

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1872.

NUMBER 44

Select Poetry.



THE DYING STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To die! 'tis but to cease from pain,
To sink and never rise again,
A dream beneath whose drooping fold,
A silence steals along the soul;
A mystery o'er existence spread,
A world of woes and sorrows fled.
Death! I don't! Oh, what is death to me
Like this absorbing gloom,
That hangs over a's a mystery,
That wider spreads, deeper seems to be?
The dark, cold, silent tomb,
It has no dread, it has no fear,
'Twere joyful to be slumbering there;
The gnawing worm companion of the dead
With all its horrors, bears no dread—
Oh! better clasp them and their kind,
Than these earth-miseries of the mind,
'Twere better they companions dear
Than dwell with worms as mortals here;
Each lip a lie, with none believing;
Each smile is wrought to be deceiving;
Each word 'tis but the counterpart
Of a false, deceiving heart.
The glances once I thought my own—
The breathings of the silvery tone—
'Twas smile, for whose sweet play I'd given
My hopes for entrance into heaven—
That form, whose lightness once to press,
Naught else the thinking soul could bless;
Ah! these within me wrought a birth,
And claimed my lingering form to earth;
For her I lived, for her was thrown
All love, all hope, to clasp her as mine own;
Heaven in her form! Heaven in her eye!
Heaven in her word! Heaven in her sight!
No lovelier heaven could arise,
Nor gleam in grandeur thro' the skies.
My soul sought this, for this it strove,
And formed a god, a god in love;
Alas, each hour has its waking,
The brightest day storms overtaking,
The brightest dreams soon fade away,
And madness ushers in the day.
So bur'ning mine, and with them sped,
Along for the silent dead—
Oh! she had nursed my hearts sweet tone,
Until it breathed for her alone,
All other touches seemed in vain
To wake to love its gentle strain;
But when she touched, loud burst the song
And seemed for aye the notes prolonged;
But when she found its wildest strain,
And knew all else might touch in vain,
Then sought she other hearts to try,
And left mine there, alone to die.
'Twere better be within the tomb,
Than linger with this robe of gloom;
Fond love has fled, and with it flew,
All joy, all hope, adieu! adieu!
I feel that death is gathering fast,
And with its shades the gloomy past;
Oh! may my soul be forgiven
And find beyond this earth a heaven!
'Tis on Thy promise I rely;
Oh! God! my God! I die! I die!

Miscellaneous Reading.

FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

"What's that you say, Hayden? The Bolton Bank broke? It can't be possible."
And Frederick Wells, who had been reclining in one chair, with his feet resting on the back of another, the very picture of indolent enjoyment, sprang to his feet, tipping over his chair, and sending the cigar he was smoking to the further end of the room.
"Yes, it is; it is here in the paper, as you can see for yourself. But what is it to you? Did you have anything invested there?"
"No, but Miss Neal had—which amounts to about the same thing."
An air of intense chagrin overspread his handsome, though rather effeminate features, as he read the paragraph to which his companion pointed.
"Confound it!" he muttered. "It's always my luck to have my dish tipped just when it's full! Though I must say, if it's got to come, that I'm glad it happened a month before our marriage."
Charles Hayden, a young man whose features, though less regularly formed, were expressive of firm manliness and goodness of heart, gazed at the speaker with an air of disguised astonishment.
"Why so, Wells? You surely did not seek the hand of Miss Neal simply for her money?"
"Well, no; I can't say that. She is a most lovely and charming woman; and it really cuts me to the heart to give her up. But then I am too poor to afford such a luxury. And Miss Neal can no more afford to marry a poor man. So we're about even."
"And have you no thought for the pain your desertion will inflict upon the heart you have won," said Hayden in a tone of suppressed indignation.
"Softly, my dear fellow," said Wells, who had resumed his former comfortable position, and was solacing himself with a fresh cigar. "I hardly think it will be any such desperate affair to Miss Neal as you suppose. Indeed, I've thought several times of late, that had it not been for her foolish high idea of the binding nature of such a promise, she would have broken the engagement herself."
"And knowing this, you would have held her to its fulfillment."
"Not being sufficiently disinterested to refuse the gift of fifty thousand dollars, I rather think I should."
"You are not worthy of a true-hearted

