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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



LIFE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

They say life is an empty dream,
A vain and fleeting show;
Its lights will soon forget to gleam,
Its streams of bliss to flow.
They write it as a guideless bark
Upon life's boundless sea;
A meteor ray—a single mark
Of what doth quickly flee.

They say life is a darksome way,
With scarce a star to guide;
The lights but flicker, fade away,
Upon the shoreless tide.
'Tis likened to a blade of grass,
A shadow, and a flower;
That withereth when the whirlwinds pass,
And fingers but an hour.

And this they say is life—this dream!
But ah! 't is not so;
Else why did reason on us beam,
If thus its beams must flee?

While measurements are vast and deep,
As earth and air, are given;
O, life is not a dreary sleep,
But half of earth and heaven.

I deem not aught that God hath made,
A vain or useless thing;
Even though its flowers quickly fade,
Each doth a new hope bring.
Then let us pray for strength to guide
Our feeble bark aright;
And look, whatever may betide,
Beyond this earthly night.

GOOD-BY.

BY W. W. EMBERSON.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my mind, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean hine.
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by, to fattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and fasting feet;
To those who go and those who come—
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in my green hills alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant lane,
Whose groves the frolic fancies play;
Whose arches green, the living day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay.
And vulgar feet have never trod—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome!
And when I'm stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan:
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Miscellaneous Reading.

SHIPWRECK STORIES.

BY ABY SAGE RICHARDSON.

All families have their own private and personal traditions. Ours—probably because so many generations of us have been born and died by the sea—are always of shipwreck. In all the stories told in my childhood, in the twilight, or by the winter fire, I scarcely remember one that has not for its central point of interest the figure of a lost, dismantled ship, with many freighted souls within her, going down in black, angry waters.

The first shipwreck I remember to have heard about, for many years tinged my childish dreams with some of the hues of its own melancholy. It was that of my own grandfather, who sailed away from Salem harbor, Massachusetts, one bright summer morning, many, many years before I was born. He was a vigorous, handsome man, they said, and walked his ship's deck like an emperor. From the long wharf, running into the harbor—then so full of life and bustle, now so dead to all the stirrings of commerce—my grandmother, holding her little son by the hand, looked her last upon the retreating sails, after the form of her husband had blended with his ship. And from the moment that her eyes thus bade him farewell, it is not known that any mortal eyes ever beheld the doomed vessel again. In the language of the story, as I heard it—listening with a vague, childish awe, "neither ship, nor captain, nor any of the men were ever seen or heard of afterward."

There were many conjectures about their fate. One I remember was that some revengeful British man-of-war had found the lonely merchantman on the high seas, and had burned her to the water's edge. For it was just after the peace of the war of 1812 that my grandfather sailed on this ill-fated voyage, and many of his good friends thought then that pirates and Britishers were words of the same coin. There was a report also

which somewhat aided this conjecture;—how a Boston captain coming from a long cruise, had passed, one night, far out at sea, the hull of a burning vessel, and sailing cautiously around to find, if he could see, any living man about her sides a sudden burst of flame had lighted up her figurehead and showed him the name of the missing ship. No living creature was seen or heard near her, and the story, as it was told, sounded so dim and unreal, that it seemed like little more than a fancy of his who told it. This report, however, suggested the hope that some of the ship's crew, had got away in boats, and that they might sometime be heard from. The hope had died out many years before I heard the story, but it revived in my childish brain, and for many years I had a secret fancy that the old man, whose hair and beard had turned silver gray in the long sad years, was waiting on some solitary isle, like Alexander Selkirk, for a friendly ship to take him home. Many a time thinking the story over, my heart has beat rapturously at the thought of the welcome I would give the tired shipwreck wanderer, and my imagination has throbbled with visions of the strange stories his exile would be rich in.

There was another shipwreck which fascinated me strongly, although it had none of the mystery in its tragic ending which gave the last such a hold on my imagination. The hero of this tale was the husband of a great aunt of mine, who in spite of her venerable title wears an immortal halo of youth and beauty in my fancy. She was a bride—a bride of hardly six months' duration—when her husband sailed out of one of the little harbors on the Massachusetts coast, leaving her in a village that nestles down there by the black sea. Up to this day tradition has not forgotten what a lilylike, sweet voice she had, and what bonny brown hair. A month or two after the vessel went away—she was only a coast trading schooner—a sudden sea storm came up; and while the anxious dwellers on shore were waiting to see the fleet of startled fish boats outside the harbor come in for safe anchorage, they all at once descried this schooner beating in upon some sharp rocks, only a mile or two from shore. It was so far but all eyes on land could see every motion of the stricken vessel.

