

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start young man
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house, mark well the spot,
Test all the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall,
Let the open be strong and the roof be high
With an open turret toward the sky,
Through which Heaven's dew may fall.

Let this be the room of thy soul, young man
When shadows shall herald care;
A chamber with never a roof of thatch
To hinder the light—or door, or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure—'tis for life young man,
A life that outlives the breath,
For who shall gain say the holy word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord
Therein there is no death.

Build deep and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful ones demands;
Let your title deeds be clear and bright,
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of light
For the House not made with hands.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE LAST TIME

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

"Come in John, and let us have something warming. There's nothing like it after a hard day's work, to cheer a man up."

"Thank you, Joe, not to-night." "Have you signed the pledge—gone over to the enemy?"

"No—not that, but, the truth is, Joe, I promised that little woman of mine to be home early to-night, and—"

"But, man, you're not going to allow yourself to be tied by a woman's apron string in that style, are you? That will be a good job to tell the boys. Come in and take a glass, or I'll blow!"

John Burns' weakest point of character was a dread of ridicule. This his companion well knew, and had chosen his weapons accordingly; and now he stood holding the door half open, allowing the light and warmth, and boon companions within, to aid him in his purpose, forming, as they did, a striking contrast to the wet, muddy street.

John Burns hesitated one moment before he entered, while there arose before his mind's eye a pale pleading little face that had been lifted to his that morning, and a sweet voice had pleaded: "Come home early to-night, dear; I shall have such a nice supper, and please don't let it allusion."

She had spoken playfully, without any appeal to his besetting sin; yet he well understood the wistful pleading of the blue eyes, the deep undercurrent of feeling that caused the tremor in the musical voice. Knowing this, he had promised, sealing the promise with a kiss, holy in its tenderness. She was waiting for him now, he knew; peering out into the storm to see if he was coming. The knowledge made him strong. Love had nearly gained the victory; but the tempter was at hand and the influences of the place were around him. He yielded, and when once in he was in haste to leave, for thought the weight of a broken promise was upon him, and the thought of the cheerful home and the patient wife that waited his coming, caused his conscience to upbraid him, he found it hard to tear himself away from the gay company and the light and warmth of the place to go out into the drizzly rain and cold, damp streets, for though the month was June, the day would have been more in place in November—one of those cold, disagreeable days that our northern climate sometimes sends thrusts in among the June roses.

John Burns and Joe Herney were mechanics, working for the same employer and receiving the same amount of wages; but their circumstances in life were very different.

John Burns was one of those people of whom we frequently hear it said: "He is his own worst enemy." He was kind and generous to a fault, but he lacked firmness of character. With Herney everything seemed to prosper, for though drinking a glass occasionally, he never drank to excess. By nature he was grasping and penurious.

Upon the evening in question, as soon as the two men had received and drunk the liquor they had called for, Joe Herney paid for his glass and passed out, but the temptation of the place was upon Burns, and the shades of twilight had deepened into night ere he turned his unsteady steps homeward. A walk of half an hour to the wet and gloom brought him to a small cottage in the suburbs of the city. A pretty place, when seen in the sunshine, with its clinging vines and sheltering trees, but looking gloomy enough in the darkness and storm, with the wind whirling through the trees and strewing the path with the petals of John Burns' choicest rose.

He paused under the vine-sheltered doorway to gain courage to enter. How should he meet those earnest blue eyes that had never given him an unkind look, even when heavy with the weight of unshed tears? He knew she was waiting for him,

for out through the half-open shutter came a tide of bright light, and he could catch a glimpse of the cozy home scene. While he stood thus, the sound of approaching footsteps and the utterance of his own name arrested his attention.

"Oh, it is sure to be sold! John Burns will never pay off the mortgage." "He may get an extension of time, or borrow the money."

"No. Harcliff is not the man to wait for his money. And who would lend money to a man like Burns? He spends too much time and money at the drinking saloons for his credit to be good. You should have seen him to-night at Williams' spending his money as though there was no end to it."