woman like Ellen Neal," was the indignant response.
"Then so much the better for her, that I should leave her to be appropriated by some one that is—you, for instance. It strikes me that you used to be somewhat interested in that quarter; now is the time, old fellow, for you to go in and win."
Charles Hayden scarcely felt or heard the covert sneer in these words, so much was he engrossed by the new-born hope that had sprung up in his heart, and which made its pulse beat so quickly and strongly.
"So you are to be married next month my dear?" said Mr. Thornly to his ward, Ellen Neal.
"Yes, I believe so," was the rather indifferent reply.
Mr. Thornly studied his ward's face for a moment with his keen eyes.
"I don't believe you care two straws for Frederick Wells."
"Oh, not so bad as that, guardian," said Ellen, with a faint smile; "though I have sometimes feared that I don't give him the affection he deserves. He seems to be very strongly attached to me."
"Humph! my opinion of Frederick Wells is, that he is too much in love with his own handsome face to be very much attached to any woman."
"You are too severe. Any way, I have promised, and cannot break my word."
"Oh, no, certainly not; far better break your heart."
"I don't believe I've got any," was the laughing rejoinder. "If I have I've never been able to discover it. Never fear for me, guardian; I dare say I shall be as happy with Frederick as with any one."
Yet in spite of these lightly spoken words, there rose up before her mental vision one with whom she knew she could be far happier. But even if it had been free to choose, how did she know that he would choose her? True she had sometimes fancied—but what right had she to indulge such fancies?
When Mr. Thornly reached his office he found Frederick Wells waiting to see him; who said with an air of constraint, not to say embarrassment, not at all remarkable, when we consider the awkward errand on which he came.
"I heard of Miss Neal's misfortune last evening, sir, and I assure you with deep regret."
"Miss Neal's misfortune? What the deuce d'ye mean?" said the old gentleman gruffly, with whom the young man was by no means a favorite.
"Why, the failure of Bolton Bank, to be sure," Mr. Wells responded quickly, the suspicion entering his mind that the shrewd old lawyer was trying to dodge the question.
"Oh, ah, yes, I think I do understand you. Well, what of it?"
"Only this sir, that deeply as I regret the necessity, the high regard I cherish for your ward, and the knowledge that I shall be unable, at least for some years, to offer her such a home as she is accustomed to and merits, demands the sundering of our engagement."
"That is to say, in plain English, my ward, having lost her fortune, Mr. Wells no longer desires to marry her."
In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Wells felt his cheeks tingle beneath the quiet scorn in the eyes that rested upon his countenance.
"You put it rather harshly," he said, forcing a smile; "but we won't quarrel about terms."
"Very good. All I have to say is, that what you are pleased to term Miss Neal's misfortune, promises to be the best thing that could have happened. Good morning."
When Mr. Thornly saw his ward again in the evening, his countenance wore a curious expression.
"I have important news for you Ellen; one portion of it rather bad, but the other so good as to more than make up for it. Indeed, as I told a certain man this morning, I consider it the best thing that could possibly happen to you. First, for the bad; the bank in which your money was invested, has gone up, and went probably pay two cents on a dollar. Now for the good; in consequence of this, Mr. Frederick Wells called to express his regrets, that he must relinquish the honor and happiness of making you his wife."
"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ellen.
"How I have been deceived in him. I thought he loved me for myself alone. O Mr. Thornly, how thankful I ought to be that I have discovered how false his heart is, before it was too late."
"Mr. Hayden is in the parlor and wants to see Miss Ellen," said a servant opening the door.
Ellen entered the parlor in a rather perturbed state of mind; much as she rejoiced at her escape, she could not but feel deeply grieved at this discovery of the unworthiness of him, whom she had hitherto esteemed so highly as to often reproach herself that she could not love him as she deserved.
Mr. Hayden's mind was, also, much disturbed, though from a very different cause.
It was in vain that young gentleman tried to recall the neat little speech, that he had conned over on his way to the house; as is usual in such cases, it completely vanished from his mind as soon as he found himself in the presence of the lady, for whose benefit it was intended.
At last, making a desperate effort he broke the rather embarrassed silence by saying:
"My dear Miss Neal, I have heard of your loss of fortune, and cannot express what a great burden it lifted from my heart. I was so truly rejoiced, as to quite forget."
Here startled by the indignant astonishment depicted upon Ellen's countenance, the poor fellow stammered, and then stopped.

