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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



"MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die,
Yet on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall weep a tear for me.

The dews of night may fall from heaven
Upon the withered rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead.
Yet morning's sun the dew will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pang be lulled to sleep;
And even love forget to weep.

My life is like an autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away.
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may leave a sigh of grief
O'er those who sleep within the tomb;
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours,
And even love forget to grieve.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on tamped desert sand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All traces shall vanish from the strand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea!
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

The sea may on the desert shore
Lament each trace it bears away;
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherished friendship's past decay;
Yet when all track is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on;
Thus soon affections bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to mourn.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ALICE HALL'S DUTY.

Alice Hall, a poor orphan, and Ernest Morton, a rich young gentleman, were to be married in a week, when news came that Peter Drew, Alice's step-father, was lying on his death-bed in Wisconsin, and would soon leave her three little half-sisters, orphans like herself. Alice felt it her duty to go and help the afflicted ones, and Ernest arranged at her action bade her good-bye forever.

And so Alice Hall left all the fairest visions of girlhood and the sunniest hopes of life behind her, and went out to the log farm-house in Wisconsin, where Peter Drew lay on his death-bed.

"So you've come, Alice," said the dying man, groping for her hand in the shadows that were closing more darkly over him than any twilight could have done.

"Somehow, I felt it borne in me you would come. And you won't let the little ones starve—will you, Alice, my girl? You'll take care of them for the sake of dead mother?"

"While I live they shall never want for a protector," she answered, in a voice whose gentle firmness fell most soothingly on the ear that was so fast dulling to all mortal sounds.

"Heaven bless you, Alice, and heaven help you. Now, I shall die with my mind at rest."

Alice did not watch long. At midnight, when the tempestuous winds were wrestling with the tree-tops overhead, and the great river rushed past with a moaning sound, like the cry of a human sufferer, Peter Drew drifted peacefully out of life that had never been aught but struggles and trials to him. And Alice knew that she was left alone, to take care of three little ones, the eldest scarcely seven years old.

She knew that skillful seamstresses were rare and difficult to be had in this Western wilderness; and she knew also that she could easily obtain the position of teacher in the red colored wooden school house at the Cross Roads, two miles beyond; and, insensibly she found herself planning out the future lives and destinies of herself and the three helpless little girls who were sleeping in their cribs up stairs.

"We must live very humbly and plainly," said Alice to herself "but we need not starve while I am able to work."

Alas! how different was the dull lead color of this future to the roseate cloud that had floated round her brain scarcely more than a week ago; she never would be anybody's wife now; she would settle quietly down into the old maid elder sister of the three little Drews. Had not this perturbing cross-current flashed into the serene tide of her bygone happiness, to-day—the day now dawning with sultry streaks of red in the eastern sky—would have been her marriage day.

Who could blame the girl for letting her head droop on her hands, and shedding a few quiet tears? Then she rose up, resolved and firm, to face her duty.

"Yes," said old Squire Bean, "we'll be glad to pay you ten dollars a month for teaching a district school; we ha'n't had no efficient school-ma'am not since Abiah Smith married old Roger's youngest boy. And as for the sewin', why 'twas only yesterday Miss Bean was a frettin' 'cause Melinda Steers couldn't come to make up her new green delaine. Melinda's mother is sick, and Miss Bean wouldn't grudge a dollar to have it made neat and ship-shape."

A dollar! Alice felt that it would be sometime before, at that rate, she could accumulate enough money to carry out her cherished scheme of taking the three small sisters eastward with her, but she assented to the Squire's terms as being better than nothing at all.

It was nearly a week afterward, and Alice Hall was coming home, tired and weary, from her first day's experience in the red school-house, where the seventeen Western unchers had started at the "new school ma'am from down East," as if she had been a gorilla or a two-headed sheep. The November leaves rustled softly under her feet, and the sweet, decaying scent of the old woods breathed over her senses like some gentle opiate. She had nearly reached the turn of the road, when her own home would be in sight, when the eldest of her half-sisters, little Lucy Drew, came running to meet her.

"Sister, sister, there's a strange man sitting by the fire. He's been waiting ever so long to see you."

Alice hastened; her foot steps at this rather startling piece of news, while Lucy frisked about by her side.

"And he took Bessie on his lap and told her stories, and said we were nice little girls, sister; and I brought him a bowl of milk, and some of the biscuits you made last night."

Alice smiled as she opened the door of the humble habitation that had been built by hard-working Peter Drew; but her check suddenly blanched as she beheld the countenance of this "strange man," who had been the subject of little Lucy's exuberant hospitality.

It was Ernest Morton who sat by the Western fire-side, with Bessie and Jane clinging to his knees.