For hours they watched her, till the cruel rocks had gored her through and through, and the last plank, with its helpless, struggling freight, had gone under the boiling surge. With the other watchers on shore stood the happy bride of six months, her beautiful hair streaming in the salt wind, and her sweet voice hoarse with anguish as she cried to earth and heaven for help for that sinking boat. "And although up to that time her hair had never showed a single thread of gray," so ran the story in my childish ear, "and though she was barely twenty-four years old when she saw her husband's vessel go down so cruelly under her poor eyes, in less than a week from the day she saw him drown her hair had turned as white as drifted snow." She never married again, although her voice grew blithe once more, and made cheerful music in the homes of her many kinsfolk, till her face grew old to match the bleached hair.

Another of my shipwrecks has a flavor of India's coral strand. It is of another kinswoman who went on a long voyage with her husband. He was an East India merchant, bound to China, and the ports of Calcutta and Bombay. He had a little boudoir fitted up on board his ship for her, to whose furnishing all foreign lands had been made tributary, and there she abode many months in the voyage through tropical waters, as choicely taken care and waited upon as the queen of many a large realm.

Somewhere off the Malay peninsula a typhoon struck the vessel, and whirled it upon some sharp rocks, where she lay impaled and helpless. Fortunately they were not far from land, and in the ship's boat they reached a flat, low-lying shore, with a thick green jungle only a few rods back from the sea. Here the captain landed his wife, her pet dog, and a few animals from the ship's live stock, which he had not the heart to leave on board to perish. Then, leaving her one of the ship's boys for protection, he took his boats and crew, and went back to the wreck, which still held fast to the rocks, to see if he could save the most valuable part of his merchandise.

In the full glare of the burning sun, beating down on that white strip of sea beach, the captain's wife waited, not daring to seek the delicious shades of the jungle, lest there might be wild beasts or deadly malaria lurking in its green fastness. As dark drew near, and the boats did not return, the two or three goats and pigs who had been saved from the ship, wandered from the beach, and were seized upon by two huge tigers, who rushing upon them from their covert in the jungle, clutched and bore their prey away with them. Imagine the horror of the lady and the ship's boy, who were near enough to the monsters to see the yellow glare of their fierce eyes. The little dog, as if he had a human sense of danger, would not approach the jungle, but ran up and down the beach for hours, in a little circuit close about his mistress, uttering all the time a sharp, quick bark, which she always believed helped to frighten the wild animals away. Perhaps the felicitous part of them was saved by the bark of even so small a canine; perhaps they did not care to attack human beings. At any rate, although the tigers appeared twice or thrice to take away the pigs and goats, they made no motion to approach the lady and frightened boy. When the boats returned with the best part of the ship's cargo safe, they made huge fires on the beach and kept away the beasts, and slept soundly in their boats, drawn up on the shore. The next

day they sought out a native town, and shortly after found an American ship, which took them back to Boston harbor again.

I think it was of an uncle of hers that my grandmother used to tell a story of shipwreck, which always made us cry. All the preliminary circumstances have faded from our memory up to the fact that a crowded boat load of men were afloat upon the ocean without water, and without food. They had gnawed to rags the leather of their shoes' soles, and the leather of their belts. A friendly rain, whose blessed moisture, they had sucked from their handkerchiefs and clothing, had kept them from going mad with thirst while they lay thus for days on a becalmed and dreadful ocean. Now hunger had begun to get the better of the braves of them, and at first with hints, and finally with spoken words it had been made known that one must die to furnish food for the others. They cast lots for him, and it fell on the elder of two brothers, who was a married man and had a wife and five small children at home. The then younger brother, who had no tie to hold him in life, except the brave love of it, besought his elder brother to let him die in his stead, and reminded him so movingly of the wife and babies who were his cause to live, entreating all his other comrades to accept him as the substitute for a life better worth preserving than his own, that even the hunger-maddened men were moved to tears, and the dew of a blessed pity moistened the fever of their parched brains. And while they paused, a sail appeared on the horizon, neared them with the help of a fresh upspringing breeze, and before twilight, bless God, they were safe and succeeded on board a vessel which bore them swiftly home. This sounds like an incident from an old black letter book of voyages, yet my grandmother had it from the lips of him who was one of the heroes of the story.

