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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE EVENING.

Man goes forth into his work, and to his labor until the evening--Ps. 104: 23.

The stream is calmest
When it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest
At the eventide,
And birds most musical
At the close of day,
And saints divinest
When they pass away.

Morning is to vely,
But a holier charm
Lies folded close
In evening's robe of balm;
And weary man
Must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil,
But night brings rest.

She comes from heaven,
And on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance
Like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels
Follow in her trace,
To shunt the weary eyes
Of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her,
As she throws
O'er the earth and sky
Her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty,
And a power,
That morning knows not,
In the evening hour.

"Until the evening"
We must weep and toil,
Though life's stern furrows,
Ting the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet
Our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat
And burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting,
May we glide,
Like summer evening,
Down the golden tide;
And leave behind us,
As we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight
Round our sleeping clay!

Miscellaneous Reading.

GRAND JURY STORIES.

Col. T. W. Knox, in Scribner's for March, has an article on the famous New York Grand Jury of which he was a member.

We quote from it as follows:
Not many days after we were convened, a case that touched the heart of every man in the room was brought before us. A young girl had been accused of theft; a few dollars in money had been stolen; it was found in her possession. The complainant was a woman, and the accused had been in her employ. When the case was called the woman entered the jury-room and was sworn by the foreman. She took the chair assigned to witness, and the foreman questioned her.

"Did you lose some money?"
"Yes sir."
"When did you lose it?"
"On the first day of December."
"Who took it?"
"The girl named in the complaint."
"How do you know she took it?"
"I found it in her possession, and she confessed taking it."
"That will do; you may go."
But the woman kept her seat, and moved her hands uneasily. "You can go," said the foreman again, but she did not start. A juror sitting near the door rose to show her out, and as he did so the woman said:

"I do not wish to press the complaint. I want to withdraw it and have the girl released."
"Why so?" asked the foreman.
"Because," and her voice began to choke, "because the girl is young, and I do not wish to ruin her. Somebody else urged her to steal the money, and I think she will do better in future. If I send her to prison she may become a professional thief, but if I give her a chance she will be a good girl. She is an orphan and has no friends, and I want to be her friend. I know she is guilty, but I want to be merciful, and I beg you to be merciful, gentlemen."

Half her utterance was drowned with tears, which flowed rapidly down her face. The foreman told her to step outside and he would call her again in a few moments, and inform her of the result of her eloquent appeal. "Be merciful, gentlemen," were her last words as she closed the door. It was voted to dismiss the complaint, and when the foreman called her to the room, to inform her of the result of the vote, she accompanied her through broken sobs, and she thanked us through broken sobs. I know that in that room more eyes than hers were wet--eyes not accustomed to tears.

But soon a discussion arose as to the propriety of our action. When the Grand Jury was unpannelled the following oath was administered to the foreman:
"You Lucius S. Comstock, as Foreman of this Grand Jurquest, shall diligently in-

quire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things as shall be given you in charge; the counsel for the People of the State, your fellows and your own, you shall keep secret; you shall present no one from envy, hatred, or malice; nor shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward; but you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to your understanding. So help you God!" And to the other members the following oath was administered:

"The same oath which your Foreman has taken on his part, you, and each of you, shall well and truly observe and keep on your part. So help you God!"
Some of the jurors thought we had no right, under our oath, to show favor, no matter how strong might be the appeal to our sympathies. Every man in the room wished to be lenient, but at the same time, above all other things, wished to do his duty. The discussion resulted in our sending for the District Attorney and asking his advice.

After hearing the case, he said there was a difference of opinion as to the power of Grand Jury. "You can undoubtedly," he continued, "exercise your discretion in certain cases, and act as you think is for the best interest of society. It is both right and proper that the Grand Jury, and also the District Attorney, should be clothed with a discretionary power, as it frequently happens that they can do more good by exercising it than by following the strict letter of the law. I will give you an illustration: Some years ago, the case of a young man charged with obscenity was placed in my hands to prosecute. His employer was determined to push the case; he was rather ugly about it, and there seemed no other course than to prosecute. The young man was out on bail, and came to me to beg to be let off. He said he was guilty, and should so plead; that he had an invalid sister, and with the utmost economy on his small salary he was unable to support himself. He knew that this was no excuse for his theft, but he took the money under great temptation, and did not realize the enormity of his offence until after he had committed it. "You can send me to the penitentiary," he said, "and nobody can blame you; but you will ruin me for life, and bring disgrace upon my parents and sister, who do not know that I am charged with crime. If I can be released and the matter hushed up, I will faithfully promise to do better in future, and I think this will be a life-long lesson to me." He pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do what I could for him. I sent for his accuser, and urged him to withdraw the charge. At first he refused, but I laid the case before him in such a light that he at once consented. And I then urged him to take the young man back and give him a new trial, and after much talk I succeeded. The complaint was withdrawn; the young man was restored to his position; in a little time his salary was increased; by-and-by the firm dissolved in consequence of the death of one of its members; the young man went to a northern house, proved himself worthy of confidence, and to-day he is a member of that house, and as honorable and upright as any business man in New York. He has never forgotten, and never will forget, that lesson. If he had gone to the penitentiary his worst fears would have been realized. When an offender is young, the offence is a first one, and the offender appears penitent, it is entirely proper for you to exercise leniency by dismissing the complaint; and in the case now before you, gentlemen, you have been entirely right in your action."

