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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



HOME AGAIN.

Yes, there it is, the old, old home!
The garden trim and neat,
The gambrel roof of ancient shape,
The rustic wooden seat;
The very smoke, it curls aloft,
As it was wont to do,
When years ago, with heavy heart,
I bade my home adieu.

The rustic stile on which I lean,
The fields all around me spread;
The silver stream in yonder glade,
The trees above my head;
The waving corn like yellow gold,
The hedges thick and green,
All tell me that I am back again
In some familiar scene.

The little church whose old gray spire
Stands dark against the sky,
Now throws a shadow over the grave
Where both our brothers lie;
And there the tree I loved to climb,
And swing among its boughs;
The tree whose happy lovers came,
To whisper lovers' vows.

How many, many weary years
I have passed since that glad time!
With shrinking feet I've often had
The hills of life to climb.
Climb on, brave heart, and do not fail;
Halfway, O, never stop,
For though 'tis gloomy in the vale,
There's sunlight at the top.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. "Why are you so stubborn, she asked, you have plenty of lovers." "But they do not suit me," said Barbara, coolly trying her curls before the mirror. "Why not?" "I want when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Stilly child! what is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?" "He is big, but, I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never learned that he was not?" "What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?" "He is as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner, he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?" "He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It's not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down, one raven tress and hooking up another. "I will mother," said she at last.

That evening Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked at the door. "You sent for me, Barbara?" he asked, going to the girl, who stood on the hearth coquishly warning one foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here."

had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin. "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he. The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping room. "Barney," said she, pulling her hand away from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you before I give my answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grand-sire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night and let nothing drive you from your post you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You will give a light and a bottle of wine, and a book to read?" "Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?" "All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post, by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin, was of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him. "Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear I shall satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me!"

"Well, in this house is a man watching a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a white sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at my post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seems as if he could hear low suppressed breathing not far away, but he persuaded himself it was the wind blowing through the old house. Still it was very lonely, and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if famished was upon them and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and in spite of everything he grew sleepy. And he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start and nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the very words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right hand and approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The devil take you," cried Barney in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extended both arms as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head, he grew desperate, and as the gleaming arms would have touched him he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping and pounding, kicking and beating, more and more outraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, Barney was big and Fritz was little; and while punching and beating the tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified to hear a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, Big Barney."

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much for them. They released each other and sprang to the door. They never knew how they got out, but they ran home panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he turning over in his coffin. So she married him; and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

John Tyler.

REMINISCENCES BY HENRY A. WISE.

It is generally held that there is very little of the romantic element in the American Presidency, and not without reason, for men enter the Presidential offices so late in life that they have become a matter of fact as soapbuds and saleratus; but ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia in his recently published and very clever volume, "Seven decades of the Union"—well deserves reading, gives an account of President Tyler's second marriage that is very interesting. Mr. Tyler became a widower while he was President, losing a wife who was a very noble woman, a member of the well-known family of Christian, in the Old Dominion. He was a domestic man, and a pure man, and a second marriage is the most natural thing in the world when a man has been happy in the first marriage; but then it is thought that a widower should marry a lady of experience not unlike his own. Mr. Wise says that he was in Mr. Tyler's coach, taking a drive with him, in March, 1844, when he soon discovered that his friend would talk only of love and ladies. "We had always heard," said Mr. Wise, "that an old fool is the worst of fools in love sickness, and he showed the usual signs, of his contortions into hideous shapes of seeming. He got out at last that he thought of marriage, and wanted to know our opinion on the subject. 'Well of course' you have sought and found out some highly honored dame of dignity, who can bring grace to the White House and add to your domestic comfort?" "Oh no dame, but a sweet damsel." "Who, pray, of damsel degree could or should an old President win?" He told us, and we uttered our astonishment by asking, "Have you really won her?" He replied, "Yes; and why should I not?" We answered that he was too far advanced in life to be imprudent in a love-scrape. How imprudent he asked.