There are so many of these stories crowding the past with visions of shipwreck, that they make the crawling hungry ocean seem like a great charnel house with aisles of graves hidden under its arching billows. No beauty in it at best, but the cruellest thing in all nature, even when it lies most peaceful and serene under the smiling sky. A thousand ghosts from the old winter's tales rise up, hardly to be laid, whenever I think of it, but I conjure them down, and end with a little incident of shipwreck, which happened only a few years ago, while the civil war was raging among us. The story was told me by a friend whose sister sailed on a steamer bound for the Pacific coast. They were wrecked just off Florida, on Roncaud Reef. On a part of this reef, only a little above sea-level, and so nearly submerged that a violent storm might lash the waves over the wretched foothold they found there, three hundred people clung to a bare hope of safety. They had something to eat, a meager allowance, and they had constant hope of being seen by vessels, which were sure to pass that way. Thus they dragged through the dreadful week till succor reached them in the form of the United States steamer of Farragut's fleet, which came to take them off. During this time a baby had been born there on this bald rock, and named from it, Roncaud, in compliment to the poor sailor which the reef had given the mother in her bitter travail. When the steamer found them out, and the officers and men from the fleet came to bear the ship-wrecked sufferers on board, they were so weakened by misery and want of food that the strongest men were like babies, and had to be carried away in the strong arms of the sailors.

The shipwreck interested me greatly, and I cherished it too as one in which no one I had known had suffered any part. A year later I was telling it to a little company, among whom was my stalwart cousin, who sailed in Admiral Farragut's fleet, the youngest officer among them all. As I spoke he started up crying—"That was my stern!" We helped those poor creatures off the reef. I carried in my arms to the ship's boat, men who were too weak to walk even in the excitement of being saved." And with many graphic words he told anew the story of the rescue; how shipwrecked men and women shed tears of joy on the breast of their preservers; and how tenderly the sailors nursed them, till they could bring them safe to land.

COME DOWN, FATHER.—Some one has paraphrased the song "Dear Father Come Home," as follows: Oh, Father dear father, come down with the stamps, my dressmaker's bill is unpaid—she said she would send it right home from the shop, as soon as the houses were made. My new dress from— is down in the hall, the boy will not leave without pay—I've nothing to sport with—can't go to the ball, so please send the shop boy away! Come down! come down! Please father, dear father, come down! Oh, hear the sweet voice of thy child, who cries in her room alone; oh, who could resist her most beautiful tears? So, father, with stamps you'll come down. Oh, father, dear father come down with the stamps, my curls are not fit to be seen—the hair-dresser said he could not do them up unless I could pay him fifteen. He only asks twenty to give a new set, and take the old hair in exchange—besides, Pa, my waterfalls are awfully rough, and my back hair will look strange. Come down! come down! Please father, for Britain come down!

If God should put suddenly into money, or its representative, the power to return to its rightful owner, there is not a bank or a safety deposit that would not have its sides blown out; and parchments would rip, and gold would shoot, and mortgages would read, and beggars would get horses, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.—Rev. T. D. Tidwale.

Chances to get Married.

A Yankee old bachelor was once bantering on the subject of matrimony by a young girl, who told him she didn't believe he ever found a woman who'd have him.

"Yes, I did," replied he, "I had three chances to get married, and they all 'busted'; so I never tried a fourth."

"Pray how was that?" inquired the young lady.

"Why, you see, I courted Deacon Hawkins' daughter—Deb, they used to call her—and so one night we made it up between us to get married. Well, while we were going to the parson's, I accidentally slouched my foot into a mud puddle and spattered mud all over Deb's new gown; it was made out of one of her grandmother's chintz petticoats, and she was so proud of the rig that she got mad as hops. 'What, when we go to the parson's the ceremony began, and he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband. 'No,' says she, 'I've taken a mislikin' to him since I left home.'"

"The parson laughed, and so did his wife and darter, who had come in to see the ceremony, and I felt streaked as thunder, while Deb went off in a ciff."

"'What, it was all up of a course, for the time being; but I was determined to have some satisfaction for such mean treatment, so I began to shine up to her again; I gin her a new string of beads, a few kisses and some other notions until finally we made it all up, and we went to the parson's a second time. We was stood out in the middle of the room and he ax'd me if I would take the Deborah for my lawful wedded wife? 'No,' said I, 'I've taken a mislikin' to her since I was here last.'"

