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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



TRUST.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And warily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will surely undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is going;
We weep, for a grave is filling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet, after all,
If a sparrow fall,
Our Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and felter;
But the measure to each, of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
Then why not say,
From day to day,
"Thy will be done forever?"

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness
Doing the best we can to walk
With courage, yet with meekness,
Lifting the face
To catch God's grace,
That lights the soul forever.

For ever and ever, my darling, yes,
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are sure in the end to go flying.
Fleeting as bubbles
Are cares and troubles,
And now is a speck that tricks us ever,
"Till it floats and is lost in vast 'Forever.'"

Miscellaneous Reading.

WAS IT A MISFORTUNE.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Morris Heston starting from his iron desk. "Impossible!" he repeated, his face growing very pale. "It is true," was the answer made by a gentleman, who had come hurriedly into the store of Mr. Heston, "I have the news from a reliable source."

"Failed!"

"Yes, and failed badly. It is alleged that not ten cents on the dollar can possibly be realized. I hope that he don't owe you much."

"Not a great deal?" was answered evasively, though with ill-concealed anxiety, "and yet enough to sweep away nearly all my profits on the year's business, should the loss be total. Is he on your books?"

"Yes."

"To a large amount?"

"I thought he was sound to the core. The reports in regard to his standing have always been A. No. 1."

"He has been engaged, it is said, in some land speculations, which have turned out disastrously. The old story of the dog and the shadow. Well we must expect such things, and meet them with as much philosophy as can be summoned to our aid. Good morning."

And the man went out as hurriedly as he came in. As he left the store Mr. Heston turned with a disturbed manner to his ledger, and threw over the leaves nervously. Pausing at an account, he noted up rapidly. The penciled figures showing the sum of four thousand eight hundred and sixty-one dollars. There was credit by bills receivable, of four thousand dollars; three thousand five hundred of which had been discounted, and would mature in less than a month.

Morris Heston was a young man who had been in business only two years. The capital on which he commenced, was less than two thousand dollars and the whole of this he had saved from his salary. He was active, industrious and intelligent. But in one thing he was indiscreet. And that was in selling too largely to a single customer. No wonder that he started and turned pale on hearing bad news from his customer; for loss here was equivalent to ruin. Already the relation between receipt and payment was so close, that any serious deficiency in the one or increase in the other would prove a source of embarrassment; and to have three or four discounted bills came back upon him in four weeks, would certainly cause him to stop payment.

We need not picture the troubled events which followed too surely the confirmed intelligence of that failure of this distant customer. Heston was too weak to bear the pressure that came upon him and so he was forced to give way. A few of his creditors, who had faith in his integrity and ability, would cheerfully have reduced their claims and given him ample time on the balance; but the majority who had no personal interest in him, and looked only to themselves, acted upon the common adage current in such cases, that "first loss is the best loss," and swept everything, leaving the unhappy, mortified and dispirited young man without a dollar with which to begin in the world again—may, even worse than this, leaving him several thousand in debt; for in throwing his stock into auction, and forcing a collection, serious losses were inevitable.

Troubles rarely come alone. Another, and to our young friend a sadder disaster followed. He was under engagement of marriage and the time of its celebration had been fixed. From the moment rumor

filled the air with reports of heavy losses and danger of failure, he thought that he could perceive a change in the manner of his betrothed—the change seemed to grow more apparent. At last it became necessary for him to tell her of his misfortune and the blight which had come over his worldly prospects. He had still faith in her, still tried to deceive himself, notwithstanding the recent change in her manner. She listened with a coldness of exterior that chilled him to the heart; and sat in irresponsive silence.

Stung by this apparent want of sympathy, and bewildered by the conviction that a new and heavier misfortune was about to cloud the sky of his life, the young man started up, and standing before the embarrassed girl, said with much agitation of tone and manner:

"Agnes! how am I to understand this? Are you, too, only a summer friend?"

Scarcely had the words passed from his lips, ere she started to her feet, and giddily from the room.

For the space of nearly ten minutes Heston walked the floor of the apartment in which he had been left alone, every moment expecting the return of his betrothed, but she came not back. At the end of this period, he left the house in so wretched a state of mind, that for brief reason, he meditated self destruction. But wiser thoughts restored him to better feelings.

Once more he called to see the yet enthralled idol of his affections; but she refused to meet him and the idol was cast down and broken into fragments at his feet. It was gilded clay, and not fine clay as he had vainly believed.