"I am sorry, for John is a good-hearted fellow." "Yes, I pity him; but it can't be helped. And when the place is sold, as it is sure to be, I have a few hundreds laid by to invest in it. It will be sold cheap, and I shall make a good thing of it."

The speaker had paused before the gate while speaking, and John, without being seen, had heard all, and recognized in the would-be purchaser his fellow workman, Joe Herney.

It is not the power of pen of mine to describe the storm of emotions that shook his frame as he heard these comments upon his worldly affairs.

"Great Heaven! have I, indeed sunk so low? I have been blind—blind! I thank you, Joe Herney, for opening my eyes.—I think I understand your game now.—Buy it, will you? We'll see. John Burns is not quite the poor sot you take him to be."

He shook his clenched fist after the retreating figures and took a step toward the gate as though he would follow them. But a detaining hand was laid upon his shoulder and a woman's voice spoke his name.

"Why, John, what is the matter? Come in out of the storm." "And she drew him, with gentle force, into the cozy apartment."

"Oh, the scoundrel! and I thought him my friend. 'Tis his fault that I am as I am to-night. I should have kept my promise but for him."

"But for who, my dear?" "Joe Herney. He enticed me into Williams' to-night, or I should have come home sober. But it is the last time—the last time! I will never touch another drop of strong drink while I live."

"Oh, if I might believe it!" "You may, Jane, you may. I have broken my promise, I know, but this I will keep with Heaven's help."

"Oh thank Heaven for these blessed words!" "I know, Jane, that you are surprised at this sudden resolve; but sit down here in your old place on my knee and I will tell you, and when you have heard the history of this evening you will better understand me."

"First have off your wet coat and muddy boots and eat your supper will you not?" "Thank you for the dry coat and slippers, but supper can wait. I want to tell you now."

Then followed an account of incidents of the evening, already known to the reader, from the time he paused before the door of the saloon to the conversation overheard at the cottage gate.

"And Jane," he continued, "when I heard those words I saw my true position, as I never saw it before. You had often reasoned with me, prayed for me, but I never before realized my danger. While Joe was speaking there came with the quickness of lightning and with all its vividness, and I made a resolve that moment, with Heaven's help, to reform. Is it not strange that the word enemy of an should have more influence than the prayers of a faithful living wife?"

"It was the Lord's chosen way of answering my prayers, John. His ways are past finding out."

June roses had twice bloomed and faded since the opening of our story, and now the rose bushes are bereft of their leaves, and the vine over the door wears the russet hue of autumn, the little path is strewn with the fallen leaves, and we again enter the humble dwelling. It is evening, the family are gathered around the table to partake of the evening meal. John Burns, with bowed head, asks the blessings of the Almighty to rest upon the food ere they partake of the bountiful supply of good things.

The neat and cozy appearance of everything within and without the dwelling told at a glance John Burns had kept his resolve. The victory had not been an easy one. Sometimes it seemed that he warded with the powers and principalities of darkness, but early in the struggle he had learned to look to the right source for help. In the end he had triumphed, and we find him prosperous and happy. The debt that at one time threatened to deprive him of his little home, by industry and strict economy, had been paid, and by unwavering uprightness he had re-established his good name.

How was it with Joe Herney? Things had not seemed to prosper with him of late. He had become a frequent visitor of the dramshops, his property had fallen to rack, his credit was impaired, and his family ill cared for. It seemed as though the curse invoked upon the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips had fallen upon him.

The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness. With the humble there is perpetual peace.

The timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Visit to his late residence in Lancaster, Pa.

