

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

You spot in the churchyard,  
How sad is the bloom,  
That summer flings round it,  
In flowers and perfume;  
It is thy dust, my darling,  
Gives life to each rose,  
'Tis because thou hast withered,  
The violet blows.

The lilies bend meekly  
On thy bosom above,  
But thou wilt not pluck them,  
Sweet child of my love.  
I see the green willow  
Drop low o'er thy bed,  
But I see not the ringlets  
That decked thy fair head.

I hear the bee humming  
Around thy bright grave;  
Can he deem death is hidden  
Where sweet flowers wave?  
From the white cloud above thee,  
The lark scatters song,  
But I list for thy voice,  
Oh! how long, Oh! how long.

Then come back, my darling,  
And come back to-day,  
For the soul of thy mother  
Grows faint with delay.  
The home of thy childhood  
In order is set,  
The couch and the chamber—  
Why comest thou not yet?

### THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

Oh! mother, sweet mother,  
Whose love like the wave,  
Hid treasures and jewels,  
And also a grave;  
Too strong in its fullness,  
Too deep in its power—  
Oh! hush, precious mother,  
The grief of this hour.

I walk 'mid the palm trees,  
And drink of the rills,  
That on earth are but types of  
What God here fulfills;  
The joys of my childhood,  
How dim they appear—  
Yes, dim are the brightest  
When looked on from here.

Then stay not, then mourn not,  
Then yield not to fears,  
The flowers love hath planted  
O, steep not in tears;  
There's beauty, there's blessing  
On earth left for thee,  
But bid me not share them—  
There's more here for me.

### MARIA'S PORTRAIT.

"What are you going to do with that, Pa? Why do you take it down?"  
Mr. Bretman did not answer. For the first time in his life he pushed his child from him, and called harshly to the nurse to take him away. Little Fred made no resistance, but his grieved lip and quivering chin told that he felt hurt and injured. And up in the nursery he appealed to Maggie, the maid.

"Maggie, why did papa look so cross? Why didn't he tell me what he was doing with mamma's picture? 'Twasn't any harm to ask?"  
"Och, I doubt he was ashamed, darlin', said Maggie. Be easy; you are not to blame."

And she took the widower's little boy upon her knees, and patted his round head.  
"Why ought he to be ashamed?" asked Fred.  
"Ye mustn't say I said so," cried the woman; "Master has the right to do his own will. It's none of my business."

"But why did he take the picture down?" asked Fred again.  
"There's somebody coming that wouldn't like to see the face of the lady that was mistress here but a year ago," said Maggie. "Your pa is after givin' ye a step-mother, Freddie."

"What's that?" asked Fred.  
"A new mother," said Maggie. "Ah, don't be speakin' of what I've said, or she'll send me away, and there'll be none to love ye. She'd turn your pa's heart, and have it all her own. It's always so; poor bairnie?"

And the old nurse wept over the child, and with him.  
Mr. Bretman carried his first wife's picture up to the great garret, where, truth to tell, he shed a few tears over it before he deposited it in its corner. It was impossible for him to have those sweet eyes look upon him, while living ones shone in her chair and place at table. He loved the dead woman still, though he loved a living one.

Maggie did not know this. She thought as she said, that the mistress was forgotten quite. What she thought she taught the child; and the young lady who came smiling into the parlor one bright morning, and knelt down when her husband said, "Come kiss your new mamma, Freddie," looking so sweet and gentle, and pretty that left to himself, the boy would have liked her, was surprised by an earnest slap in the face, and the angry words, "Go away. You made papa put dead mamma's picture up garret. I don't want you for a mamma; I want you. Go away."

And at that, the bride, almost a child herself, started up, flushed and angry, and retreated to her husband's protecting arms, quite overcome by his greeting, and the

face of the old nurse in which she saw no pleasant greeting, but defiance and anger instead.

The father, stung by the child's words, seized him, for the first time in his life, roughly by the shoulders, and turned him out from the room.

"Go, sir," he said, "and do not come back until you can behave decently. It is that ignorant woman's fault," he said to his young wife, and led the way to the dining room. But the shock of the bride's reception had robbed both of any appetite, and Helen even wondered whether she had been wise to break her resolution and "marry a widower who had children."

