

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### LOVES ARGUMENT.

O, life is short, and love is brief,  
Life ends in woe, and love in grief;  
Yet both for bliss are given.  
And wise philosophy will teach,  
Who one enjoys enjoyeth ea,b,  
And comes most near to heaven.

Now you and I, dear girl, will know  
All bliss is fleeting here below,  
As moralists do prove.  
Then let us haste, while youth is rife,  
To snatch the fondest joy in life,  
And only live to love.

O love, it is the tender rose,  
That for a little season blows,  
And withers, fades and dies;  
Then seize it in its budding grace,  
And in thy bosom give it place,  
Ere its sweet perfume flies.

Love is the bubble that doth swim  
Upon the wine-cups flowing brim,  
A moment sparkling there,  
Then lingers there, ere it is sipped,  
And let them melt upon thy lip,  
Or they will waste in air.

O love, is the dewdrop bright  
That steals upon the flowers at night,  
And lingers there till morn;  
The flower doth drop, with the day,  
The sun dissolves the drop away;  
So love is killed by sorrow.

O, love, is like the ling'ring spark  
Midst fading embers in the dark—  
'Tis brightest as it dies;  
But 'tis a Phoenix with swift wings,  
And forth from its own ashes springs,  
And soars for genial skies.

Then taste love's joys while yet you may  
For they with wintry age decay,  
And coldness with them smother;  
And if young love should ever find  
O, maiden's heart to prove mankind,  
He soon will seek another.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### HOW I MADE A FORTUNE.

"Also, to my beloved nephew, I will and bequeath my private escritoire, and all contained therein, in acknowledgement of his never-ceasing kindness."

This was the only part of the will I especially noticed. To be sure, I realized, in a sort of a way, that all my forty or fifty cousins had been in some way remembered, but for all that, my thoughts had been wool-gathering, or some where else, until my name was mentioned.

And so the old lady was dead. I remembered that I had a sort of a sad feeling that I had not tried harder to have made her life a happy one. Naturally fault-finding, and especially suspicious of fortune-hunters, I had kept a proper distance, only writing once a year, and calling as often. I was quite surprised that I was mentioned at all, and even when my name was mentioned I could hardly realize it.

But owning a thing raises one's curiosity as to what it is like; so when the rest were at last satisfied, I looked around for my property. Up stairs and down stairs I searched, but no escritoire could be found, until at last I was beginning to think it was all a hoax, when some one suggested looking in the garret. So with slow, indifferent steps I crawled up the queer old stairs, and the first thing that I beheld was my escritoire; but, sad to relate, a more dilapidated looking affair I never saw. The knobs were broken off, and the doors half hanging by a few rusty screws. In fact, my first thought was that my aunt had insulted me. But, out of respect to her, I had it taken to my "bachelor's hall," as I called it. Perhaps with a little fixing, it might be made to look quite respectable.

So that afternoon found me, with hammer and screws, doing the best at it. But even with all my pains-taking, it was not beautiful, and I half fancied my dreary room looked all the more dreary for my new possession.

At that time I was a book-keeper in a bank with a small salary, and no prospects of advancement. Not that I could not have done anything else, but there seems to be a sort of fascination in a bank to one who has been employed for a long time which keeps them there even when they know they could do better somewhere else.

As a general thing, I was quite contented. My pay came regular, and my being economical kept me quite nicely.—Of course, under present circumstances, I could never think of marrying, and the prospect of always living in those dull rooms alone was not very pleasant.

But I remember this particular night, all the blue devils were let loose on me. I was completely discouraged. I think there are times in the life of every one when they are left to contend alone with all the horrors of darkness; when some imp, bolder than the others, dares whisper in his ear—

"Your life is a failure. The world would be better without you."

I endured such thoughts as long as possible, then concluded it would never do, and looked around for something to help dispossess myself of my tormentors. My

eye fell on my newly-acquired property. I had never looked it carefully over; so I began to pull out the drawers, and soon was quite surprised to find how interested I was. There were a few old papers, and in one drawer I found a package of old letters, yellow and wrinkled with age. On the outside of the package was written, in my aunt's well known writing, "Lost at Sea." So even she had her story. I had always wondered why she had never married, and that "Lost at Sea" explained the whole mystery. Putting them carefully back I continued my explorations until I concluded I had looked it all over, and was just going to retire when I happened to think that sometimes such old-fashioned affairs had secret springs.