"Burleigh," the well-known correspondent of the Boston Journal, writes: "Spending a little time in Lancaster, I sought out and visited the homestead where Mr. Stevens passed the greater part of his life. It is of humble pretensions, brick, two stories and attic, and might serve for any well-to-do mechanic. Attached to the dwelling is a plain brick building, two stories high, which was peculiarly Mr. Stevens' home. The two lower rooms were his law offices. They remain as he left them. The rooms are divided by folding-doors. The sides of both rooms are lined with oak book-shelves, and are crowded. The carpet, frayed and soiled, shows the wear of years. A wooden Boston rocking-chair was his favorite seat. The lounge, covered with green leather, wooden armed chairs and large table have been in use over a quarter of a century. The hall-way of the dwelling is large and ornamented with an arch. The dining-room, in the rear of the hall, has not been refurnished for a quarter of a century. The broad stairway leads to Mr. Stevens' private apartments, which were over the law office.—A parlor and bed-room comprise the suit. They are just as he left them to make his last visit to Washington. The dust of years covers everything, and has never been disturbed. A few portraits hang around the room. His favorite books line the walls, and an air of comfort and homeliness pervades the place."

His POLITICAL START.

Mr. Stevens was one of the earliest Abolitionists, and was consistent through all his life. He was an avowed friend of the colored race everywhere. They fled to him for counsel, and help, and never fled in vain. Unmarried, his housekeeper was a colored woman of the most intelligent class, and he endured calumny on her account to the last hours of his life.—His servants were colored, and he was attended by the same race in his last sickness. He earned his position as leader of the opponents of the Democracy by his industry, talent, integrity, and tact. He was always true. He divided with Buchanan, who lived in the same town, the lead of the bar of his country. Both were unmarried, both headed their political parties, and were generally pitted against each other in all great cases. But in most things they were unlike. Buchanan was aristocratic, selfish and miserly. Stevens was plainly Republican, homely in his style of life, open-handed, and gave away all he earned to every body that wanted—churches, theaters, friends and foes. Buchanan was exacting in his fees, very saving, and died worth \$300,000, the larger portion of which was in cash securities. Stevens was always embarrassed, laid up nothing, and what his estate will bring is yet unknown. His house had been sold, and his books and furniture will soon be put under the hammer.

RECAPITULATE.

Mr. Stevens was rarely excelled in repute. He was always ready, and his satire was sharper than bayonets. The people of Lancaster never tire of repeating his sayings. He tried a case before a Judge not celebrated for his great wisdom. The Judge gave a ruling that disgusted Mr. Stevens, as his face clearly indicated. "Does the Court understand the counsel to express contempt for its ruling?" said the Judge. "No, may it please your Honor, I was trying to suppress contempt." When the rebels burnt his iron foundry and property near Gettysburg—which they did with a relish—Mr. Stevens remarked: "Had Lee burnt my liabilities at the same time, I would have been much obliged to him." When Keitt, of South Carolina, attacked Mr. Stevens and told him about a pious deacon he had on his plantation, Mr. Stevens asked what the price of deacons were in his district, and how much more a negro would bring for a deacon. A Lutheran minister of Lancaster left the pulpit and became a Democratic politician. He met Mr. Stevens soon after, and inquired about his health, received an answer: "I am very well; I take care of my system, and above all things keep my conscience pure. I suppose you have heard that I have abandoned politics and am studying for the ministry." In his last sickness the doctor said to him one day: "Mr. Stevens, I think your appearance is better to-day." "It is not my appearance that troubles me," he said, "but my disappearance."

THE WHEATEN LOAF.—Good wheat bread and butter is the staff of civilized life. Take away wheat bread and butter from our families for a few generations, and who is prepared to say that civilization would not glide easily to a state of barbarism? There is sound philosophy in this suggestion; because there is no other kind of human food that is so admirably adapted to the development of the human frame, including a noble brain, as good wheat bread. Civilization has seemed to keep pace with the production of wheat, and refined society the world over has seemed to exist coeval with the wheaten loaf. We find the lowest order of intelligence standing on a potato. Only one step above this class, another order is found on a hoe-cake. One degree above this we meet with the class that has risen in the scale of being as high as it is possible for mortals to rise on a pan cake. Head and shoulders above all these classes we find the highest order of intelligence, with large and well developed brains and noble characters, standing securely on their wheaten loaf, because it furnishes more and better material for the human brain than any other food.

