

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things  
Should fall in such unequal shares—  
Why some should taste of all the joys,  
And others only feel the cares!  
I wonder why the sunshine bright  
Should fall in paths some people tread,  
While others shiver in the shade  
Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang  
So full of luscious fruit should grow  
Only where some may reach and eat,  
While others faint and thirsty go!  
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some  
For others only thorns be found?  
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,  
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some  
O'erflow with joy and happiness,  
While others go their lonely ways,  
Unblessed with naught of tenderness!  
I wonder why the eyes of some  
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,  
While others weep from morn till night,  
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ah, Well! We may not know, indeed,  
The whys, the wherefores of each life;  
But this we know—there's One who sees  
And watches us through joy or strife.  
Each life its mission here fulfills,  
And only He may know the end;  
And loving Him, we can be strong;  
Though storm or sunshine He may send.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### Hunting A Home.

Poor little Nettie! Homeless baby!  
Who would care for her now? She called  
In vain for her mamma to wake up,  
And asked why she was so cold and still.  
Night and sleep came, by and by,  
And the next morning the coffin, with its quiet  
occupant, was hurried away to a pauper's  
grave, with no mourner to weep, as the  
earth rattled on its lid.

When Nettie came back to every-day  
life from dreamland, mamma had gone  
away forever. There were no loving  
fingers to twine the golden curls, or clasp the  
baby in loving embrace.  
In vain she sobbed and cried; no one  
could comfort her.

"Mom," said little Dave Flint, "fix her  
up, and I'll hunt her a home."  
"Well, be off with you!" was the quick  
reply; "and see that you don't come lugging  
her back. I have no money to spend on a  
strange young one."  
"Here, Net," said the kind little fel-  
low, "you may have my little doggie, and  
for yourself. Come, now let's hunt up a  
home for her night."

Down the busy street they went, hand  
in hand.  
"I want my own mamma!" sobbed the  
child.  
"Well, come on, honey, and we'll hunt  
her up," and the ragamuffin satisfied his  
conscience with the thought, that they'd  
never be able to find a good home, if she  
was crying for her mother all the time.  
"Come on, you'll get run over," cried  
Dave to Nettie's tired feet, caused  
her to be left far in the rear of her brave  
little friend.

"Jesus will take care of me; mamma  
told me so," was the confident reply.  
"Well, may be He will, and may be he  
won't. Anyhow, I'm a takin' care of you  
now; so give me Fido, and hurry up."  
Let us try in here, and they entered a  
little store near at hand.  
"Missis," said Dave, "here's a little girl  
as wants a home;" but they looked into  
the hard cold face in vain for any help.  
"Clear out of here! I don't want any  
beggars around us," was the woman's  
rough reply.

"Come, Net, quick!" said Dave, catch-  
ing hold of the little one's sleeve; "she  
might eat you up."  
On they trudged, and at every step the  
little feet grew more weary.  
"Oh, I can't go no more!" was the pit-  
iful cry.  
"Let's go in here and beg a little meat  
for doggie," said the boy, as they came  
opposite a large butcher shop.  
"What do you want, little ones?" said  
the kind voice of an old man, as he came  
from the back of the shop.  
I want my mamma!" and Nettie look-  
ed up hopefully into the kind face above  
her.  
"O, Mister!" exclaimed Dave, entirely  
forgetting Fido's meat, "her mother's  
dead; so is everybody she knows, but me,  
and I can't always take care of her. May  
be you could keep her till morning. It's  
too far to take her back to my house—  
I'll come in the morning and hunt again,  
for I'm trying to find her a home," urged  
the little fellow, as the old man's face re-  
laxed into a smile.  
"I don't dare to take her back home;  
mother would skin both of us," he added  
significantly. "You see she's mighty pret-  
ty," and Dave admiringly pulled the  
child's bonnet back from her pretty face.  
"She's strong, too, and has a good tem-  
per." Better take her! In a year or two  
she'll sell all your meat! In a year or two  
you'll keep her," for Dave did not quite  
understand the queer look which drew  
down the corners of the old man's mouth.  
"You are a little captain, sonny! Come,  
both of you, and let's talk this matter over

with mother," and he led the way through  
the back door, into a pleasant little room,  
where a sad-looking old lady sat knitting.  
By dint of close questioning, Dave soon  
told all the knew of Nettie's sad history.  
"How much she looks like—"  
"Don't mention her name," said the  
old man, sternly.  
"Here, sir," said Dave, "is her folks'  
picture," and he pulled the little locket  
from its hiding place on Nettie's white  
neck.