"Ernest!"

At first she thought it was baseless delusion of the brain—some fancied resemblance from secret, unsatisfied longing of her heart. But when he was holding both her hands, and looking straight into her eyes, she knew that it was none other than Ernest's self. Ernest, came all this weary length of miles to see her once again.

"Get the little ones ready as soon as you can, Alice," he said cheerily, when she sat down opposite him, with her cherry lips apart, and eyes all humed with unspoken happiness. "We are all going Eastward together, you know."

"We?"

"Yes, I and my wife, and my little sisters, for I stopped and spoke to the minister at Orkneyville, two miles back, and he is coming to marry us this very evening."

"But Ernest—"

"My dear, I know very well what you are going to say; but I behaved like a brute. Not until you was gone did I see what a pearl of price I had thrown away. You were right, as you always are, and I was wrong. I tried to live without you, and I found it was an impossible thing—"

"So here I am, and here I remain until you return with me. I've taken the pretty house in Parker Street—you remember it—with the bay-windows looking toward the South, and the delectable china closet in the dining-room. And it's all furnished as neat and complete as a pin—a room up stairs just the thing for these little women, and—"

"Stop Ernest. I have no right to ask you to burden yourself with the care of my half-sisters," said Alice resolutely.

"Who has asked me, I'd like to know. You haven't. I've adopted 'em of my own free will and pleasure, and you have nothing whatever to say on the subject."

The tears rushed to Alice's eyes. What a change in the horizon of her life since she had locked the school-house door with such a weary heart two hours since.

"Oh, Ernest, I think I am too happy!"

"You can't be too happy, my brave-hearted little heroine—that's quite possible," he said, tenderly clasping her hand.

"How pale you have grown! But I shall bring the bloom back to your cheek, when I get you safely established in Parker Street. There's a little carriage and a pair of ponies in the stable there. What will the girls say to that?"

The children crowded around to hear of the wonderful new acquisition, and Alice stole away to lay aside her bonnet, and brush out her curls.

And kneeling at her bedside, she murmured a prayer—a prayer of thanks that the stern road of duty, once set with thorns and brambles, had blossomed out into life-long roses.

Elephant "Romeo" Dead.

Chicago, on Friday last, was the scene of an event the occurrence of which will excite interest in almost every city, town, or village in America, being no less than the death of the celebrated performing elephant "Romeo," the largest and most valuable of his species ever brought to this country, and more famous than any who have gone before him. Without an elephant the most extensive of menageries would be regarded as a total failure and in the possession of "Romeo" Adam Forepaugh has for years been envied among showmen.

The animal had been ailing for several weeks, the disease being located in his fore feet, which from some unknown cause, had become affected with inflammation, resulting in acute pain and a general debilitation of the system, the effect of which had been noticed by a rapid wasting of flesh. On Tuesday last it was determined to have an operation performed on "Romeo's" feet, and Dr. Boyde, of the Chicago Medical College, was entrusted with the undertaking. An examination developed the fact that numerous small bones of the feet had been broken, detached, and dead, and accordingly these bones were cut out, the process being accompanied by the loss of several gallons of blood. No danger on this account was anticipated, and it is believed that the death of the patient was not hastened from this cause, as to an elephant the loss of a couple buckets of blood would be about equivalent to an ordinary attack of nose bleed on the part of one of the human kind.

It was observed that "Romeo" was suffering the most acute pain, and it also became apparent that the inflammation was rapidly extending upward toward the breast. For the first time in two weeks he hid down on Thursday night, his symptoms of distress being so marked as to convince Mr. Forepaugh that he was about to lose the most valuable feature of his show. Early on Friday morning the proprietor visited the menagerie tent, and found "Romeo" lying in the same position, his colossal flanks heaving with quick short gasps, his eye fixed and filmy, and the further extremity of the trunk cold and pulseless. The sound of Mr. Forepaugh's voice calling him by name was recognized by the dying mastodon, and he attempted to raise his head in response to the touch of his owner's hand, but his strength was so depleted that he was obliged to lie down, his head dropped back upon the ground, and after a few weak, convulsive struggles, he ceased to breathe, and all that remained of "Romeo" was a monstrous heap of inanimate flesh.

The circumstance occasioned a profound sensation among the attaches of the show, who gathered about the spot and sorrowfully surveyed the huge carcass. Aside from the great financial loss—estimated at \$50,000—he had sustained, Mr. Forepaugh was deeply moved by the catastrophe, as he regarded "Romeo" as the most valuable elephant in existence, attributing to him a degree of intelligence almost human. He had made a study of the animal's peculiarities of disposition, and had succeeded in establishing the most affectionate relation with him. "Why, dash it," said the great showman, with a curious quiver of the voice, and a suspicious aversion of the head, "he knew more than any trained horse I ever owned. He knew he wasn't right these last few weeks, and when I'd go up to him and say, 'How do you get along, old fellow?' he'd reach out with his trunk and take my hand and put it on his forehead, as much as to say, 'There it hurts me; can't you do something to help it?'"

