

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 23, 1872.

NUMBER 51

Select Poetry.



TO A WAVE.

BY COL. E. D. BAKER.

Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest,
Or wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prison's depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?
Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies that sunk in pride,
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?
It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace;
Thou art swelling high; thou art dashing free;
How vain are the questions we ask of thee.
I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

Miscellaneous Reading.

EMILY VALE.

Is this all? Oh! is this all? and the speaker lifted up her bowed head. The light of the candle reveals her face; and what a fair young face it was! There was the white brow of intellect shaded by tresses of black hair; the sweet mouth; and the dear earnest eyes, so unutterably beautiful.

Many times has Emily Vale walked up and down her room to-night; her white hands clasped over her bosom, trying in vain to reconcile herself to what must be on the morrow; but the tears will gather in the large, dark eyes, and the sweet mouth trembled with grief.

And why? Here is a beautiful home, and she is only a mistress. True, her mother sleeps in the silent grave; but a proud and loving father is still left her. But it is not this the young girl is dreaming of now. Her soul is wandering back over the dead years of the past; and she is reading, on their snowy scrolls, joyous hopes and blessed dreams, written there in the old days.

Her memory hovering over the holiest happy part of her life. It was only two years ago, when she had but reached her seventeenth summer, that she first met Charles Marcus. He was her pastor; and faithfully he ministered to the people of his charge. Scarcely found in halls of mirth, he was often found in the halls of mourning. Was a soul passing from time into eternity, his deep voice, so powerful in its sublimity, and again so soothing in its low music, was heard in prayer, or cheering the dying pilgrim wearing the grave.

Sabbath after Sabbath he stood in the pulpit, a radiant light resting upon his countenance, proclaiming the word of Life; till he became very dear to his people. But in his teachings of heaven, that summer, he learned, with Emily Vale, a sweet earth lesson, which neither could forget. Thrown in each other's society, with souls attuned in harmony, was it a wonder they loved? She realized in him all that was great and good in man; and he thought her the loveliest of women. And so the bright summer days, so fraught with bliss to them, wore away, and brought at their close a parting! For he was destined to go as a missionary to a far off land; she to await, in her young heart, his return. The parting was full of bitterness and pain to both.

"I must do my duty," said Charles.—
"Have you nothing to give me, to keep in remembrance of you, while I am gone?"
"I would offer you my Bible, Charles, but I know its holy truths are laid up in your heart, so I will give you this," she replied, and a curl of hair dropped into his hand.

"Bless you darling!" he whispered. "It shall be prized by me as dearly as life."
"Oh, Charles!" she cried, "how can I give you up?"

Gazing through tears upon her, he answered, "I know not, Emily, but I may fall in the ranks of death on that far-off shore."
"Then you will be lost to me," murmured the weeping girl.

"If the soul was not immortal," he said, "if there was no awakening from the sleep of death, no bright heaven beyond the stars, then, indeed, we might be lost to each other forever." Then folding her to his bosom, he pressed a last kiss on her pale cheek, and was gone. But strange to say, though absent so long, he had never written, and now, for months, Emily had thought him false. No wonder her voice rings out so mournfully to-night: "Charles! Charles! How I love you!—How I trusted you, as I can never trust again—you, whom I deemed so noble, good and true! How I dreamed of a glowing future, a peaceful pathway, oh! so best, which our feet would tread together, you guiding me by your earnest

spiritual life to a home in Heaven." And she burst in tears.

But the apparent treachery of Charles was not her only grief. A week before that her father said, "Emily, my child, Louis Vernon has asked of me your hand. And when she answered, 'I will stay with you, father, while I live.' I esteem Louis, but do not love him," he replied, "Emily, must I tell you all—must I tell you that I am a bankrupt, that I shall be ruined unless you marry him? He is very wealthy, he will save me forever." Then Emily quickly started to her feet. "I will brave poverty," she cried, "even death itself for you, father, only spare me this trial. My love is buried in a living tomb. Though Charles be false, I love him still!"

A pallor, like that of death, spread over the old man's face. He did not tell her, that when he saw his ruin, he intercepted her letters. But he did say in a hoarse voice, "I shall be ruined, Emily! My honor, peace, all lost! And when you see your old father groping about in a prison cell, the snow of sixty years resting upon his head, reaching out his hand, would you spare him this bitter trial?"