"Easily," you are not only past the middle age," (he was then 54), "but you are President of the United States, and that is a dazzling dignity, which may charm a damsel more than the man she marries." "Pooch!" he cried chuckling. "Why, my dear sir, I am just full in my prime!" Ah, but has John Y. Mason told me about an old friend of his on the south side of the James, rich and full of acres, calling his African waiter, Toney, into council upon the tender topic of marrying a miss in her teens? Toney shook his head and said, "Massa, you think you can stand dat?" "Yes Toney; why not? She is so sweet, so beautiful, that she would make me rise from a bed of illness and weakness to woo her for a bride; but I am yet strong, and I can now, as well as ever I could, make her happy!" "Yes; but, Massa," says Toney, "you is now in your prime," dat's true; but, when she is in her prime, where den Massa will your prime be?"

He laughed heartily at Toney's philosophical observation, but afterward, in seriousness, said that he longed for the renewal of his domestic life, and had been fairly caught by the flame of Miss Gardiner. We remonstrated that his life was renewed in his children in that he had daughters, full of grace, fit to do the honors of the White House, and some of them were the elders of his intended. What if family dissent should make domestic jars, and his latter days be troubled? He had, he said, always been too tender to the pledges of his past love for them ever to withhold from him their filial confidence, or deny to him his parental authority to judge and act for his own happiness! We saw the game was up, and then said: "We see you are beyond counsel, and you have ever been too lucky for us now to doubt or distrust your fate. You are going to marry the damsel, and we are not foolish enough to make two enemies by opposing the passion of the wooer and the won. The marriage took place on the 26th of June, 1844. President Tyler being then in his 55 year, and the bride, Miss Julia Gardiner, about 20, and whom we remember being much spoken of as a beautiful girl, and a Washington Belle of those long gone days. She was a New York lady, of good family, as the phrase is, and descended, we have heard, from old Lyon Gardiner, who flourished in the colonial age, and who gave his name to Gardiner's Bay and Gardiner's Island, on Long Island Sound. The marriage proved a very happy one, and Mrs. Tyler, who has survived her husband more than ten years, is not yet old. Mr. Tyler some years after the marriage, said to Mr. Wise, when the latter noted that his friend kept a double-seated, four-wheeled wicker carriage for small children. "Yes you see how right it was; it was no vain boast when I told you I was in my prime. I have a household of goodly babies budding around me, and if you will go up with me to Sherwood, I will show you how bountifully and rapidly I have been blessed. They are all so near in age that they are like stair-steps, and the two youngest are so much babies alike that each requires the nurse's coach, and we have to have one with two seats!" So that marriage turned out well, despite the fact that the gentleman was old enough to be the lady's grand-father, and we are glad of it, for Mr. Tyler had so much in justice done him as a public man that he was entitled to compensation in his private life.

An old bachelor picking up a hook, exclaimed upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the foot of a woman: "Before I would kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope, and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do for you?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

Work.

The following brief, but frigate and truthful, essay is from the pen of Dr. Chas. S. Haysham, of Newton township, this county. We take it from the *Wayne Gazette*. When Adam was turned from the Garden of Eden in consequence of his transgressing the law imposed on him by his Creator, he was informed that he should 'earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,' and the earth should only yield her increase to the earnest efforts of the inhabitants thereof. This, although figurative, teach us that it was the intention of the Divine Creator of us all that man should not be idle.

You will always find that the laws of nature, which are those of God, invariably point to the good of his creatures, and will, if you carefully study, discover that the seemingly hard sentence imposed upon our first parent, was not so great a misfortune as it might appear to be. If you study the human system you will find that it is necessary for the proper development of every function that it should be exercised, no matter whether those functions be animal or intellectual. Man being compelled to work for his very subsistence is compelled to exercise his various organs, and in this way he is kept in good health, both mentally and physically. 'The laws of nature are immutable, and those who transgress them are sure to suffer in the end.'

Where we see an individual who does not work, we see one who is in the way of every body—who is generally an intruder wherever he goes, and although his society may be for a while tolerated, his absence is as much desired as his company. But as his senses are often obtuse he fails to see it, and sometimes we have fairly to push him out of the way, in order to save his feelings, and prevent ourselves from doing that which we would not like to do, viz: insult him.