The effects of this double misfortune was altogether paralyzing. Heston fell in a state of gloomy inaction. Friends urged him to look the world bravely in the face once more and begin again, with a stout heart, the battle of life. But he answered:

"No—I have been marked once. Let that suffice. I will not run the risk of another such disaster."

"She is unworthy of a thought," said one, alluding to the maiden who had proved so meanly false to her vows, "and a thousand times unworthy of a regret by so true a heart as yours."

"It is easy to say all that," was answered in a tone of bitterness. "But the heart that once loves, loves on forever—loves even though the object of affection be proved unworthy."

"Mere poet's talk," said the friend.—"True love is only based on the perception of qualities. You never truly loved this girl; and time will prove my words. Let her image pass from your thoughts like breath from a mirror. Fling her memory to the winds."

Little effect had all this on the mind of Heston. He held himself aloof from friends and remained for nearly a year a kind of solitary recluse, brooding over the misfortune which had so early in his life made his sky sunless. As a clerk on a moderate salary, he went through this monotonous round of duties, all interests in the future seeming to have died out of his heart.

At the end of a year there was a gay wedding in the city; gay and imposing enough to create a flutter in certain circles. A young merchant who had started in business at the same time with Heston, and being more successful, had tried another venture in life, even the doubtful one had been false to her first lover, turning heartlessly from him when the sunshine left his path.

This had the effect to spur new life into the almost dormant energies of our young friend. From that time he walked abroad with a firmer tread, and a countenance more elevated. If his old light-heartedness did not return, he showed a cheerful aspect, and something like a general side to his character. The true man within him was moving with a new vitality, and throwing off the dead husks of feeling, which closed around him closely as garments.

Ere another year had gone by, an offer to commence business—or rather to become a partner in an old established house—was accepted, and he started in business once more, and moving with a steadier step, and with surer prospects. And he loved again loved deeply and far more wisely—loved one, whose light of love of him was an undying flame that no water of misfortune could quench.

Morris Heston was all right with the world again, and wiser and happier for the brief, but desolate storm that had so sadly marred the beautiful garden of his life. Prosperity crowned his business efforts, and love made his home a paradise.

Now and then he met on the street, or in social parties, her who had played him so falsely in his darker hours, never without an almost audible breathed utterance of thanks for the misfortune which had proved her quality. She was growing yearly into a cold, haunting, heartless woman of the world; but her once beautiful face changing steadily, until, to eyes unveiled by sensuality, it wore a repellent aspect. To her husband's side she was rarely seen to move, on social occasions, with an unconscious instinct, as if always unpleasant to be near him; but plainly preferred any man's company to his.

"Thank God for misfortune!" said Heston almost aloud, as he saw her turn from her husband with scarcely concealed disgust, and crown another man with a wreath of smiles. "To me it came a blessing in disguise."

It was scarcely a month later, when the husband of this weak, vain unprincipled woman returned from his business one evening to find his home desolate and his babe worse than motherless. His wife had abandoned all her sacred duties and throwing love, honor and virtue to mocking winds, cast her lot with a false wretch who lured her from the true path,

only to fling her aside after a brief season as a worthless thing.

"Thank God for misfortune," exclaimed Mr. Heston, in the silence of his swelling heart. It came to him first from the lips of his own true wife, who had grown daily dearer to him since the blessed hour she had given him her heart and hand to gether.

"Misfortune? oh no," said he. "It was not misfortune; but a blessing!—The sun was still shining in the sky; only a few clouds hid me from his loving face."

Almost tearful did Morris Heston gather his little children into his arms that evening looking from them to their mother with such loving glances, that half wondering and half joyful, the happy spouse felt a new delight swelling in her heart, that gave a new beauty to her countenance.

"I bless God my dear Mary!" said the young man, as she came to his side drawn by the magnetism of his love, that you are my wife, and the mother of my precious babes."

Very softly that happy wife and mother laid her lips upon the forehead of her husband, the touch thrilling him to his inmost spirit.

Was it misfortune that clouded our young friend's life? No—no. Nor misfortune in the darker sense—the seeming evil that was only blessing in disguise.

