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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

BY GEO. W. BUNGA.

How sweet the chimes of the Sabbath bells,
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the gentle chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweetest bells.

"In deeds of love excel, excel,"
Chimed out from ivied tower a bell.
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites reverse—
Come worship here, come worship here;
—Ritual and faith excel, excel,"
—Chimed out the Episcopal bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell.
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan—
With God there can be nothing new—
Ignore the false, embrace the true.
While all is well, is well, is well,"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell,"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell.
"Come all ye weary wanderers; see,
Our Lord has made salvation free;
Repent; believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell,"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unflinching faith
In what the sacred Scriptures saith.
Oh swell ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear toned Baptist bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell!"
In warning notes, exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here and learn the will of God.
Say to the world farewell, farewell!"
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell.
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to cheer the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"No Pope, no Pope to doom to hell
The Prote-tant!" rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fall!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell,
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this:
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine.
All hail, ye saints, the choirs swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well
To save the race," said a sweet bell,
"With pledge and badge and banner come,
Eager brave heart beating like a drum.
Be loyal men of noble deeds;
For love is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well,"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was the hardest of hard times. Old, well established houses were falling all around, no wonder the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going on in the business world. No wonder that Harry Tyndall, a young city merchant, sat in his office gazing with a pale face and despairing eyes at the spectre, ruin, which stared at him from no great distance. He had weathered the storms of three brief years—he had hoped to soon weather this, but the loan of a thousand pounds, held by a friend, deprived him of the means of making a payment due in three days, and he felt that all indeed was lost, for his efforts to negotiate a loan in the present state of the money market had been worse than useless.

The prospect before him was not a cheering one. It is rather hard to begin life over again at thirty, especially when one has reached that age after years of poverty, toil and self-criticism. In his younger days, Harry Tyndall had known what in its cruellest, most savage form—he had battled its grim legions, and risen to independence; and now, at the threshold of a higher life, he was hurled back with just a glimpse of the enchanted grounds within.

As he sat confronting the heap of papers upon his desk, the office door opened, and a lady entered. Mechanically Harry rose and placed a chair; but as the lady threw back her veil, he exclaimed

in surprise, "Miss Berwick!"
"Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Tyndall," said the most musical of voices. "I have been on the upper floor looking for the office of Graves & Waldron, and was told they were on this floor. I wish to give Mr. Waldron this package. May I ask you to deliver it? I will remain here.—Of all the things, I do dislike to lose myself in these dark passages hunting offices."

Harry took the package with alacrity, and was gone but a moment, and on his return found Miss Berwick standing by the window idly looking down the street. She turned at his entrance, thanked him with a smile and a bow, and then took her bright presence out of the room, and Harry was left to his meditations.
"I may just as well give it up. I have not a friend who could help me in this street," he muttered, after half an hour's deep thought. "I will make an assignment or go into bankruptcy, and then depart for America, where toil is better required."

And as he spoke, he rose to his feet, his eyes falling on the floor. He was vaguely conscious of some dark object at his feet, stooped carelessly to lift it, and saw it was a pocket book—leather, and rather the worse for the wear, but was very plethoric. He sat down again and opened it. There were various compartments; but all of them were empty save one.—That one contained ten one hundred lb. notes.

Just the sum that would save him from ruin. If it were his he could pay that note falling due, sell off his stock, and seek a situation until the panic was past. He looked the pocket book over again. There was no clue to the owner; yet he felt convinced that it must, of course, belong to Clara Berwick. She was the only person who had been in his office that morning. It was a terrible temptation to Harry. Had his visitor been any other than Clara Berwick, it is hard to say whether consciousness or inclination would have prevailed; as it was, conscience won the day, and he started out after Miss Berwick.

She was not to be found, however; and he concluded she had gone home. So thither he bent his steps. Clara was an heiress, and something of a belle, too.—She was not classically beautiful; but she was young, and a good figure, clear complexion, frank grey eyes, and very abundant hair; all of which good points she made the most of, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do. She came down in response to Harry's double knock, and looked quite surprised, though she endeavored to conceal it.