"O, John, its Mary's child!" and the  
old lady leaned back, almost fainting.  
The old man took up the fallen picture,  
and gazed on it as he gazed at the two  
faces.

Five years before, Mary Neighbor, the  
only child of these old people, had mar-  
ried contrary to their will, and was for-  
bidden by her father to enter her old home  
again. They had never heard from her  
until this bright summer day.

Nettie had at first found a place in the  
old man's heart, and it was enough for  
the lonely grandmother to know that she  
was "Mary's child."  
"We will keep the baby," said the old  
man tearfully, as Dave signified his wish  
to go, if they were satisfied with their bar-  
gain.  
"All right, sir; I will be back in a year  
or two to see how she gets along. Net,  
you keep the doggie; he'll get lots of meat  
here."

Butt-Cut Kaylor.  
About thirty-three and a third years  
ago there dwelt, in one of the rural districts  
of Georgia, an old codger by the name of  
Butt-Cut Kaylor, who had formerly en-  
joyed the honors and emoluments pertaining  
to the office of Justice of the Peace, the  
duties of which he discharged with ac-  
knowledged ability and dignity; and so  
far as his neighbors were capable of judg-  
ing, he appeared to be a very honest man.  
He had, however, acquired the habit of  
"trumping up" accounts against the estates  
of those of his neighbors who were so un-  
fortunate as to "shuffe off their mortal  
coils" within the bounds of his bailiwick.  
He had carried this practice on to such an  
extent as to arouse a suspicion in the  
minds of some of his meddlesome neigh-  
bors that there might be something dead  
some where in "the seat of his" financial  
operations. Bob Crogan, who lived in the  
neighborhood, and "run" the postoffice at  
the cross-roads, being something of a wag,  
and having an idea that the Squire's hon-  
esty should be quoted below par, conclud-  
ed, with the connivance and assistance of  
a few comrades to "unearth the sly old fox,  
and expose his rascalities. Accordingly,  
Bob pretended to be a very honest man,  
and laid out on the cooling board in the  
most approved fashion, and sorrowing  
friends proceeded to spread the news of his  
demise, which soon reached the ears of  
old Butt-Cut. He lost no time in repair-  
ing to the house of mourning, carrying  
with him a full and complete assortment  
of first-class condolence and sympathy, for  
gratuitous distribution among the mem-  
bers of the bereaved family, and the many  
sorrowing friends of the supposed de-  
ceased, who were present when he arrived—  
After he had relieved his heart of its bur-  
den of heaving words and had succeeded  
in a tolerable effort at crying, and was ab-  
out to leave the scene, he tenderly spoke  
as follows:  
"Ah, poor Bob; I'm sorry he died; he  
was a good feller, and I allus liked him.  
When him and me went to the race at  
Augusta—now nigh unto two years ago—  
I loaned him a hundred dollars to bet on  
a bay mare, and he lost and has never  
paid me a cent of that money from that  
day to this. Poor feller, he forgot it, I  
reckon, but it's an honest debt, of course  
I can get it out of his estate, and—"  
Butt-Cut didn't finish the sentence; for  
just at this point Bob, the corpse, slowly  
raised up in his shroud, and stretching  
out his arms toward the old rogue, as if  
to clutch him, yelled:  
"You are an infernal old liar, and if  
you are a member of the State of Georgia,  
forever."

The din and roar drowned the rest—  
Old Butt-Cut didn't wait to see or hear any  
more, but with the hurried exclamation  
"God-dammit!" he shot through the  
door, hurried to his home, packed his  
traps, and not only left the neighborhood,  
but the State of Georgia, forever.