"And so to the right-thinking, the right-feeling, the right-hearted, do all darkness and dispensations of life prove themselves blessings. Let us be patient, hopeful, trusting, when the sky is overshadowed, nor tremble at the storm that seems desolating the earth. The cloudy tempest is only a transient condition of nature; there is above all the perpetual sunshine."

To the right-minded there is no misfortune.

The Cold-Water Boy.

Behold a table, with boiled turkey and ham, with vegetables nicely cooked, and and gravies rich and juicy. There sits a father at its head and the mother opposite, and guests are seated on either side; there is no lack of good humor and merrily just to give spice to conversation.

There are children, too; a boy of ten and a little girl of eight. They listen intelligently and attentively to the remarks of parents and guests, and look up into the faces of one another with interest.—Behold! decanters are brought in, glasses are filled, and one another sip the sparkling wine.

"Excellent!" exclaimed one smacking his lips. "Fine!" echoed another.

"Shall I drink wine with you, my lad?" asked one of the gentlemen, bowing to the boy.

"Is not your glass filled, William?" asked the father. "Join, fill William's glass," turning to the servant. Slowly did William turn up his glass to receive the rosy liquor.

"Drink with the gentleman, my dear," whispered the mother encouragingly. The boy blushed and cast down his eyes, but he obeyed not. Was he frightened? Was he devious?

"My son did you not hear Mr. Black address you?" said the father quickly and sternly. "Drink wine with him, William."

Accustomed to obey his father's slightest wish, the boy's lip quivered, but he obeyed not.

In a moment raising his eyes and looking his father full in the face, he said, manfully, "Father I am a soldier in the Cold-water Army, and I can't drink wine."

"Brave boy!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, setting down his glass.

"The Cold-water Army must conquer if every soldier stands his ground as well," said another, regarding William with great respect.

"We will excuse you my son," said the father in a softening voice, and though they sat long at the table, his glass was not again raised to his lips. There it stood untasted and full.

Stand firm, my boys; let no one beat you from your ground. Be up and doing. Intemperance is stealing about, seeking whom it may devour. Break his weapons, destroy his engines, give him no quarter. Let your motto be, "Cold-water! Cold-water!"—*Ladies Repository.*

A True Hero.

A boy about nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water and began to sink.—His elder brother saw him and ran to save him, but lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year-old acted the part of the hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength, and cried to the brother on the shore, "Don't come. You'll drown."

Noble little fellow! Though dying he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father when his two dead sons were taken from the river clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way, but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain. The best way to do this is to love them dearly.—Love will not only keep you from hurting their feelings, but it will make you sources of great joy to their hearts. Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' souls.

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[COMMUNICATED.]

School Government.

Every teacher ought to make himself perfectly familiar with the best method of school government. To be able to govern a school well is the only assurance of success because a school that is not well governed will always prove to be a failure. It is a known fact that many young teachers make perfect failures at their first attempt at teaching because they do not have the ability to govern.

Every teacher that expects to govern well in the school room must possess the ability to reduce to practical purposes his theoretical knowledge of school government if he possesses any. A teacher who wishes to be successful in his profession must learn to be a good disciplinarian.—When a teacher takes charge of a school one of the first duties to be attended to after the permanent organization of the school shall have been completed is to study the disposition of every scholar and to do this successfully it is necessary for him to understand human nature. It is very important for the teacher to have as much knowledge of human nature as possible so that he may know just how to approach each scholar in the right way.

I would here suggest to those who intend to commence teaching that there is nothing like a good beginning, therefore try to make a favorable impression on your scholars at once. One of the very best methods of governing a school is to combine kindness with firmness. Never be over anxious to indulge too much in kindness unless you feel confident that the scholars are disposed to reciprocate your kindness and are willing to recognize your authority as a teacher and strictly observe the rules and regulations of the school. A teacher who knows what constitute the true greatness and dignity of his profession will never require his students to observe too many rules because the teacher who has many violations of those rules. Teachers who desire to cultivate their professional excellence will endeavor to maintain at all times good order in the school room. I have found out by personal experience as a teacher that one good rule is all that is necessary to the success and prosperity of any school. The rule by which every teacher ought to govern his school is "Do Right." If this rule is carefully observed it will be found sufficient for the government of any school. Small pupils can very readily remember this rule and can see at once that any violation of it is wrong.

