

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, MAY 9, 1872.

NUMBER 49

Select Poetry.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[Let every person learn and sing John Howard Payne's beautiful song of "Home, Sweet Home." Most persons know the tune, but how few the words. The author of them never had a home, and died in a foreign land, but his song has made his name immortal.]

I
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is never met with elsewhere,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home! there's no place like home.

II
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

III
How sweet 'tis to sit, 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

IV
To these I'll return, over-burdened with care,
The hearts dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CASH AND CREDIT.

George Brown, at the age of twenty-three took him a wife,—or, rather, he said Hattie took one another—for better, or for worse. But they knew it was going to be better always, and never for worse. How could it be otherwise, when they understood each other so well? They had married young, and they had but little of this world's goods to commence with; but they had health and strength, and they were going to work together and build them up a home of their own in time.

"We will be very savings," said Hattie, "and in the end we may reach the goal." The goal was the home which they were to own. "We shall not scrimp, nor deny ourselves of necessary comforts; but we will do without luxuries. By thus economizing in the morning, we may find a stone to spare in the evening. Money is like time. An hour gained in the early day is a great thing, while an hour lost may not be regained.

George saw and understood, and he was as eager as his wife. He determined to put all his energies into the work, and in the future he was foreshadowed promises most bright. He had taken of his uncle a small house which he was to pay for when he could. He had no doubt that he should be able to pay two hundred dollars a year on it, at which rate, his kind relative had offered the bargain, the property would be his in six years.

"George," said Hattie, one evening, at the tea-table, "What did you pay for this tea?"

"I declare, Hattie, I don't know. I don't believe I asked."

"What! Did not ask?"

"No. I have every confidence in Mr. Skidd. He is a perfectly honorable man."

"But did you not pay for it?"

"No. I have opened an account there." Hattie shook her head disapprovingly. George saw the motion, and went on "You know I am paid monthly, and I thought it would be just as well to keep a monthly account at the store. Mr. Skidd himself, preferred that plan.

and, where they are to have credit—where a trader is to have the extra labor and expense of entering and posting each separate article, and, in the end, of making a full bill of items—the buyer cannot with good conscience demand reduction from asked prices."

George smiled, and said he thought his wife was mistaken. He was sure he was doing well. It would be inconvenient to pay for each little article as he ordered it. And, furthermore, it would be handier to settle his store bills when his employers settle with him.

Hattie did not press the matter. She had brought the subject upon the tapis, and she was willing to await the development of events.

"By the way, Mr. Brown, do you not want a box of these figs? They are fresh—I'll warrant them—and by the box I will put them cheap."

So spoke Mr. Skidd the store-keeper. George knew that his wife was very fond of figs; and he loved them himself. And he finally consented that a box should be sent to him.

On another day Mr. Skidd said: "Ah, Brown, my dear fellow, have you tried this golden syrup?"

George had not tried the syrup. The best quality of molasses had hitherto answered him. But he was persuaded to try it.

On another day: "Look here, Brown, shall I send you up a dozen of these Messina oranges? A new cargo just in. You won't get 'em so cheap again.—Only thirty cents."

Only thirty cents! And George knew how fond Hattie was of oranges. Of course he would have them.

And so the days passed on, and the month came to an end. George Brown was paid by his employers, and he set at once about paying others. On his way home he stopped in and got Mr. Skidd's bill.

"You can take it and look it over," said the trader, with a patronizing smile. "You will find it all right."

George had entered to pay the bill then and there; but when he saw the long column of figures, and glanced his eye at the sum total, his heart leaped up into his mouth. He was astounded. He had thought to himself as he had come along, that Skidd's bill would be about twelve to fifteen dollars. After paying everything else he would have twenty dollars left, which would satisfy this last demand and leave something over.

He had just commenced housekeeping, and did not expect to save much at first. But, mercy! how his anticipations were knocked in pieces as he looked at this bill. He told Skidd he guessed he would look it over; and on his way homeward he examined it; but he could find nothing wrong—nothing wrong in the items—but the sum total was a poser; twenty-six dollars and forty-two cents!

For a long time after he had reached home he tried to convince Hattie that nothing was the matter with him; but at length he plucked up courage, and drew forth Skidd's bill. He had expected that his wife would be paralyzed. But on the contrary, she only smiled and said it was all right.