"Sir—Mr. Hayden," faltered Ellen, deeply wounded at language so different from what she had anticipated. "I am at a loss to understand why you should rejoice over my misfortune."
"Dear one, I know it is very selfish in me and yet I was never half so happy in my life as when I learned that I might, without being accused of unworthy motives, tell you what a privilege I should deem it to cherish and care for you, as man cherishes and cares for the dearest object of his love."
The sudden revolution of feeling, caused by these words, sent warm, happy tears to Ellen's eyes.
"I thank heaven for the reverse of fortune that has given me the rich treasure of your love," she murmured, as she laid her hand softly in his.
Half an hour later, the lovers were receiving the congratulations, and the warm approval of Ellen's guardian.
The old gentleman listened silently, and with evident enjoyment to the plans they laid for the future.
"I am sorry to spoil your pretty romance of 'Love in a Cottage,' and all that sort of things," he said at last, "but the fact is, Ellen—thought, as I told you, your fortune was invested in the Bolton Bank—I happened to withdraw the money the week before it failed. But don't be downhearted about it, my young friends, you'll find plenty of people who will glad to relieve you of its burdens. If you can't dispose of it in any other way, you might do it to found a 'mission school' for the 'Feejee Mermaids,' or some other equally as practicable missionary enterprise."
We can't say as to whether our young couple followed this suggestion, but this we know, that throughout her long and happy married life, Ellen often had occasion to bless the fortunate blunder.

My Ugly Cousin.

I hate ugly girls. They are the slyest, most artful creatures. You never know what to expect of them, or how to circumvent them. And then to see sensible men caught in their traps, when there are plenty of pretty girls all around, is just as astonishing as it is provoking. I look in my mirror and ask despairingly, "What is the use of brilliant white and red complexion, good features and real blonde hair, when such a plain girl as Lucy Hunter carries off the prize you have selected for you?"
Lucy is my cousin, and has no pretension to beauty. Her features are of no particular style, her hair and eyes not worth describing, and her figure can only claim to be neat and trim. She has very pleasant manners, and is entertaining in conversation. She always knew that she had neither beauty nor money to depend upon, and was compelled to make herself agreeable. So Lucy had many friends, none of the girls looking on her as a possible rival. She was invited about a great deal, for she was useful in entertaining other guests, while there seemed no danger of her entering into competition with any one.
I always liked to have my cousin Lucy for a companion, for I felt that I showed to great advantage beside her. Many a time have I called for her to go shopping with me, and shopping always carried me to Walter Dabney's store. To become a partner in that commercial house, by marrying Walter, was the secret ambition of my life. How Lucy Hunter could have the presumption to set her cap at such a great catch, passed my comprehension.
While I stood pulling the goods about, putting on all my prettiest looks, and showing off my soft white hand, she would be chatting in her pleasant, cordial manner. She saw so much of every one, that she had more to talk about than anybody else. The young men liked her for a friend and confidant, although they might admire others more. At all of our social gatherings she had plenty of attention, for though not a belle, she was a favorite.
This never gave me any uneasiness, for I knew none of the beaux were in love with her. When I saw her making herself agreeable to Walter Dabney, I only smiled and thought, "I wonder if you think Walter Dabney would look at an ugly girl like you?"
Not that there is anything unpleasant in her appearance. She is certainly very stylish-looking, and always dresses in exquisite taste, although she does every stitch of her own sewing. She can't afford to put out her work, but takes the best fashion magazine, and it is marvelous to see how well she dresses with her limited means. She never has anything fine, but looks nice in everything she puts on. I always wished to keep on intimate terms with her, because I could pick up so many useful ideas about dress from her. Perhaps some others were actuated by the same motive. Her mother died when she was about fourteen years old, and she was charged of the household ever since. She dresses the younger children with the same taste and economy shown in her own dress. Her oldest brother, Ben, was an intimate friend of Walter Dabney.
When Walter first began escorting Lucy to church Sunday nights, and driving her out on pleasant afternoons, I thought that as he was so intimate with the brother, it was very natural for him to pay the sister some attention. And then, as I said before, Lucy was a general favorite. Being so constantly and actively employed, only seemed to keep her always bright and cheerful, and ready to be interested in anything.
When I opened my eyes to the danger, I exerted every faculty to defeat my most unlooked-for rival. I went to the store with Lucy, dressed in my handsome blue poplin, to let Walter see how much prettier I was than my cousin. I went to the store without her, so she could not distract his attention, and wore my cheap alpaca,