Good motto—"pay as you go."

A Romance in Real Life.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin tells the following romantic story of marriage at first sight between a wealthy gentleman and a hotel waitress.

The Newhall house was the scene yesterday of a matrimonial occurrence which for neatness and dispatch in execution challenges comparison. On the noon train yesterday there came to this city two gentlemen from Kenosha, the Right Rev. Father Doherty and a young man bearing the aristocratic name of Desmond. They immediately betook themselves to the Newhall House, and as soon as they had registered their names the reverend gentleman "asked" to see Miss Fanny Cary, one of the waitresses of the hotel. Although she was at the time engaged in waiting on the table, his business appeared to be so urgent that she was summoned from the dining-room and met Rev. Doherty in the hall. After exchanging the usual compliments and benedictions of the season, the clergyman, who, it seems, had long been acquainted with Miss Cary, told her, without further explanation, that a young gentleman friend of his, who accompanied him, was about to settle down for life, and made his fortune, and having determined to take a partner for better or for worse, had consulted him as to an eligible person. That he had immediately suggested that Fanny Cary was just the person for the place, and that Desmond, on the strength of his recommendation, had decided to offer himself to her and bring about, if possible, an immediate consummation of the matter. After stating these facts, the Reverend Father made a formal proposal to the young girl in behalf of Desmond.—The proposal was accepted, Desmond summoned the couple, who had never seen each other before, introduced, and it was decided that as soon as possible they should be made "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Accordingly, by 4 o'clock, the ceremonies were performed by Mr. Doherty, and without waiting for congratulations the newly married couple set out for Fox Lake, the residence of Desmond. Desmond is said to be a man of considerable means, owning property about Fox Lake to the amount of \$10,000.

A Fashionable Prayer.

The following is from the quaint pen of Josh Billings:

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the very last.

Draw the Lamb's wool of unsuspecting twilight over his eyes, that my flirtations may look to him like victories, and that my bliss may strengthen his pride in me. Bless, O Fortune, my crimps, rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, and add new grace to my gaiters.

When I bow myself in worship, grant that I do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve to the last the lily white of my flesh, and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gaul of jealousy, and eat thou up with the teeth of envy all of those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles and foster my plumpness.

Fill both eyes, O Fortune, with the plaintive poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my victims, the men, as dumb as images graven. Let the lily and the rose strive together in my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.

Enable me, O Fortune, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap dog, and rain bosoms of destruction upon all who would hurt Hector, my kitten.

Smile, O Fortune, upon Dick, my canary, and watch over, with the fondness of a mother, my two lilly white mice with red eyes.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves and save me from all Missionary beggars. Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace and my neck lace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my sables, I beseech thee, O Fortune.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefits of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me, my given name: "I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will see for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon, and looking in it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built.

I then put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared three hundred dollars, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper, I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP.

BY REV. EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

Is He among the stars, my God, my King? From him do all their light and glory spring? Does he uphold and poise their weight And bid them march in such majestic state?

Is He among the clouds and winds and storm Directing, shaping all their wondrous forms? He commanded their movements as they fly, Like frenzied demons, thro' darkened sky?

Is He among the angels pure and bright, Who live above all clouds, storm and night, Does He inspire their souls to love and song, And clothe in beauty all the countless throng?

Is He among the waves that dash and roar, And wildly toss from distant shore to shore, Beholding all the conflicts of the deep, Till He shall bid the angry tempest sleep?

Trust them, my soul! give the winds thy fear, Hope thou in Him, for He is ever near; He that binds worlds and atoms in whole, Will surely guard the priceless, deathless soul.

Hope.

There is not a word in the English language that has a more pleasant association connected with it than hope.

Whenever the sound of this good old Anglo Saxon word is heard it makes us rejoice.

It begins with the earliest dawn of reason and ends with life itself. Whenever we look on mankind we see the powerful effects of hope.