"All right!" echoed George.

"All right," so far as Mr. Skidd is concerned," said Hattie. "You remember what I told you once before, and now let's sit down and eat supper, and then we will look the matter over."

And after supper they went at the work. Hattie took the bill, and a piece of blank paper, and followed the items down with her pencil.

"First," she said, "is a box of figs, at fifteen cents a pound. It was very cheap no doubt; but the eight pounds came to a dollar and twenty-five cents. Had you been required to pay cash, you would not have bought them. You would, at least, have asked me if I liked them, and I should have told you, no. Next we have a gallon of golden syrup, which we did not need, and for which you would not have paid cash without consulting me."

And so she went on, and at the end she had cut down the bill, by throwing out articles which they had not absolutely needed, to less than fifteen dollars.

A dollar here did not seem much to George; and a dollar and a half there; and then seventy-five cents; and then only fifty cents; but there had been twenty visits to the store during the past month, and the aggregate of these trivial sums was considerable.

George saw the whole thing, and he knew that his wife had been right from the first.

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Skidd, but I prefer not to be trusted. I would rather consume my own groceries than to consume yours. A bill is an evil at best, and I don't choose to have evils growing on my hands if I can help it."

Mr. Skidd saw very plainly that his customer's vision was clear, and he said no more.

On the evening of that very Monday, Mr. Skidd exhibited to George some extra nice preserves, and the young man's first impulse was to order a pot of them; but the taking out of his wallet, and the breaking of a five-dollar bill was a palpable reminder; and he concluded that he could get along without them. Said he to himself:

"These seemingly trivial sums, if I save them, will, at the end of the month, add up as greatly in my favor as they have heretofore added against me."

And he found it so. And he found one thing more in his favor from cash payments which he had not particularly counted upon. As he had the money in his hand to pay for the articles he had planned to purchase, he could buy it where he could get it best and cheapest. Traders are not willing to lose cash customers; and

"What b-b-b-biscuit?" he stammered, surprised and offended. "Go to the c-c-c-c-ook. I'm making blue pills for my t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t."

"In the name of Esculapius, how mad you make at a time?"

Oh, said he, a p p p peck, more or less. Practice in these mountains is different from your city practice. I make my hands only once a month, and it takes a week's riding to get through, so that I've to provision a whole district to last me a month.

In the morning we were on the road times, all in fine spirits except Cockney, who was a little sore from yesterday's ride, and did his best not to mind it.

The country was wild and rugged enough, but more populous than we had imagined. The doctor called at every house, and at his familiar halloo the inmates, from the hobbling centenarian to the toddling yearling, flocked out to greet him. He inquired after their welfare, physical and moral, in a most kind and fatherly manner, naming such as had been ailing at his last visit.

Having audited all their complaints, he would leave one or two tea-cupfuls of pills to ride on. Sometimes he took the trouble to dismount and enter the cabin of some errand patient. At others he would simply inquire concerning a family living far back in the woods, and leave a measure of pills to be sent over next Sunday. Occasionally he had the luck to meet a customer on the road, and deliver his monthly allowance on the spot. The doctor was evidently honored and beloved by the whole country, and consulted on all questions that arose, in law, agriculture or politics. He was a sturdy Democrat, and dispensed gratuitous opinions on the subject as freely as he did blue-pills. He stammered sarcastically against medical quacks, and thought the laws were not sufficiently severe against them. Some years ago a so-called herb doctor came poaching upon his domain, and was a great grief of mind to him. The fellow was civil and wouldn't quarrel, but secretly undermined the regular practitioner, was getting all his patients, and ruining the health of the district.

The inventor had two weaknesses—he was fond of backgammon, and hated the snakes. Didwicks cared no more for snakes than he did for fishing worms, so he took all opportunities to belittle his rival with practical jokes in which serpents played a leading part.

One day he challenged the herb doctor to a game of backgammon. Pleased with the unusual civility, he accepted, and seated himself at the table where the box lay closed before him. The tavern loungers, aware that something was up, gathered round to witness the game.

"Set the board, doctor, said Didwicks, while I go to order two juleps."

The doctor opened the board, and a six-foot black-snake leaped out into his face. He fled, and returned no more.