to show him that I, too, could look elegant in plain clothes. But all was in vain. My hopes waned steadily, and the mortifying certainty was announced to me by Lucy herself, when she asked me to be her bridesmaid. Imagine my feelings. They cannot be described. I bore it like a Spartan, and last night waited on my ugly cousin when she became the bride of Walter Dabney. Her dress was the most becoming in the world. Mrs. Highup who gets all her dresses ready made from N. Y., condescended to say, "Really, Lucy's dress looks as if it might have come from Madam D's."
Now, can anybody explain the reason of my failure? How is it that pretty girls are not always successful in their just efforts to catch the nice beaux? and have not all pretty girls cause to hate these artful ugly ones?
BLONDE BELL.

The Credit System.

One of the most unfortunate hindrances to the development of our commercial resources, is the universal habit of running in debt. The injuries of the credit system are more noticeable among the agricultural producers, who generally keep a running account with one or more of the village merchants. In the commercial world, where the credit system is governed by the law merchant, it is a great convenience to meet the pressing necessities of business by an occasional loan, but the security demanded, and the prompt payment required by the bankers and money brokers, compel the borrowers to carefully enquire as to his ability to meet the payment of his note at maturity. So these kinds of loans are negotiated intelligently, and the borrower and lender are mutually benefitted by the operation. But an open, running, unsettled account with some merchant, is about the worst calamity that can possibly happen to a farmer, laboring man, or mechanic, in moderate circumstances. You feel quite flattered when the merchant tells you smilingly: "No matter about the money, take the goods along; we'll make that all right sometime." You feel like hugging the generous man for his kindness, as you carry away the bundle of goods which you have purchased on credit, and which he would have sold 25 per cent. cheaper for cash. The credit system works beautifully for awhile. You have opened an account with the trader, and you add new items to his blotter, you feel under obligations to him for his accommodation, and when making an additional purchase, you haven't the heart to beat him down as if you would if you were dealing on the cash system, as you take his goods at his price. But after while a day of reckoning comes. The bland merchant button-holes you somewhat seriously, and enquires if you can settle your account. The dun is usually made at the most unfortunate season of the year. You have your taxes to pay, your harvest help to hire, and cannot possibly settle your account then. The merchant offers to take a note with 10 per cent. interest, payable with attorney's fees, and other costs of collection, &c. This offers a temporary relief, and without stopping to look over your old account, which has been running a year or two, or footing up the columns figures on the ledger, you blindly sign the note which the accommodating merchant has filled out, and which is generally made payable one day after date. Your note is liable to pass into the hands of some heartless note shaver and money broker, who leaves it in the hands of an attorney for collection. You beg for a little time, your family has been sick, your crops were short, you are willing to pay the highest rate of interest for a few months of grace. The attorney says it must be sued in the next court, in order to hold the endorser. You do not understand this law of commercial liabilities, but you feel quite certain that you have suffered yourself to become a slave to debt. The sheriff serves you with a summons, you are commanded to appear on the second day of the term. Your financial affairs are in an embarrassing condition. If you had a few months time you think you could meet the claim. A shyster of a lawyer says he can get you a continuance for \$10, and you employ him. The suit goes over to another term. The note sued on draws 10 per cent. interest all the while, and the attorney's fees and costs add as much more. The claim finally goes into a judgment, an execution issues, your little farm is levied on, glaring sheriffs' sales describing your little home are posted on trees along the roadside, as if the officer took a malicious pleasure in telling your neighbors of your misfortune. You grow demoralized, and go deeper in debt, your farm is sold, the time of redemption expires, and you go out into the world a bankrupt.
This is no fancy picture, but one of frequent occurrence. Don't go in debt, unless you are positively certain that you can meet all demands as they fall due, without sacrificing property at half its value.
Go on the cash system. It makes you independent, you can dictate your own terms, and almost make your own bargains. If a merchant wants to ask you more than a piece of cloth is worth, tell him you don't want it. Money to pay your purchases gives you confidence, and instead of cringing to the seller under the credit system, you make him come to you. He wants your money, and he will finally sell you goods at a fair price. Mr. Cash never has his name on the merchant's ledger. He can look every man in the face and say, "I don't owe you anything." Freedom from debt is one of the most pleasing reflections of life. Try it.