Then Emily sprang towards him; her arms were around his neck, and from her white lips there came a cry—what a cry! so full of tenderness, and yet wailing with despair. "Father! father! I love you!—For your sake I will wed him."

All this now passes before the young girl, who wanders up and down her room to-night. To-morrow she is to be the wife of Louis Vernon. He is a slight, delicate man—and said to be a consumptive; and happy might be the woman who could love him and appreciate his dreamy, poetic nature. Emily knew his worth; but she was one that, loving one, could never forget. After reassuring up in her heart such beautiful dreams of the future, such a holy love for truth, it is not natural, that in a voice of tender sadness, she would say, "Is this all? Oh! is this all?"

It was near midnight when she turned from that room to seek her couch. What a night of torture to her! In her great love for her father, sometimes the sacrifice she was about to make appeared but naught; and she would walk up and down, her soul wrapped in a feverish joy, that she was doing this for him. But it was only for a moment; for into her heart would steal the bitter thought, "sold, sold to buy back lost wealth!" Then the scorn on that young face was pitiful to behold.

The last words that lingered upon her lips that night, were "Charles! Charles! How could you so slight such love as mine? How could you so blight my peace? Oh, Charles!" It was the last time his name was on her lips for years.

Five years have passed. Near the city of Chester a beautiful home is situated. How beautiful it rises there on the green knoll, in the last flush of the sunset! The trees surrounding it are snowy with blossoms; and the sweet perfume glides in at the open windows, where all bespeaks refinement and luxury. This is the house of Louis and Emily Vernon.

Louis sits out on the portico, his chair leaning against the white post, while little Willie, their child, plays at his feet. If Louis Vernon did not realize what he expected in his married life, he knew before that he was not loved. If the soft hand of his wife had seldom wandered longly through his hair, or rested on his broad white brow, it had never been raised in defiance to his will. If her sweet lips were pressed to his less often than his lips, they had never spoke one unkind word to him.

I know not of sad presentiment if hovering over his mind; but he is dreaming of death. Consumption had made rapid strides in his delicate constitution. The earnest, beautiful light in his eye, and the quick flush proclaim that he was the victim of that fell disease. Yet he is not aware of the approach of death. He shrinks not appalled from the coffin and the shroud. His eyes are turned from the beautiful landscape before him to the evening sky, so dazzling in the flush of the sunset. A smile, wherein is mingled much of peace and joy, fits over his countenance.

Emily, who has been wandering in the garden, beholds this scene. Her father has been dead some two years, and if he had told her of his deception, and Charles' constancy, the old love might have been blotted out. But Charles, she now knew, had been true to her! This was the thought that followed her through all these years; yet still she is attached to her husband. It might have been a terrible fear that smote her heart, when she gazed on Louis' pale countenance, or perhaps it was the spiritual radiance resting there, that filled her soul with a sudden tenderness, for she went to him and pressed a kiss on his brow, saying, "Dear Louis! if the years I have spent with you were not been life with tumultuous joy, I bless you that they have been full of peace. I have ever cherished in my heart a sacred tenderness for you, Louis; and your sickness has rendered you dearer to me than you could have been in health."
"I have been happy," he dreamily murmured.

A week from that evening he slept the sleep of death! And Emily and Willie were alone in the wide world.

In one of the rooms of a large hotel in the city of Chester, Charles Marcus sat, his head was bent over his hand, where lay a long black curl of hair, and tears were falling on it.

"If the thought that she was false had not prevented me," he murmured, "I would have been here long ago. How I dreamed of her on that far-off shore! And sometimes I feared that it was sin; for when I wrote my sermons I saw her eyes! and when I knelt to pray, her form was before me! How the sweet voices of the olden

time whispered in my heart to-day! I was so full of hope and joy once! I do not murmur; but my soul will weep over the beautiful dream, shattered for ever."

He brushed the tears from his dark spiritual eyes, and passed from the room. As he was entering the ladies' parlor he heard the murmur of a name that made his heart throb wildly; and pausing he listened to a conversation between two ladies in the parlor.

"Poor Emily Vale! you remember her, Alice?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Well," said the other, "she married to save her father from ruin, when she loved a young minister, a missionary in a foreign land. Her husband has been dead a year, and by the negligence or fraud of her trustees, all the property has been lost; and now she is in the depths of poverty. Did you see that sweet child in here a moment ago? That was Emily's! and he was asking alms."