"And so I got rid of the cursed humbug, when he killed off my whole district." —PORTE CRAYON, in Harper's Magazine.

Better Days
Whenever a poor, forlorn, threadbare, respectable person intrudes himself upon you in the hours of care and business to sell you a cake of soap, lead pencils, Tribune Almanac, or even a box of matches, if you do not desire his wares, let him down easy. Don't snub him, and chill his desolate heart by harsh words and forbidding looks. Put yourself in his place, and dismiss him gently, even if his frequent importunities annoy you.—Fancy yourself a poor, homeless wretch, past the meridian of life, buffeted by the waves of outrageous fortune, pinched with cold, ill clad, half starved, bearing your sore griefs and sorrows with resignation, determined to live the remnant of an ill-spent life honestly in a calling so humble that a few pennies per day will suffice to succor nature in wearing out the soulless in God's own time—with health and friends gone—"homeless beside a thousand homes, and then ask yourself how you would prize a kind word, a sympathetic look, a helping hand, even a penny bestowed in a kindly spirit; and then such act, however small, like the "cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple of Him who had not where to lay his head," will make the wheels of your wretched life run smoother—in a word make yourself more human by being humane to others when sorrow and despair overtake them.

Care to your coffin adds a nail, no doubt. And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

Whenever you buy or sell, let, or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

It is supposed that forty-seven persons die every minute of the day and night, reckoning for all parts of the world.

A good man loves little children.

A West Virginia Doctor.

The major presented me to Doctor Didwicks, a red-headed, stuttering, eccentric individual, who was going up towards Yeokem's on a professional tour, and would ride with us. This was fortunate as the road we contemplated traveling was very obscure and difficult, and the country not an agreeable one to get lost in.

The doctor also counseled us to provide against all contingencies on to-morrow's journey; so we ordered our hostess to have prepared a ham, a sack of biscuits, and some bottles of cold tea, this last, by the way, a most excellent beverage for way-faring people.

After supper, hearing a mighty and continuous thumping in the direction of kitchen, I thought it advisable to look in and give some special directions about the biscuit, which should be well beaten and thoroughly baked to prevent their getting mouldy.

Opening a door, I stepped out on the back porch, and, to my astonishment, caught the doctor pelting and pounding at a batch of dough. The dough looked rather dark to be sure, and the doctor rightly embarrassed; but, not to be conspicuous, I said:

Really doctor, this is very considerate of you to make the biscuit for us yourself."

"What b-b-b-biscuit?" he stammered, surprised and offended. "Go to the c-c-c-ook. I'm making blue pills for my t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t."

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Days that are no more.

When many years have rolled away—
When we no more are young;
When many voices may repeat
The songs that we have sung;
When all thy youthful beauty pales,
Which time will not restore,
Some tender thoughts may come again
Of days that are no more.

The soul that slumbers to awake
Alike to joy and pain;
And every holy thought and dream
Are sure to come again;
The youthful heart, unmarried by care,
But dreams of days before;
The old heart lives on memories
Of days that are no more.

There is a phantom world to come,
Whose gateway is the tomb,
Where voices will be heard again
Beyond the hidden gloom.
Where shapes and shadows of the past
Within the soul will stay
When human hearts and human plans
Have crumbled to decay.

And then when years have rolled away,
And we no more are young;
When other voices may repeat
The songs that we have sung;
When heavenly sunshine on the soul
The beauty may restore,
Some tender thoughts will come
Of days that are no more.

Mr. Lincoln's Merciful Acts.

Col. Forney tells the following in the Washington Sunday "Chronicle," among his interesting "Anecdotes of Public Men":

"While I was secretary of the Senate there was scarcely an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help somebody who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the departments, or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the Old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but a labor for love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly.

One day an energetic lady called on me to take her to the President and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned, who had been sentenced to death for desertion, and who was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was in the afternoon when we got there, and the Cabinet was still at session. I sent in my name for Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject.

I stated the object of our call, and leaving the lady in one of the ante-chambers, returned to the Senate which had not yet adjourned. The case had made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until perhaps near 10 o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight, with the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I set writing for the President to come out and tell me the fact of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hand after you left. But I thought I would go up to the chamber of his Cabinet and knock. I did so; and as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon alight on his arms. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life."