As the District Attorney ended his remarks there was a round of applause, in which I am very certain every member of the jury participated. Those who had been most doubtful of the propriety of our action were heartily glad that their doubts were not well founded.

President Lincoln's Dream.

An incident of the cabinet meeting held the day before Lincoln's assassination is thus related by ex-Secretary Welles, in the April *Century*:

The president remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war. I inquired the particulars of this remarkable dream. He said he was in my department--it related to the water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; and that he had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter. The battles of Ball Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington etc. General Grant remarked with some emphasis and asperity, that Stone River was no victory; that a few more such victories would have ruined the country, and he knew of no important results from it.

"The president said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but whatever might be the facts, his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event would result from it. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place or was about being fought, and Johnson would be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."
"Great events did indeed follow. Within a few hours the good news, as well as truly great man who narrated his dream was assassinated, and the murder which closed forever his earthly career affected for years, and perhaps forever, the welfare of his country."

How Gunpowder is Made.

A House Where Men Never Laugh.

How do you think you would like to live, fearing every moment to be blown up; not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay and live, year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were, that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that these men go very quietly, and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally as dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so if one blows up, it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder mills will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the work of years, will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed, is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense mill-stone, rolling round and round in an iron bed. In this bed, and under the stone, are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery is left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped and the men go back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where these cakes are broken into grains and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots, and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with ether, and is made perfectly black by a set of sives, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted, and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in the other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving house is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated in wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workman stays there. From there it goes to the packing house, and is put up in barrels, kegs, and caisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the storeroom. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away, out of the hands of men, in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water, through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight.

The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

Though cowardly may take a man once to visit a powder mill, he has no desire to go the second time; and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.

A CALIFORNIA CURIOSITY.--Among the curiosities of history in California is an occasional deserted city. A few years ago gold was discovered in certain parts of the Grass Valley region, and Meadow Lake City sprung up almost like Jonah's gourd, in a single night, and became a town of 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants. In a few months the mines proved unprofitable, and the entire population left for other parts. The town remains alone in the distant valley utterly deserted and slowly falling to decay. A traveler lately explored its lonely streets and looked into the empty habitations, and seemed as if a spell of enchantment had extinguished their life centuries ago and left them to moulder in silence and gloom.

Gold is an idol worshipped in all countries without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

"I Have no Chance."

Don't say that. You have chances in each hand. Then you have thirty-six in your head. Every faculty you have will work you into office if you only enfranchise it, and for a confederation between the freemen in your brain and the freemen at the ends of your arms. Chances, plenty of them, all under your eyes, if we only have eyes to see them and hands to pick them.

The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Sir Isaac Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

A floating sawed, drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinous threats, was the chance seized by Christopher Columbus to pacify an incipient rebellion, and to inspire his men with the promise of a new continent and a new world of enterprise.

The picking up of a pin in the city of Paris, by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the great bankers of the queen city of the world. That simple act, illustrative of the economical spirit over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled, and the refusal recalled at the same moment--industry, patience and honesty did the rest.

A chance remark from a peasant girl, in an obscure country district in England, falling upon the young, observing thinker, Dr. Jenner, gave vaccination to the world, and saves hundreds of thousands of lives annually.

A pewter-plate founded the Peel family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some income must be added to the meager products of the little farm. He quietly conducted experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day thoughtfully handling a pewter plate from which one of the children had dined, he sketched upon the smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring matter, he was delighted to find that the impression could be accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire, and Robert Peel to this day is called in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel."

Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters--an underground barber, with a vixen for a wife, who smashed up his models and threw them out--gave his successful models to the world, and put a scepter in England's right hand, such as no sovereign ever wielded.

The jumping tea kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head, who gave us the great giant of modern industry. A kite and a key in Benjamin Franklin's hands, were the great parents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity.