So I went over it again, trying with my thumb and fingers every place that might possibly open, and at last I was rewarded. Sure enough, there was a slide, and back of that a sort of box form which I drew out a paper. I remember I felt a little ashamed to find my hands tremble as I opened the paper. I glanced at the date. It was only the week before my aunt had died. The words blurred before my eyes, but I managed to read. It seemed to be a continuation of the will, and read as follows:

"Also to my nephew I will bequeath the sum of forty thousand dollars, to be paid at the end of three years; providing he shall at that time be able, through his own exertions, to add thereto the sum of ten thousand dollars. At the same time, the greatest secrecy must be preserved concerning his future prospects. Also, at the end of that time, he must be able to swear that he has never revealed the possession of the will, or the money will be left to charitable institutions."

Then followed her name in full, and also that of a prominent lawyer. Well, here was food for reflection. I could scarcely realize, at first, that it could be true, but I thought I knew enough about forms to be sure it was a will that would stand in law the oldest thing I had ever heard of. But she was always up to odd things; besides, I thought she was not pleased with my easy way of talking life, and had taken this means to wake me up, trusting to my well-known curiosity for finding the will.

She had certainly succeeded in arousing me. Sleep forsook my pillow that night; one moment I would imagine myself rich and respected, then, like a grim specter, would come the conditions of the will. How could I, without any help, make ten thousand dollars, was more than I could tell. I must leave the bank, that was sure; but what to do, or where to go, were questions that could not be answered that night, or the next.

At last, I became so stupid and unsober that my friends all left me in disgust. I grew poor and haggard, and at the end of a month could hardly realize I was the same person as the gay, careless boy of a month before. I hardly knew how it would have ended for me, if just at that time I had not received a letter from an old friend of my aunt's living in Wisconsin, saying his daughter was going to New York to attend school; that she was not accustomed to traveling alone, and as the place in which I lived was quite a railroad center, and to prevent her making any mistake, would I kindly meet her at the two o'clock train on the twenty-fifth of the present month. She would be dressed in brown, would wear a blue veil, and to make her still more easily distinguished, she should carry a sheet of music.

For once my thoughts were taken away from my fortunes, and I found myself wondering what she would be like, and how long she would have to wait. The two o'clock train found me anxiously inspecting the passengers as they poured out of the cars. Sure enough there were plenty with brown dresses and blue veils, but none with anything that looked like music in their hands. I concluded she had not come, when I heard a musical voice at my elbow say:

"I do believe you are the gentleman papa said I would find here to help me, Mr. John Collinswood?"

Yes, that was my name, and there was the brown dress, blue veil and sheet of music; and more than all that, there was the most charming specimen of humanity I had seen for many a day. I recognized her immediately. She had to wait two hours, and you may be sure we improved every moment.

After I had seen the last faint flutter of the blue veil through the car window, I went back to my lonely room more gloomy than ever, and my thoughts were very much divided between thousand dollar bills and Miss Dalton.

Henceforth, I was a changed man. I was ready to work, and willing to do anything that was honorable, and would bring me money. And it was perfectly wonderful how well I succeeded. People seemed to help me of their own accord. There is an old saying, "The gods help those who help themselves," and I proved it every moment.

Not that I rose to honor by any royal road, but the end of the first year of my probation found me with a thousand dollars to show for my work, and better yet, I had faith in myself. If I never saw a cent of the forty thousand dollars, I could take care of myself, and sometimes not so terrible far in the future, might allow myself to think of something better than always living alone.

About this time I found a chance to invest my little fortune on what seemed good security, and it proved profitable, for before I had time to think much about it, my thousand dollars had doubled twice. I don't believe there ever was a happier fellow than I then.

A few days after my good fortune, business called me to New York. I had not forgotten my pleasant acquaintance, and from her father had learned she was still

there. As I had her address, I felt at liberty to call. She really seemed pleased to see me, and I, well, I do not want to make this a love story, so I won't tell how I felt. At any rate, my visit lengthened from two days to the week, and at the end of that time she had promised she would be my wife at the end of a year.

Fortune continued to favor me, in accumulating money, at the end of the year I had my ten thousand dollars all ready. I hastened to the place I had left my precious will, almost dreading to look for fear it had disappeared; but no, it was there, and I took it to the lawyer who had signed it, asked him to put me in possession of my property, as I had fulfilled the conditions of the letter. He looked it over, then said:

"Young man, I am very sorry to disappoint you, but this will will never stand in law, for the very important reason that your aunt did not have forty thousand dollars to will to any one. She said she was going to make a man of you, if possible, and I am happy to find she has done it. You have my congratulations."

Well, I must confess, at first I did feel pretty badly about it, but I managed to live through it. I determined to visit Miss Dalton at once, tell her all about it, and see if she was still willing to take me for her better or worse.

As soon as possible after my arrival, I related the whole story to her. I was hardly prepared for the way she took it. One moment she seemed ready to cry, the next she could hardly keep from laughing. At last she found voice enough to say, "O Charley, I knew it all the time. Your aunt told father all about it." The loss of my forty thousand dollars did not trouble me much after that, for one month from that time Miss Dalton became my wife.

### WORTH READING AND WORTH HEEDING.—Let not your tongue cut your throat.

The first step towards happiness is to forget one's self.

Let it be seen and felt that your aim is to be—not to seem to be.

Men may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves.

The chains of habits are generally too small to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.

The best charities are those which are daily dispensed in pleasant words and kindly to all round.

Blessed are they whose eye is serene; whose voice is gentle; whose heart is sweet; whose life makes happiness.

Nothing can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquility of the mind and the due regulations of the passions.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would be won to the good cause.

A true religious instinct never deprives a man of any single joy; mournful faces and a sombre aspect are the conventional affections of the weak-minded.

Never mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles be content. We cannot be always sure when we are most useful.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.—Those extra nice young men who never wish to soil their hands with manual labor, but aspire to professional and lazy "gentility," can learn a good lesson from the course pursued by the nephew of the Colonel Holt, of Hartford, Conn., who received from his uncle an immense fortune. At the time of Col's death, the nephew was learning his trade of machinist, in his uncle's shop, working diligently every day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices. On his death, he became a millionaire; but choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued at his labor and served out his apprenticeship. Now, when he walks the five rooms of his house, or drives a handsome and costly team, he has consciousness that if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and can make a fortune for himself. He was a great mechanic, and is not ashamed of it again. Labor, with its accompanying dirt, is not dishonorable or degrading; laziness, and its almost necessary evils, are disgusting and destroying. Dirty hands and a sense of independence, are to be preferred to kid gloves and the consciousness of being a mere drone in the human hive. Looks rust of neglect—wear out from use. Neglect is criminal—use is beneficial. So with man's capacities—better wear them out than let them rust.

The men who are working at the boiling furnaces and rolls, in the machine shops and factories, on the farms and among the hills, will in ten or twenty years be our legislators, leaders and manufacturers and capitalists. All men can labor but all cannot save. Those who save and use their savings to the best advantage will be the men to stand in the front rank. Those who do not will live and die and be forgotten like the horses that haul the iron they make or the produce they grow. To eat and drink and sleep and work is not all of life. The urgency of these wants binds the true object of living. There is room in the world for all the good, industrious and thinking men that can lift themselves above the common level of humanity.

Silent contempt always is the sharpest reproof.

## Patrick Henry.

In the Atlantic for July Parton begins his story of Patrick Henry. His narrative begins in October, 1776, when Jefferson, having resigned his seat in Congress and having declined the mission to France with Franklin and Deane, set himself to the work of reform in his own State—"a slovenly, slatternly old England, in the woods, where the abuses and absurdities of the old country were exaggerated." There is a clear account of the abuses which Jefferson and his friends sought to do away, and prominent among these was the intolerance of the established church, which Mr. Parton illustrates by the case of three Baptist preachers who were arraigned as "disturbers of the peace" before magistrates who were determined to convict them. Patrick Henry rode fifty miles to defend them, and the following account is given of his performance—it was more than a speech—on that occasion:

"He entered the court house while the prosecuting attorney was reading the indictment. He was a stranger to most of the spectators, and being dressed in the country manner, his entrance excited no remark. When the prosecutor had finished his brief opening, the new-comer took the indictment, and glancing at it with an expression of puzzled incredulity, began to speak in the tone of a man who had heard something too astonishing for belief:

"May it please your worship, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered the house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the King's attorney has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment these three inoffensive persons before the bar of this Court for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the Court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression as of a crime that these men, whom your worship are about to try for misdemeanor, are charged with—with what?"

"Having delivered these words in a halting, broken manner, as if his mind was staggering under the weight of a monstrous idea, he lowered his voice to its deepest base; and assuming the profoundest solemnity of manner, answered his own question; 'Preaching the Gospel of the Son of God!'

"Then he paused. Every eye was now riveted upon him, and every mind intent; for all this was executed as a Kean or Siddons would have performed it on the stage—eye, voice, attitude, gesture, all in accord to produce the utmost possibility of effect. Amid a silence that could be felt, he waved the indictment three times round his head, as though still amazed, still unable to comprehend the charge.

"Then he raised his hands, and eyes to heaven, and in a tone of pathetic energy wholly unrecusable, exclaimed 'Great God!'

"At this point, such was the power of his delivery, the audience relieved their feelings by a burst of sighs and tears. The orator continued:

"May it please your worship, in a day like this, when Truth is about to burst her fetters, when mankind are about to be aroused to claim their natural and inalienable rights, when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power, are about to be discovered—at such a period when Liberty, Liberty of Conscience, is about to wake from her slumberings, and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment—'

'Here occurred another of his appalling pauses, during which he cast piercing looks at the judges and at the three clerical men arraigned. Then resuming, he thrilled every hearer by his favorite device of repetition: 'If I am not deceived—according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand—these men are accused of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God! He waved the document three times round his head as though still lost in wonder; and then, with the same electric attitude of appeal to Heaven, he gasped, 'Great God!'

"This was followed by another burst of feeling from the spectators; and again this master of effect plunged into the tide of his discourse:

"May it please your worship, there are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand—becomes his servile, his abject slave. He licks the hand that smites him. He bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot; and, in this state of servility, he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But may it please your worship, such a day has passed. From that period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for these American wilds, from the moment they placed their feet upon the American continent, from that moment despotism was crushed, the fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free, free to worship God according to the Bible. In vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new World, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worship, permit me to inquire once more. For what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, For preaching the gospel of the

Savior to Adam's fallen race!'

"Again he paused. For the third time he slowly waved the indictment round his head; and then, turning to the judges, looking them full in the face, exclaimed with the most impressive effect, 'What laws have they violated? The whole assembly were now painfully moved and excited. The presiding judge added the scene by saying, 'Sheriff, discharge these men.'

## DO THE RIGHT.

Do the right, O child of pleasure!  
Let thy heart be free from stain,  
Spurn from thee each selfish treasure,  
Love the good and thou shalt gain.  
In the gilded hunt of beauty  
Of the demon doth invite:  
Bear a mind thy noblest duty—  
Shun the wrong and do the right.

Do the right, O child of sorrow!  
Never let thy hopes grow faint;  
For the sunshine comes to-morrow—  
Strive to be a worthy saint:  
Even though life to thee seems dreary,  
And thy prospects dark as night,  
Never let thy faith grow weary—  
Banish woe and trust the right.

Do the right and never falter,  
Never be ashamed to own,  
That the right thou wilt not palter,  
Nor its happiness disown.  
Be a good and faithful servant;  
Though your station in the fight  
May be humble, yet, if fervent,  
Thou wilt conquer with the right.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.—May the honest heart never know distress.  
May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.  
May care be a stranger where virtue resides.  
May help bind those whom honor cannot.

May our prudence secure us friends,  
But enable us to live without assistance.  
May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.  
May our happiness be sincere and our joys lasting.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.  
May the tears of sensibility never ever cease to flow.

May the road to preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.  
May avarice lose his purse and benevolence find it.  
May the liberal hand have free access to the purse of plenty.

May the impulse of generosity never be checked by the power of necessity.  
May we ever keep the whip-hand of our enemies.  
May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.  
May we treat our friends with kindness and our enemies with generosity.  
May reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.

IDLENESS.—Idleness is the nurse of all vices. It moves so slowly that they all overtake it. The Germans and Italians say proverbially that "Idleness is the devil's pillow." Some effect to excuse this idyllic-headed habit by asking what harm can a person do when he does nothing.—The reply is ready and plain. He who is passive in allowing decay, is himself a destroyer. While standing still and refusing to help, he obstructs the movements of others. We are told in Holy Writ, "By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through the idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." And again, it is said, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." The words of Cato the elder are, in the proverb, "that one who does nothing learns to do evil." Idleness has been described to be a moral leprosy which soon eats its way into the heart, and corrodes our happiness while it undermines our health.

The Frankfort Yeoman tells this: "Once upon a time a young Kentucky physician, who had been regularly educated for his profession, was called to the bedside of a patient that he had been attending with his best care for some time but who obstinately grew worse and worse, until now his end seemed very near. 'Doctor,' said the sick man, 'I am dying—I am certain I am dying, and I believe you have killed me.' The doctor seemed to think very earnestly for a moment or two, and then quite gravely and seriously replied: 'Yes, I see that you are dying; and, on reflection, I believe that you are right—I believe that I have killed you; but I here take an oath that if God will forgive me for having unintentionally murdered you, I will never murder another—I will never give another dose of physic professionally as long as I live.' And he kept his oath; he at once quit medicine entirely; turned his attention to the study of law; obtained a license in due course, and, after a few years' successful practice, became one of the most eminent circuit judges of that day in Kentucky—now, nearly forty years ago."

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm. Second, eat regularly and slowly. Third, maintain regular bodily habits. Fourth, take early and very light suppers or better still, none at all. Fifth, keep a clean skin. Sixth, get plenty of sleep at night. Seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company. Eighth, keep out of debt. Ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need, Tenth, mind your own business. Eleventh, don't set up to be a sharp of any kind. Twelfth, subdue curiosity.

How terrible to die unprepared. Yet, every tick of the clock, and one soul somewhere is launched into eternity.

Old truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

The last dead lock—the door of a burial vault.

## A Philosophical Darkey.

An elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him farther. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me.

Were you in the fight?  
I had a little taste of it, sa.  
Stood your ground, did you?  
No, sa, I runs.

Run at the first fire, did you?  
Yes, sa, an' would hab run soona had I know'd it was comin'.

Why that wasn't very creditable to your courage.  
Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my profession.

Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?  
Reputation! nuffin to me de side of life.

Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?  
It's worth more to me, sa.  
Then you must value it very highly?  
Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world more dan a million dollars; sa; for what would dat be to with to a man wid de bref out of him? Self preserbashun is de first law wid me, sa.

But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?  
Cause, sa, different men sets different value upon darselves; my life is not in de market.

But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country.  
What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feelin' was gone?  
Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?

Nuffin' whatever, as—I regarded dem as among de varieties.  
If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance.

Yes, sa; der would hab no help for it. I, would'n't put my life in de scales ginst any government dat ober existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. Speet, dough, dat de government safe, if da all like me.

Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?  
May be not, sa. A dead white man ain't much dese sogers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint with me.

It is safe to say that the darkey corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

ARE YOU THERE, MOTHER.—A mother, busy with her household cares, was obliged to go into an upper room, and leave two little children alone for a time. So she gave them some books and toys to amuse them, which answered very well for a time. But, by-and-by the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome, they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and calling, with a timid voice, said: "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling," said the mother, cheerily.

"All right, then," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her plays for a time.—After a while the question was repeated with the same answer and the same result.

Oh, how often, in our loneliness and sadness here in the world, we forget that God still is overhead. But if we only send up our prayers to Him, we shall ever get a comforting and quieting answer.

WHERE WE ALL BEGIN.—Composition of a little boy, in the Bishop Scott Grammar School, Portland, Oregon.—*Verbatim et liberatim.*

Oxen is a very slow animal. They are very good to break up the ground. I would rather have horses if they didn't have colic—which they say is wind collected in a bunch. Which makes it dangerous to keep horses than oxen.

If there were no horses people would have to wheel their wood on a wheelbarrow. It would take them two or three days to wheel a cord a mile.

Cows are useful to. I heard some people say that if they had to be an ox or a cow they would sooner be a cow, but I think when it come to be milked on a cold winter morning I think they would sooner be oxen, for oxen don't have to raise calves.—If I had to be an ox or a cow I would be a heifer but if I could not be a heifer and had to be both I would be a ox.

THE ACCEPTED LOVER.—Emerson preached a whole discourse in a few lines thus: "The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven while he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he."

POLL-ENVIL.—J. D. Jefferson county, N. Y., writes, I send you a sure remedy. As soon as the sore is opened, wash with Castile soap, clean; then take lunar caustic, and be sure to get in to the bottom of the sore; leave it in six hours. Then make a wash of white vitriol and rain water, not very strong, stirring it thoroughly with the Castile soap, and wash the sore with it every morning. This cured a valuable horse for me.

## Wit and Humor.

Why does a freight car need no locomotive? Because the freight makes the cargo.

One of our Western railroads has a female locomotive engineer of the beautiful blonde order. She makes the sparks fly.

If a sweet disposition does not come to a lady by nature, it will come to her by express—if the express brings her a new bouquet.

We've heard of a secret which was so big that it required all the women in town to keep it, and then they could not do so without the help of their husbands.

A colored preacher at Sparta, Ga., some time ago was heard to say in a funeral sermon of a deceased brudder: "He ruminates no longer among us; he have exonerated from the syllogisms of this world's discrimination, and when he gets to de cold dry stream of the river Jordan, the Kerosomes and Periphens will meet him dare to row him over on dry land to de silvestering city."

A drunkard was staggering along singing at the top of his voice, "Rock me to sleep, rock me to sleep," when suddenly a voice from the other side of the street startled him by exclaiming, "I don't know about rocking you to sleep but I'll stone you to death if you don't dry up."

"Fred," said a father to his son, "I hear that you and your wife quarrel and wrangle every day. Let me warn you against such fatal practice."

"Whoever told you that, father was totally mistaken; my wife and I haven't spoken to one another for a month."

A minister at a colored wedding who wished to be harmonious, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which the groom replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

A story is told of a Virginia planter who was missing corn from his crib. One night he told a colored boy to set a trap in the crib. The next morning the boy came running to the house exclaiming, "Mamma, if dare isn't a white fellow out dare at de corn crib, shaking hands wid dat steel trap!"

GOOD STORY.—The following good story, not before related, is told of ex-Secretary Seward, when a Senator from New York, and Robert Toombs. Toombs having made a speech in the Senate brimming with abuse of Mr. Seward, the latter, at its conclusion, walked straight from his desk toward the enraged Southerner. It was noticed that his right hand was underneath the rear pocket of his coat. There was an apprehension that he was concealing a pistol, and Mr. Toombs' friends crowded around him. When Mr. Seward reached him, he drew out his hand, and opening his snuff-box politely invited his adversary, to take a pinch of snuff. "My God," said Mr. Toombs, "Mr. Seward, have you no feelings?" "Take a pinch of snuff, it will soothe your agitation." He then returned to his seat, and without any allusion to Mr. Toombs or his speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which was carried.

GOING A FISHING.—The following is an "order of supplies" recently sent to an American (Ga.) grocer, by a fishing excursion party:

DEAR SIR: Myself and a couple of friends leave this morning on a fishing excursion, and you will please send us, by bearer, the following articles, which, if you prefer it, you can charge to either Jack Brown or Ben Lockett. Either of them is the safest:

Four pounds of salt and a small keg of whisky.

One pound of pepper and a demijohn of whisky.

Ten pounds of lard and a large jug of whisky.

One canvassed ham six quart bottles of whisky.

Three good, stout fishing lines and three pocket flasks of tip top good whisky.

One paper of large Limerick hooks and a gallon of whisky in any old vessel you don't use.

Three fishing poles and three canteens of whisky