Why is it that some very efficient instructors lose entire control over their school? The answer is because they cannot command the respect of the scholars, lack firmness and are at a loss to know what course to pursue when difficulties present themselves. To govern a school creditably requires all the shrewdness that any teacher possesses. Pupils should never be allowed to disobey the established rules and regulations of the school no matter what those rules and regulations may be without being called to a strict account for their conduct. An energetic teacher that expects to distinguish himself in his profession never thinks for one moment that he can do so by acting the part of a tyrant towards those under his instruction. One fine trait in the character of a good teacher is that he is always lenient and it is wise for him to be found on the side of mercy. Whenever it becomes necessary for a teacher to inflict punishment in any way let it be done in moderation. It is an exceedingly bad practice for a teacher to punish while he is in a violent passion because much trouble generally originates from such an evil practice.—Those who hope to prove masters of the profession as common school teachers must base their hope of success upon a well matured system of government. Good teaching cannot be done in a school in which the government of the school is administered in a careless or indifferent manner. Therefore to prove equal to our calling let us as teachers strive to govern well, teach scientifically, and success and honor in the profession will certainly follow as a rich reward for our labor.

Monterey May 21, 1872 J. W. B.

SAVING MONEY.—

There is, perhaps, no one in this world more to be pitied than the poor man—the man who has got into the habit of saving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and of counting every dollar of expenditure as though its loss was something that could never be repaired. Yet it is the duty of every poor man to save something. The possession of a few dollars often makes all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially with a family dependent upon him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of need. While extreme carelessness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man poor, a wise economy will almost as certainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him to a considerable extent independent of the caprices of his employers and of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard will begin to grow at a rate which will surprise and gratify him. Every workman ought to have an account in some savings bank, and should add to it every week during which he has full employment, even if the addition is but a dollar at a time. If he does this he will soon find the dollars growing into tens, and in a little time will be in possession of a sum which is constantly yielding an addition to his income, which secures him a reserve fund whenever one is needed, and which will enable him to do many things, which, without a little money, he would be powerless to do.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

MEMOIR.

Remembrance hath a power sublime,
To clothe the past in heavenly light,
Until each scene of by-gone time
Grows 'neath its touch divinely bright.

Like the optician's magic glass,
It magnifies the good we've known,
White o'er the ill which there might pass,
Oblivion's veiling cloud is thrown.

When he who roams some mountain land
Throws back his retrospective view,
He only sees the peaks that stand,
By sunlight robbed in heavenly blue.

Each narrow glen, each steep ravine,
Or ce to his aw-struck gaze revealed,
By distance hid, no more are seen,
In deepening shadows dark concealed.

'Tis thus in life, by memory's power
Each joy upon the soul's imprint;
While o'er each dark and gloomy hour,
Lethargic shades in mercy rest.

Fashion and Her Whims.

Fashion has at length reached a point in dictation at which we rejoice, for its laws are not now simply for the mere apparel. A foreign magazine has a description of a dress which it says: "With this costume the mouth is to be worn slightly open." This is happy, for there are so many women who do not know what to do with their mouth, any more than timid young men know what to do with their hands, and minute directions of this sort, studied with every style of dress, will be very convenient. It is to be hoped that some costumes will require the mouth to be worn shut, for the effect in the street would be anything but agreeable if every lady went about with her mouth open.—So much depends upon expression, in combination with costume, that the subject is worthy of study. The effect of the prettiest dress is often spoiled by a sour expression of the face, and as expression is simply an affair of the muscles, it can be prevented by the artistic dressmaker.

We are very anxious to see, by the way, what women will be like when the worths and other artists have finished with her. She is already with her three story hat, panner built up like a dome, high heels and a fascinating wiggle walk, a creation of general interest, and if she wears her mouth slightly open there will be no resisting her. If, now, she were to nearly close her eyes and, if it is not irreverent, "go it blind," we could suggest nothing more. We should say, however, that these fashions are not universal. The women in Lancashire, England, are driven into still sterner apparel. They often put on the coarse cloths of the miner, and walk at the mouth of the pit with pick and shovel. They also engage in the heavy work of the farm, and are employed on the canal barges; harness and lead the horses, and take their turn at the helm, and help to load the vessel. These girls are rough in manner and coarse in language, but honest and industrious. They take their pint of beer and enjoy their pipes, and never grumble. The question of how to wear the mouth has not yet got down to them.