A swinging, greasy lamp, just filled with oil by a burger in the Cathedral of Pisa, caught the eye of Galileo, at eighteen years of age, taught him the use of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy, and navigation possible, and gave the whole modern system of accurate measurement of time.

Don't say you have no chance! You have the same chance, and better than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. Men uniformly overrate riches and underrate their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more. "The longer I live," says one of earth's most noble sons, "the more I am certain that the great and powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY--invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, will be worth much without it.

VALUE OF SMALL COURTESIES.--Civility costs nothing and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance.

A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of twenty thousand dollars, and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage.

A gentleman known to the writer, once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays and other vehicles. When the old gentleman got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging friend; and there the matter rested. Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of five thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain, had been left to him by a gentleman who took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will, for an act of unlooked-for civility. It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat little bundles of crisp notes, but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves as to make it worth our while to practice them wherever we find the opportunity.

There is a chestnut tree standing on the slope of Mount Etna, in the island of Sicily, which is said to be the oldest tree of its kind in the world. It is of colossal dimensions, and is named the Hundred Cavaliers, on account of the Queen of Aragon and her court having found shelter beneath its branches. It is nearly two hundred feet in girth, and is thought to be not less than three hundred years old.

A POLITICAL RIDDLE.

The following is generally conceded to be the best riddle in the English language:

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And Echo caught the faint sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;

'Twill be found in the sphere when it is riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, awaits him in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health.

Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth;
Without it the sailor, the seaman, may roam,
But woe is the wretch who expells it from home;

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor 'e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned;

'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear;
But in the shade let it rest; like a delicate flower,
Or breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

The following pathetic verses are said to have been written by Stephen A. Douglas:

Bury me in the morning, mother,
O, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother
Ere you leave me alone with Night--
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear--
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother,
I feel it in my heart--
But, O! from this beautiful world, mother
'Tis hard for the young to part;
For ever to part when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;

For the grave is dark and deep, mother,
And Heaven seems far away.

Walking.

Walking briskly, with an exciting object of pleasant interest ahead, is the most healthful of all forms of exercise except that of encouraging remunerative, steady labor in the open air; and yet multitudes in the city, whose health urgently requires exercise, seldom walk when they can ride, if the distance is a mile or more. It is worse in the country, especially with the well-to-do; a horse or carriage must be brought to the door even if less distance have to be passed. Under the condition first named, walking is a bliss; it gives animation to the mind, it vivifies the circulation, it paints the cheek and sparkles the eye, and walks up the whole being--physical, mental, and moral.

We know a family of children in this city who, from the age of seven, had to walk nearly two miles to school, winter and summer; whether sleet, or storm, or rain, or burning sun, they made it an ambition never to stay away from school on account of the weather, and never to be "late;" and one of them was heard to boast that in seven years it had never been necessary to give an "excuse" for being one minute behind the time, even although in winter it was necessary to dress by gas-light. They did not average two days' sickness in a year, and later they thought nothing of walking twelve miles at a time in the Swiss mountains. Sometimes they would be caught in drenching rains, and wet to the skin. On such occasions they made it a point to do one thing--let it rain, and trudged on more vigorously until every thread was dry before they reached home.

There is no unmedicinal remedy known to men of more value in the prevention of constipation than a few miles' joyous walking; let one follow it up a week--a walk of two or three miles in the forenoon, and as much in the afternoon--and, except in rare cases, when a longer continuance may be made, the result will be triumphant; and yet nine persons out of ten would rather give a dollar a bottle for some nauseous drops or poisonous pills than take the trouble to put in practice the natural remedy of walking. Nor is there an any-dyne among all the drugs in the world which is so healthful, healthful, delicious, glorious sleep, as a judicious walk.--*Hall's Journal of Health.*

PLANTING POTATOES.--Dr. Hexamer, of New York, gives a result of an experiment of planting potatoes in seventeen different ways, and found the best results were given from one large potato, whole, in each hill; the next best from two large half potatoes cut lengthwise; next from medium sized potatoes planted whole; the smallest from small half potatoes. A medium potato he plants whole; large ones cut in half and the largest in four pieces, each lengthwise, always taking care to select his best and soundest potatoes for seed.

J. T. Warden, of Ohio, in an experiment with Harrisons, found that large seed cut in halves give the most saleable potato. He says: "This experiment, in connection with one made last year induces me to cut good sized potatoes for seed in preference to planting them whole; and years of scarcity to use small potatoes with care and to plant them too closely together."

