

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 16, 1872.

NUMBER 50

Select Poetry.



SOFT SPRING AIRS.

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsoke the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here,
The robin whistles far and high!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetest you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, faint and wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tipoe in the dark and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings.

SPRING.

Thrice-blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts
Divine
Sunshine and song and fragrance, all are
Thine.

Nor unto earth alone;
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its
smart;

Telling of Winters down,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow
wing,
Type of eternal life—thrice-blessed Spring.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ALICE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Yes," said the girl passionately, "my life is too narrow, too full of petty cares. Would it be any broader if I married you? You don't know what an unhappy, dissatisfied girl I am; how tired of everything about me. From Monday morning till Saturday night, I must perform the same tiresome duties. Then there is always the rehearsal on Saturday, and the singing on Sunday. My father reads his sermon to me in the middle of the week, so that is nothing new. Don't ask me to be your wife, Louis; you would be sorry in a year if I said yes."

"I thought you loved me," said the young man, sadly.

"So I do; at least I think I do," she added with a curious ingenueness. "I am sure, Louis, I love no one better than you; but I tell you this kind of life don't suit me."

"What would suit you, dear?"

"I hardly dare to say, but I should like to be something great—to be looked up to—admired—spoken of with enthusiastic praise. I should prefer to live in a city where I could see great people and art galleries and go to concerts—yes, and to the theatre, though father thinks it so wicked."

"Ah, Alice, dear, your head is turned, not heart; pray God not your heart. Going to the great city has changed you; and yet, if I remember, you did not like your rich relatives."

"No, nor they me; but they found me very handy. I could make over their dresses and embroider dainty little neckties, and serve them in a thousand ways; yet, slave-life though it was, in one sense they have invited me, and I am going there again, to stay six weeks."

"Oh, Alice!"

"And then, when I come back—if I do"—she paused a moment, for Louis' face had changed, and, after all, she did love him better than she knew—"I will give you your answer."

"If you change back, Good-bye, Alice."

"Are you going?"

"Why should I stay? You will not come back, Alice. Good-night and good-bye."

"Good-bye, then," she answered proudly, and hurried into the porch of the parsonage, hot tears crowding up to her eyes.

"I don't care for him at all; why should I cry?" she asked herself angrily as she entered the parlor.

"Alice," her father called, "bring me my Church-History. Thank you, child; but what makes you so pale, birdie?"

"Nothing, father, only I'm tired."

"Good-night," and Alice sought her own room.

One week more and Alice was on her way to the city, to live over again what had been before a life of torture—rendered endurable, however, by one cherished, underlying purpose. Her mind was made up. People told her she had talents. Her father, even, who seldom praised, had once said that he feared for his poor little girl, because she had genius.

Madame Le Moine had just given audience to an importunate woman, whose story of wretchedness had drawn largely upon her sympathies. Indeed, she had

had several calls that morning, none of them pleasant; but she seldom permitted the poor to leave her empty-handed, and she was wont to say that such people were better worth studying than all her books. From their voices, gestures, their paths and their pleading, she learned much.

There was a knock at the door of her beautiful parlor, and Mari, her favorite maid, came in.

"Another applicant?" asked the madame.

"Yes, but perhaps it is not best that madame sees her, though she is very different from the rest."

"What is she like, Marie?"

"Like a rose, madame—the daintiest flower of a country maid," said the girl, "with a face so sweet that I almost hope you will see her. After those sorrowful ones, I think it would do you good madame."

"Perhaps it would. Ask her up; I am seated now."

Very beautiful was the slight young creature who entered the parlor a moment afterward. Her dress was of pure white, as fresh and delicate as it could well be. Upon her head was a pretty hat, edged with a single fall of lace. A cape as simple in its fashion as her face was pure and innocent, fell at her waist. Smooth, though well-worn gloves fitted her hands, and she looked as the maid had said, a very rose for freshness and beauty.

For some moments the great artist gazed delightedly upon this vision of natural grace—so pure, so refined, so artless.

"What did you wish of me, my dear?"

The girl started and trembled a little. Her cheeks were covered with blushes as she said, lifting her blue eyes reverently: "I saw you last night."