"No one has ever any comfort with step-children," she thought.  
And who can say what was in the man's mind? They were silent both of them. And after lunch was over, the husband marched into Maggie's room and addressed her sternly.

"You have been filling the child's head with wicked thoughts," he said. "How dare you do it? He has insulted Mrs. Bretman, and you are the cause. I've half a mind to send you packing—you deserve it."

"Have just a bit of pity on the boy and me, and I'll never do it. I'm all he's got now," sobbed Maggie. "Don't blame me. I'm old and remember better than a young man. She was a swate lady."

"You were good to her and are still good to her child," said the gentleman gravely; but you remember, no more of this under-hand work. You must teach the child to love his new mother and to obey her."

"Obey he may," said Maggie, "but love can't be taught, and we've but one mother in the world however many wives an' husband's we may have."

The man looked at her sharply, but there was no insolence in her face; and he left the room and returned to his wife, and saw no more of Freddie that day.

Indeed the child did not seek him. Never before had he been harshly used; and the shake his father had given him had been a terrible thing to him—the very confirmation of prophecy. More and more he clung to the old nurse, and though Mrs. Bretman tried to make friends with both, the old woman's grim face and cold monosyllables, and the child's passionate repulses were too much for her. She abandoned the effort and the boy took his meals in the nursery, walked out with the nurse, and brooded in silence, as very little children often do, over his wrongs.

It was easy enough to forget him in the honeymoon billing and cooing, and the father was careful to give Maggie all she asked for—new shoes and caps, and toys and books. That was his duty; as he often said, "he never forgot his duty to Maria's child." The lone boy, fatherless as he was motherless, dwelt alone, save for an old servant's faithful love, in the very room where his birth had been hailed with such rejoicing. "It's the new lady does it," said Maggie, honestly believing it and never guessing that she herself had caused this unnatural estrangement by her unwise chatter. She had taught the boy that his step-mother came as an enemy, else he would have greeted her with a kiss, and been petted until she came to love him as her own; else he would have utterly forgotten when, one bright winter morning, the sun rose upon a little face, that its setting had not shone upon, and Helen Bretman kissed the unconscious lips of her first born.

Little soul, little new born soul, I am not sure what miracle you may have worked. Have you ever read Foque's sweet story of Undine, dear reader? And do you remember how love gave the heroine a soul? Sometimes I think motherhood seems to work as marvelous a change in this our actual world. I know that less selfish thoughts were in this girl's heart when she held the boy to it, than had ever been before. And somehow, as this child's breath floated over the cheek, the resemblance of another child came to her whose mother slept in the cold grave—whose sulky mouth and angry eyes, when he met her in the garden path, had made her loathe him. So might some other woman feel toward her babe, some day, if she slept beneath the churchyard soil, and another filled her place.

Dead Maria rose before living Helen's memory; dead Maria's child found a place in her thoughts. She pined him from her heart and for the first time since she wore his father's wedding ring.

But old nurse Maggie did not come near her and she would not send for the old woman. She had been hurt by her grim face and cold voice and was now hurt by neglect. No, she could not call Maggie. But one day, when she was able to leave her room, she made her way to the nursery and peeped in. There was no one there; only a broken toy upon the floor told her of the boy's existence. Maggie had gone out upon an errand. She had seen the sturdy old figure trot down the street before she left her room, else she had not come hither. But where was the child? A far she seemed to hear sobbing—soft, heavy sobbing—like that of a grown person. Her heart beat faster.

The little stair door leading to the attic stood open. She followed the sounds and climbed the stairs.  
There she saw a scene that seemed to take away her strength. The winter sunlight fell through the skylight in a broad, slanting stream. In the flood of gold stood a picture—the portrait of a woman, fair and young, with soft blue eyes and dimples in her cheek, with coquetish curls falling about her neck, and diamonds in her dainty ears—and upon the floor, his cheeks against the lace veiled bosom of this exquisite picture, sat Freddie, weeping as children weep, and sobbing, "Mamma! Mamma!"