When Harry showed her the pocket book, she looked at it attentively, and laughed a merry peal of laughter.
"Why, Mr. Tyndall," she cried, "you must think I have poor taste to own such a purse as that. See, this is my pocket-book," and she drew out a dainty purple velvet purse, to which was appended a gold chain.

"But no one has been to my office today save you."
"Indeed! the pocket book certainly is not mine," she responded earnestly.
"What shall I do with it?" asked Harry in perplexity.

"Why, keep it, of course," responded Miss Berwick, with a charming smile; and she seated herself on the sofa, and began to discourse of something else.

She and Harry had often met in society, but he had never called on her before, and when he rose from his chair to go, she said, "Really, Mr. Tyndall, I ought to be grateful to the owner of that pocket-book, since it gained me the pleasure of a call. May I hope that you will repeat it sometime when you have not stray articles to dispose of?" Harry blushed, murmured something about the pleasure being on his side, and hurried away.

"O, dear," he said to himself, "she actually believes I trumped up that story of the pocket-book for an excuse to call on her. Wealth privileges her to be impertinent. But, oh, if I only dared to use it! and just the amount, too! But I must advertise it."

Harry Tyndall did not advertise the lost pocket-book, and when, three days later, his bill fell due, he paid it and was a free man.

It is not necessary to recount the successive steps in temptation which finally led to the first act of a lietherous lifeless life. How the pocket-book came there he could not even guess. But it was there; it just supplied his needs, he appropriated it, and was henceforth branded as a thief in his own eyes.

Those months of financial embarrassment that followed were safely ticked over, and then he devoted himself to his business with a melancholy desperation born of conscious guilt. He went little into society, and especially did he avoid Clara Berwick, who, with a perversity of mocking mischief, tortured him with allusions to the lost pocket-book whenever she chanced to meet him. She was thoroughly good-natured, about it, so utterly careless and trifling that he could not accuse her of malice; yet his own conscience was his sharpest accuser, he imagined knowledge of his guilt, when in reality, there was none.

He did not conceal from himself that the desire to remain in Miss Berwick's sphere was the principal cause of his rash act, yet, now that he was still where he could meet her, he shrank from making an avowal of his feelings, he dared not approach her with his love. So he argued to himself, thinking he was, strong enough to withstand the temptation, although he knew he had yielded to a lesser one.

it has become a matter of course that we should have done so. Even as, in spite of himself, Harry Tyndall had appropriated what was not his, so also in spite of his will he was thrown into just such circumstances as forced from his lips a declaration of love to Clara, though he doubted as he made it.

Clara arched her brows a moment in pretended surprise, as if she had not known his struggle all along, then her old merriness, mocking smile flashed over her face, and some bantering words rose to her lips; but they were unspoken; for there was an earnestness enough, and enough of passion and pain in his face to subdue even her. He scarcely knew what she said, but he went away, feeling as if his head would strike the stars, because Clara loved and would marry him; but as he walked along, he thought of the pocket-book, and his ecstasy died away. Why should he, a common thief, rejoice because under false colors, he had won a good woman's heart? But he must play the accepted lover, and he did so, forgetting, when with her, his own unworthiness.

Sometimes he thought to tell her all again, but he shrank from her scorn and the loss of her respect. But one day, when they were together, after a short silence between them, Clara said suddenly, "Harry, did you ever find out whose purse that was that you found in your office?"

"He turned pale as death. Was his sin about to find him out at last?"
"No," he said, hastily.
"Was there no clue—nothing to indicate who was the owner?"
"None at all."

"Have you it yet, Harry? Well, I should like to see it. Will you go and get it?"
"I have it here," he said.
"Like many criminals, he had never parted with the witness of his crime."
Clara took it in her hands.

"Now, Harry," said she, "I have a confession to make. I don't mind telling you that I fell in love with you at first sight; and that when I learned from my lawyer that that when I learned from my lawyer that that so small a sum would save you, I was grieved at your suffering, but was rejoiced to think I might help you."

Here she opened the purse, slipped the penknife between the two compartments, and drew out a folded paper, which she handed to Harry, who read it:
"Use this money to take up that outstanding debt." A FRIEND.