Man was made for action. His God said so, and if you will observe the people of our nation, you will find that only those who are the most active have apparently the most pleasure. Did you ever observe a truly busy man? How happy he appears to be! He has had no time to attend to the business of his neighbors. He is entirely taken up by his own affairs. Yet strange as it may appear, he knows all that is going on in the nation, and can give to his lazy neighbor all the information he may desire. The brain of a busy man is in constant activity, and in consequence of this is capable of appreciating things which are totally incomprehensible to those of lazy habits.

We find those of the present day who try to make us believe that work is degrading, and only those who do nothing for a living are, in their own words, respectable. This feeling produces more injury to society than at first may be imagined. It takes hold of the young, the uneducated, the immature mind, and by thus doing leads them on to destruction. It is necessary for every member of a community to do their share towards the common weal, and in order to do this they must work—for only by work can they accomplish anything. Idleness is the parent of vice, and you will always find the idle ready for mischief or crime, and it has been seriously contemplated to compel every parent to teach, or have taught, each and every one of the children some useful occupation, this being the only way in which crime may be prevented.

It has been said by those who have been styled political economists that a man who can make an acre of ground produce twice as much as it did before he took hold of it, has done more for the good of the human race than he who gains a great battle. Work ennobles and degrades a man. A man at work may not always be well dressed as his tastes would desire; but he can always be decent, and need never be ashamed. In one of the courts of London a brickmaker was summoned as a witness. He went to the court-room from the brickyard, and of course, his clothes were soiled. "How dare you come here so dirty?" asked the Judge. "I am as well dressed as you are," answered the workman. Taken all aback the Judge asked him to explain. "I am in my working clothes, you are in yours." The Judge acknowledged the corn, and so the matter ended.

By work alone can we prosper; by work alone can we be healthy; by work alone can we be physically, mentally, and morally good, and you must remember that if we find nothing for our own hands to do, the devil will.

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.—These curious facts about the Bible were ascertained, it is said, by a convict, sentenced to a long term of solitary confinement:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,180 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Reverend" but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of 11 Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Eshter. The shortest verse is the 36th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. All the verses of the 136th Psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

A man who has a strong mind can bear to be insulted, can bear offences, because he is strong. The weak mind snaps and snarls at a little; the strong mind bears it like a rock, and it moveth not, though a thousand breakers dash upon it and cast their pitiful malice in spray upon its summit.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

I love to dream of olden days,
When you and I were young,
When happily life's golden rays
Above our pathway hung;
And though the present brings its joy
To gild the passing hours,
I dream of days without alloy—
A spring-time and its flowers.

I love to think of those bright hours,
Though happy days come now—
'Tis well to prize the faded flowers
That bloom on youth's fair brow;
How bright the future then appeared
How sweetly birds then sung,
When loving friends our path cheered,
When you and I were young!

The loved companions of those days
Have left us, one by one—
And some have trod the golden ways
To realms beyond the sun;
Yet death's hand shall bring to view
The scene that hope had sung,
Oh! may we meet the friends we knew
When you and I were young!

To Make a Fashionable Woman.

Take ninety pounds of flesh and bone—but chiefly bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ear and cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope, or the bull-frog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yds. dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards flannel, embroidered, one pair Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds whalebone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemstitches, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of the biggest newspaper you can get, one hundred and fifty yards of silks and other dress goods, five hundred yards of point lace, fourteen hundred yds. fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box of pearl powder, one saucer of carmine and an old bare foot, one bushel of false hair frizzled and fretted a la Maniaque, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice and other varieties, one peck of hair pins, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with otto of roses, or sprinkle with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby" or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball tickets play bills and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time and a very little respect; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a modicum of modesty. Season with vanity and affectation and folly. Garnish with earrings, finger rings, breastpins, chains, bracelets, feathers and flowers to suit the taste.—Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them; if not, paste and pinch-back from the dollar store will do.

Whirl all around in a fashionable circle and stew by gaslight for six hours. Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone.

If it does not run sufficiently, add more copies of big newspapers, folded.