Charles waited to hear no more. Turning to the corner of the street, he saw a little child, "Emily's!" he cried, and hurried on. "What is your name, little boy?" he said, kindly. The child looked up, with a wondering into that proud, noble face, and in his sweet voice answered, "Willie Vernon." He was folded to the minister's heart. "I should have known you were her child, among a thousand, by those lustrous eyes.—Won't you take me to your mother, darling?" The child's voice quivered, "Mamma is very poor," he said. "You won't like to go to our home. I stole away a while ago for a thought God would make somebody give a little boy, like me, something, and He did!" and the tiny hand opened and there lay a shilling, given him by the lady who had spoken of Emily in the parlor.

"Take me to her, Willie! take me to her, and you shall never want any more while I live," said Charles.

The little fellow obeyed, and soon they reached his home. Emily, weary and wasted, sat leaning her head on one hand, sadly dreaming of what might have been and what was now. "Will there no bright morning ever come again?" she thought. "Will eternity alone brighten my sorrows?" There was a step on the stairs, the door opened, and a deep voice broke the stillness. "Come to me, my Emily!" it said, "come to the heart that has mourned you as lost." That voice, that lofty form, that smile of uncontrollable peace and joy were Charles'.

A week later, that old room was desolate, and the home which had been Louis and Emily's, became Charles Marcus'. Coming up through the green lane, one June evening, were a group of three. They passed beneath the shadow of a lofty tree.

"The night was very dark, husband," said the lady, "but a morning, brighter than I ever dreamed of has dawned upon me."

A little curly head was lifted up and a sweet, childish voice murmured, "I knew God would be good to us before long, mamma."

"No wonder," said the gentleman, with reverent tenderness, his dark eyes resting on the little boy, "no wonder, for hath not the Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

An Ungrateful Railroad.

James had heard about a widow who saved a train of cars from destruction by warning the engineer, as the train approached, that a certain bridge had been crushed away; and who has been liberally rewarded, receiving a free pass for life on nearly all the railroads in the country, and a present from the company of ten thousand dollars whose train she had saved; so James thought it a profitable business and concluded he'd try it.

He lived near a railroad bridge, and he anxiously watched and waited for it to wash away, feeling sure it must go some time. Every rainy night he got up and paced the floor by spells, and then took his umbrella and went out to see if the bridge was beginning to go; but it was no go.

At last he concluded that if an accident would not happen of its own accord, he would make one to order, so he got up a high bank at the side of the track one afternoon and rolled a large rock down on the rails.

It was just a few minutes before the lightning express was due, and throwing off his coat and hat so as to appear as excited as possible, he went forth to meet it. He saw it coming in the distance, so he tied a red cotton handkerchief to a hoe handle, and waved it above his head in a wild excited manner as a signal of danger. But he presented such a singular appearance that the engineer thought him a crazy man escaped from a neighboring lunatic asylum, and so paid no heed to him, and the train thundered on.

There was a sudden vision of "down brakes," a rapid reversal of the engine, then a terrible crash. The train was wrecked; the engineer and fireman instantly killed; the conductor and all the brakemen dangerously, if not fatally wounded; and about ten per cent. of the passengers horribly mangled.

James didn't get a pass for life on the principal railroads of the country and a purse of ten thousand dollars, but he got ten years in the penitentiary for manslaughter, having been seen by a neighbor when in the act of rolling the big rock on the track which caused the calamity.

And now he is learning to manufacture shoes by the original process, and is of the opinion that railroads are a curse to the country.

Jenks says a pawnbroker's office must be a loan some place.

Sticking to the Point.

A friend of mine, who was in business, and in need of a clerk, advertised, but out of the whole number of those who presented themselves, only one shut the door tight as he went out of the office. This one was immediately called back and employed.

A little while afterwards, another friend, a successful lawyer, advertised as follows: WANTED.—A young man to work in an attorney's office, and also to read law at his leisure. Apply to John Smith, 13 Dunlap street, B.

It is the conviction of my friend that what is most desired in a lawyer is a certain cool judgment, which holds on to the main point in a given case, and allows no side issues to warp the mind from its anchored position. I have often heard him say: "In the end, the lawyer, who, having hit the nail on the head keeps driving it in until it is countersunk in the conviction of both judge and jury, is the leader who succeeds best at the bar of justice. I always select for my students such young men as have this quality, and I almost invariably find it lodged in minds that are inclined to stick to the point."