Kank is to merit what dress is to a pretty woman.

THE FRIEND FOR ME.

When you find a faithful friend
Keep him, trust him to the end,
For the world contains but few,
Steady, honest, firm and true,
Some are only friends by mine,
With affections cold and tame,
Such one I would gladly flee—
They are not the friends for me.

Some return your love, and seem
Joyous as a sunlit stream,
Clinging to you while in health,
Blest with happiness and wealth.
But when sorrows come and pains,
And your wealth no more remains,
Then their love and friendship flee,
Such are not the friends for me.

Give to me a trusty friend,
Standing by me to the end,
One whose hand may never tire,
One to guide and lead me higher,
One with loving, tender mind,
Leaving selfishness behind,
One to stand the closer by me
When the world-temptations try me;
Such a one I long to see,
That's the trusty friend for me.

Give me one who knows no guile,
One with steady, cheering smile,
One whom I can trust for ever,
One who will betray me never,
One my secret thoughts to tell,
One whose heart can keep them well,
One whose love is strong and steady,
One whose heart for me is ready,
Waiting but my friend to be—
Oh! but that's the friend for me!

Things to be Remembered.

Edward Everett became overheated in testifying in a court room, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draught of air until his turn came to speak. "But my hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition I had to spend three hours in the court room." He died in less than a week from thus checking the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man.
Professor Mitchell, while in the state of perspiration in yellow fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into a nother room, became chilled in a moment, and died the same night.
If, while perspiring or warmer than usual from exercise, or in a heated room, there is a sudden exposure to chill air or raw, damp atmosphere, or a draught, whether at window or door, or street corner, the inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which the waste and impure matter, which was making its way out of the system, is compelled to seek an exit through some weaker part. To illustrate: A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware, but wishing first to get her orange, she ran to the bank of the river, and on return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water and her clothes soon felt cold, which produced a cold which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died from consumption.
Multitudes of women lose health every year, in one or more ways by buying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, and perhaps changing the dress for a common one, as soon as they enter the house after shopping. The rule should be invariably to go at once into a warm room, and keep on all the clothing for at least ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weather, if you have to walk or ride on an occasion, do the riding first.—Dr. Hall.

SELF RESPECT.