This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of your table on grand occasions, but is not suitable for every day use at home, being very expensive and indigestible. If sometimes gives me the heartburn and causes them to break, and is certain death to children.

WHAT BETTER CAN YOU OFFER?—When you cast a slur at religion, stop and think whether you have anything better to offer the wayfarer to guide him through life in ways of peace and respectability.

Of all the thousands who are doing their best to tear down Christianity, who offers to build up a better and a stronger temple than they would destroy?

Were you in a house with a family of children, would you, while a fierce storm raged outside, tear its shelter from over their heads, because it was not perfect in architecture, if you had no other house of safety into which to conduct your family?

As a rule, it is not well to change a faith in middle or mature life, which has carried a soul thus far in safety through vicissitudes and temptations. To love God, be charitable and tolerant to others' opinions and actions, guarding more our own house than our neighbor's, is the chief thing—leaving quarrels and disputes over creeds and dogmas to die out, as they are a curse to the human race.

Grains of Gold.

A woman who has never been pretty has never been young.

Dishonesty is the forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.

Providence, it has not been inaptly said, provides for the provident.

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest state.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

Minds of moderate calibre are apt to enjoy everything that does not come within their own range.

Great power and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Andersonville in 1872.

The National cemetery, north of the railroad, contains fifty acres and it is surrounded by a white board fence, with an Osage orange hedge inside. Here are the graves of 13,716 Union soldiers, nearly 13,000 of whom died either within the stockade or the hospitals of Andersonville during the short period of fourteen months. The first burial was on February 27, 1864 and the last, April 28, 1865. During the summer of 1864 the deaths averaged over 100 a day. Placed side by side in trenches, and as closely as possible, in rows of 150 each, the dead were buried by their comrades. The graves occupied nine acres of the grounds and all are marked by a head board containing the name, rank, arm of the service, regiment, company, State and date of death of each soldier.

Andersonville.

Four handsome avenues with walks on either side, bordered by two rows of trees, leads to a circle where stands a tall flag-staff, from whose top floats the star-spangled banner. During the past two years many young trees have been planted, that will soon greatly increase the beauty of the enclosure. At the intersection of the paths and usually in close proximity to the graves, posts have been put up—bearing tablets with appropriate inscriptions, two of which read as follows:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"The hopes, the fears, the blood the tears,
That marked the bitter strife,
Are now all crowned by victory,
That saved the Nation's life."

As was fitting and convenient, the stockade was only three hundred yards from the cemetery and the roads so arranged that the wagons could return from it by way of the bakery and receive the bread to be distributed among the surviving soldiers. The stockade was constructed of large pine logs, twenty feet high, set five feet in the ground, and as closely as possible together. Within the interior space, seventeen feet from the logs, was the famous dead line, marked by small posts driven into the clay and a board nailed on top of them. Fifty-two stone boxes were placed upon the inner stockade, raised above the top of the palisades and reached by ladders. Outside, seven forts, with field artillery, commanded the entire grounds. Within this enclosure of less than twenty-six acres, were confined at one time as many as 30,000 prisoners, without either shade or shelter, and dependent for water from a small brook that was the receptacle of the offal from the enemy's camp, situated a short distance above.

This was their only supply, except that small amount procured by digging holes in the ground, until August, 1864, when a spring of pure water burst forth from the dry, sandy hill-side within the stockade. This was named 'Providential Spring' and it appeared to our poor men as much an interposition of God to preserve their lives as when He, by the hand of Moses, slaked the consuming thirst of the Israelites at the rock of Horeb.

It would be impossible, were it not worse than useless, to describe our feelings as we walked through the city of the dead, and trod the soil, every foot of which was moistened by the tears and reddened by the blood of so many patriots. What those 30,000 heroes suffered during the fourteen months they were shut up in that stockade, without a tree, shelter or blanket, faint from sickness and pestilential air, scorched, drenched, mocked, hungered, starved—let us not draw the picture, but grieve it up as too appalling for mortal sight, and commit the decision of the cause to the righteous Judge of all the earth.—Rev. Mr. Craighead in *Observer*.

A Fortune at a Word.