A TRUTHFUL SERVANT.—Let a man fail  
in business; what effect it has upon his  
former creditors! Men who have taken  
him by the arm, laughed and chatted with  
by the hour, shrug up their shoulders and  
pass with a cold "How do you do?"  
Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and  
presented, that would not have seen light  
for months to come, but for the misfortune  
of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good;  
if not, the scowl of the Sheriff meets him  
at the corner. A man who never failed  
knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wait-  
ed by favorite smiles and kind words from  
everybody. He prides himself on his  
name and spotless character, and makes  
his boasts that he has not an enemy in  
the world. Alas! the great change.  
He looks at the world in a different light  
when reverses come upon him. He reads  
suspicion on every brow. He hardly  
knows how to move; or to do this thing  
or the other; there are spies about him,  
a writ is ready for his back. To know  
what kind of stuff the world is made of,  
a person must be unfortunate, and stop  
paying once in his lifetime. If he has  
kind friends, then they are made mani-  
fest. A failure is a moral sieve; it brings  
out the wheat and shows the chaff.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty  
years form the greater part of your life.  
They appear so when they are passing;  
they seem to have been so when we look  
back to them, and they take more room  
in our memory than all the years that suc-  
ceeded them.

"Take my Hat."  
THE ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE.  
Every one has heard this phrase, but few  
know its origin. The following account  
of it is good enough to be true:  
About thirteen years ago a fine looking  
old gentleman from West Virginia entered  
a store in Nashville, Tenn. Said store  
was owned by a bluff, honest old trader,  
who knew more about the fineness of the  
fabrics on it—nevertheless, between the  
two extremes of that shelf contriving  
to make both ends meet the necessity of  
the case. The Virginian cast his eyes  
round the shelves and finally remarked:  
"Well, neighbor, I see you've got hats."  
"A slight sprinkle," was the answer—  
"What ye from?"  
"Old Virginia," was the response.  
"Right smart old State," replied the  
Tennessean, "but getting rather too old  
to keep her hair on."  
"What do you mean?" inquired the  
old Virginian.  
"Well, just what I say, uncle; she can't  
keep her hair on; for instance, now, I should  
think you have been a right healthy child  
of the Old Dominion, but she has shed  
you at last, and, like Samson of old, that's  
the way she is losing all the best hair off  
of her venerable head."  
The old Virginian looked around the  
store rather bewildered with the liberty this  
Tennessean was taking with his mother  
State, and finally remarked:  
"I came here to talk about hats! stranger,  
and not hair."  
"Well, well, uncle, don't get wrathful  
now. I was only venturing a political op-  
inion about population in general, and  
on that we don't quarrel, but before we  
look at the hats, as they are intimately  
connected with heads, 'epose we take a  
mife of bald face."  
The proposition was agreed to, the li-  
quor was imbibed, and next followed the  
remarks:  
"The merchant tossed down four or five  
wads of various sizes, invited the old  
gentleman to select one which would fit  
him. He looked at them, examined the  
sizes, said they would do, and requested  
the store-keeper to throw him a few more."  
"That's all the sizes I've got," said he,  
"but here's a few more, if you'd like them  
better," and so saying he tossed down  
three more.  
"Them are all right," said the Old Vir-  
ginian turning around, and the stout old  
store-keeper blowing with exertion, de-  
scended from his perch, where he was  
straddling from shelf to counter. As soon  
as he reached the floor, the old Virginian  
remarked that he had not got enough  
yet.  
"Oh, want 'em for your niggers?" says  
the store-keeper. "Well, why didn't you  
say so when I was up?" and again pro-  
ceeded to perch himself up like a mer-  
chantile colossus. When he had plowed  
himself into his former position, the old  
man remarked:  
"Why, stranger, I wasn't talking any-  
thing about niggers!" The fact is, the  
old man was enjoying the extra trouble  
he had put the Tennessean to.  
"Well what do you want with so many  
hats?"  
"I want them for my sons," said the  
old man.  
The store-keeper began to count them  
on the counter. "Eight," said he, "a  
pretty big spread of boys already. I'll  
swear, but here goes," and added one and  
then another, and then a fourth, and pick-  
ed off a fifth, and finally seeing the old  
man immovable, he tossed down three  
more, and was about to descend himself  
when the old man told him to hold on  
and throw down a few more.  
"Oh, come, uncle," said he, "you are  
joking," but to please him, he threw down  
twenty.  
"That's just one too many" said the  
old man.  
"What—you don't mean to say that you  
have nineteen sons? What, in the name  
of the State of Tennessee are they?"  
"They are in Tennessee—right here in  
this city—up at the hotel," said the man.  
"Stranger," said the store-keeper, "if  
you ken show me nineteen boys of your  
razin', that's the hats."  
"Hold on, then," said the old man,  
and off he started. In about ten minutes  
down the street he came, leading a line  
of nineteen boys, marching single file,  
each bearing a good gun, and followed  
by the venerable mother. They entered  
the merchant's store, and ranked before  
the counter; the store-keeper ran his eyes  
along the line with astonishment.  
"And you say these boys are all yours?"  
he inquired.  
"Ask their mother she says they are,"  
replied the old man.  
"Don't you say so, madam?" he in-  
quired.  
"Yes I do, and I ought to know," was  
the reply.  
"Well, you might, I'll swear," said the  
store-keeper. "Old friend," he added, "I  
ain't got a word to say—just take them  
hats, and mine too!"