He looked on her smiling face, and a light broke in upon him.
"So it was your purse, after all."
"No, it was not my purse. I found the old thing in the garret; but it was my money. Tell me, did it save you?"
"Yes, oh, yes. And all these years I have borne about a needless burden, and morning, noon and night called myself a thief and dared not tell of my love because of it. Ah! what have I not suffered?"

"And I am the cause of it all," cried Clara, throwing her arms around his neck with a burst of tears. "Can you forgive me?"
"Forgive you," said Harry, fondly, "I would go through twice as much to save you a single pang. And at last I can hold up my head among men with a clear conscience."

"Of course you can. Can't you remember that I told you at that time it was all right? You might have known it was all right."
"Yes, I might, but I did not. It would have saved me much sorrow if I had.—However, I do not regret it now."

Honesty.

Abraham Lincoln was once a post-master in the village of New Salem, "out West." He then went to Springfield to study law, and for four years had hard work to earn his bread and butter. Fighting with poverty is a hard fight. One day a post office agent came around to collect a balance due to the Washington office from the New Salem office. The bill was \$17.60. Dr. Henry, a friend of "poor Abe," happened to fall in with the agent, and was as sure as could be that he had nothing to pay it with. He went, therefore, to the office, in order to lend him the money, or offer to lend it.

When the agent presented the draft, Lincoln asked the man to sit down, and sat down himself with a puzzled look upon his face. He then stepped out, went over to his boarding-house, and came back with an old stocking under his arm. This he untied, and poured out on the table a quantity of small silver coins and "red cents." These they counted, exactly \$17.60 just the amount called for; and moreover it was just the very money called for, for on leaving the office the young post-master tied up the money and had kept it by him, awaiting the legal call to give it up.

On paying it over, "I never use, he said 'even for a time, any money that is not mine. This money I know belonged to the Government, and I had no right to exchange or use it for any purpose of my own.'"
That is right and true ground to take. If money is intrusted to your care, never touch it never use it. I am not now talking about cheating and stealing, but taking and using money with the intention of returning it. Money in trust should always be kept a part from all your business, and held sacred. By neglecting this, and not making good the deficiency when pay-day came, many a man has lost the confidence of his fellow-men, and damaged his integrity beyond repair.

A school ma'am has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads, and pours water in their trousers legs.

Complaints that old maids would like to be troubled with,—chaps on their lips.

Lot and his Wife.

[From Lippincot for March.]

A correspondent in Virginia sends the following:
As I approached a pond a few days ago where some negroes were cutting some ice, I chanced to hear the conclusion of a conversation between two of the hands on the subject of religion.

"What you know 'bout 'ligion? You don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion." "I know heap 'bout 'ligion; an' I bin done read de Bible?"
"What you read in de Bible? You can't tell me nuthin' 'bout you read in de Bible."

"But I kin, dough, for I read 'bout 'Morrow."
"What sort o' 'Morrow—to-morrow?" "No, Go-Morrow."
"Well, whar he go, and what he go fur?" "Shob, man! he didn't go nowhar, 'coz he was a bawn."

"Dar! didn't I tell you didn't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'? You read de Bible!—Hoccum (how come) de town name 'Morrow, and how de town gwine go anywhar? 'Town ain't got no legs."
"Man, you's a born fool, chor. De town named Go-Morrow, but dey call it 'Morrow-coz dey didn't hev no time to stay dar talkin' long talk."

"Debit dey didn't? If they stay dar to-day, why can't dey stay dar to-morrow?" "Splain me dat."
"But dey all gone, an' de town too.—All done bu'n up."
"Ef dere ain't no peopl, an' dere ain't no town, how de town name 'Morrow?'—G'long, nigger! Didn't I know you didn't know nuthin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion? But (sarcastically) tote me some mo' what you read in de Bible."

"Well, 'Morrow was a big town—'bout mighty nigh's big as—Washington city—and de peopl wat live dar was de meaneas' peopl in de whole worl'. Dey was dat mean dat de Lord he couldn't abear 'em, and he make up his min' dat he gwine bu'n de town clean up. But dar was one good man dar—member uv de church, a 's'ida elder—name Lot."