"This was a stunner for poor Deb, who turned white as a sheet, and the parson's wife ran for her smelling salts."

I began to relent a little when I saw how she took it; but it proved only to be a mad-fit after all; for, in a few minutes more she was skittin' away for home, lively as a cricket."

"It was some weeks before I could bring round the gal again to let me spark her, and it proved ruther an expensive job, too, for I had to buy her a span new calico gown which cost hard on four dollars."

"That foched her and made a sure thing of it. So we went a third time to the parson's expecting to be tied so fast that all natur' couldn't separate us. We ax'd him to begin the ceremony, as everything was all right now."

"I should do any such thing," said he, "for I've taken a mislikin' to both of you since you were here last."

"Thereupon Deb burst out a crying, and the parson's wife she burst out a laughing, and the parson burst out a scolding; and I burst out the front door and put for home. Next day, hearing that Deb had licked the parson and pulled out nearly all his wife's hair, I concluded that my chances with such a filly buster would be rather squally, so I let her slide."

At noon yesterday an event of unusual interest took place at the Home for the Friendless—the marriage of Judson P. Esmy, a conductor on the Northwestern Road, to Martha Arlingdale, one of the pupils in the Industrial School.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the history of Miss Arlingdale is as follows: Her father was an officer in the rebel army, and was killed in 1864, and her mother died shortly afterward, at Helena. She was brought to Plainfield Ill., by Capt. James Baker, of the Union army, and for six months had a home in his family, when she was sent to the Home for the Friendless in this city. Having been taught to read and to sew, she was adopted into a family at Clinton, Iowa, but the death of her benefactor caused her to be returned to the Home. On her way thither she attracted the attention of her future husband, who placed her in the hands of Mrs. Grant and Miss Bowman, and requested permission to visit her.

For two and a half years he has watched over his protegee, only to claim her yesterday as his bride.

Mrs. Esmy is sixteen years of age, petite in figure, and a brunette with flashing black eyes. She has been fairly educated, is amiable in temperament, and was a general favorite with the lady managers of the Home.

Mr. Esmy is twenty-nine years old, bears a high character, and has two brothers in this city who are greatly esteemed.

A wedding based upon such romantic circumstances necessarily created a great sensation. For some time the lady Directors of the Home have been preparing for the event, and the fair bride was forced to accept an outfit at the hands of those whose hearts she had reached. The arrangements for the dress were made by Mrs. Perry H. Smith, Mrs. Edward Ely, and Mrs. H. M. Buell, and material thereof was contributed by several parties.

Mrs. William C. Dow decorated the reception-rooms with flowers, and Mrs. Martin Andrews sent the bridal bouquet.

The ceremony took place at noon in the reading-room, Elder Boring officiating, in the presence of a large number of ladies. The bridesmaids were eighteen girls from the Industrial School. The bride wore a drab traveling dress, gloves, and veil, and a white hat trimmed with drab, and relieved by rose-colored ribbons. In her left hand was a elegant bouquet. The groom was attended by his two brothers.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, Elder Boring presented a Bible, when the party repaired to the residence of the elder brother, and last evening repaired to Oak Park, to attend the honeymoon with a relative.—Chicago Tribune, May 3.

It is said that one green tarleton dress contains arsenic enough to kill a man; and yet men don't seem to be afraid to go near green tarleton dresses.

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches, widely before you,
A field for your music and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain;

Be fearless of storms that overtake you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the will to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.

In contests of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you will do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandal may sneed
And strive with their shrewdness of tact
To injure your fame, never heed,
But justly and honestly act.

And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man,
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

Stupid People.

A number of the The Saturday Journal says: "I think stupid persons a mistake of Nature." This is a very savage indictment of Nature, which generally knows what it is doing, as well as anybody. When there are so many stupid people, most of whom enjoy themselves to the utmost, it is not kind to speak ill of them. Let us consider a few of them.

Take the profane man. He imagines that profanity is an evidence of smartness and superiority; that using the name of his Maker vainly elevates him in the estimation of others. How grossly stupid!

Remark him who makes long, tiresome prayers in public places, wears sanctimonious airs and snuffles daily. He supposes that such conduct commends him to his neighbors as an extra good man. He cannot realize that common sense reads his character as clearly as one reads a street sign.