"Well, and what did you think of me?" asked the woman, smiling.

"I thought—oh, I thought that to be as gifted and as great as you, I would sacrifice almost my life!"

"And perhaps honor?"

The woman's eyes glittered. Her voice was very low, and sounded as if it came from between closed teeth. "Who are you?" she asked, a moment after.

"My name is Alice Graham. I am on my country girl, but I feel there is that within me would raise me to greatness. I have a talent for the stage. I can recite for you if you wish it. Oh, madame, you have influence; your position is great; your name is written among the stars—will you let me come where you are? Will you lend me some humble place where I can learn to be like you?"

"Like me—to be like me! Poor child, are you mad?"

Alice looked at her, startled by the hollow ring of her voice.

"I say, are you mad? Come, now, you want me to be your friend. I will be the best friend you ever had. Oh, you are so like what I was! Heaven keep you from becoming what I am! You shrink from me. That is as I would have it. Keep as far from me as you can—you are too pure to touch me. Listen, my father was a clergyman—a quiet, holy, devoted man. Perhaps he sometimes forgot he had a child; but he loved me. I was addicted to the habit of reading and memorizing plays. Night after night I sat up devouring the tragedies of Shakespeare, until at last the passion became so overpowering that I determined to seek the city and enter upon the theatrical profession. I had no mother to wound; she was dead. My beauty attracted instant attention. Success turned my head—flattery ruined me. To-day I am a mother and no wife; and well for me if my son does not curse the name of the mother who bore him."

Alice was weeping.

"You are young and beautiful. When you asked to come here you cannot dream of the perils that may beset you. Like me you may live to cry out, 'I am lost!'"

Like me you may hear that your father has gone broken-hearted to the grave; that the man who loved you, and whom you loved—if there be such—is the husband of a happy wife. You may weep for the priceless love you threw from you, for a life of care, of hardly-won ease, of hateful splendor. Then, child, I don't mean to make you cry; but I do say, that willingly would I die to-morrow could I bring back my innocent youth. Go home, young girl; and when you are tempted to be great, think of the 'stars' you saw last night, blazing with a false lustre; and remember how to-day you have seen the setting of every fair star of hope in one human bosom."

Alice went from the madame's palace-house heavy-hearted. Life in its aims seemed changed to her as she turned her face homeward.

"Oh, father! oh, Louis!" she cried, softly, "I could not have lost you both. God help me henceforth to be content."

So she returned to the old parsonage, and Louis—who had expected that she had come back, and hastened, feet-footed, to the dear old gray house.

Together they stood again in the porch, and this time there were sweet, caressing voices, and the perfume of the roses wafted by them—and a kiss was given and returned—the precious kiss of betrothal.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

OURSELVES.—To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters, to restrain every irregular inclination, to subdue every rebellious passion, to purify the motives of our conduct, to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce, to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle, to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm and that integrity which no interest can shake; it is the task which is assigned to us—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths.