This is the material if not for solemn history at least for those better lessons which speak to us from the lives of the just and pure.

Scolding

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is an astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it.

It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of something to scold at.

It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant running of a hand organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. One introduced into a family, will pretty certainly infect some, or all of the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are very soon taken up, and a very unnecessary hellam is created.

The people of the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in the city. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention.

Women contract the bad habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their sensitiveness is more easily wounded.

Women are sometimes called divines, but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold for what we say about scolding.

Mistaken Identity

A good story is told in Washington of a genial young gentleman, unwilling to omit recognition of acquaintance, who, at a wedding reception, lately caught sight of a gray-whiskered, and rather stately person, and being satisfied by inquiry of his identity, immediately edged along to his side.

"Good evening," said he, extending his hand with cordiality. "I'm delighted to see you! I believe we haven't met since we parted in Mexico."

"I really fear," said the gray-whiskered magnate, "that you have me at an advantage."

"Why you don't recollect! But then I was very much younger," said the other, "when with my father in Mexico."

"And to tell the truth," said the other gentleman, "my remembrances of ever having been in Mexico are very indistinct."

"Excuse the question," said the young man, rather desperately, "are you not Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means. I am Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"A thousand pardons!" said the discomfited youth, moving away.

But a few nights afterward, at another reception, his eye was similarly caught, and the edge of his mortification having been worn off, he could smile at his mistake, and he accordingly made his way once more to the side of a gentleman with gray mutton whiskers, and after a word or two on the weather and the scene, he suddenly said:

"That was an awkward thing of me the other night, when I took you for old Thornton."

"And who do you take me for now, may I ask?" said his companion.

"Why—why," said the embarrassed young man of society—"you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"On the contrary, my name is Thornton," was the rather annihilating response; and the young man at this day calls it a case of diabolic duality.

Beautiful Ireland.

We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green; but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted with white sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, and all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet green. But Ireland should also be called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower but she has put one not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flower that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to drop its "web of gold" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety clamber to hide the harshness of the moral supports; the beeted cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh invisible flowers—real white, blue, and yellow—wrought into the very wood and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle.

The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches; to living loveliness; every point.—Full Mall Gazette.

Continent Covered with Ice.

Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice for a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the ice mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier-marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head above the desolate waste of ice and snow.

In this region, then, the thickness of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, which the few peaks rising over the belt are left untouched.

The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman.

The hard surface of the rocks were ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into lime regions, lime was mingled with the more acid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe.

The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

Wit and Humor.

What people can never live long, nor wear great long coats? Dwarfs.

What most resembles a horse's shoe? A mare's shoe.

All that is required to get up a fight is three blockheads a pint of rum.

Why is counterfeit money like a drinking saloon? Because it is hard to pass.

A man being threatened with an assault by 18 tailors, cried out, "come on both of you."

The latest invention out is a new seat for tailors, to obviate the necessity for their sitting cross-legged.

Ben, how is your sweet heart getting along? "Pretty well, I guess," she says "I needn't call any more."

Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because it's nothing without its tail.

In North Carolina the lightning struck a barn and knocked over two darkeys; one of them scrambled up and exclaimed, "who fire dat gun?"

"Ma, is father's portrait torn?" asked a child of three summers. No child. Why do you ask? "Why, this morning he said darn my picture."

Why is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

There is but one instance of a person interfering between man and wife with either safety or success, and that person thrashed them both.

A clergyman asked his pupils, whether "the leopard could change his spots?"—"To be sure," replied Billy, "when he gets tired of one spot he goes to another."

Mr. Baker showed us an egg which was seven inches in circumference. Can anybody beat this?—Exchange.

Certainly. Brake the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.

"Mamma!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room, "why am I like a tree?" Mamma could not guess, when the little one exclaimed, "Because I have limbs, mamma!"

An excellent old deacon, who having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked as he handed her the fowl, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

Cleveland has invented a patent bug-buster, worked with an air pump. All the apertures in a room are stopped but one, at which the deadly bug-buster is placed. By exhausting the receiver a current of air is produced strong enough to draw all the vermin out of the room through the air pump, into the bopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform and stabbed in the back with a pitchfork.