I heard the other day of a profitable transaction made by a young Israelite, who recently arrived here penniless and almost in rags, which, for shrewdness and success, has seldom been equaled. They were walking about the town looking for employment, when they noticed in the custom house a quantity of damaged coffee advertised to be sold at auction in a few days. At once forming their plan of operations, they immediately visited various wholesale dealers, and offered to secure them coffee at five per cent. discount.

This was accepted, and orders received from reliable firms enough to cover the whole cargo in the custom house. On the day of the sale these two poverty stricken men were among the crowd of dealers assembled to inspect the various sacks of coffee.—When the bidding commenced, these two venturesome ones bid very low. The crowd looked at the poor devils once, thinking they wanted a sack or two, let their bid remain good, and it was knocked down to them at an extremely low figure.

"How much do you want, more than one sack?" inquired the auctioneer.

"The whole cargo, sir," they quickly replied.

There was a general laugh at their audacity, which increased when the auctioneer mockingly asked for their security. But the tables turned when the poor men very quietly drew out orders from leading merchants, whose genuineness could not be denied, and these papers of an hour before found themselves possessed of eighty thousand dollars without expending one cent to obtain it, or seeing the coffee at all.—New-York letter to *New Bedford Mercury*.

An excellent mother, in writing to one of her sons on the birth of his eldest child, says: "Give him an education, that his life may be useful; teach him religion, that his death may be happy."

Wit and Humor.

When is butter like Irish children?
When it is made into little pats.

Why is a large carpet like the late rebellion? Because it took such a lot of tax to put it down.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog and you will be sure to succeed.

The last question that has troubled philosophers is this: Which causes a girl most pleasure, to hear herself praised or another girl run down?

If your neighbor's hens are troublesome and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise; fix a place for them to lay!

Why will people persist in calling scissors and shears a pair of scissors, &c. Because a man has two legs does that make him a pair of men.

A gentleman of Ellsworth, Maine, made a bet with his wife that he could undress, go to bed, get up, dress and then undress, and go to bed again—while she was preparing to go to bed. He won his bet.

Stubs wonders where all the pillow cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, while engaged in white sewing, without being told it was a pillow case.

An Eastern man locked his wife into an upper room, and not being satisfied with this punishment, but wishing to aggravate her still further, sent his son up with a bone. The youth innocently brought it, and said, "Mother, father sent this up and says there is a bone for you to pick." The gentle mother replied: "Take it back, and tell him I say, 'he is not your father; and there's a bone for him to pick.'"

A stolen kiss saved a girl's life in Leavenworth, for if the man who did the deed had not pulled her head forward just as he did, a beam, which fell from the upper floor, would have dashed her brains out. Such is the story, anyhow. And now the Leavenworth girls, when in gentlemen's company, cast their eyes furtively at the ceiling, and act just as if they would as lief have a beam fall as not, if they were certain the young men would pull their heads in time.

Next to being married to the right person there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof. There is something more than a poetical charm in the expression of the wife:

We have our cozy house; it is thrice dear to us because it is our own. We have bought it with the saving of our earnings. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionary saloons, and the necessities of the market we had to pass; many a time my noble husband denied himself the comfort of tobacco, the refreshing draught of beer; wore his old clothes, and even patched up his boots; and I made my old bonnet do, wore the plainest clothes, did the plainest cooking; saving was the order of the hour, and to have a home of our own had been our united aim.

Now we have it; there's no landlurd troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that. There is no fear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we will be thrown out of house and home, and the money we have saved to pay rent is sufficient to keep us in comfort in the winter days of life.

What a lesson do the above words teach, and how well it would be if hundreds of families would heed them, and instead of living in rented houses, which take a large share of their capital to furnish, and quarter of their earnings to pay the rent, dress and eat accordingly, would bravely curtail expenses, and concentrate their efforts on having a 'home of their own.'—Better a cottage of your own than a rented palace!

One day a young man entered a merchant's office in Boston, and with a pale and careworn face, said:

"Sir, I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have \$10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant, "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant, "you don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, or anything of that kind?"

"No, sir, I am superintendent of the Sunday School."

"Well," said the merchant, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."