"Yes, I know'd him?"
"On de camel. He owned a batto, an' dro' it hisself."
Heist, man! I talkin' sense, now. Den de Lord he come to Lot, an' he say, 'Lot, I gwine to bu'n dis town. You and you wife git up and gether you little all, and put out 'fore de crack o' day, coz I cer'nly gwine to burn dis town and de peopl to-morrow. Den Lot he and his wife rise, and snatched up der little alls and travel soon in de mornin'. And de Lord he tuck two light'n' knots and some shavin's, and he sot fire to dat ar town uv 'Morrow, and he bu'n it sprang up, clear down to de groun', like he did Chicago."

"What come o' Lot?"
"He and his wife, dey went, and dey went, and dey went, twell pres'nly he wife say, 'Lor' ef I ain't gone and lef' de meal-sifter and de rollin' pin, I wish I may die!' and she turn 'roun' to go fetch 'em, and she turn 'roun', and—aud—she dar now!"

"What she doin' dar?"
"Nuthin'."
"Must be mons'us lazy 'ooman."
"No, she ain't. De Lord he tu'n her into pillow uv salt, 'kase she too much after sellin' pins and sich things."
"Dar! ev'rybody know 'bout sack o' salt; who ever hear 'bout pillow o' salt? But what come o' Lot?"

"Lot, he weren't keenin' 'tall 'bout no rollin' pin and no meal sifter, so he kep' straight 'long, no turnin' uv he head neider to de right, neider to de lef'."
"And lef' de ole 'ooman dar?"
"Yaas."
"In de middle of de road?"
"Yaas."

"Must' keerd mighty little fur her—want to git married to seek'n life, I spee'. But de fus' man come 'long and want to give some salt to bake ashake, he gwine bust a piece out'n Lot's wife, and 'stroy her; and what you tink o' dat? Call dat 'ligion? And de ole man lef' her? and you read dat—"

Here a peremptory order from the foreman to "go to work" broke short the conversation.

NO TIME.—A man of business was so engrossed with his cares, that he would not rest even on the Sabbath. Half of that day he spent with his clerk over his accounts. The other half in a ride into the country. Monday morning found him unrefreshed, but still driving on after the world as fast as ever.

"Have you heard of the death of Mr. D—?" asked one of him at breakfast.
"Ah, no; is he dead? Well it is very different with me; I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die."
Soon after, having passed into another room, he fell dead on the floor. He must take time at last. There was no returning to his farm or his merchandise. His business he left behind him in the twinkling of an eye. But the great work of life was undone.

"I have not time," is the common excuse of men in busy life, when urged to think of eternity. But they must take time when sickness comes, when death knocks, then when it is too late.

A Cleveland man knows how to enjoy all the comforts of a home. When he sees a book peddler or a sewing machine man in front of his house he touches up his face with a box of water-colors, in imitation of small-pox pustules, goes to the front door, and then laughs to see the callers try to break their necks in getting over the gate and fence.

If you like practical joking, just introduce two strangers, previously informing each that the other is dead; but I wouldn't stand around.

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

We might all do good
Where we often do ill;
There is always a way,
If there be but a will.

Though it be but a word,
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may ward off some pain—
Give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways,
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet giving due praise.

In spurning ill rumor,
Reproving wrong done;
And treating but kindly
The heart we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great;
For the deed is not bought
By purse or estate.

Life's Changes.

Life is not all sunshine, as we find the further we advance upon its path. At its commencement, we start out with sails unfurled to the breeze; no fears to mar our pleasure. Soon the change comes! Soon we are called to battle with life's stormy tides. Then it is we find the world a bitter-reality. Its scenes are diversified. On one side the gay and brilliant bridal party; on the other, the gloomy hearse, and its fearful followers. On the other side of the Atlantic may be the smoke and din of a battle field, the flash of musketry, the moans of the dying and all the accompaniments of an awful battle, while here, perchance is a peaceful, united country.

Changing, changing, bright hopes and happy realizations, all are gone: Oh, how much meaning is conveyed in that little word, gone! Do we not realize it as we follow some near relative to the silent city of the dead? Did we not realize too deeply when our fathers, husbands, and brothers were buried in soldiers' graves in the Sunny South?