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thou-  
sand human beings set forth together on  
their journey. After ten years, one third,  
at least, have disappeared. At the mid-  
dle point of the common measure of life,  
but half are still upon the road. Faster  
and faster, as the ranks grow thinner,  
they that remain till now become weary,  
and lie down and rise no more. At three-  
score and ten, a band of some four hun-  
dred yet struggle on. At ninety, these  
have been reduced to a handful of thirty  
trembling patriarchs. Year after year  
they fall in diminishing numbers. One  
lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the  
century is over. We look again, and the  
work of death is finished.

The word "impossible" is the mother-  
tongue of little souls," said Lord Brough-  
ton.

## An Unmanageable Echo.

Up in the Lehigh Valley there is a hot-  
el keeper who has a mountain about a  
mile from his house, and it occurred to  
him that it would be a good idea if he  
could fix things so that a magnificent echo  
could be heard from the mountain by  
persons who stood at his hotel and hallo-  
ed. He thought the phenomenon might  
attract visitors. So he engaged a boy  
named Jim Simms, who lived over on the  
mountains, to be on hand every day from  
twelve till two, and to secrete himself be-  
hind a little clump of trees, and when  
he saw anybody on the roof of the hotel,  
and heard them calling, to repeat their  
words fifty or sixty times in a voice which  
should grow fainter and fainter. He made  
Jim practice, and the result was splendid.  
So one day the landlord announced that  
he had discovered that a noble echo could  
be heard from the roof of the hotel. He  
took a lot of people up to let them enjoy  
the discovery. The guests called for half  
an hour without hearing any echo. The  
landlord was crimson with rage; but just  
as he was about to give it up the voice of  
Jim came sailing over the river to this  
effect: "Bin down to the spring fur moth-  
er. Fire away now. I'm all right." The  
guests smiled. The landlord glided down  
stairs and tore over to Simms—where he  
shook James up a few times, and gave  
him a lecture and some fresh instructions.  
In a few days the landlord rushed up a  
new crowd of guests to hear the echo. It  
worked grandly for a while, but all of a  
sudden it stopped in the middle of an im-  
pressive reverberation. In vain the callers  
strove to awake the echo. It was dumb.  
But presently, in answer to an exceeding-  
ly boisterous cry, the following strain was  
wafted across from Mr. Simms: "You  
come over here and make him gimme my  
knife, and then I'll holler. He's a settin'  
on me." The landlord dropped down  
stairs and charged over to the mountains.  
There was Mr. James Simms lying prone  
upon the ground, with a big boy holding  
him down and whacking him. Mr. Simms  
and his antagonist had engaged in a game  
of mumble-peg, during which the big  
boy had seized Mr. Simms' knife, and Jim  
all at once lost his interest in the echo  
business. The landlord went home, as-  
cended the stairs, and nailed the trap-  
door fast. No more echoes for him.