And then the disconsolate proprietor went on to enumerate "Romeo's" shining qualities; how he would do any conceivable trick in the ring—stand on his forelegs or hindlegs, turn on a pivot, waltz, go lame, kneel down, walk over his keeper's body, taking the nicest care not to touch a shred of his clothing with his ponderous foot—in short, do anything which you could possibly think of asking an elephant to do; how, when the wagons would get stuck in the mud, old "Romeo," with the power of a hundred horses, would get behind and push them along, with the greatest ease; how, when he was sulky and savage, and they had thrown him down upon his side, he would lay there a day or two before he would give up, but finally would weaken, and with his pleading eyes fairly beg to be released—and so on with a volume of interesting reminiscences.

"Romeo" has an eventful history, having killed five keepers since his advent in America, besides destroying any number of fences, barns, garden patches, corn fields, orchards, etc. He was purchased by an agent of J. Mable, in Calcutta, about twenty-five years ago, having been taken from a brick-yard where he was being used in grinding clay. The price paid for him was \$10,000 in gold, and he was brought America along with nine others. In 1852, while south of New Orleans, he killed his keeper, known as "Long John," whose successor, "Frenchy Williams," shared the same fate near Houston, Texas, in 1855; a third, Stewart Craven, was killed in 1860 near Clark Rapids, Iowa; the fourth, Bill Williams, was sent to his last account in Philadelphia, in 1867, and the fifth, named M'Devit, in Ohio, in 1869, completed the list of "Romeo's" victims.

The body has been donated by Mr. Forepaugh to the Chicago Medical College, where the mounted skeleton and stuffed skin will be placed in the anatomical museum.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

Woman's Influence.

The most powerful and beneficial of the influences which bear on the formation of human character, is that of a woman. Man in life is what he is, to a great extent, by the power of woman. His infancy being committed to her charge, and his childhood spent in her society, her sayings and doings first impress themselves upon him. The prayer that she taught him first to lip is never forgotten. Her exhortation and examples for good, and her praise of generosity and noble-mindedness remain fresh in memory, and prove instrumental in preserving him from many temptations and dangers, and qualifying him for the arduous and responsible duties of manhood.

The noble qualities displayed by illustrious men are generally the fruit of seed sown in infancy. "Train up a child in the way he will depart from it," said one of old, and experience continues to this day to illustrate its truth. Napoleon attributed all his success to the sound principles taught him by his mother. Hog's poetical talent was inspired and fostered by his mother. So with most great men; their first steps have been guided by his mother's hand, and their greatness has been the result of the early tuition of a woman.

But it is within the social circle that woman's influence is most exercised—something with her smiles and cheerfulness, the tones of her voice, and countenance, the deprecating tenderness of the world, she impresses strength to the weakened frame, smooths the ruffled brow, calms the weary mind, and infuses into the heart heart fresh spirits and exhilarating hopes, with which to go forth to fight the great battle of life.

It is an hour of sickness and distress that woman's virtues most brightly shine. Her tender and patient care guards us through the trial. But at all times she is the great ornament, the beneficent genius of home. She transforms the hovel of poverty into the palace of peace, where, reigning as an enthroned monarch, she dispenses pleasure and joy to all within her circle, thus becoming a necessity to man and to man's happiness.

O there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it,
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
Nor life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us.

AN ABSURD CUSTOM.—If I could persuade all the young people of Elmira never to treat each other, nor be treated, I think one half of the danger from our strong drink would be gone. If I cannot get you to sign the total abstinence pledge, binding until you are twenty-five, I would be glad to have you promise three things: First, never to drink the sly, alone; second, never to drink socially, treating or being treated; third, when you drink, do it openly, and in the presence of some man or woman whom you respect. Now, boys, if you wish to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other shop beside the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post office, you say, "Come, boys, come in and take some stamps." These stamps will do your friends a real good, and will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go by the tailor's store and say; "Boys, come in and have a box of collars." Walk up to the counter-fitter and say, "What collars will you have?" Why not treat to collars as well as treat to drinks? or go by a confectioner's and propose to treat to chocolate drops all round? or say, "I'll stand a jack-knife all round?" How does it happen that we have fallen into the habit, almost compulsory, of social drinking? You drink many a time when asked to, when really you do not want to. When a man has treated you, you feel mean and indebted, and keep a sort of account current in your mind, and treat him. And so in the use of just that dangerous one, you join hand in hand to help each other to ruin instead of hand in hand to help each other to temperance.—T. K. Beecher.

