions of snow,
Till from hill top to hill top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire light of even,
The sound of the rains distant chime,
Come bracing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home,
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam;
I quietly sit by the fire light—
The fire light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely,
There still would be guests in my heart;
The friends of friends that I cherish,
The smiles, and the glance, and the tone
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime—
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall,
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

In Emergencies.

If a person falls in a fit, and begins to snore loudly, with very red face, it is apoplexy. Let him be seated so as to favor the blood going downward, away from the head; apply cold cloths to the head; or cushions of equal qualities of snow or pounded ice and common salt. If the person is perfectly still, face pale, and there is perceptible breathing, it is a fit of fainting. Do not touch him, except to loosen the clothing; then keep off five or ten feet distant, so as to allow the air to come in; make no noise, and there will soon be a calm, quiet return to consciousness and life, for it is only a momentary cessation of the circulation of the blood to the head. But suppose there is a very violent motion of the hands and feet, and all sorts of contortions, it is epilepsy. Let the man contort until he is tired; you can't hold him still; all your efforts only tend to aggravate the trouble and to exhaust the strength; all that ought to be done is to keep the unfortunate from hurting himself. There is no felt suffering, for as soon as he comes to he will tell you that he remembers nothing whatever of what has passed, appears to be the only calm self-possessed person in the whole crowd, and is apparently as perfectly well as before the occurrence.—Dizziness often comes instantaneously, and we begin to reel before we know it. Shut the eyes, whether you are walking along the street, looking over a precipice, ascending a ladder, or climbing to a ship's mast-head, the fear of dizziness disappears instantly if you look upward.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The Value of a Scrap Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper, which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some very interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles, can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were once so glad to read in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable receipt you had almost forgotten, and which you have found just in time to save much perplexity.—There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's care and trials. Indeed, you hardly take up a single paper without perusing it. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of a year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT.

Washington served two terms as President of the United States, and when he finally retired from office to the quiet of Mount Vernon, the Philadelphia Aurora thus spoke of him—"If ever a nation has been debauched by a man the American nation has been debauched by Washington. Let the history of the federal government instruct us unkind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people."

BUSINESS LAW.

It is not legally necessary to say on any note "for value received."
A note on Sunday is void.
A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.
An endorser of a note is exempt from liabilities if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.
A note by a minor is void.
Notes bear interests only when so stated.

Principal are responsible for the acts of their agents.
Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.
Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
A contract made with a minor is void.
A contract made with a lunatic is void.

THE GRAVE.—"Why," says Ossian, "shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days?—Thou lookest from the tower to day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes—it howls in the blast of the court, and whistles around the half worn shield!" Then why should man look forth, as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lay upon the golden visions which have passed like sunbeams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when the morrow the cloud may be heaped on his coffin, and above his dust the sepulchral-yews tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is sought on earth which should subdue pride—which should make man feel, that the rich and poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all—it is the Grave! It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satisfied—it is there, above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that,

"Life is a torrid day,
Fare'd by the wind and sun,
And death, the calm, cold night,
When the weary day is gone?"

DO NOT BE AN IDLER.—The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfares of every day life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage anywhere. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a unit in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness, or may "sponge" on his good-natured friends.—But in either case he is despised. Young man, do something in this busy, bustling wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself.—Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of thy brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle! Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted, or however humbled, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore, do not be idle.

HARVESTING CORN.—Colonel Harris says, in the last number of the *Agriculturist*. "I believe corn will be harvested as we harvest wheat—cut with a reaper, bound into bundles of a convenient size for pitching, and then thrashed or husked by a big machine driven by ten horses or a steam engine. It must be powerful enough to take in a bundle at a time, strip off the ears and husk them, and the stalks as they pass through can be cut up and elevated by a straw carrier. I believe in less than ten years we shall see hundreds of such machines traveling from farm to farm as threshing machines now do, and we shall wonder how we ever got along without them."

HASTE IS NOT ALWAYS SPEED.—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring perpetually, but to no purpose, and is in constant motion without getting out of the spot; like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing; has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot; and with those few that are he only burns his fingers.