Col Fisk and the Newsboy.  
Whatever were his foibles and faults,  
there were traits in Col. Fisk's character  
creditable in the highest degree to his  
head and heart. His unostentatious char-  
ity and generous sympathies, as illustrat-  
ed by many kind acts to the unfortu-  
nate, are worthy of emulation. A little  
incident which occurred a few months be-  
fore his death is perhaps one of the most  
touching that ever was given to the public.  
This one Mrs. Fisk takes especial pleas-  
ure in recalling, illustrating, as it does  
her husband's kindness of heart and readi-  
ness of sympathy and help to those who  
needed aid.  
Col. Fisk had often noticed in Twenty-  
third street a little crippled newsboy, and  
one day he spoke to him in his bluff, off-  
hand manner:  
"Well, my boy, how is business?"  
"Not very good sir," was the reply.  
"What is the matter?"  
"Why, you see, I'm lame and I can't  
run, and the other boys get ahead of me,  
and I can't sell my papers very well."  
"Not a very good look out for you, is  
it? I say my boy, how would you like to  
go into business with me?"  
The boy looked perplexed and eyed the  
Colonel curiously.  
"I think we might strike up a bargain.  
You come to the opera house at 11 this  
morning; I've got a plan for you. Now  
be on time."  
At 11 o'clock the boy was there, quite  
curious to know what the Col. wanted.  
Hullo, boy, you're a good one. Now see  
here, do you know a good place for a pa-  
per stand?"  
"Yes, sir, tip top."  
"Where is it?"  
"Down here at the corner."  
"How much will it stand cost?"  
"Lots of money; much as fifty or a  
hundred dollars."  
"You don't say so; why that's a fortune.  
Do you think that money could be made  
there?"  
"Yes, I do. It is a first rate place."  
"Well, I'll get a carpenter to make the  
stand, and I'll stock it; then you shall  
take care of it, and we'll be partners, you  
and I. I'll go into the paper business."  
Col. Fisk then arranged with the boy  
what part of the profits he should receive,  
and told him when the stand would be  
ready, and sent him on his way rejoicing.  
The plan was very successful. Trade was  
good, and every week the boy carried his  
share of the money to his partner. See-  
ing the boy's determination, Col. Fisk  
quickly put aside the money, and one day  
gave it all to the boy, releasing him from  
his contract to pay any part of the money  
to himself.

When Col. Fisk died there was nowhere  
a sinner's mourner than this little news-  
boy, and a stand on the corner was heav-  
ily draped on the day of the burial.

Josh Billings says: "When we cum to  
think that there ain't on the face the earth  
even one bat too much, and that there  
haint been, since the daze of Adam, a  
single surplus musketeer's egg laid by  
accident, we can form sum kind of an  
idea how little we know, and what a poor  
job we should make ov it rumm the ma-  
chinery ov kreshun. Man is a phool  
enny how, and the best ov the joke is, he  
don't seem tew know it. Bats have a des-  
tiny to fill, and I will bet 4 dollars they  
fill it better than we do ours."  
You will avers notice one thing: the devil  
never offers to go into partnership with  
a buzzy man; but you will often see him  
offer tew jine the lazy, and furnish all the  
capital.

Hope has made a great many blunders;  
but there iz one thing about her that I  
alvus did like, she means well.  
Whenever you hear a man who alvus  
wants tew bet his bottom dollar, you can  
make up your mind that that is the size  
ov his pile.

Women would do well to remember—  
nor can the truth be impressed upon them  
at its early age—all the brilliant  
accomplishments, all the solid infor-  
mation, all the learning in the world, are  
nothing worth, in comparison to a pa-  
tient cheerful temper, and an affection  
for, and perseverance in, the moral and  
domestic duties of life. Home ought to  
be the temple of a virtuous female; she  
may leave it occasionally, and be happy  
amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of  
the world; but let her, like the bee, ga-  
ther honey from them all, and let that  
honey be reserved for her own dwelling  
let it be a palace or a cottage.—Mrs. E.  
C. Hall.

Air castles are old as Adam, as we be-  
lieve there is not a man, woman or child,  
but what has built or is building them—  
And they will continue to build and be  
built as long as there is a living person on  
the earth, the child looks forward to the  
time when it will have grown up to man-  
hood or womanhood, and tells what it will  
do and be when it reaches that passage in  
life.  
Guilt is ever suspicious and always in  
fear.

Why are umbrellas like panacas?—  
Because they are seldom seen after Lent.  
An impartial Kansas patriot has nam-  
ed his twins Grant and Greeley.  
People who are always wishing for some-  
thing new, should try *vel-ralgia* once.  
The light of a match will frighten a  
wolf away, it is said. But love matches  
don't always keep the wolf from the door.  
Beauties often die old maids. They set  
such a value on themselves, that they  
don't find a purchaser before the market  
is closed.  
The story that a man died from injuries  
received from falling on the fork of a  
country road, near *Utica*, is now denied.  
The man who never told an editor how  
he could better his news paper, has gone  
out West to marry the woman who never  
looked into a looking glass.  
An exchange says: There are two  
things in this world that are not safe to  
brife with—a woman's opinion and the  
business end of a wasp.  
Stephen is a funny little fellow. He  
asked his father if the soldiers were all  
blacksmiths. "No; why?" Cos they're  
alvus drillin' and fillin'."