Before the eyes of the youth hope presents a promising future.

It promises him future happiness, honor and fame.

It tells him that his most ardent expectations shall be more than realized.

Does he earnestly desire to ascend the hill of science and stand first among his votaries?

Hope silently whispers in his ear that that desire can be easily accomplished.

Does he long for wealth and honor? Hope says they shall be his.

Does he wish to be a distinguished patriot and have his name written upon the silver pages of history?

Hope tells him that this and more than this shall be attained.

It is hope that gives to the youth much of his happiness.

Take hope away and man's happiness is left as barren as a desert.

Every person has some favorite object in view, after which he is constantly striving, and it is hope that stimulates him to grasp the desired object for which he is thus striving.

Every one should be engaged in some favorable calling in which he can hope to accomplish some good.

Look at the man of business and see him hurrying to and fro to embrace every opportunity to increase his wealth.

Watch how many changes there are in his countenance and you will see that hope of gain is the principal incentive that prompts him to increased action.

The student whose whole mind is engaged in his studies will consume the midnight oil in search of knowledge.

It is hope that enables him to store his mind with the choicest gems that science can offer.

Again look at the man whose god is ambition.

Quincy School.

The last day of the school session in Quincy was a very pleasant and interesting one to many of the patrons of the school who came to see their sons and daughters participating in the various exercises of the day. The exercises were somewhat exhilarating and amusing. Many smiling countenances were made to rejoice after many hours of hard study preparatory for the occasion. "Variety is said to be the spice of life" and therefore the students sought to make the entertainment of the day as amusing as possible to the welcome visitors.

A thorough preparation for the scholastic exercises was made by the scholars because they felt sanguine that they could make the entertainment a perfect success. The class exercises were more or less miscellaneous and varied. Some time was devoted by the school in analyzing sentences in Grammar to illustrate how this useful branch of education ought to be taught in our Common Schools.

The advanced class exhibited considerable ability in syntactical parsing and analyzing sentences. By request of some of the visitors the pupils in Mental Arithmetic wrote out the analysis of some age and time problems in an analytical manner.

A short time was also spent in Select Reading by the students. This exercise was very enlightening and proved to be a great source of pleasure to all present.

Mr. Wm. Duesy read "Goldsmiths Burlesque on the Village Schoolmaster." Mr. Jacob Fahney, read two pieces entitled "Rum's Mania" and the "Old Bachelor's Sale." The comical and novel style of reading was highly appreciated by every one. When Mr. F. said "Ho forty old bachelors sold here to-day?" How much for a bachelor?" "Who wants to buy?" The readiness with which every lady responded "I, I," one would have thought that the ladies had determined not to live any longer in "single blessedness." Select Oration were delivered by some of the brighter students that desired to make a display of their oratory and distinguish themselves as the young orators of the day.

Essays were read by the two Miss Hemminger.

Subjects were "Words" and "What duties children owe to their Parents." The fine literary style of these essays in regard to the choice of words and logical arrangements of sentences shows conclusively that much time and labor must have been given to their production. The recital of many choice Dialogues by the scholars deserves much praise for the graceful and scholarlylike manner in which they were rehearsed especially the one known "Pedants Seeking Patronage."

The performers were Mr. Alfred Middour, Mr. Jacob Fahney, Mr. Joseph Hemminger and Mr. James Babo. Each one of these young men performed his part in a credible and commendable manner thus showing that each one is hard to surpass in the performance of a Dialogue.

Mr. Aaron Deardorf and Mr. Alfred Duesy rehearsed a Dialogue entitled the Miller of Mansfield. The different parts were exceedingly well performed. The little boys and girls in reciting made a very favorable impression on the visitors. It was quite surprising to see such little tyros do so remarkable well.