The gambler, who usually dressing in purple and fine linen, supposes that the advice given by a dying man to his sons, is good morality. "Finally, my sons, get money. Get it honestly if you can, but get money." He lives by lying, trickery and cheating, never thinking he will die "as the fool dieth." Stupid! Stupid!

But is he any more stupid than the money-grasping man who puts on the "livery of the court of heaven," if not to serve the devil in, at least to cover his bad deeds from the sight of man, and to hoodwink his Maker—very likely at last leaving his dishonest gains to religious and charitable institutions! His stupidity is so great that he does not know that his character is an open book to be read of men as well as by God!

Then there is the man who vociferates his views on all possible occasions, and lifts up his voice like a braying ass, especially when he ought not to be so, under the impression that he has a large influence. Well, perhaps he has; but it is directly opposite to what he supposes.

The hard-drinker, the idler, the spendthrift, the common slanderer, the two-penny rascals must all think they are promoting their own happiness. Their stupidity is unfathomable!

But we need not extend the list. We will only add that if stupid persons are a mistake of Nature, it would not be safe to rectify the mistake all at once. The shock to the human family would destroy half the institutions and objects of the world, and bring moral chaos in every community.—Geneva Courier.

Amusing Scene on a Street Car.

The Washington Star says: The passengers on one of the Riker's street cars laughed some yesterday morning at a scene between the conductor and a well dressed young man from Georgetown. As the car was passing down the avenue, the young man was standing on the platform taking it easy, with one foot on a trunk, he was approached by the conductor and his fare demanded. He quietly passed over his five cents.

Conductor: I demand twenty-five cents for that trunk. Young man (hesitatingly): twenty-five cents? Well, I think I will not pay it. Conductor: Then I shall put the trunk off. Young man: You had better not, or you may be sorry for it. Conductor pulls strap, steps car, dumps trunk on the avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares, approaches the young man, who was as still and calm as a Summer morning, and in an angry mood says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?" Young man (coolly):—Well I don't propose to do anything about it; it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk. Conductor (fiercely):—Then why didn't you tell me so? Y. M.—Because you did not ask me, and I told you you'd be sorry for it. C. (Furious).—Then go inside the car. Y. M.—Oh no! you're good enough company for me out here.

At this juncture a portly German emerges from the car, and angrily says, "Mine Gott! you feller, where is mine drunk?"

Y. M.—My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there.

German.—Who puts him off? I have the monish to pay for him. I see about dot.

The car was stopped, and shortly afterwards the conductor was seen to come sweating up with the trunk on his back—a part of the performance he did not enjoy half as well as did the passengers.

Horace Greeley's father was a poor farmer. So is Horace.

A Laughable Love Story

A rich old gentleman had only one daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal and pecuniary. She was engaged and devotedly attached to a young man in every respect worthy of her choice. All the marriage preliminaries were arranged, and the wedding was fixed to take place on a certain Thursday. On the Monday preceding the wedding-day the bride and groom elect (who was to have received \$50,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of \$100,000 on his father-in-law's death, an event which would probably soon occur) had a little jealous squabble with his intended at the evening party. The "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets.

The gentleman retorted, and spoke tauntingly of a certain cousin whose waistcoat was the admiration of the company, that it had been embroidered by the fair heiress herself. He added that it would be soon enough for him to be schooled after they were married; and that she adopted the "breeches," a little too soon. After the supper they became reconciled amicably, and the bridegroom elect, in taking leave, was kind and affectionate. On the next morning the swain regretted the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, of a part of the *amende honorable*, packed up a magnificent satin dress which he had previously bespoke for his beloved (which had been sent home in the interval), and sent it to the lady with the following note:

"Dearest Jane: I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in thinking of our misunderstanding last evening. Pray pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your most affectionate Henry."

Having written the note, he gave it to his servant to deliver with the parcel. But, as a pair of pantaloons happened to need repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity (the servant having to pass the tailor's shop) to send them in another package to the tailor. The man made the fatal blunder! left the satin dress with Snip, and took the note and the damaged trousers to the lady. So exasperated was she that she determined it a deliberate affront, and when her admirer called she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match.

Wonders.—Lewinbeck tells us of an insect seen with a microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself, like water through a sieve.

The mites take five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow.

Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.—Home and Health.