On the day following the publication of the above notice, Mr. Smith had in the afternoon a dozen applicants in person.—He bade them wait his pleasure; when they were all seated around him, he addressed them as follows:

"Before we proceed to business, my young friends, I wish to tell you a story.—Of course no one objected to this. And if it seemed a little odd in the lawyer, it was his way.

"On Deacon White's barn," began Mr. S., there perched on an evening owl.—The Deacon was slightly superstitious, and not fancying the hooting of the lugubrious visitant, he took his gun, stole out softly, got within gun range, leveled his gun at the ominous intruder, and fired. Now the barn was old and full of chinks, and holes, and it being a very dry time, the treacherous vadding immediately set fire the hay inside, and in an instant the entire fabric was in flames.

"Oh dear! dear!" cried the deacon, "how can I release all my cows, oxen, and yearlings; and my sheep and horses, in season to save them?" For the wind was high, and, as it always happens, it increased in freshness as the fire gained in fury.

"Help! help!" he shouted.

"Did the folks hear him in the house?" asked Alfred. (I shall call the applicants by their christian name.)

"Not directly said Mr. Smith. "The deacon lost no time in getting out the cattle. He found them frantic with terror, and unmanageable. While engaged in losing a stout young bull, he suddenly turned his horns and pierced him. I'm gored!" I'm gored!" he exclaimed, in agony, just as his terror stricken wife came to the rescue.

"Did he die?"

"He was injured seriously," resumed Mr. Smith. "Feeling faint, he was obliged to go and lie down. The woman ran for a doctor. When she returned, the pious bellowing of the tortured and dying cattle fell on her ears. The thrilling thought quickly struck her, was her husband possibly in the burning ruins? Had he ventured beyond his strength again, and fallen a helpless victim?"

"O, my husband! my husband!" "Did he answer?" Inquired Charley, with anxious face.

"Was he in the fire?"

"There was no reply," continued Mr. Smith, "save from the crackling timbers and moans of the doomed animals. Presently she heard the cry of her only son among the flames."

"Help! help!" he cried.

"The mother's heart was ready to break. She hastened to rescue her darling boy. 'Did she save him?' asked Edwin.

"O, I hope she didn't get burned herself," said Frank.

"Please tell us, sir, whether they were burned to death," pleaded Grant.

"Well," resumed Mr. Smith, the poor deacon died of his wounds."

"Too bad; he was a brave man," said Henry.

"And his son was badly burned."

"O awful!" exclaimed Isaac.

"And the widow's clothes caught fire, but, luckily, one of the neighbors, (there were none living near) arrived at the scene of destruction just in season to extinguish the flames."

"Good! good!" exclaimed James. "He threw the buffalo in the wagon over her!"

"You are right," said Mr. Smith, "and he released one of the best horses."

"Was he burned at all?" asked Karl.

"Only a little scorched," said Mr. Smith.

And so the narrator went on until he had depicted the consequence in detail of the sad event.

Then he paused. His audience was silent—their sympathies had been deeply touched. Each one seemed silently pitying the poor, afflicted family. But one boy sat unmoved through the whole story, and said nothing. And now that the narrative was finished, and a pause had been deliberately looked into Mr. Smith's face in a straight forward manner, and asked—

"Did he hit the owl?"

THE DUTY OF LIFE.

Look not mournfully back to the Past,
The present's the hour of duty,
And Life, be it ever so dark,
Has moments of sunshine and beauty.
Look up! for the sun is still shining,
Although a black cloud may be there;
Remember the bright silver lining
From under the cloud will appear.

Sit not with thy hands idly folded—
Each one has a duty to do.
And if life has its struggles for others
Why have only pleasures for you?
Seek not to pluck only the roses,
Faint not in the heat of the strife;
But put on the armor of courage,
To fight in the battle of Life.

Look 'round on the highways, and gather,
Not only the flowers so sweet,
But take up the stones that are bruising
Some weary worn traveler's feet;
Seek out some cool spring in the desert,
And give to the lips that are dry—
Speak a kind word of hope or of comfort
To each sorrowing one who goes by.

Pluck a thorn from some poor bleeding
bosom,
Make strong some faint heart for the strife;
Rouse up the weak feet that have fallen—
Ah, this is the mission of Life.

Ask not if the world will applaud you—
No matter since duty is done;
There's One who will better reward you,
With the crown you have faithfully won.

—Luck.