IS OUR MOON INHABITED?—

The question is naturally suggested whether our moon, which is but 259,000 miles from us, ought not to be examined for sign of life, or, at least, of being fitted for the support of life. When the telescope was first invented, it is certain that astronomers were more hopeful of recognizing such signs in the moon than in any other celestial body. As telescopes of greater and greater power were constructed, our satellite was searched with a more and more eager scrutiny. And many a long year elapsed before astronomers would accept the conclusion that the moon's surface is wholly unfitness for the support of any of those forms of life with which we are familiar upon the earth. They knew that if our satellite has an atmosphere at all, that atmosphere must be so limited in extent that no creature we are acquainted with could live in it. They knew she has no oceans, seas, rivers, or lakes, neither clouds nor rains, and that if she had, there would be no winds to waft moisture from place to place, or to cause the clouds to drop fatness from the lunar fields. They knew, also, that the moon's surface is subjected alternately to a cold far more intense than that which binds our arctic regions, in everlasting frost, and to a heat compared with which the fierce noon of tropical day is as the freshness of a spring morning. They search only over the lunar disc for the signs of volcanic action, feeling well assured that no traces of the existence of living creatures will ever be detected in the desolate orb.

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.—

You have trouble; your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your brethren do not treat you just right, and things in general move unpleasantly.

Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered who can pick them up?—Fire brands when together can be trod under foot, but when tied to the tails of Sampson's foxes it is difficult to tell where they will burn.

Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but when they are once published, and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause.

Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient and when sorrow is healed and past what comfort is it to say, "No one ever knew it until all was over with."

Talking "Smart."

We all like to see young people, as well as old, enjoying innocent happiness and constantly learning something useful. But it is said we are born with two eyes, two ears, and only one tongue, so that we should hear and see twice as much as we talk." It will frequently be found, however, that the wisest and best informed are not those whose "limber tongues go on in one weak, wishy, everlasting flood" of words. Nor are they the most kind-hearted and desirable as companions, who most indulge in sharp witticisms and sarcasm.

But it is particularly unpleasant to see children and youth apparently studying nothing so much as to repeat some slang phrase, double meaning allusion, coarse joke, or slurring, depreciating remark about the absent. You may be pretty sure they will say the same about present company when parted from it. They love the scandal or the censure—they court "the low laugh that speaks the vacant mind," no matter against whom directed. They think they are doing something great—smart.

Parents and other adults sometimes fail to repress this evil tendency, and thus increase it; nay, they often smile or laugh at the cute sayings, and boast that the child is "smart as a whip." In truth, however, many of the phrases used—such as even poll-parrots can acquire—such as the most ignorant and worthless people can use as well as they—and are no sign of anything promising in the child.

This forwardness grows to forwardness, and is very apt to degenerate into the roughness, vulgarity, profanity. To keep up the reputation for "smartness," the child or youth becomes more and more violent and extravagant in expression; longing for the applause he has before won, he uses the most exceptional language, and often becomes at last a blackguard and a brawling swearer.

In all times, and even among half-civilized people, respect for the age has been held among the first virtues. But the giddy youth, thirsting for the praise he has had, does not hesitate to make sport of the aged, and launches his low wit at their infirmities. He turns everything into ridicule—belittles every company by silly remarks—and even sacred places and occasions of sorrow do not prevent his efforts (at times somewhat secret) to raise a laugh.

Their own parents are not exempt. To become a wit—a droll—a household fool—a clown of any audience, demands constant draughts, sometimes from very shallow fountains. To keep up reputations, "the old man" or "the old woman" has to take share of their hits. They become very independent, and soon come to despise those whom they ridicule, and perhaps at last utterly desert them. The parents who looked approvingly upon a child's impertinent remarks, may say at last, with all bitterness of sorrow: "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

But what becomes of such "smart children" as we sometimes see ill judging parents rejoicing over? They are not so good as to die young, as some of the best children do. Ah! when they grow up it is found that most of their childhood and youth leave nothing for after-growth. They stored their heads away with fog and froth only, and that evaporated soon, leaving a vacuum where should be stores of knowledge. They were laughed at, when young, for their smartness; they are pitied when old, for their stupidity. Their modest and unnoted companions in youth grow up to respectability, to influence, to honor, and sometimes to fame—never brilliant, perhaps, but reliable and beloved.