FAIR PLAY.—Hearth and Home talks thus to boys:

"Fair play in play is the foundation for fair play in life. To play unfairly is to steal. By the rules of the game, you have certain rights and your opponent has rights. These rights like all rights, are of the nature of property. If you take the slightest advantage to which you are not entitled, you are to that extent—well, *thief* is a hard word to use. But I will let you or any other conscientious boy say what one who takes that which does not belong to him, and thus infringes on the rights of another."

"The boy who plays fairly is sure to make an honorable man. I should not like to say that the boy who plays unfairly will grow to be a rogue. But I will say that the boy who takes unfair advantages in a game shows a weak moral nature and cannot be depended on in a pinch."

PUNISHMENT OF ENVY.—An eastern potter, it is said, became covetous of the property of a washerman, and to ruin him, induced the king to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be "lord of the white elephant," which in the East is quite a distinction. The washerman replied that, by the rule of his art, he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in. The king ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many times was this repeated; and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.

When a woman falls from virtue to dirt, or even "suspicious" the tongue of every woman will run with lightning speed to assist in rushing her down the hill. When these same women meet a man who is a "debauchee" in every sense of the word, whose reputation as a dishonorable scoundrel is well established, they will smile and do "the pretty" to the best of their ability. Who can tell why such is the case? It is indeed a rarity to find charity in woman for woman.

Wit and Humor.

Why is a man never knocked down against his will? Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined.

Massa, Christopher Columbus was a queer man," said a negro orator. "A notion crossed him one day, and den he crossed an ocean."

The youth who stole a watch and returned it to the owner, who promised "no questions asked," is in jail. The owner was as good as his word, he arrested the youth without asking any questions.

"How far shall this excruciating uncertainty go, Adelaid, my beloved?" said a gallant young Romeo to his pretty Juliet, the other evening. "Go to—father," was the prompt and satisfactory reply.

An Indiana land owner lately leased one of his farms, stipulating that tobacco should not be raised on it, saying he would set against tobaccoer, and nun o the pizen stuff should be raised on his side.

"Can you change a two dollar bill?" said an impetuous drinker to a bartender.—"Yes."—"Well, when I get a two-dollar bill I'll bring it in."

A man named Wells, having stepped upon a quiskin in the river near Brownsville, instantly sank out of sight, whereupon one of the companions remarked, "That's a new way of sinking wells."

Two young men, hunting on the St. Sebastian river, near St. Augustine, Fla., the other day, proposed to set down upon a certain log to rest, but changed their minds when they found it to be a lively alligator.

Engagement bracelets are the last novelty. They are plucked on the ladies' arms as soon as papa has given his consent, and then locked on by a small gold key.

Thompson is not going to have anything more to do with conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hoghead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

Josh Billings says: Skunks are called pole kaks because it is not convenient to kill them with a club, but with a pole, and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natural history, disagree about the length of the pole to be used, but I would suggest that the pole be 365 feet, especially if the wind is in favor of the pole kat.

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the agonies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the bowels, and now I'm sick with chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're ill!"

WASS' FOND OF SWEET THINGS.—During the late rebellion, a man out West, in a small gathering of friends, was urging upon their minds the importance of enlisting:

"Go, my brave friends," said he; "fight for your country—die for it, if it is necessary; for it is sweet to die for our native land."

"But," said one, "if it is sweet to die for our country, why don't you go?"

This was a poser, and for a moment disconcerted him, but rallying, he replied that he, as an individual, "was not fond of sweet things."

A Newport correspondent tells of a loving couple in a railroad car: "The presumption is, they had 'tunneled' before but it had been in the daytime, when the darkness of the tunnel was advantageous. On this occasion it was after nightfall, and the candles were burning. The male lover for miles had been talking tunnel, as if deeply interested in that underground passage, and his love evidently understood the allusions. At last the train thundered into the tunnel, and the lovers indulged in one of those hearty salutations that are made to be felt, but not to be seen by indifferent spectators. Of course the car-load exploded, while the impulsive swain apologized to his Dulcinea with the unsatisfactory exclamation, 'confounded the lamps, I didn't think of them.'"

Some fellow mortal with a just appreciation of the great sin of cheating the printer, and a laudible desire to reform the world, gets off the following:

The man who cheats the printer
Out of a single cent,
Will never reach that heavenly land
Where old Elijah went.

He will not gain admittance there,
By devils he'll be driven,
And made to loaf his time away
Outside the walls of heaven.

Without a man to greet him,
Without a pleasant grin,
The happiness that he will reap
Will be almighty thin.

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