Childhood, with its simple laugh, youth with its ambition, all that is good, pure and beautiful, all that makes this life other than the dull existence, are changing, going. Life is made up of changes, and as the wheel of ever-present time is going round, it brings them about. To some it has brought the last of their school-days. School-days, happy by-gones! will ye ever be forgot? On memory's fairest tablet ye are recorded with no blot. Is there one, who reads this, who would, if he could, blot out from remembrance the early school-days? Little incidents are cherished fondly in our hearts, because connected with those who love best on earth, some of whom have met with the last change, and gone.

And so we go, as the years roll round. Soon our life tasks will be completed; soon will we go hence.

Go back with me in fancy, to the old farm-house near the large cotton-wood trees. How we long for the years that have passed, years in which we traveled up from the paths of childhood. How we long even for one brief hour of the good old times to come again; then let us improve the minutes as they fly, so that when that life change comes, we shall be ready.

A River With no Mouth.

The Leavenworth, Ind., Democrat records the following: During this age of discoveries and superstition, it becomes our duty to report a fact, which to those unacquainted with the singular developments of the day, may be somewhat disposed to doubt. But we give it as a positive truth, as related to us by one of the best citizens in this county, who went and examined it. It is as follows: Two men, named John E. Stanley and Frederick Henniger, were employed in digging a well on the farm of Mr. Benj. Ellis, who resides in Washington county, near the line of Harrison and Washington counties.

They commenced digging in a place where, as they thought, it would be probable not to encounter any obstruction in their search for water. They had proceeded but a short distance, however, when they encountered a bed of loose "nigger-head" rocks which, upon being broken open, were found to contain water, and other substances, supposed to be one of some kind. When they reached the depth of sixty feet from the surface, they came to a large cave, which they followed a distance ten or twelve ft, when there before their gaze, was a beautiful river of clear water, which, upon examination was found to contain an innumerable number of small white fish.

Upon a closer examination it was found to be sixteen feet wide and five in depth, and as clear and cold as spring water.—As an experiment a lighted candle was placed upon a piece of plank and set afloat. It started off into the darkness with the current and was soon lost to sight. Several persons have visited this great curiosity, and many where the conjectures as to where the water came from and whither it went, but nothing satisfactory could be arrived at.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man,
And when she woe'd with love so kind
He then pronounced her wo'-man.
But now with folly, dress and pride,
Their husbands' pocket trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims—
The People call them whim-men!

"The penalty for walking on a railroad track in England is ten pounds," said one dealer on a railroad. "Pooh!" replied Uncle Jerry, "is that all? The penalty in this country is death."

WHEN DO MEN DIE?

Medical experience proves that, in chronic disease, the greater number of deaths occur just before dawn. This is eminently true of brain disease and of all those related cases where death results from an exhaustion of the vital power through overwork, excessive excitement or nervous prostration. It is at the hour of five o'clock in the morning that the life force is at its lowest ebb, and succumbs most readily to the assault of epilepsy, or paralysis, or of the fatal lethargy that comes in those beautiful picture-dreams, for which medical science has as yet found no name, and of which it has taken no sufficient cognizance. Nine-tenths of those who die in this way, expire in their sleep. In many such cases, if a friend were at hand to awaken the sleeper when the attack comes on, or if he were to awaken by some accidental noise, he might, by the use of a few simple precautions, prolong his life for many years; for the shock which proves fatal to the man wrapped in deep sleep, when the system is passive and relaxed, would be victoriously repelled were it armed with all its waking energies. Men who do brain work, and who are on the shady side of forty, should be on their guard against this insidious enemy. They should be aware of five o'clock A. M. for it is a perilous hour. Do you find yourself unable to sleep, when you retire for the night, exhausted with your day's work? Do you, in vain turn from one side to the other? Does your brain persist in working when you would fain have it rest? Do old saws, and scraps of rhyme, repeat themselves in your memory with wearisome iteration, defying your utmost efforts to silence them? Then, I say to you, beware! You will be sure to sleep at last. It is only a question of time; for soon or late, nature will assert her rights.

A GOOD-ENDORSEER.—When General Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the treasury department ran up an endless indebtedness with a poor landlady to \$60, and then turned her off, as he did every other creditor. She finally went to the President with her complaint, and asked if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill. "He offers his note," she said, "but his notes are good for nothing." Said the President: "Get his note and bring it to me." The clerk gave her the note with the jeering request "she would let him know when she got the money on it." Taking it to the President, he wrote "Andrew Jackson" on the back of it, and told her that she would get the money at the bank. When it became due, the clerk refused to pay the note, but when he learned who was the endorser, he made haste to raise the "wind." The next morning he found a note on his desk saying that his services were no longer required by the government; and it served him right.