Drawing Lots for Death

Col. Henry W. Sawyer was among the Federal prisoners in Libby prison at the time the Confederate government determined to retaliate in kind the execution of two rebel officers by one of the Federal Western generals. Mr. Sawyer was at that time a captain in the First New Jersey cavalry, and was one of the grade of officers from whom selections were to be made for the victims to Confederate vengeance. The officer who had charge of the prisoners at that time was a kind-hearted, agreeable man and was regarded by them with feelings of gratitude and affection. On the morning in question, this officer entered the room where the prisoners were confined and told all the officers to walk into another room. This order was obeyed with particular alacrity, as the prisoners were daily expecting to be exchanged, and it was supposed that the order had arrived, and that they were about to change their prison quarters for home and freedom. After they had all gathered in the room their countenances lighted up with this agreeable hope, the officer came in among them, and with a very grave face took a paper out of his pocket and told them he had a very melancholy duty to perform, the purport of which would be better understood by the reading of the order—he had in his hand, which he had just received from the War Department. He then proceeded to read to the amazed and horrified group an order for the immediate execution of two of their number, in retaliation for the hanging of two Confederate officers. As the reader ceased the men looked at each other with blanched faces, and a silence like death prevailed for some minutes in the room. The Confederate officer then suggested that perhaps the better way would be to place a number of slips of paper equal to the whole number of officers from whom the victims were to be selected in a box, with the word "death" written on two of them and the rest blank—the two men who drew the fatal slips would be the doomed men. The drawing then commenced, the men advancing and taking out a slip, and if it proved to be a blank, taking their places in another part of the room. The drawing had proceeded for some time, and fully a third of the officers had exchanged gloomy looks of apprehension for a relieved aspect they could not avoid showing after escape from such terrible peril, before a fatal death-slip had been drawn. At the end of about this period, however, the first slip was drawn, and the name of "Captain Henry W. Sawyer, of the First New Jersey cavalry," was called out as the unfortunate man. The Captain was, of course, deeply agitated, but did not lose his self-possession. He immediately began revolving in his mind some plan for averting, or at least postponing the immediate carrying out of the sanguinary edict of the Confederate government, and by the time that he was joined by his companion in misfortune—who had turned out to be Captain Flynn, of an Indiana regiment—he had resolved upon his course. The officer in command, as soon as the drawing was completed, ordered the two men to be taken out and executed. Captain Sawyer, however, demanded, as a request that no civilized nation could refuse under such circumstances, that he should have permission to write to his wife, to inform her of the terrible fate that awaited him, and to have her come on and bid him an eternal farewell. Respite for a day or two was thus obtained, and Sawyer subsequently obtained an interview with the Secretary of War, and secured permission to write to his wife, which he did. His object in writing to her was principally for the Federal government to be made acquainted with the predicament in which the officers had been placed, and secure hostage and threaten retaliation should the orders of the rebels be carried out. It turned out precisely as Sawyer hoped and expected. Our government was informed of the condition of affairs, and promptly seized a son of General Lee, and one of some other prominent general, and threatened to hang them if the Union officers were executed. By this means the lives of the two were saved, as the Confederate government did not dare to carry out their threat. After a few months' more confinement, Captain Sawyer was exchanged. Captain Flynn, his companion in misfortune, came out of the ordeal with his hair as white as snow, turned gray by the mental sufferings he endured. Capt. Sawyer served through the war.

Leap-Year Marriage.

A RICH WIDOW'S CHOICE.

A romantic marriage was solemnized at St. Paul's Church, in New York, on Wednesday the couple being Mr. Thos. Fagan and Mrs. J. Read. It was the climax of a case of love at first sight and the rising of a poor young man to affluence.

Mr. Thomas Fagan is the son of the late James P. Fagan, who was Superintendent of Ward's Island. Young Fagan led a fast life previous to his father's death, and thus naturally incurred the old gentleman's displeasure. He was out of with a shilling. Thomas then sensibly went to work to earn an honest living. Being young, of prepossessing address he soon obtained employment with Mr. Patrick Martin a house painter in Harlem.

In about three weeks' time he flourished the paint brush in an artistic manner, and could put as new a coat on an old fence or house as any experienced painter.

About this time he was sent by his employer to brighten up the interior of the lonely dwelling of the buxom widow of the late Joseph Read, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in Washington Market. The widow was decidedly taken with young Fagan on his first appearance in the house, and watched his work with an apparently deep interest.

In fact she followed him from room to room, scarcely leaving him alone for a minute. This made Thomas a little nervous, and being rather sensitive he imagined that the widow suspected him of dishonesty. The longer Thomas remained in the widow's house the closer she watched him. Finally it made him so uncomfortable that he resolved to stand it no longer.

He informed his employer of the state of affairs and another man was sent in his place. This did not suit the widow, and when the painter made his appearance she made him return to the shop and send Fagan to do the work, saying that she wanted him and none other to work for her. Fagan was accordingly sent to finish the job. While Fagan was busily at work, Mrs. Read stepped up to him and asked him whether he was married. On being answered in the negative she said, "Then I am going to take advantage of the leap-year and make you a proposition of marriage."

"But, my dear madam," said the young man, blushing to the roots of his hair, "you must surely be joking; we are strangers, and I am sure that you do not mean what you say."