HOW TO SLEEP.—We are often asked for a prescription for prematurely wakeful persons. The "high pressure" principle on which many of our business men work their brains and abuse their bodies, begets an irritable condition of the nerves, and a morbid state of mind, very antagonistic to quiet and refreshing sleep. Such persons will often go to bed weary and exhausted, but cannot sleep, or sleep dreamily and fitfully; or lie awake for hours, unable to sleep at all. We have tried many expedients to induce sleep with more or less success, and have read many receipts which proved better in theory than in practice. The very best method we have yet discovered is that of counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort), and, with every expiration, count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some persons will be asleep before they can count fifty in this manner. Others will count ten, twenty, or thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting. In such cases always commence again at one. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen repeat the dose until cured.—From Science of Health.

The surest road to poverty is to hoard up treasures. The surest road to wealth is to bestow liberally where it is needed. The miser is the poorest man on earth; the most liberal man is the most wealthy. If, therefore, you would be rich, do not aim at riches, but simply use what you already possess for the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number.

"MY CHILDHOOD DAYS"

How blithe and glad some we were when
Our life was in its spring,
We felt no care, we knew not then
That time would sorrow bring.

Friends round our fire at evening met,
And merry songs were sung;
They're pleasant times to think of yet,
Those days when we were young.

Where now are those I loved so well?
Oh, some are on the sea;
And some in homes of splendor dwell,
And have forgotten me.

And by the graves of some I sit,
Where fading wreaths are hung,
And mourn, as o'er my memory lit,
The days when we were young.

And I've seen many changes; still,
A happy lot is mine;
My home's 'neath yon sheltering hill,
And 'rosses round it twine.

The merry lays we sang of yore,
Are by my children sung,
And in their youth I see once more,
The days when I was young.

Story of a Chequered Life.

The Kansas City Journal relates this story: Yesterday, about noon, a respectable-looking woman, named Ruth Donahoe, about fifty years of age, made application to Mayor Hunt for a pass to St. Louis. The story of her life is indeed a sad one. Twenty-four years ago, in the city of New York, she met and married a gentleman who was connected with one of the Methodist Episcopal Churches there as pastor, and shortly after their marriage he accepted a position as missionary to India, whither she accompanied him. After several years of labor at the missionary station, her husband died, she in the meantime became the mother four children, all boys. Being left almost destitute in a strange land, and having some relations living in Chicago, she and her family moved there, where her father died. She subsequently re-married, and her new husband came to reside with herself and mother. Meantime the children, by her first marriage, had almost grown to man's estate, and had gone to the far West to seek their fortunes. By her second marriage she had three children, who were residing with her at the time of the great fire. In that conflagration she barely escaped with her life and her young family, losing her home and her husband in the flames. Helpless and alone once more in the world, she started to discover the whereabouts of her four boys, who were at Lone Pine, California, employed as public teachers. With them she found a temporary home, together with the young members of her family. She was at Lone Pine at the time of the recent terrific earthquake. Here she lost her four boys, and for the third time was friendless and alone. She made her way to Council Bluffs, Iowa, with her three youngest children, and there she left them in care of parties who, seeing her desolate state, kindly cared for them. She has some friends at St. Louis, and is making her way thither.

For Whoever Hits.

There are nearly as many bad wives as husbands. Many men who work hard and try to do well in life are neglected and abused by improvident women.

They are condemned to eat the poorest dinner when they provide the best of the market.

On a head of bread, soggy vegetables, muddy coffee and tough pie crust, how can a woman expect her husband to be pleasant and loving?

Such men often drink whiskey because their food tastes as they would any one who had a cast-iron stomach—and the habits of intolerance are sometimes in this way begun through the fault of a wife.

It costs more to cook poorly than to make food good and palatable.

If a woman runs from a neighbor's door, she is sure to throw a pebble, a brick, or a stone, for the dinner table hot she commits a great offense against the health of her family.

If a man has only an hour to go home to get his dinner and turn to business it should be ready promptly on time, or else he will eat very hot food in the greatest haste, and start off for a rapid walk all of which is very bad, and will soon show its effects upon the strongest man.

When her husband gets peevish, low spirited, and forgetful of the little acts of love and kindness he taught her to expect in his gone-by, a woman who is such a sequestrated need not sit in the twilight and wonder at such things.

Dyspepsia is not conducive to tender thoughts or happiness.