On invitation Mr. Wm. Hayman, Sec. of the Board of Directors addressed the school on the great importance of education. My fellow teacher Mr. J. E. Kepner made an appropriate and impressive address to the scholars urging upon them the great importance of improving their school days well. On motion of E. B. Winger, Esq. the visitors voted thanks to the teacher for the successful manner in which he conducted the school.

Quincy, March 8, 1872.

One thing at a Time.

A great many things may be well done provided that only one thing at a time is attempted. Many active and energetic people suffer their lives to waste, simply because they are without method of any kind. True, they are busy, and busy, and fidgety, and full of the bursting with all manner of plans and projects; but while agonizing with the pains of parturition, they seldom bring any matters of importance to birth. They should recollect that good deeds are not produced in litters, but are laid down on a solid basis, after the order of steps ascending toward the summit of a pyramid.

As a rule, the first thing to be done is that immediate, present duty. It should be done to-day, and not postponed until to-morrow. It should be done now, and not when one feels more like trying it.—The body is lazy. The mind is often sluggish; but to will is to do. The will has imperious force in men of will, who firmly resolve to rule themselves, and so far as they can, all the circumstances around them.

Few things worthy of being done can be accomplished without hard work.—Shiftless people are cowardly. They shrink from contests with difficulty or hardship. They run for refuge to the quicksands of idle hope.

Full of wishes they imagine that, some how, luck will fill their hands with benefits. And so they dream and wonder how others get along, and why they do not.—Life ceases out nothing but stagnation and decay for all such cowardly spirits that dare not compete for the prizes of diligent industry.

Hard work grows easy and becomes a pleasure to all who have felt the stimulus of its medical charms. One task well done makes the next lighter. The ancient Syracusan, who began by carrying the calf, found himself able to carry the grown up bullock with ease. "One thing at a time, and courage." These make life pleasant and fruitful.

Wit and Humor.

March came in like a lion—it will go out like a "sheep."

When does a son not take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Why is the early grass like a penknife? Ans.—Because the spring brings out the blades.

A genius for figures computes that the weight of the salt in the oceans of the world is just about 47,000,000,000,000 tons. That salt savors of naught.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it."—"Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

Susan B. Anthony says she wouldn't marry the best man in the country. There is no doubt that the best man in the country endorses the decision of the century plant.

Say James? What's the matter with your eye? "Oh, nothing, only my wife said this morning you'd better get up and light the fire, I told her to make it herself that's all."

Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician?—Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

They tell of a man out West whose hair is so red that he has to wear flynets over his ears to keep the candle moths from flying in.

The difference between a cook and her lover is, the one cooks the meat and the other meets the cook.

Art possesses a language which speaks to all eyes, and is understood by all nations.

Deacon Overreach was so mean that he always carried a hen in his gig box when he traveled, to pick upon the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning.

Judge Jeffries pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end my Lord?"

Mr. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple dumpling; for destroying any gnawing in the stomach, it is a pill which may always be relied on.

A gentleman of something over forty years ago, by the name of Page, found a young lady's glove and handed it to her saying: "If from the glove you take the letter G, the glove is love, and that I give to thee." Her answer was: "If from the Page you take the letter P, then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, master?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old; she may marry again—Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ah! do give," said the farmer. "Well, write again, I give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year." "That'll do, won't it, master?"

"Why, it is just double the sum she would receive if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ah?" said the farmer; "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war. A fox should not be on a Jerry at a goose's trial. A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.—An old dog cannot alter his way of barking. A penny-worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow. A small leak will sink a great ship. Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal. Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed. Grieving for misfortune is adding gail to wormwood. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. Have not the coat to make when it begins to rain.

A QUEER ILLINOIS BABY.—Out in Illinois there is a child, now three months old, weighing but two pounds. Its length is only seven inches, and its face about the size of a watch crystal. Its tiny arms are so slender that a small finger ring can be slipped on either of them to the shoulder. This little creature is already making quite a noise in its part of the world, and hundreds have called to see it. The parents are of standard size.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

He will find himself in a great mistake that either seeks for a friend in a palace, or tries him at a feast.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.