An alarming large number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards.

Within five years a well to do farmer drew a quarter of a million dollars in a prize lottery. The whole country envied him his luck, but he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out to be a drunkard.

Young men are they, many of them of education, of many good qualities, of generous natures, honorable and high minded; but this demon of drink has taken such a possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears and sister's agony avail not to draw them from their deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The man who married the prettiest girl of a place is said to be a lucky fellow, and so of him who draws the highest prize in a lottery, or by some fortunate turn in affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all time tell us that with a terrible uniformity and certainly the men who become suddenly possessed of unearned millions die in great misery.

The man whose first bet on the race course, whose first deal at the card table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket brings money largely in his pocket, is a ruined man at the very instant the money pronounces him "lucky." Any man, especially any young man, who starts in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family, lost to himself.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then, too, feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love those whom we daily struggle together with for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he is of consequence, that he can do something, and that what he does is appreciated.

In the city of Washington, where, a few years ago, colored women were bought and sold under sanction of law, a woman from African descent has been admitted to practice at the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. This Court having amended its rules by striking out from the qualifications for admission to the bar the word "male." On Tuesday afternoon Miss Charlotte L. Ray made her appearance in the Clerk's office, and presenting a diploma from the Law College of Howard University, requested a certificate which would entitle her to practice. Her papers having passed examination, she was duly sworn and furnished with the desired document. Miss Ray is a dusky mulatto, possessing quite an intelligent countenance. She has the honor of being the first lady lawyer in Washington.

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was wholly performed in Committees of the Whole, of which George Washington was day after day Chairman, and he made but two speeches during the Convention, of a very few words each. The Convention however, acknowledged the master spirit and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech pronouncing it the best that could be uttered upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He could do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than of words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

Why should a sailor know there is a man in the moon. Because he has been to sea.

A Perpetual Motion.

The Indianapolis Daily Journal, of a late date, says:
For years, decades, and centuries the mind of man has been exercised in the search for some principle that might be applied to machinery which should produce perpetual motion. Lifetimes and fortunes have been spent in the pursuit; men have gone insane and to premature graves; after wasted lives, in search of this power they believed to exist somewhere, but just beyond the grasp of mortals; rewards innumerable have been offered for its discovery, by States and nations, countless machines have been invented, tried and failed, until communities have learned to look upon the man as a lunatic who would speculate, much less experiment, upon the perplexing subject.

There is on an exhibition now, at No. 315 East Washington street, this city, a ponderous machine that seems to possess the long sought, long-hidden power of inherent perpetual motion. We say seems to possess such power, because it is known to have been in motion now for some days, and, it is believed, has not been tampered with since its completion. This being true, a brief description of it may be considered in place.

The machine is the invention of J. J. Anderson, a machinist of this city, who has been engaged in experimenting for the last fourteen years, but who has just succeeded in completing his initial work. The machine is twenty-two feet long, twelve feet high, and five wide, weighing with the platform upon which it rests, about one thousand pounds, and costing for its construction about \$500. To give a clear idea upon paper of this mass of machinery, would be next to impossible, of course.—A brief reference to the principle upon which it is constructed and acts, is all we vouchsafe.

Eight pounds of ordinary gunshot are placed in the boxes of an overshoot wheel six feet in diameter, which puts the wheel in motion. At its base is a receiver for the shot after its specific gravity has acted upon the wheel. Running in this receiver is an Archimedian screw, connected with the large wheel. The shot are picked up by this screw, carried up the proper elevation and emptied into a hopper, from which it is conveyed back to the boxes of the overshoot. This completes the circuit, and so long as the machine is in motion it will remain unbroken.

Attached to the axle of the overshoot is another large wheel, ten feet in diameter, resembling the paddle-wheel of a side-wheel steamboat. This is provided with three series of ladders, attached with a hinge, ranged obliquely across its width. These ladders are loaded with four-pound blocks, which with the wheel, as we understand it, is for the regulation and distribution of the motive power. These wheels are connected by cogs, pinions, shafts, bars, &c., with other parts of the mechanism, too intricate to admit of explanation here. Indeed, the whole contrivance is a systematic network of parts ingeniously placed to constitute a whole, and he must be a mechanic and a philosopher who can understand it.