It was Maria's portrait! Helen remembered the words the child had spoken very

well—Maria's portrait banished from the parlor when she came to take her place. She could not stir nor speak. And as she sat there, some one else climbed the stairs—her husband, Maria's husband—the father of these two children: the weeping one here, the smiling one in the cradle below. Then the wife and mother arose and crept up to the boy, and gathered him to her bosom.

"Paul," said she, to the father, "is that Maria? Is it Freddie's mother?"  
"Yes, love," he answered.  
"The mark where that picture hung is on the wall still," she said. "Let it fill its place once more. Am I so jealous as to forbid you ever the memory of the sweet, dead woman? Let me see her smiling down on me, and fancy that she knows that I love her boy as I do my own. For I do, Paul. And God forgive me for the past for which the future shall atone."

Then she took Freddie by the hand, and his blue eyes looked no longer angrily upon her; nor did his tiny hand essay to push her from him, as of yore. And she led him down to the little crib where the new-born child lay smiling, and laid him beside the little creature.

"Love him, Freddie," she said, "it is your little brother."  
And the husband and wife stood hand in hand and watched the little tear-stained lids droop in slumber, with the dimpled hand lying softly about the neck of the young creature who had opened a place in his mother's heart for him.

Maria's portrait smiled upon Helen, and she can meet its gentle gaze without fear; for it would be hard to tell which is the dearer to her now of the two boys who call her mother.

### Praise Children.

There is an old superstition that praise is too good a thing to be given to children, that it is too rich for their mental and moral digestion. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow proud, that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is apt to produce too much self-assertion—for self-assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition.

Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggles to do right. Thomas Hughes says you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child starving for the praise that parents should give runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others.

To withhold praise where it is due, is dishonest, and in the case of a child, such a course leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice, as well as a reward for the future of the child, should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some can bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal. It should never be indiscriminate. We remember a wonderful woman who taught school in one village until she had educated a part of three generations. She was one of the most successful of teachers. But her success lay in her gift of praising with discrimination. A bad boy who was a good scholar got praises of his brilliancy sandwiched in between her admonitions for his bad behavior, and so was won to a better life, and we recall a good girl who had no gift learning rapidly, but who was saved from utter despair by her untiring industry. Into the discouraged hearts of the children the praises of the teacher came like sunlight. And the virtues, like other good fruits, can only ripen in the sunshine.

### Health and Home.

**The Mullein Plant.**  
Mullein is common in the United States, growing in the recent clearings, along the sides of roads, in neglected fields, etc., flowering from June to August. According to the *Half-Yearly Compendium*, the plant has valuable medicinal properties. The leaves and flowers are the parts used. They have a faint, rather pleasant odor, resembling that of a mild narcotic, and a somewhat bitterish bituminous taste, and yield their virtues to boiling water. Mullein is demulcent, diuretic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic. The infusion is useful in coughs, catarrh, hæmoptysis, diarrhoea, dysentery and piles. Its diuretic properties are rather weak, yet it is very useful in laying the acridity of urine which is present in many diseases. It may be boiled in milk, sweetened and rendered more palatable by addition of aromatics, for internal use, especially bowel complaints. A fomentation of the leaves also forms an excellent local application for inflamed piles, ulcers and tumors. The leaves and pitch of the stalk form a valuable cataplasm in white swellings, and infused in wet vinegar or water it makes an excellent poultice to apply to the throat in cyanche tonsillaris, cyanche maligna and mumps. The seed are said to pass rapidly through the intestines, and have been successfully used in intestinal obstructions. They are narcotic, and have been used in asthma, infantile convulsions and to poison fish. The infusion may be drunk freely. The flowers, placed in a well corked bottle and exposed to the sun, are said to yield an excellent relaxing oil.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Olive Logan commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed; but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

### Our Life.

BY ANNIE S. BARLETT.