When you can't think of what you  
wife charged you to bring home, get switch  
tenders' (hairpins) They are always han-  
dy in the house.  
A grocer being solicited to contribute  
to the building of a new church promp-  
ly subscribed his name to the paper in  
following eccentric manner: John Jones  
(the only place in town where you can  
get 11 pounds good sugar for a dollar)  
25 cents.  
A Pekin, Ill., woman was asked by the  
preacher if her husband feared the Lord.  
She replied: "Fear him? why, bless you,  
he is so feared of him that he never goes  
out of the house Sunday without taking  
his gun along."  
Two brothers were to be executed for  
some enormous crime. The eldest was  
turned off first, without speaking; the other,  
mounting the ladder, began to har-  
angue the crowd: "Good people," said he,  
my brother hangs before my face, and you  
see what a lamentable spectacle he  
makes; in a few moments I shall be turn-  
ed off too, and then you will see a pair  
of spectacles."

The Boston *Sunday Courier* says: "A  
thirty citizen who effected insurance on  
the life of his wife to the amount of \$10,  
000, the other day took home a box  
of little red Maryland plums and enjoyed a  
whole evening in watching his wife eat  
them. His enterprise had its reward.—  
Deducting \$238 for funeral expenses he  
is now \$9,762 richer than he was a week  
ago."

A farmer, whose crib was full of corn  
was accustomed to pray that the wants of  
the needy might be supplied; but when  
any one in needy circumstances asked for  
a little of his corn, he said he had none  
to spare. One day, after hearing his fa-  
ther pray for the poor and needy, his lit-  
tle son said to him:  
"Father, I wish I had your corn."  
"Why, my son, what would you do  
with it?" asked the father.  
The child replied, "I would answer  
your prayers."

Aha! the centenarian hero of Water-  
loo, the shower of toads, the sea serpent,  
the young lady with a lizard in her stom-  
ach, the mastodon's jaw bone, the ancient  
nagress that nursed the Father of his  
Country, the calf with two heads, and the  
lady that makes a needle-book of herself,  
becoming somewhat stale, the vigorous  
old woman of eighty-five who does all the  
work on a large farm with her own hands,  
and supports a numerous family of great-  
grandchildren, has started on the rounds  
again. She is journeying just now in  
Brown county, Ind.

In a Detroit barber's shop the other day  
a publican colored customer rose from his  
seat to take one of the barber's chairs,  
when, looking at one of the pier glasses,  
he saw, as he supposed, another gentleman  
about to take the chair. The old fellow  
at once apologized for rising out of his  
turn, and was about to do the same. He  
again arose, and the mysterious stranger  
followed. This was repeated three or four  
times, much to the customer's disgust,  
when he finally yelled out: "If it's your  
turn, why don't you sit down? amidst  
shouts of laughter from the rest of the cus-  
tomers.  
The Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie, ex-  
changed with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and  
soon after he appeared in the desk, people  
began to go away. He watched the ex-  
odus a few minutes, and then rising, said,  
in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout  
the Church, and with just sufficient Scotch  
brogue in his voice to give credence to his  
words: "All those who came here to  
worship Almighty God will please join to  
sing a hymn, and while they are doing  
so, those who came here to worship E. H.  
Chapin will have an opportunity to leave  
the church." His audience did not dim-  
inish after that.  
Thirty thousand head of buffaloes were  
killed during the month of May, of the  
South-western plains, for their hides.  
The first cost of a buffalo-robe is now but  
two dollars. This can only result in the  
early extinction of these animals.

## Country Children.

Little fresh violets,  
Born in the wild woods.  
Sweet illustrating  
Innocent childhood;  
Shy as the antelope;  
Brown as a berry—  
Free as the mountain air,  
Romping and merry.