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence or patronage. No one will ever help as you can help yourself; because no one will ever be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not given them to start with, but boys who have started firm with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by puff-begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have out-stretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fall so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmama to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, and heart, and brain.--Say "I will," and some day you will conquer.--Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

As for woman, this applies to them as well. A woman who fights her own way upwards always succeeds. Begin by saying, "I'm as good as anybody, if not a little better." Don't say it loud, but act it. You can teach a school, or start a manufactory, or paint or scribble, and live by it as well as the best man, if only you know your forte, and do not pitch upon the very thing you have no genius for. Shut up your troubles and your embarrassments in your own heart. Ask no man to help you because you are a woman--all the same good men often will, out of the kindness of their hearts--and such aid, unasked for, can harm no one; and your first success, achieved by your hands, will be so sweet that you shall hardly have words in which to speak of it. Ask help of heaven and often--you will be heard; but of man as seldom as you can. I never saw the words, "She helped herself," written on a woman's tombstone by way of eulogy. But I should like to have it truthfully engraved upon mine at last. I should like to deserve it.--*Grace Greenwood.*

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Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.
A man is what his wife makes him.
It is the mother that moulds the character and destiny of the child.
Never make a remark at the expense of another; it is needless.
Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides it may be that you will not meet again in life.
"How gentle glides the marriage life away, When she who rules still seems but to obey!"
Never both manifest anger at once.
Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.
Never reflect a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.
Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other, which is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.
Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then preclude it with a kiss, and lovingly.
Never allow a request to be repeated "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.
Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.--It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of the right and wrong, and judge other people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch him into eternity.

A good practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without is the school-house.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow men be shut.

A paper says: "Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of 100. She was an orphan.

Most of the troubles and vexations of this life consist in the anticipation of calamities which are never realized.

He that hath no bridge on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.

Wit and Humor.

Why is a man's life safest before dinner?--Because he can't digest them.

Why is a girl like a music book? Because she is full of airs.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

What is it that has three feet and cannot walk, sixteen nails and cannot scratch?--A yardstick.

There is never a man so bad, says a celebrated writer, but some woman loves him and has faith in him.

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Because she is a cutlass.

The Western confectioner who, a few months ago, taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store is now a millionaire.

Why is a man riding fast up hill like another taking a little dog to a young lady?--Because he is taking a gal-a-pup.

Old Dick, who is a shade or two blacker than there is any need of, says he hates "deser yer spring winds, dey is so tannin'."

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars."

A bunkum fence was described by a witness under examination in court, as a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight.

Judge--Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now what would you steal?--Prisoner--I would steal away your honor.

An imaginative Western editor informs his readers that no jeering skeleton mocks him from the battlements of melancholy's lofty peaks.

Isinglass contains much glue, and Frank reports that he saw two eyes in the glass at the end of a railroad car he rode in the other morning which have stuck to him ever since.

A fellow lately started a store in Kansas. The following was the sign he hung out: "Dry Good by John Smith, who wishes to get married." This sign drew all kinds of custom. The single ladies went, of course; and the married men told their wives to go, under the impression that they could easily cheat so great a fool.

HIS OBJECT.--A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland and whose native drink was whiskey. Water was prescribed as the only cure. Pat said that it was out of the question; he never could drink it. Milk was then proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but flavored strongly with whiskey.

"What have you here?" said the doctor.

"Milk, doctor; just what you ordered. But there is whiskey in it; I smell it."

"Well, doctor," sighed the patient, "there may be whiskey in it, but milk's my object."

A MELANCHOLY STORY.--A sad tale comes from Selma. It appears that 12 young men of that city swore off on New Year's day, 1871, and agreed to deposit with one of their number, on the first of each month, \$10 each, the total to be divided among the members of the association who, on the 1st of January, 1872, should prove to have been faithful to their pledge. One by one the members backslid and yielded to the liquor temptation, until only a single individual was left, who at noon on New Year's day was to receive \$1,400. This Abdiel faithful found among the faithless, proceeded to the rendezvous at the appointed hour. He waited until ten minutes after noon, and then thought he would run into the saloon next door and get a knip. He had just swallowed it when ten of the other members entered to take their noonday Angostura, and he found to his horror that his watch was twenty minutes fast and the money was lost. The eleven proceeded to the residence of the treasure and found that he had lost all the money playing draw poker.

Once upon a time a genuine son of the Emerald Isle accosted the captain of a steamer running between Portland and Boston, as follows:
"Good mornin', captain. Could you be afther takin' me what's the fare to Boston?"
"Three dollars," answered the captain.
"But suppose I want outside?"
"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was undoubtedly beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possessions; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him:
"I say, captain dear," what would you be afther takin' a hundred and sixty pounds freight for?"
"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Be jabbers, thin, ye may put me down, captain, for I'm jist the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of five Irishman, and stow him in the hold."