To the young, we say, cultivate politeness and modesty. Hear more than you speak. Do not say anything about others that you would not like to have said about yourself. This or that may make mischief—create prejudice—do no good, but much evil. Say nothing you are unwilling any one should hear—nothing you would regret on your deathbed. Avoid "slang" words, phrases, and immodest and profane allusions. Be pleasant, and make others happy by innocent, harmless mirth that leaves no sting or reproach behind.

Well Wisher in *Independent Republican*

A worthy deacon, in town not far from here, gave notice, at a prayer meeting the other night, of a church meeting to be held immediately after; and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." This reminds us of a clergyman who told in his sermon last Sunday of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house!"

A negro passing along the street, was astonished to hear a voice call out, "How d'ye do, Massa Mungo? how d'ye do, Snowball?" and, on looking, observed it proceeded from a parrot in a splendid gilt cage. "Ah, massa Parrott," said black-bee, "you great man here—you lib in a gold house now; but me know your fader very well, he lib in de bush."

A writer advises owners of plum trees to suspend in each, just after blossoming, several corn cobs which have been thoroughly soaked in sweetened water. He says that the curculio insects prefer these to the young fruit, and deposit their eggs in them. They must be taken down and burned when the fruit ripens, by which all the young insects will be destroyed. This seems reasonable. Try it.

Rather complacent old lady: "I should like a ticket for the train." Booking clerk (who thinks he will make a joke): "Yes'm; will you go in a passenger train or in the cattle train?" Lady: "Well if you are a specimen of what I shall experience in the passenger train, give me a ticket for the cattle train by all means."

Wit and Humor.

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

More than seven million "feeding bottles" are yearly sold in the United States. So many mothers are unable to nourish their offspring.

A lecturer, addressing a Hampshire audience, contended with tiresome prolixity that art could not improve nature, until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by asking—"How would you look without your wig?"

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a *h/a* up there instead of a rooster?" "An, sure," replied Pat "that's asy enough: don't ye see it would be unconvient to go for the eggs?"

An Irishman at a loss for a word, went into a drug-store, and, looking much puzzled, said she had come for some medicine, but the name had slipped her mind "entirely," but sounded like "Paddy in the gutter?"

The druggist willing to "make a sale," tried to think what it could be, and hit upon Paragoric.

"Include this that's it," said she, obtaining the medicine, and going away delighted, that she had come so near the "right word."

The rich are, as a rule, by no means the best paymasters.

Look for real comforts in the homes of the middle class.

A pleasant voice, pleasant manner, and pleasant disposition are as good as gold to the possessor.

It is a wise person who knows just how long to make a call or visit to be agreeable to all parties.

Long stories to business people are not appreciated.

The following story of John Smith of California, and his son Virgil, is said to be a "true bill." Smith had a very promising young horse now for the first time in training for the track, (that's definite enough). The other day Virgil, a bright little chap some ten years of age, was speeding the colt around the track, and was making the run in gulfant style, when the colt suddenly shied and threw the boy off.

The cause of this was a young porker that had stowed himself in some brush close by the track, a quiet spectator of the colt's performance, until the latter got almost opposite to him, when, hog-like, he made a violent rush, with the result mentioned. By the time his anxious father reached the ground the boy was on his feet unhurt.

Said the father: "Virgil, you don't know how to ride a colt, to let a little pig like that throw you off. I don't want the colt spoiled. I want him to go around the track, and I'll show you that a pig can't prevent him." "I'll bet you," said Virgil, "he'll throw you, too, if the pig makes him jump like he did with me." "No, he won't Virgil; you can get in the brush there, and when I ride him around you can grunt like a pig. I'll show how it's done," said elder Smith.

Accordingly, the colt was caught and mounted by Smith the elder, the boy in the meantime having taken his position in the brush to play the role of pig, in which he succeeded to perfection, for when the sire after a rattling run, had reached the proper place, he snorted like a young grizzly, and tearing out of the brush caused the panic-stricken colt to pile his rider ingloriously in the dust. Gathering himself up he said savagely:—"What did you do that for? I told you to grunt like a little pig, not like a darned old hog."

A Slight Mistake.

The following anecdote, which first appeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of the people of Vermont to-day, it is nevertheless a good story, and good also for many years longer life in the newspapers:

"Hallo, you man with a pail and frock, can you inform me whether His Honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?" said a British officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Governor Crittenden's dwelling.

"He does," was the response of the man, still venturing his way to a pig-sty.