Leave nothing that is necessary in any matter undone—we rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.
Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on the harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

That antiquated negro woman who has a distinct recollection of the incidents of the revolutionary war, has died again.—This time out in Iowa, at the age of 115. She did not claim to have been a servant in Washington's family this time.

An Iowa farmer inculcated early rising in a little orphan bound-boy by setting him on a hot stove for getting up late.
What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

Wit and Humor.

An old man when dangerously sick, was urged to take the advice of a physician, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

A young lady in Indiana, named Nancy Pratt, was accidentally vaccinated in the nose. It took, and her bugle is a joy forever.

A young lady in at Ford du Lac, was married without shoes or stockings on the other day, in accordance with an old whim that such an act would bring good luck.
The first woman voter of Wyoming was an old lady 70 years of age, who voted on her way from the baker's, and went to the polls with a yeast pitcher in her one hand, and the ballot in the other.

"Sambo, my massa always trable; yours ebery star at home." "Dat berry true, Jim; but you know what the proverb say, 'rollin' stone gadder no moss.'" "No, Sambo, but it gadder polish, and dat 'ere's a qualification your massa stan' berry much in need ob."

An exchange, in describing a fashionable party, speaks of a gallant who whispered to a lady "and took her apart," and very ungalantly indeed adds that "it is not a very difficult feat to take a lady apart these times; but then there is very little left of her afterwards."

The Seneca (Kansas) *Courier* offers to the advocates of Texas cattle the following overwhelming argument: "It has been ascertained that the beef of the average Texican, if the bones are taken out can be salted away in the horns."

A farmer in San Joaquin county, California, recently scattered some wheat, soaked with whisky, over a field frequented by wild geese. The silly fowls gorged themselves with the seductive banquet, and got so tight that they could not fly, and the farmer stepped in and dispatched six hundred of them with a club.

The lively young ladies of Southville, Ky., have celebrated leap year by a public sale of the bachelors and widowers of the town. Lawyer bachelors, evidently of an inferior grade, brought five dollars a head; farmers were knocked off at \$4.25 and \$5.50; doctors were something of drug in the market, but went at \$5 each bachelors with no particular profession or trade met with very little competition; the bidding was dull and the prices ranged from 75 cents to \$1.00; widowers were run up to \$1,000 and eager bidders.

DIDN'T DRIVE A WAGON.—A witness in court who had been questioned to give a precise answer to each question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive a wagon?" "No sir, I do not."
"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No sir, I did not."
"Now sir I put it to you on your oath, do you drive a wagon?" "No sir."
"What is your occupation then?" "I drive a horse, sir."

Mr. Sleeper sold a yoke of oxen to Mr. Jones. "Are they all right?" asked Mr. Jones.
"They never gave me any trouble," was the answer.

In about a week, the purchaser came back very highly excited.
"Didn't you say them oxen never gave you any trouble? they've torn down all the fences for fifty miles around."
"Oh! well," drawled the imperturbable Sleeper, "I never let such small things trouble me."

An exchange gives the following cheerful receipt for bed-bugs. Those troubled with unwelcome bed-fellows these cold nights can try it. It says the best way is to shake them down into the middle of the sheet and put a piece of ice among them. Pretty soon you will see the little fellows getting up on their hind legs and beginning to thrash themselves to keep warm. After that you need not be afraid of their biting, but may go to bed and sleep, secure from their attacks the rest of the night.

GOOD PILLS.—I never had used eny ov Doctor Emanuel's liver consoling and kidney-encouraging pills, and therefore can't tell you how influential they am, but if you are looking after a pill as mild as a pet lamb, and as searchin as a fine tooth comb; buy Dr. Ringbone's silent paramulobors, 25 in a box, sold by all respectable druggers.

These pills don't pool round, but attend to business, and are as good in the ded of night as an alarm clock.

KEEPING THE LAW.—There was an old Quaker, who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could jostle him, tread on his toes or tweak his nose with impunity; until one day a bustling loafer, being told that he was a man who, if smitten on the one cheek, would turn the other on the one cheek, would be sport to try him. Stepping up to the sturdy good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then slowly turned his other cheek and received another buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat.

"I have cleared the law," said he "and now they must take it."
And he gave the fellow a tremendous thrashing.

A country paper recently advertised "black stockings of all colors."