Here is a Quaker toast that has a thought in it: "This is me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thee and thine come to see me and mine that we and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thee and thine have treated me and mine."

For the Last Time

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the lips of the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel when you look your last upon some scene which you have loved—when you stand in some quiet street, where you know that you will never stand again, unless, indeed, you come back, some day, to the "old haunts," and wander among them an unwelcome ghost. The actor playing his part for the first time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand again before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again."

How they come to us on "bivvy" days, as we grow older. Never again comes to our mind, and never to the very last—the end which is universal, the "last thing" which follow all the other last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our boyish toys, with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry mates for the last time, and life's serious grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be too, that these shall seem in the light of some far off day as the boy's and man's toys of our childhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of a gate into the new land of promise?

A Presidential Veto

The President on Saturday sent a message to the Senate vetoing the bill entitled an act for the relief of J. M. Best. The President says that the bill appropriates \$25,000 to compensate Dr. J. Milton Best for the destruction of his dwelling house and its contents by order of the commanding officer of the United States military forces at Paducah, Ky., on the 26th of March, 1864. It appears that this house was one of a considerable number destroyed for the purpose of giving open range to the guns of a United States fort.

On the day preceding the destruction the house had been used as a cover for rebel troops attacking the fort, and apprehending a renewal of the attack, the commanding officer caused the destruction of the house. This, then, is a claim for compensation on account of ravages of war. It cannot be denied that the payment of this claim would invite the presentation of demands for very large sums of money, and such is the supposed magnitude of the claims that may be made against the government for necessary and unavoidable destruction of property by the army, that the President deems it proper to return this bill for reconsideration. The President states as a general principle of both international and municipal law, that all property is held subject to be destroyed when the public safety demands it, and in this latter case compensation is a matter of bounty rather than a legal right.

The President suggests that if it be deemed proper to make compensation for such losses, it would be better, by general legislation, to provide some means for the ascertainment of the damage in all similar cases.

There are folks in this world who say they don't love babies, but you can depend upon it when they see babies sumpdilly loved them.

Babies love me, too. I can take them out of my mother's arms just as easy as I can an unfledged bird out of its nest. They love me because I love them.

And here let me say, for the comfort of those who see me in the care of my little ones, that I am not a baby, but a man, and I can take them out of my mother's arms just as easy as I can an unfledged bird out of its nest. They love me because I love them.

Perhaps there is people who don't envy me all this, but it is one of the sharp-cut, well-defined joys of my life, my love for babies and their love for me.

Perhaps there is people who will call it a weakness; I don't care what they call it, bring on the babies.—Uncle Josh has always a kind word and a kiss for the babies.

I love babies for the truth there is in them, I ain't afraid their kiss will betray me; there is no frauds, debates nor counterfeits among them.

I wish I was a baby (not only once more, but forevermore).—Josh Billings.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—One fountain there is, whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go, and drink therefore, from that fountain which has not dried up, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate in thy own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, nature, antiquity, heaven are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow, and music records, offer to thy soul hospitality.—Frederika Bremer.

A modest young lady at the table, desiring the leg of a chicken, said: "I'll take the part which you do wear drawers." A young gentleman opposite, replied: "I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle."

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.

Wit and Humor.

Why is a broken chair like one who licks you? Because it can't hear you.

Lawyers are the vultures that hover over perishing fortunes.

A pitch battle—two negroes throwing tar pots at each other.

When is a flower like a rock? When it is blasted.

Artemus Ward says when he hears the song, "Come where my love lies dreaming," he don't go. He don't think it would be right.

Every plain girl has one consolation.—If she is not a pretty young girl, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

An Irish editor got out of a railroad car to take some refreshment, and the train started without him. "Stop, there," ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

What carrot-headed, ugly little urchin is that, madam? Do you know his name? Why, yes, he is my youngest son. You don't say so, indeed! What a dear little dove-eyed cherub he is!

A dutchman a few days ago, picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped "Pub. Docs." "Ter Tyul!" said he, "vat-kind of books will dey print next? Ash I liv hereish von on pup togs."

"Professor," said a student, in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

A man who was exceedingly corpulent, coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countryman whom he met, "If he could get in at the gate?"

"I should think you might," replied the peasant, surveying his proportions; "I saw a load of hay go in this morning."

"Pat can you tell me what is Virgin?" "To be sure, I can, Jimmy."

"Well, thin, will ye be after doing it?" "Yes, jist—it's a woman that has never been married at all by Jabsers."

"Be ye in earnest, Pat?" "Yes, Jimmy."

"The saints of Havin' be praised then! my mother is a virgin—my father never married at all str."

FOOLED HIM.—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer, last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket."