

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



TWINKLING STAR.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"
"Tis a sun far, far away,
Giving light to worlds all day."

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"
Were I in a railroad car,
Riding straight up to the moon,
Would I get there pretty soon?"

"Why, three hundred tedious days
Would go by ere you could gaze
On the moon-man's shining face,
Or his dreary valleys trace."

"Then, if I should onward go,
Thirty miles an hour or so,
To the golden, dazzling sun,
How soon would I to it come?"

"Years 'twould take three fifty-two,
Whirling through the heavens blue,
Though you stopped day nor night
To let passengers alight."

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
But if I went where you are,
How much further would I ride
Through the universe so wide!"

"Many million years you'd be
Traveling ere you'd come to me;
Then the next bright twinkling star
Would be full three times as far."

"Oh! it takes my breath away,
Little star! O twinkling star!
I will play they're angels eyes
Peeping at me from the skies."

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

"But, Judge, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly you were surprised by the news that you had married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left disconsolate. I wonder what has become of her; she must have married well, however, she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed—Judge Hume, a distinguished, handsome, intelligent looking man of about forty-five years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could well have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, not without a moral; and I will tell it if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, ludicrous as some of its phases are. So take a seat—you will find it a good one and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day."

"You knew her father," began the Judge, "and will remember that he was reported to be very rich. However, it turned out, upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her, the petted child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."

"Do you mean that she has never married?" asked his guest.

"Married!" repeated Hume; "no indeed! And in that may be seen the moral of my story to which I referred. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning."

"One evening, going to fulfill an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in an animated conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who, I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the instant a sharp pang of that unamiable, disconcerting passion jealousy. But as my entrance had been unobserved, I was able to recover myself before saying in my blandest manner, 'Good evening.'" The gentleman started, and stiffly returned my bow. As for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said, "Why Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb."

"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed that she was engaged in conversation and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was anxious about."

"But really, Mr. Hume," she said somewhat confusedly, looking from the stranger to me, "I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill here to accompany him to see 'Richelieu' to-night."

"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown on his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I had forgotten you were not acquainted with each other. Mr. Hume, this is my friend, Mr. Churchill, of Richmond,' and she carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had half risen for the moment."

"I am sorry Miss Van Horn has so treacherous a memory; but I hope, Mr. Churchill—with your approval—can be prevailed upon to defer his engagement, for I assure you the picture is a rare gem, and well worth seeing." I persisted in

this, because I had become slightly roused by the indolent way of receiving the homage paid her, and there seemed to be a gleam of triumph in the face of my rival.

"The young man looked at me gravely, then silently turned to Miss Van Horn for some expression of her wishes. He was evidently very much displeased at my interruption of their little *tele a tele*, and was sufficiently interested in the lady to be seriously ruffled by my seeming rivalry; he was not altogether pleased with the fact that she seemed as careless with respect to her engagements, which did not accord with his standard of women. He was a well educated, comely young man of good fortune, accustomed to be well received by women, and yet—as he afterwards told me—he could not help for the moment some apprehension that the lady's choice for the evening might go against him, for you know I was called quite a lady's man in those days."

"As for Miss Van Horn, she sat, meanwhile, demurely toying with a large tassel suspended from the arm of her easy chair for a moment as if in deliberation, then exclaimed: 'Really, I am sure it must be very wrong in me to be so thoughtless, is it not?' Here a captivating smile illumined her beautiful features and parted her bewitching lips, just discovering the pearly teeth beneath them, and she added, 'Will you not settle the question, gentlemen, between yourselves?'"

"The matter must be arranged in some way, and as I was the most intimate friend of the family, and my rival a comparatively stranger, I was about to magnanimously withdraw my pretension and leave the field, when, suddenly, there was a loud ring at the front door, and Miss Van Horn started to her feet with the exclamation: 'Ah! that must be Dr. DeStultus! I am, for I do believe I am engaged to go to the opera with him to-night!'"

"That quickly settled the question in dispute between Mr. Churchill and myself, and with a common impulse we both rose to our feet, and each other pleasantly, and with merely a hurried 'good evening' to Miss Van Horn, I stooped for my hat which had fallen from hand in my surprise, and struck my head against the corner of the piano; Mr. Churchill rushed into the hall, almost upsetting the diminutive Dr. Stultus whom he met, the very picture of effeminacy and ultra-foppishness."

"Descending to the sidewalk where the brilliant equipage of Dr. Stultus met our view, we both simultaneously burst into a laugh that seemed to break the ice between us, for we walked off together for several squares. As I complained of a severe pain in my eyes from the blow I had received, my companion said, 'I hope, Mr. Hume, you will pardon my recent rude persistence in my fancied engagement with your fair acquaintance, and let us be good friends out of sympathy for the *deumoutment*. As we are here at my hotel, let us enter and drink to the good fortune of Mr. DeStultus.'" "I gladly accepted the invitation and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation when a loud noise was heard in the street mingled with the cry of a woman in distress."

"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forth to render assistance. The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt. Dr. Stultus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected from such a creature, with his own misadventure to give the least attention to his associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the sidewalk where her recent visitors met her, and where she hysterically explained how a huge truck against which Dr. Stultus' carriage had been carelessly driven, had left them stranded in the muddy street, fortunately and marvelously, however, without broken bones."

"Churchill called a carriage and we escorted the wrecked *demoiselle* back to her residence, at the door of which we congratulated her upon her lucky escape, and bid her 'good night.'"

"My new friend then proposed that we should drive at once to the opera, where he hoped we might meet a party of his friends, to whom he would be pleased to introduce me, and in whose society we would find surcease for our disappointments in regard to Miss Van Horn. I assented. Churchill's friends were met as he had promised, and among them were two beautiful sisters, so attractive that they speedily drew all thoughts of a merely handsome girl, superficial and spoiled, like Helen Van Horn, out of the head of Churchill as well as my own. A charming evening at the opera ripened into a serious attachment on the part of Churchill and myself for these sisters, which ended in our marriage, and no one ever had juster reason for saying,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,
Than I have! And now you know why I did not marry Miss Van Horn, and also how made enemies through the reckless, unscrupulous coquetry of an inferior, heartless woman, by a happy stroke of fortune became friends and brothers."

"As for Helen Van Horn, she still lives in single blessedness, and upon the memory of her many conquests, finding her chief gratification, for some years past, in recounting the various eligible offers she had refused, including always Churchill and myself among her rejected suitors. A heavy speculation into which Dr. Stultus had been beguiled about the time of Miss Van Horn's triple engagements for the same evening, resulted so disastrously for him that her doors were at once rigidly closed upon that admirer, who disappeared like a quenched meteor from society. Meanwhile occurred the death of old Mr.

Van Horn, which, as I have said, left the daughter no other attraction than mere physical beauty, that had now become so used that it ceased to please marriageable men, and she was no longer able to make three engagements for an evening.

Co-Education of the Sexes.

"The co-education of the sexes is a characteristic feature of our common school system, in contradistinction of the European system of national schools. Everywhere in the United States, except in a few of the large cities, the boys and girls are educated together in the public schools. What is the result? Are we ready to admit that in France, where the boys and girls are educated apart, the standard of morality is higher than with us? Are wives and daughters purer? Is woman more respected there than with us? We are no believer either in celibacy of the clergy or the separate education of the sexes. We were born and bred in the benighted corner of the Union where common schools were first established, where they have since been nurtured and sustained, and where men and women have been taught to think for themselves. Our pleasantest memories of school days are associated with the bright-eyed 'little girls' who came to school on summer mornings, bringing May-flowers and peonies in their hands. We loved some of those pretty girls with the fulness of our boyish feelings. We have never forgotten them. Nobody ever informed us that it was dangerous to play with them, to ramble with them round the pastures after flowers and strawberries. No impure thought ever sullied our affection for them, for no moral reformer had poisoned our mind with the notion that the boys and girls are intimately vicious. Bare-footed farmer boys were all of us, with tanned faces and hands used to toil; and farmers' girls—red-cheeked and bare-footed too, and dressed in homespun—taught us our first lesson of faith in the purity and nobleness of womanhood. They were our best teachers. They made the old school house pleasant with the sunlight of their face, and merry with their ringing laughter. They softened our rough natures. We chose the girls we liked best at the spelling matches, and never the worse for it. We hauled the girls on sleds in winter time, and slid on the ice together, and none of us ever thought of evil. Some of us even fell in love, and had dim notions, in sentimental moments, that away in the future we should marry some of these favorite girls; but the fancies were never realized, and they never did us any harm. School-master and school-mistress were alike forgotten: the old school house is in ruins. Two of the boys who sat in the school with us, after 'life's fiftal fever,' rest in peace in California, where they found graves instead of gold. We turn in vain our longings to the home-scenes which we never expect to revisit. The girls are all married; our hair is turning gray; but we look back upon the past and feel devoutly thankful that our fathers and mothers and teachers had common sense enough to believe in letting boys and girls go to school together."

Whom Great Men Marry.

Robert Burns married a farm-girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plough-field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchy where in the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five.

He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happy together until she died, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant-girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy. It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased or idiotic, but they did not evince the talent of the great "State Rights" advocate.

A Money Match.

A recent letter from Boston tells this sad story: "A funeral procession passed yesterday. A young man told me a story that I think has a peculiar sadness about it. At Saratoga last season, at one of the largest balls, was a young lady with the most charming and fascinating manners and graces. Her toilet was equally as pleasing. She was the belle of the ball—an honor accorded her without dissent. Her attendant during the evening was a young man dressed almost gaudily, and bearing himself with all the distasteful self-conceit of a brainless millionaire. He was the son of a Boston leather dealer. He met the lady at Saratoga for the first time last season, and she, by direction of her parents, who were also wealthy, had insisted upon the arrangement, became his affianced. Previous to this she had met a young gentleman, also of Boston, of the utmost respectability, of thorough honor and integrity, but without fortune. To him she had been something more than a friend in fact, almost a betrothed. He was young, had risen by his own stern efforts, and was, it is said, possessed of sterling and promising abilities, which in time must have won him wealth and perhaps distinction. On the return of the lady from Saratoga last season her engagement prevented her from further intercourse with her first suitor, and he was dismissed. His grief was pitiful. He strove not to reverse it by word or action; but the very efforts he so laboriously made exposed the poignancy of his wounds. The lady lived with her husband in the suburbs of the city at a large and costly residence for one month after marriage. By that time the abuse of the husband compelled an immediate separation. He was incontinently shipped to Europe, where he still remains, and the young wife was left to gradually decline in health until death ensued; but not before she had reaped her parents for driving her to the alliance which wrought such early ruin and blasted such bright hopes and expectations. As the funeral procession passed up a public street, the first lover, while watching with blanched cheeks and moist eyes the sad cortege, fell to the ground while suffering an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was carried into a physician's office near, where he died before the body of the one he so tenderly and truly loved was laid in its last resting place."

While we do not advance this as a valid argument, it is certainly curious. We do not believe that a similar array of coincidence could be brought in respect to any other number than three.—*Harper's Monthly*.

The Spaniards do not pay hyperbolic compliments; but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says "they were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

The more earnestly you exhort your confidant to secrecy, the more likely he is to tell.

To forbid Christians to read the Bible, is to interdict light to the children of light.

LOVES LANDMARKS.

There's something in the tireless speed
Of years that o'er us fly,
Which, though we give them little heed,
Bring sadness to the eye;
Their flight so swift, their stay so brief,
Their hast'ning to depart;
Their checker'd scenes of joy and grief,
Speak gravely in the heart.

And love's landmarks, gemming thick
Life's deep indented coast,
Though telling loudly of the wreck
Of hopes and treasures lost,
Are aye the brightest spots we see,
As down life's course we move—
The gala-days of memory,
Or festivals of love.

Our birth-days—though like monuments
They stand, to tell how fast
The scanty sands of life are spent,
Still ebbing to the last;
Our birth-days—how with grateful glee
We welcome in their morn,
As if we held in simple fee
The hopes that then are born.

Our birth-days—chroniclers of Time,
To warn us of his flight;
In childhood, youth, or manly prime,
Those days are always bright;
Then memory comes to visit love,
Then love with fancy plays,
And all the affections join to prove
Those days the best of days.

In Prison but in Luck.

The Jackson (Mich.) Citizen prints the following:
Henry Miller, a drover, was sent to State Prison by the Recorder's Court at Detroit, in February, 1870, for Grand Larceny, for a term of three years. Miller says he housed his cattle one night on a farm in Wayne county, and the next morning his men drove an animal into the cars with his herd that did not belong to him. He sold it, and was arrested, tried, and convicted as stated above.

He had a father who was a millionaire living in Albany county, N. Y., but at his trial he neither applied for assistance, nor allowed him to be informed of what was occurring. He had a cousin with him, Charles Parker by name, from whom he exacted a promise never to write to him or to inform his relatives of his whereabouts.

Mr. Parker has faithfully kept the latter portion of his promise, as was evinced by a letter which Mr. Miller received from him a few days ago. From this, which we have been permitted to see, it appears that Miller had sent his cattle to his father at Buffalo, and this was the last indication received by his friends to show that he was living since his conviction. He was literally dead in the outside world.

His father became alarmed at his long absence, and set out to hunt him up. He traveled all over the world, says the letter, and finally heard that his son was in California, took Parker with him and went there. Of course he was unsuccessful, and returned home to die of a broken heart. Parker kept his secret faithfully and the old man died mourning for his lost son without a word of comfort or assurance to cheer him. He left all his property, some \$900,000 in real estate and personal effects, and \$80,000 on deposit in a bank, to his son, who by this letter, for the first time since his incarceration, hears from his friends at home. Young Parker writes from Coopersville, this State where he is stopping a few weeks on business. He will probably pay his cousin a visit before returning to New York. Miller's time will expire in August, unless he loses a portion of his "good time."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The London Globe publishes a statement which is an illustration of the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence, even when it approaches positiveness. A gentleman went to the British Museum with a case opened, containing some valuable medals, for his inspection. He examined a particular medal, which was supposed to be unique, restored it to the tray, and after talking some time with the custodian, were about to leave, when the latter discovered that the medal was missing. It was searched for everywhere, and could not be found, when it was suggested that the pockets of the visitor should be examined. To this he objected, and a policeman was sent for. However, before he arrived, the medal was found to have slipped between the tray and the bottom of the case. When asked why he refused to be searched, the supposed culprit produced a medal from his pocket, the exact counterpart of that which was in the case, remarked that his object had been to verify the authenticity of his own which being identical with the missing one and discovered in his pocket, would at once have convicted him of the theft.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.—This is the way in which Prof. Fawcett, the famous blind liberal member of the British Parliament, became acquainted with his wife. He was at a social gathering on the evening of the day when the telegram announced the death of President Lincoln, and heard from a girl of eighteen the exclamation, "It would have been less loss to the world if every crowned head of Europe had fallen!" He asked to be introduced to this girl, who has been his wife for five years, and is the most popular speaker and woman in England.

A Detroit woman struck by lightning yelled "police!"

Nothing more unbecomes a heavenly hope than an earthly heart.

Water drinkers are never drunk.

A desirable second-hand article—a young, rich and amiable woman.

A Cedar Rapids editor envies the census for embracing 17,000,000 women.

COINCIDENCE.

—Newspaper workers run on "coincidences" lately—for instance. An Orange county (N. Y.) man cut off his forefinger with an axe recently. "What makes this accident a curious one," says the local paper, "is that his father met with precisely the same accident when about the same age." It is wonderful how accidents run in some families—how they are hereditary, as it were. We once knew a man who knocked his head against a door, and that man's son was ever afflicted with trouble of the head. He was continually running it against some other boy's fist, and the amount of court-plaster which was used on the scalp, the number of keys which were put down his back to stop the flow of blood from his nose, and the quantities of oysters which were applied to his eyes to reduce the swelling, were appalling to contemplate. We also knew another family in which accidents were hereditary. A lady gave birth to a female child when she was fifteen years seven months and nine days old, and that female child was afflicted in the same way at about the same age—the only difference of account in this singular coincidence being that the child this time was a boy, so that the accident can't very well be repeated.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—The Lockport (N. Y.) Journal says:
Dion, in his perambulations about Lockport, very naturally dropped into one of the billiard halls of the city. While watching a pocket game and quietly smoking his cigar, he was accosted by a pompous individual with the invitation, "Take a hand? bet you five to one on a carom game of five hundred points." "Don't care if I do," says Dion, blandly, whose name and station were entirely unknown to the profferer of the invitation. The money was staked, coats pulled off, and the game commenced. Certain persons who had been led into the secret by the knowing ones had spread the news abroad on the streets, and quite a crowd had got together around the table, stretching their necks to see the *finale* of the game. Dion took the cue like a prince, and with a smile of mingled disdain and satisfaction on his lip, ran up, without saying a word 542 points! Had his cue not proved defective, his friends say he could have made 1000 easily. It is needless to say his opponent "wilted, and has not been seen in those parts since."

A SHORT SERMON.—Here is a bit of philosophy worth reading. It is an exposure of a very common delusion. It is a good rendering of an old idea:
"Two things ought to be strongly impressed upon young people of our country. The insecurity of riches, even when acquired, and the unsatisfying character. There is no fallacy so universally cherished as the notion that wealth is surely a means of happiness. The care of a large property is one of the most burdensome of earth's trusts. The only material good that comes from an estate is to be made out of a moderate income far more easily than a large one, and with fewer attendant disadvantages. Few thoughtful men would undergo the entire stewardship of a large estate on a positive bargain that they should receive no more for taking care of it than ordinarily falls into the lap of the owner. The scramble for wealth is due to a wrong estimate of good when it is gained."

Rev. Mr. Dye, of Fairfield county, Conn., was traveling through Western Ohio, mounted on a tall, lank, raw-boned animal (a good frame to build a horse on) when he came to the junction of two roads, and not knowing which might lead him to his destination, asked a ragged, dirty looking urchin, which of the two roads would lead him to W. The boy, in a rough and uncouth manner, said,—"Who are you, old fellow?" Mr. Dye, being greatly astonished at the child's incivility, replied,—"My son, I am a follower of the Lord." "A follower of the Lord, eh? Well, it makes mighty little difference which road you take, you'll never catch him, with that hoss."

A wife in Davenport, Iowa, who wouldn't endure her drunken and abusive husband any longer, took advantage of his absence one day to sell out their household goods and disappear with her proceeds. The only article of household goods which she took along with her was the young man who did the "chores" around their little farm. She said she wanted something to remind her of her old home.

An original idea was lately started in Hamilton, Ohio, where a fee of twenty-five cents was collected from all persons who entered the church to witness a wedding. The money was given to the young people to start them in life.

It is only through woe we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns.

Sighs are the portion of the heart on earth: praise will be the language of heaven.

False virtue is a sail that hides from us our sins.

True hope is not deceitful. The just, sooner or later, triumph over the unjust.

A few vices will often obscure many virtues.

They call their honey.

Work is the weapon of honor.

A full purse never lacks friends.

It is better to be born happy than rich.

Wit and Humor.

What object obtains the most smiles from a lady? Ans. The looking glass.

What has the most followers and fewest opposers? Ans. The fashion.

Why is a wise man like a mirror. Ans. Because they both reflect.

A young lady recently discharged her lover because he told her the wind whistled.

What is that which flies high, lies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? Ans. Dust.

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles in the mind.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

A man out west is so great a miser that he uses only one eye at a time to save the other.

Things are queerly connected. A late statistician says if all our old maids should marry, the manufacturers of single bedsteads would be utterly ruined.

A man out West who has been divorced from his ninth wife, is recommended to try a cast-iron female angel the next time.

The following congratulatory telegram was lately received by a wedding pair: "Congratulations on your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."

A brick fell from a scaffold on the head of a passing negro. "Fling dem ere peanut shells another way up dere, won't yer?" was the reply.

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear Miss," he considerably responded, "I can make it plural."

A writer asks, in an agricultural paper, if any one can inform a poor man the way to start a little nursery? Certainly; get married.

When a man is seen going towards a creek or river with a net, the supposition is that he is going "fishing for a purpose," so, when a young widower pays his respects to, and gallants a young lady, it is to be supposed he means "business." The two cases are synonymous.

Little Nellie asked one day, very abruptly, for some bread and butter. Her father asked her if she could not ask prettier than that, upon which she folded her hands piously and said,—"Please give me some bread and butter for Christ's sake."

Some robbers having broke into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant, and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a lie," said he for if I move I'm sure that I'm alive."

"Can you tell me Billy, how it is that the rooster always keeps his fathers so smooth?"

"No."

"He always carries his comb with him."

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy thus excused him to the police:—"Sure, Patsy isn't a bad boy at all, but he's only troubled with a rush of mind to the brain."

A Terre Haute, Ind., paper speaks thus: "This is the bountiful year. The small fruit crop is immense, the wheat crop is huge; the oat crop is promising, and the baby crop is unparalleled."

A Kalamazoo judge fined a reporter for appearing within the bar in his shirt sleeves. The reporter, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had no coat, and the fine was remitted.

It is a common trick of one of the principal American Conjurers to make his wife suddenly disappear before the eyes of the spectators. If he could teach to others husbands this trick of making wives vanish, he would have a fair opening for a fortune.

A MELTING OCCASION.—A Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the last word, so he looked in his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when the Dutchman said, "Dey must have very hot wadder dere; I ret an account of a meeting were all de peoples melted away."

Say what you have a mind to about mules, they will have their own way when they make up their mind to. In Louisville, the other day, one of them kicked up behind, and after knocking a pint of teeth out of the driver, he laid down in the shafts and went to sleep with a smile on his face that was perfectly child-like and bland.

A quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements one morning and actually discovered the trunk kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Besev thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family!"

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