"Life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely;  
Oh, forget its toil and care,  
And none the bright hours only."  
Our life is made up of light and shade, the bright and dark threads so closely woven, that sometimes we can scarcely see either alone. Sunshine and shadow mingle freely in our every-day life, while sickness and health, sorrow and joy, are only way-marks in our journey to the tomb. Just before the dawn of morning, the darkest hour is seen. But when the glad sunbeams come softly from their rosy couch in the eastern sky, illuminating the sombre mantle of night with loving warmth and cheerfulness, then the darkness passes away, and light and joy and glorious sunshine smile upon the world, radiant and beautiful.

When in the morning of life we see the future spread out behind us, all rosy and happy; the azure dome of heaven above us smiling and clear, our path-way fragrant with the breath of sweet flowers, our warm hearts untouched by sorrow or care, we enter upon its duties buoyantly and hopeful of prosperity. We see no reason why, with health, youth, education, and many other facilities, we may not become successful.

We dream not of failure; we smile at every fear. But, oh, how often when the cup of happiness is just within our reach, and the tide of prosperity seems bearing us swiftly onward to wealth and fame, some useless event dashes our fond hopes to atoms! Our bright dreams pass like morning dew away, and where once the light and brightness of fond anticipation glowed, now only darkness and sorrow prevail. And yet behind every dark and stormy cloud, there is a silver lining.

Our life was not given to us to spend in idleness or folly, in quietly laying aside the talents God has given us; but to use the golden moments as they pass to the best of our ability. Then let us work while the day lasts, while yet the silken tie is unbroken which binds us to the sweet promise of rest. There are none so weak or humble but can find something to do that will make their own lives noble and sublime. It requires thousands of tiny rivulets and flowing mountain streams to form the vast rolling sea. Yet these little brooklets, each in their quiet, gentle beauty, freshen many a hillside and brighten many a flower-crowned meadow. It is thus with the acts of our own lives—scattering blessings, deeds of love and kindness, and filling the dark corners of earth with the pure sunshine of human sympathy and love. And thus shall we find in the desert of life bright cases of refreshment and good cheer; pure fountains of sparkling waters to revive the weary hearted; while over all, the "tree of life," with its healing fruit, shall wave its fragrant foliage. Thus while we rest there, many a toil-worn pilgrim, fainting by the dusty wayside, shall be refreshed, and go on his way rejoicing.

Some walk the mountain top and bathe there in the noonday sun, others tread the lonely valley path, where only the stray sunbeams come—and others, with weary feet and aching hearts, taking up daily the great burden of life, pass underneath the dark cloud where no sunlight ever lingers. But none so high, or so great, or good; none so weary, sad, or forsaken, but carry in their hearts the tender, holy power to do good wherever they may go, and make those around them happy.

"Go and toil in any vineyard—  
Do not fear to do and dare;  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere."

**COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.**—Few people appreciate the value of the village papers which gather up the news of a county and advocate the interests of a locality. And few understand the amount of ability required to edit such a paper, where one man must be editor, publisher, printer, book-keeper and all. Imagine how much the intelligence of the country would suffer by the blotting out of the country newspapers, which treat the immediate interests of the people and thus come into immediate contact with their minds. The true country editor understands that his paper thrives by being intensely local; that it is not by learned editorials on tariff and income tax, but by articles in favor of the new railroad, by description of the new factory, by advocacy of the new bridge, that he must succeed. People look at this column not only for the latest general news, but for a mention of every interesting fact, of every curious matter of gossip in his own country. And thus the paper becomes the reflector of the current events and the public sentiment of his section. Nothing is too small to be itemized if only it is of interest. A country editor advertised the other day that he would insert a list of the names of all the people who had joined the churches in the county in a recent revival. Which showed that he understood his business. He proposed to chronicle every event of interest occurring in his jurisdiction. Every intelligent family should give a cordial support to the local newspaper. It is one of the great educational influences.

**BUSY CHILDHOOD.**—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round (to us so silently) climbing up there, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

### EVER PRESENT.

The sun of yesterday is set—  
Forever set to Time and me;  
Yet of its warmth and of its light,  
Something I feel and something see.  
The flower of yesterday is not—  
Its faded leaves are scattered wide;  
Yet of its perfume do I breathe,  
Still does its beauty stir my pride.

The friend of yesterday is dead—  
On yonder hill his grave doth lie;  
Yet there are moments when I feel  
His presence, as of old, draw nigh.  
A part of what has been remains;  
The essences of what are gone  
Are ever present to my sense;  
Though left, I am not left forlorn.

In thought, in feeling, and in love,  
Things do not perish though they pass;  
The form is shattered to the eye,  
But only broken in the glass.  
Son, friend, and flower have each become  
A part of my immortal part;  
They are not lost, but evermore  
Shine, live and bloom within my heart.

### "Nothing to Do."

What! nothing to do in this world where so much must be done? Have we thought of it? Every attainment, every possession, and every desirable blessing is the result of doing something. The development of our body, mind and character depends upon our activity, and yet we have nothing to do? The importance of self-culture presents a strong motive to industry, and especially to the young. Desirable attainments in literature, science and art, correct habits of thought and action, or a noble manhood or womanhood, are the price of perpetual toil. What youth then can have nothing to do? And what period in life will self-improvement be no longer a duty?

And have we nothing to do for others? May we confine our activity to the attainment of our selfish ends? By no means. The world's history reveals no truth more clearly than that men and women become great and good by the deeds of their noble lives. Not alone by good but by doing good have they attained to eminence and usefulness.

And can anything more forcibly indicate wrong views of life, limited attainments, wasted talent and a comparatively worthless character, than the involuntary expression, "I have nothing to do." No aim in life! Nothing to live for, but your own selfish gratification! A murderer of time is a burden to society and a curse to the world.

**How to GET ALONG.**—Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.  
No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.  
Never "fool" in business matters.  
Have order, system, regularity, and promptness.  
Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.  
Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities.  
Do not kick every stone in the path.—More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping.  
Pay as you go.  
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.  
Aid, but never beg.  
Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.  
Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.  
Have few confidants—fewer the better.  
Use your own brains rather than those of others.  
Learn to think and act for yourself.  
Be vigilant.  
Keep ahead rather than behind the times.  
Young men, cut this out, and if there be folly in the argument, let us know.

**WHEN THE DARK COMES.**—A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.  
"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief, and begin to act good, just about this time every night?"  
"I do not know dear. Can you not tell?"  
"Well I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good."  
"Oh! thought I, 'how many of us wait till dark comes,' in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind before we begin to act good! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's sunshine! And then, 'when the dark comes,'—as it will in a measure to all,—we shall be ready to meet it without fear.—*Well-spring.*

It is the proper office of faith to believe what thou seest not, and the reward of faith to see what thou hast believed.  
Troubles are in God's catalogue of mercies.  
Heaven is your home; therefore think about it: tribulation is your lot; therefore daily expect it.  
Unless I see something beyond the grave worth dying for, there is nothing on this side worth living for.  
The proof that we believe in the reality of religion, is that we walk in the power of it.  
It is well said, that though faith justifies us, yet works must justify our faith.

### Fidelity.

To succeed in any undertaking we must enter into it in earnest, giving it our interest and deepest thoughts. The young man starting in life shows in the outset what his course will be. If he shows fidelity to his choice of occupation, he makes it a pleasant and profitable employment; but by restless wandering, to the neglect of imperative duties, he finds the road marked out a weary, toiling journey.—Look at the many who have risen by their industry and fidelity to occupy the position of our wealthiest men. Their success was the reward of true fidelity. They started with the determination to succeed, and were not to be stopped by any difficulties in their way—by remaining firm in the discharge of every duty, they overcome obstacles which would have quelled less ardent spirits.

Another type of fidelity is that true bond of friendship existing between two congenial thoughts and feelings—that love which exists even after adversity comes and fate seems to have forsaken them, and the dark clouds of sorrow hang heavy and close around. How refreshing it is some times, when looking around on the deception practised, of which we see so much, to meet one of the kind described. We have so much of professed friendship and so little real that we are led to wonder at the familiar and odd quotation, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," as at our greatest need we often find our friends out or otherwise engaged.

So goes the regular routine of life. Rare as they are, yet we meet sometimes men, noble in their actions, lifting from the depths into which he has fallen, one whose only claim is a friendship formed long ago, which years of probably entire separation failed to quench. We grieve that this is so rare an instance, that we are often led to deplore the loss of a friendship we prize—lost through the changes of a changeable world.

But we will not dwell on the dark side of life's bright pictures.—We rather like to float pleasantly down the stream, closing our eyes to the rocks lying around us, while we revel in the sweet communion with friends who have proved their true fidelity to friendship.

We are taught many beautiful lessons from the fidelity of the animal. Notice the peculiar attachment of a dog to its master. They frequently caress reflections, by their dumb intellect, on us of bright intelligence, by their fidelity and acts of kindness, which we so often fail to perform for each other.

How anxious we should be to cultivate a true and upright mind—one above the meanness of betraying trust received. Try to benefit our fellow-beings, practicing in all our actions the golden rule: "Do ye unto others as ye would they should do unto you," and having, by an approving conscience, the reward of true fidelity.

**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 on 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 box of collars." Walk up to the counter free and generous, and say, "What style 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 a 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 agent which at the very best is a 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.*

**LEMONS FOR FEVER.**—Dr. Hall says: When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it downward into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at "tea time," as an entire substitute for the ordinary "supper" of summer, would give many a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening after rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea or supper "redish," and "cake" and their berries or peaches and cream.

Neither death nor life is as serious as marriage. Yet nothing is entered into half so thoughtlessly.

### Wit and Humor.

The site of Pittsburg was once sold for a fiddle.  
What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pear.  
Statistics show that not one woman in a hundred marries the man she loves.  
Why is a pocket handkerchief like a snake? Because it belongs to a generation of wipers.

Where is money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.  
The difference between a country and a city greenhorn is that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.  
"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it?" "Well, don't speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

A Minnesota school teacher who whipped one of his pupils nearly to death has left that part of the country by rail. The rail was a three-cornered one.

The man who has no enemies is one of no importance, drifting before the tide of popular opinion, subject to the whims and caprices of all who wish to use him.

A young man who was caught straining his sweetheart to his bosom the other night, justifies himself on the ground that he has a right to strain his own honey!

A Virginia exchange says, at a concert, recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

A dutchman a few days ago, picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped "Pub. Docs." "Ter tyful!" said he, "vat kind of poeks will dey brint next? Ash I liv here ish von on prep togs."

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

A plain, honest fellow applied yesterday to a wall street attorney for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred: "Yes, sir," said he, "you can put in the lies yourself."

There is a story of a grocer who is so economical that he sends home the bundles his customers buy, and when they arrive at the houses has the boy empty the paper bags and bring them back with the strings they were tied up with. That's what you call a careful grocer.

Dr. Hall discourses in his *Journal* upon the effect of marriage in lengthening human life. His theory was illustrated by the case of a bachelor who, in a fit of blues, recently applied to his doctor for some medicine. The doctor ordered seventeen yards of silk with a woman in it. In a fortnight the bachelor had a wife, and was a thoroughly well and happy man.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that if you should bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul. I would not for a moment insinuate that he will steal; but may it please the court, and gentlemen of the jury, I would not trust him in a room with red hot millstones, and an angel to watch 'em."

**EARLY TRIBUTE.**—The *Troy Whig* tells the following story: "One of our prominent physicians, making his daily rounds to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house where there were no facilities to fasten his horse. He left it in the care of a small boy, whom he happened to see in the street. On coming out of the house, he naturally expected find his trusty servant treating himself to a ride; but no—the boy knew the use of time and value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, at a cent a ride around the block."

**CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.**—A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* states that the poison from the bite of a mad dog can be eliminated from the system by vapor baths. He quotes from an article from Dr. Buisson, a celebrated French surgeon, who says: "If the disorder has declared itself, I prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in until a cure is effected.—Hydrophobia may last three days. Experience has proved to me that a cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second day doubtful; and on the third, hopeless, on account of the difficulty of conveying the patient to the bath and keeping him in. And as hydrophobia never breaks out before the seventh day, there is time to perform a long journey to obtain a bath."

"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."