"If you think I am joking and do not mean what I say, just put on your coat and go with me to my lawyer, and I will make over to you \$50,000 worth of property, said the bouncing widow.

Young Fagan convinced by her manner that she was in earnest, straightway accompanied her to the lawyer, and a deed was drawn up giving to Fagan \$50,000 worth of property, which he was to become possessed of on the day of the marriage. Fagan, after the agreement had been made, gave up his work. He can be seen daily riding through the city behind a fine horse, which draws a stylish turnout, and he is one of the best dressed men to be seen on the street. Whenever he meets one of his old chums he halts him and says, "Well boys, this is better than painting, eh?"

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—

Cream is allowed to mould and spoil.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

The scrubbing-brush is left in the water.

Bones are burned that would make soup.

Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled.

Dish-cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Pie-crust is left to sour, instead of making a soft tart for tea.

Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast.

Dried fruit is not taken care of in season, and becomes wormy.

Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash.

The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef becomes the brine waits scalding.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become useless.

The flour is sitting in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan left with the dough sticking to it.

Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin, and allowed to stand till both basin and vinegar are spoiled.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for next day.

Perhaps the eye of the Omniscient sees a more flagrant exhibition of selfishness, and unbelief, and downright irreligion in many luxurious homes of refinement than he sees in some dens of sensual vice, where ignorance is sinning against both small light and powerful temptations. Pleading self, without caring whether God is pleased or not, is "sinful pleasure."

—Anon.

"Mamma!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room, "why am I likea tree?"

Mamma could not guess, when the little one exclaimed, "Because I have limbs, mamma!"

CHEEK.

Upon the world's vast battle field,
Amid its war and strife,
Where men their weapons wield
To gain the price of life,
If any fail—and some do fail—
To win the goal we seek,
Be sure it is the coward, pale,
And not the man with "cheek."

If there's a place needs to be filled,
Of all the men that seek,
'Tis surely you, however skilled;
By him who has the "cheek."
He gains the place, and none may fear
His fitness will be small;
Deficiencies will ne'er appear,
For "cheek" conceals them all.

The ladies, bless their gentle hearts!
For him have special smiles;
And though by him they suffer smarts
He all their fears beguiles.
They thought he was so very good,
And then at times so meek;
It seems they never understood,
He did it all by "cheek."

The man of cheek—he is the chap
Whose praises now I sing;
Though he may hit your head a rap,
You think 'tis quite "the thing."
Let others praise the modest man,
Whose soul is mild and meek;
But I shall ever lead the van
That leads the man of "cheek."

Remarkable Criminal Case.

The Louisville Ledger says: Three years ago W. F. Hewett was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Tennessee penitentiary for robbing W. J. Weakley's store in Edgefield of a large amount of goods.

His health was bad and he was put at light work in the shoe shop of the prison.

After serving two years and four mos. he and another convict named Smith succeeded in scaling the walls at night and making their escape. They both came to Louisville, where Smith was recaptured. Hewett subsequently committed a theft in this city, and was sent to the Kentucky penitentiary. He was discharged a short time ago. Helpless from a complication of disease, without friends or money, and convinced that he would be haunted and taken back to Tennessee to serve out his time there, he chose the desperate alternative of surrendering himself. His mother, who resided in Edgefield, was startled last Monday night by his entering the house and announcing that he was ready to go back to prison if the authorities so decided. He presented a most distressing spectacle, and his mother determined upon an effort to secure his pardon. She sent a friend to Governor Brown on Tuesday, with an earnest appeal in behalf of her son, but the case was one into which consideration of executive clemency could not possibly extend. As Hewett was an escaped convict, pardon was of course out of the question, and so Governor Brown intimated, kindly, but firmly, that the mother had a high sense of her duty in the matter, and requested that no officer of the law be sent after her son, pledging that the State should be put to no expense on his account, and that he should be delivered at the prison Wednesday. She had kept her word, Wednesday morning she called at the Capitol in a carriage, the son sitting by her side. After a last appeal to the Governor—which could be answered only as before—the drove, broken-hearted, to the Nashville penitentiary and delivered the prisoner to Warden Clumbler.

The episode is one of the most singular in our criminal annals. Never before, we believe, did a mother make such a sacrifice, or make it more nobly. But who in the uncharitable world, will give her credit for the grand, moral heroism that moved her thus to deliver her son to the tender mercies of a penitentiary, in order that he might expiate a crime he had committed against his country?

A Lively Hotel.—There is a hotel in San Francisco under the sole management of the fair sex. From the proprietress to the hall girl, from the bar tender to the boot black, all connected with the house are women. The portress is a muscled German, who handle the most mammoth "Saratogas" deftly and easily, while the clerk is a handsome brunette, who parts her short, black ringlets on one side, and makes bright repartees to the jokes of the drummers and traveling salesmen, who largely frequent the house. The bar tender can make a cocktail quicker and better than any other in the State, and drinks herself every time she is asked to which, on an average is about fifty times a day. We may also add that the landlady is fair, fat and forty—has already received offers of heart and hands of more than four hundred of her sometimes guests—but she is still in the market.

Mrs. Shaw appeared before the Recorder to prosecute her husband for insult and abuse.

"What have you to complain of?" inquired the magistrate.

"My husband neglects me, sir," was the answer of the spiteful lady, thrown out with a sort of a jerk.

"Indeed! how is that?"

"He leaves me at home, and when I complain of it, insults and abuses me."

"Can you give me an instance of it?"

"Yes. He went to the cock-fight on Sunday, and wouldn't let me go with him, and said if they fought hens he'd send for me."

"Come where my love lies dreaming," and see how she looks without any paint on her face.

True Pride.

A young man named Parks, from Worcester, entered the store of the Lawrences, in Boston, and found Amos in the office. He represented himself as having just commenced business, and desired to purchase a lot of goods. He had recommended as to character from several influential citizens of Worcester, but none touching his business standing or capacity. The merchant listened to his story, and at its close shook his head.

"I have no doubt," he said kindly "that you have full faith in your ability to promptly meet all the obligations you would now assume; but I have no knowledge of your tact or capacity, and as you are just launching out on the sea of business, I should be doing you a great injustice to allow you to contract a debt which I did not feel assured you could pay at the proper time."

But Mr. Lawrence liked the appearance of the young man and finally told him that he would let him have what goods he could pay for at the cost of the manufacture—about ten per cent. less than the regular price. The bill was made out and paid, and the clerk asked where the goods should be sent.

"I will take them myself," said the purchaser.

"You will find them rather heavy," suggested the clerk smiling.

"Never mind; I am strong, and the stage office is not far away, and besides, I have nothing else to occupy my time."

"But," said the clerk, expostulating, "it is hardly in keeping with your position to be shouldering such ponderous bundles through the city."

"There's your mistake," replied the young man, with simple candor. "My position just now is one in which I must help myself if I would be helped at all. I am not ashamed to carry anything which I honestly possess, nor am I ashamed of the strength which enables me to carry this heavy burden."

Thus speaking he shouldered a large bundle, and had turned toward the outer door, when Mr. Lawrence, who from his office, had overheard the conversation, called him back.

"Mr. Parks, I have concluded to let you have what goods you want on time. Select to your pleasure."

The young man was surprised.

"You have true pride for a successful merchant, sir," pursued Mr. Lawrence "and I shall be disappointed if you do not succeed."

Amos Lawrence was not disappointed. Within fifteen years from that time, Samuel Parks was himself established on Milk street—one of the most enterprising and successful merchants in Boston.—*Exchange.*

How it Was.—"Fat Contributor"

professes to know how it is, and tells it in this way: I know when I have made a success without being told. The "committee" bring their wives up to the platform and introduce them to me. Some of the influential citizens come up and introduce themselves. The editor takes me warmly by the hand, and wants to know where the next number of his paper will reach me.

If I stay over night with my friend, the Association President, he invites in some of the neighbors, and there is a social time in the parlor. Or, if I am at the hotel, the "boys" call around and invite me out to eat oysters, and it is difficult to get away from them sometimes to go to bed.

There are people to see me off in the morning, and I hear it stated over and over again that if I should come to that town again the hall would not be large enough to hold the people. Little boys on the street are respectful.

But when I fail nobody is to be introduced. The editor who in the afternoon said he must be sure to see me after the lecture, slips off home. His paper doesn't reach me either (unless it reaches me under the fifth rib). The secretary hands me the stipulated amount with frigid politeness, and departs. As I pass along the sidewalk, on my way to the hotel, I hear some little boy shout "humbbug" in a voice of startling shrillness.

The landlady surveys me with a look of pity as I enter—he has heard all about it—and I sneak off to bed as soon as possible. No one attends me to the depot in the morning to see me off, and I hear a rude fellow tell another on the platform, as I am about to get into the cars, "If that fraud comes to town again he'll get a head put on him."

SAFEST POSITION IN A THUNDER STORM.

To stand by the side of a continuous conductor, of sufficient conducting capacity to afford free transit to the electric charge, is the safest position a person can take. A home with a good lightning rod passing down its wall is exactly in that condition. But to be near an imperfect conductor, as a tree for example, or some part of a broken chain of conductors, is on the other hand, the most dangerous.

In a house which is not protected by lightning rods, Prof. Wells says: "The safest position a person can occupy is to lie upon a bed of hair or feathers, in the middle of the room. The middle of a carpeted room does tolerably well, provided there is no lamp hanging from the ceiling. It is prudent to avoid the neighborhood of chimneys, because lightning may enter the room by them—soot being a good conductor. For the same reason a person should remove as far as possible from metals and mirrors, as well as gilt articles."

There is an improbable story that a New Jersey hen mistook an egg, when another hen sat on it, and the original hen recognized the chicken after it was hatched. The sitting hen claimed the "fowl" but the umpire has not given his decision.

Wit and Humor.

No one preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—*Franklin.*

When does a bottle resemble Ireland? When it has a cork in it.

To make apple trees bear—pick off all the leaves as soon as they appear.

When is leather like a fashionable woman? When it is well dressed.

Why is a crow the bravest bird? Because it never shows a white feather.

Why do little birds in their nests agree? Because it would be dangerous to fall out.

An exchange says that "an Irishman who was recently run over by a whole train of cars got up and asked for his cap, and said he would not run another such risk as that for ten dollars."

We saw the man the other day that owned the ground that raised the corn that fed the goose that carried the quill that the Declaration of Independence was written with, as least he said so.

A citizen the other night not far from the Brew House mistook his wife's yeast bottle for his favorite "little brown jug," and took a "long pull and a strong pull" therefrom. He is now regarded as a rising man.

A young man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: "6 times 7 and 7 times 3 added to my age will exceed 6 times 9 and 4 as double my age exceeds 20." The young man said he thought she looked much older.

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a man how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, and gave one glance and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He counted the teeth.

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.

An American judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you would have slept with a judge, would you not?" "Yes, yer honor," said Pat, "and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge, too."

A Yankee was narrating some of the war sights he had seen to a crowd of astonished Germans; and among the rest he said, "Why, when I was in Mexico, under Scott, I saw a ball larger than this house." This was too much for the credulity of the Germans; and one of them said, "Dunder and blitzen I were would dey get de cannon to fire it off?" "Dunder," replied the imperious Yankee, "but I saw it." "Vat kind of ball was it?" "Oh, a ball given by the general in Mexico to celebrate the victory!"

During the trial of a case a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this, of course, the attorney objected. He would proceed again to tell "how hot it was, when the attorney would sing out, 'How do you know that?'" "My wife told me," was the answer. This was repeated several times. Presently the Judge becoming unable to contain himself longer, interrupted: "Suppose your wife would tell you that 'the heavens had fallen, what would you think?'" "Well, I think dey vas down!"

Jinks is a clerk in a store for the sale of faces and things. One day a young and pretty customer tendered to him in exchange for some lace a much worn and patched fifty-cent stamp. Jinks looked at it dubiously. It was against the rules to take such. His face was so grave and his manner so hesitating that the pretty face said, in the sweetest tones: "Would you like a better half?"</