Pitts is a sharp business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says: "Well I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better I'll call and take this." Now quite lately, Pitts said to himself, "I'm getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.—"Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with your best friend." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, "Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

THE CARPENTER'S DREAM.—A poor man was a carpenter, and he often said to himself and to others: "If I was only rich I would show people how to give." In his dream, he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright and beautiful. Just then voices reached him saying: "Now is your time! You are rich at last; let us see your generosity!" So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should not be broken! * * * and then awoke. He awoke to know himself, to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor. "Such is life!"

A Scotchman and Irishman, previous to their first battle, agreed that if one was wounded the other was to help his fellow. It so happened that a bullet wounded the poor Scotchman in the thigh, so he called upon his Irish friend for help. Paddy lifted him on to his shoulders and was carrying him to an ambulance, when a cannon ball came and carried away the poor Scotchman's head, unknown to Paddy, who feeling the "whiz" of the projectile, remarked: "That was a close shave, too!"

A surgeon, notified the Irishman carrying his headless burden, asked him where he was going with it.
"Why, shure, where should I be going but to the doctor, to have him doctored?" replied Paddy.

"But my friend do you not see that he has had his head knocked off by a shot?"
"Oh he gad, so he has!" cried Paddy, when he had lowered the corpse of his friend; "why what a liar the fellow must be! He told me it was only a bullet in his leg!"

Fools and obstinate people make law-yers rich.

Wit and Humor.

What State is high in the middle and round at both ends. O-hi-o.

"The only place in the world where a young lady is not 'missed' is at home. There it is always plain Susan or Bet."

A lady was lately hugged to death in Minnesota—another illustration of the "power of the press."

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands from flying into space.

Aunt Susan says: Suppose all the men were in one country and all the women in another, with a river between them. Good gracious! what lots of girls would be drowned."

A man swapped his horse for a wife.—An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner never would have fooled it away in that manner.

"How wonderful," exclaims some unknown philosopher, "are the laws governing human existence! Were it not for tight lacing all civilized countries would be overrun with women."

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl. Said Fuller, "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very far wrong," said Woodcock, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A little girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."
"No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you."
"But mamma, I was a little afraid once when I went to the pantry in the dark to get a start."
"What, were you afraid of?" asked her mamma.

"I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

An Irish priest, standing upon a scaffold, bestowed the following consolation upon a murderer about to be hanged:—"May ye never forget the melancholy teachings of the lissen before ye, an' may the mimicry of this interesting occasion last ye long as ye inhabit this world."

A physician was going his rounds among some small pox patients in a hospital, and stopping by the bedside of an Irishman, he inquired:
"Well, Pat, how are you to-day?"
"Faith sir, I'm better; but I'm so waked that I should not be surprised at all if some one was to come along and tell me I was dead."
The old man calmly surveyed the scene and with a severely reproachful look he said—

"Johannes, your fadder, your grand-fadder, and great grandfadder all went to de mill with the stone in one end of de peg, and de grist in de odder. Und now you a mere pup, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. You put de stone in de dog, and never more let me see such smartness like dat."

Extract from a Colored Folks' Hymn Book, used in South Carolina:
"We's be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks, and dey know it—
See de glory-gate unbarred;
Walk in darkeys, past de guard!
Bet yer dollar we won't close it!"

"Walk in darkeys, troo de gate,
Hark, de collered angles holler:
Go away, white folks, you're too lato
We's de winnin' kuller! Wait
Till de trumpet blow to follower."

"Hallelujah! I tanks to praise it!
Long 'nuff we've borne our crosses;
Now we's de superior race,
And, with Gornamighty's grace,
We's gwine to hebban afore de bosses."

A NEW TRIPPLE.—"In one of the New London Northern Railroad Ticket Offices, the other day, a citizen, who had evidently been fanning the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship, rapped on the slide of the ticket office, and laying down ten cents, said:
"A dhrap of beer, sir