And the object of all this mass of wheels, belts, shafts, pinions, &c., is to provide a self-sustaining motive power capable of running a clock requiring but eight ounces. The clock is very much like ordinary time-keeper in appearance, but it, with the remainder of the machine, was constructed by Mr. Anderson, assisted by Mr. Christian, also an Indianapolis machinist.

Our reporter asked Mr. Anderson to point out the utility of the contrivance other than the marking time by hours, minutes and seconds, and he answered that, at present, it had none, but that he hoped yet to apply the power to machinery as a motive power; that he was still experimenting and frequently discovered new ideas concerning its action. He had attempted to apply it to two other purposes, but found that of keeping time the simplest, and so adopted it.

Perhaps we should have said before that the large wheel requires about one week in which to make a revolution: An observers see no motion whatever, except that of the pendulum of the clock, and hears no noise, save that of the quick, regular click of the clock, mounted up in front.

Be it a success or not, the object is worth a visit, and the inventor entreated more than an ordinary degree of credit for his skill, ingenuity and perseverance manifested in this great enterprise. Should it prove to be, what is now hoped for it, the result upon manufacturers, &c., is difficult to foretell.

Josh Billings says: "When he cum to thank there ain't no face of the earth even one bit too much, and that there haint been, since the daze ov adam, a single surplus musketeer's egg laid by accident, we can form sum kind ov an idee how little we know, and what a poor job we should make ov it rumm in the machinery ov kreschun. A Man iz, a fool enuf how, and the best of joke iz he don't seem tew know it. Bats have a destiny tow fill, and will bet 4 dollars they fill it better than we do ours."

A man who was told by a clergyman to remember Lot's wife, replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

An officer, at a field-day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend (who ran to his assistance), "I thought I had improved in riding, but I find I have fallen off."

"Doctor, how can I expand my chest?" "By constantly carrying a large heart in it."

Wit and Humor.

Why is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a half-converted Hindu? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the jug or not, (Juggernaut).

An old bachelor at a wedding had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

A Western girl who has been well brought up, knocks down every man that kisses her, and she is so pretty that half the married and all the single men in town have black eyes.

A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, being caught in a garble by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands, and pitiouly exclaiming, "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go no-where to pray any more, widout being 'sturbed.'"

A well-dressed and lady-like individual who was detected in scaling a pair of silk hose in a Boston store, burst into tears when approached by one of the proprietors, and offered him twenty dollars. Magnanimously, after quietly cursing her, he charged her only the regular price of the hose and handed back the change. Too late he discovered the \$20 bill was a counterfeit.

A landsman once said to a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor replied, "On the sea." "Where did your grandfather die?" "On the sea." "Well, are you not afraid to follow the sea as a business, seeing that it has proved so fatal to your ancestors?" "Well," said the sailor, "and where did your father die?" "In his bed." "And where did your grandfather die?" "In his bed." "Astounding! and are you not afraid to go to bed, seeing it has proved so fatal to your fathers?" "The wisdom of this world may see force in these questions."

Mr. S. N. Pike, some time ago, sold an amphibious Jersey building lot to a Dutchman. The Dutchman, in turn, sold it to a brother flat speculating Dutchman as "nice arable land." Dutchman No. 2 went to look at it, and found it covered with salt water, eels and leaping frogs. He came back in a great fury, and sued Dutchman No. 1 for swindling him. "Did you sell this land for dry land?" asked the Judge of the sharp Dutchman. "Yah! it wasch good land," replied the Dutchman.

"But was it dry land, sir?" "Yah—yah! It wasch good try land. Ven I sold it to mine friend it wasch low tide!"

WENT FOR HIM.—A rough looking specimen of humanity was recently pronouncing up Chatham street, New York, when he came plump upon a Jew, a specimen of his race, about whom there could be no mistake.

Without a word of warning, the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself, and taking his bleeding nose between his thumb and finger, he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up, or I'll pelt you agin," shouted the aggressor, approaching him.

"I refer done notings nit you, and what for you masch me in der nose?" asked Abraham.

"Yes yer hev; yer Jews crucified the Saviour, and I have a mind to go for ye agin."

"But, mine Gode, that was eighteen hundred years ago," said the Jew.

"Well, I don't care if it was, I only heard of it last night," replied the unwashed, and he went for him again.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall muscular looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Yes," said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand over to you. What do you want done?"

"Well—if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; for instance that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There now," said our countrymen, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't set me. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at \$100 per month."

"Dunno," said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease as it was not extremely heavy and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it turned to