Teach a man to think meanly and contemptible of himself, to cast off all sense of character, and moral persuasion can no more act upon him than if he were dead. A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet there may be hope of reclaiming him. But the moment he loses all sense of character, and all consciousness of superior nature, that is, the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another, that moment all hope for him perishes; for the last ground is surrendered on which it is possible for his remaining good principles to rally and make a stand. We have often known men who have retained their self respect long after they had lost their regard for principle; but not one who retained his regard for principle after he had lost his self respect. Destroy this, and you destroy everything, for a man who does not respect himself, respects nothing.

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.

The primary object of education is as the word implies, to develop and unfold the powers of the mind, to culture and discipline those powers to call forth in the spring time. Education, however, not only improves and strengthens our mental vision, it also enlarges the domain of thought; and in that domain we shall certainly discover many entirely new fountains of delight from which flow streams to water the waste places in our hearts and increase our happiness a hundred fold. As he who stands on some vast mountain height can behold a greater expanse of the lovely landscape, and can bask in the pleasant sunshine earlier, later, and longer than he who dwells on the plain below; so he who stands highest on the hill of science, can see farthest, can garner delights from the widest field of thought, and can enjoy most of that inward peace of mind, that intellectual sunshine which is so essential to a truly happy life.

Every fourth year is set apart as being peculiarly the woman's year, because she has one more day to talk than any other.

Terrible Case of Hydrophobia.

The Pittston (Pa.) Gazette gives the following particulars of a most distressing case of hydrophobia:
About eleven weeks ago a young lady named Cox, daughter of Miles Cox, of Stoddardsville, went into the yard to kill some chickens. The dog followed her, and picking up one of the chickens ran off with it. She chased him with a stick to recover it, and coming up with him he turned upon her and bit her in the arm, lacerating it fearfully. Her mother and brother coming to the rescue, were also badly bitten by the infuriated beast. The wounds healed, however, and nothing more was thought of the matter. The young woman was engaged to be married to a young man living at Goldsboro', named Alfred Kerrick, and the wedding was appointed to come off at that place about two weeks ago. On the wedding morning as she was about to perform her ablutions the sight of water sent a shiver through her whole system and frightened her, and at the breakfast table the coffee had such an effect upon her that she spilled it over the table. She then complained of feeling unwell, and her friends advised her to remain at home; but she said she did not want to disappoint Al, and accompanied by a sister, proceeded to Goldsboro', where the wedding ceremony was performed. Immediately after this she was seized with spasms bearing all the indications of hydrophobia.
In one of her lucid intervals she warned the company that she would bite them if they did not keep away from her. But said she to her husband, "Al, you need not be afraid, I won't bite you." In one of her paroxysms she bit a lady who was endeavoring to soothe her. It was the wife of Doc. Hoffman, who drives the stage from Goldsboro' to Sand Cut, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Soon after assuring her husband that she would not bite him she was seized with convulsions, and, laying back in his arms, died. We have seldom been called upon to record so sad a case as this. For one moment a happy bride and then the victim of a horrid death. The other members of the family who were bitten by the dog have not, as yet, displayed any symptoms of the disease, but they live in hourly dread.

Force of Imagination.

An esteemed friend of ours heard much of the medical properties of the waters of a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases, from which she recognized at least half a dozen with which she was afflicted. To her great joy she was told that her son had to call at the very town where the spring was located, and a five-gallon keg and a strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some of the water.
The keg was put in the wagon, and sipping under the seat was quite overlooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, and the water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when feeling down under the seat for something, his hand struck the keg. To go back was not to be thought of, and to admit his stupidity was impossible. He therefore drew up his horse by the side of a wall, near which was the old sweep well from which the family had drunk for a century, and filling the keg went home. The first question was:
"Did you get that water?"
"Yes," said he; "but darned if I see any difference in it from any other water." And he brought in the keg.
A cup was handed the invalid, who drank with infinite relish, and said she was surprised at her son's not seeing a difference. There was undoubtedly a medicinal taste about it, and it dried up as other water did, which she had always heard of mineral water. Her son hoped it would do her good, and by the time the keg was exhausted she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her ails.

A DECIDED NON-COMMITTAL.—Old Lady.—

"Can you tell me, my good man, where I can find Mr. Jones?"
"Pat—Sure, ma'am I expect it would be at his house you would find him."
Lady.—"Does he live anywhere in this street?"
"Pat—Sure, no indeed; it's not for the like of his to be livin' in the street at all."
Lady.—"You stupid fellow, I mean what number does his family stop at?"
"Pat—Now, ma'am, you have me; he has six boys and four girls already, but whether he means to stop at the number?"
Lady.—"Oh, you blockhead!"
Exit old lady in a tremor of indignation.

"We venture to give the following receipt for the selection of a wife:
"A place for everything and everything in its place." Select not an old man to his daughter. "Select not a young man, who will ever stop over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson.
"Now," said he, pleasantly, on a May day, to one of his companions, "I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it, shall have the offer of my hand."
They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove. Some tumbled over the broomstick, others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled.—She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, and industrious loving wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations, both were rich, and both outshined the other.

Wit and Humor.

How to get a good wife—take a good girl and go to the parson.
An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down.
When is a woman like a sparrow? when she's in earnest (in her nest).
A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what that is.
Why is a negro's limb like a gambler? Because it is a black-leg.
Why is a man that has been knocked down like a newly finished house? Because he has been floored.
Why is a greenhorn in a large city like good butter? Because he is liable to be sold.
A Crusty old bachelor in Congress, proposes to levy a tax of 25 per cent. on corsies, whereupon a down east paper remarks—"Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not ladies have the same privilege?"
A facetious gentleman of Williamsburg, Mass., dining upon a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlady where the fowl came from. She replied that it came from Williamsburg. "Impossible!" exclaimed the gentleman, "for the town hasn't been incorporated over fourteen years."
A Green County farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: I will bet \$42 25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a pannel of the fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flag-staff in Jefferson.
"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?" "No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "he isn't happy unless he's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished him happiness, he'd go for me."
Two colored preachers were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark." The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "Abraham wasn't thar." But the speaker pushed on heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark." "And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham wasn't thar." The preacher was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed with great indignation, "I say Abraham was thar or thar ABOUTS."
"Look here, squire, whar was yeou born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Tremont street, No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st of August, 1810, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren, nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was struck. Soon however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Yes; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"
A newly fledged Philadelphia doctor recently settled in Havana, Ill., and the first case he had was a boy, who, while he was shelling pop-corn, got a kernel in his wind pipe. The doctor examined the case carefully looked at the patient's tongue and then told the father of the boy to build up a hot fire. When that was done the doctor told them to take the boy and hold him over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his shot gun, but while he was loading it, the doctor escaped.

PRAYING TO THE POINT.—

A certain lawyer, who, whilom, dwelt in one of our New England towns, noted for its over-reachings and shortcomings during a revival came under conviction. His appeals were respanded by one of the saints, an eccentric but very pious old man, honest, plain, blunt, square-toed and flat-footed, who thus went at it:
"We do most earnestly entreat thee, O Lord, to sanctify our penitent brother, here; fill his heart with goodness and grace, so that he shall hereafter forsake his evil ways, and follow in the right path. We do not know, however, that it is required of him who has appropriated worldly goods to himself unlawfully and dishonestly, that he shall make restitution fourfold; but we do beseech thee to have mercy on this our erring brother, as it would be impossible for him to do this, and let him off for the best he can do without begging himself entirely, by paying twenty-five cents on the dollar."
The next applicant at the same meeting was an elderly maiden who got her living by going into different families and spinning for them. She, also, had been famous for her short comings—never giving full accounts on her yarn; the forty threads to a knot, was a point to which she very seldom reached. The blunt old man, briefly disposed of her case:
"Reform, O Lord, the heart of thy handmaid here before thee, we beseech thee; and wilt thou enable her to count forty?"
The "meanest man" in Central Illinois is a farmer living near Decatur. He discourages his laborers, Saturday night, and charges them for board over Sunday.