Bine eyes and hazel eyes  
Peep from the hedges,  
Shaded by sun bonnets  
Frayed at the edges,  
Up in the apple trees,  
Heedless of danger,  
Manhood in embryo  
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,  
Seeking the berries—  
Under the orchard trees,  
Feasting on cherries—  
Trampling the blossoms,  
Down 'mong the grasses,  
No voice to hinder them,  
Dear lads and lasses.

No grim propriety—  
No interdiction;  
Free as the birdlings  
From city restriction;  
Coining the purest blood,  
Strength'n'g each muscle,  
Donning health armor,  
'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!  
Born in the wild wood;  
Oh, that all little ones  
Had such a childhood!  
God's blue spread over them,  
God's garden beneath them;  
No sweeter heritage  
Could we bequeath them!

Col Fisk and the Newsboy.  
Whatever were his foibles and faults,  
there were traits in Col. Fisk's character  
creditable in the highest degree to his  
head and heart. His unostentatious char-  
ity and generous sympathies, as illustrat-  
ed by many kind acts to the unfortu-  
nate, are worthy of emulation. A little  
incident which occurred a few months be-  
fore his death is perhaps one of the most  
touching that ever was given to the public.  
This one Mrs. Fisk takes especial pleas-  
ure in recalling, illustrating, as it does  
her husband's kindness of heart and readi-  
ness of sympathy and help to those who  
needed aid.  
Col. Fisk had often noticed in Twenty-  
third street a little crippled newsboy, and  
one day he spoke to him in his bluff, off-  
hand manner:  
"Well, my boy, how is business?"  
"Not very good sir," was the reply.  
"What is the matter?"  
"Why, you see, I'm lame and I can't  
run, and the other boys get ahead of me,  
and I can't sell my papers very well."  
"Not a very good look out for you, is  
it? I say my boy, how would you like to  
go into business with me?"  
The boy looked perplexed and eyed the  
Colonel curiously.  
"I think we might strike up a bargain.  
You come to the opera house at 11 this  
morning; I've got a plan for you. Now  
be on time."  
At 11 o'clock the boy was there, quite  
curious to know what the Col. wanted.  
Hullo, boy, you're a good one. Now see  
here, do you know a good place for a pa-  
per stand?"  
"Yes, sir, tip top."  
"Where is it?"  
"Down here at the corner."  
"How much will it stand cost?"  
"Lots of money; much as fifty or a  
hundred dollars."  
"You don't say so; why that's a fortune.  
Do you think that money could be made  
there?"  
"Yes, I do. It is a first rate place."  
"Well, I'll get a carpenter to make the  
stand, and I'll stock it; then you shall  
take care of it, and we'll be partners, you  
and I. I'll go into the paper business."  
Col. Fisk then arranged with the boy  
what part of the profits he should receive,  
and told him when the stand would be  
ready, and sent him on his way rejoicing.  
The plan was very successful. Trade was  
good, and every week the boy carried his  
share of the money to his partner. See-  
ing the boy's determination, Col. Fisk  
quickly put aside the money, and one day  
gave it all to the boy, releasing him from  
his contract to pay any part of the money  
to himself.

When Col. Fisk died there was nowhere  
a sinner's mourner than this little news-  
boy, and a stand on the corner was heav-  
ily draped on the day of the burial.

Josh Billings says: "When we cum to  
think that there ain't on the face the earth  
even one bat too much, and that there  
haint been, since the daze of Adam, a  
single surplus musketeer's egg laid by  
accident, we can form sum kind of an  
idea how little we know, and what a poor  
job we should make ov it rumm the ma-  
chinery ov kreshun. Man is a phool  
enny how, and the best ov the joke is, he  
don't seem tew know it. Bats have a des-  
tiny to fill, and I will bet 4 dollars they  
fill it better than we do ours."  
You will avers notice one thing: the devil  
never offers to go into partnership with  
a buzzy man; but you will often see him  
offer tew jine the lazy, and furnish all the  
capital.

Hope has made a great many blunders;  
but there iz one thing about her that I  
alvus did like, she means well.  
Whenever you hear a man who alvus  
wants tew bet his bottom dollar, you can  
make up your mind that that is the size  
ov his pile.

Women would do well to remember—  
nor can the truth be impressed upon them  
at its early age—all the brilliant  
accomplishments, all the solid infor-  
mation, all the learning in the world, are  
nothing worth, in comparison to a pa-  
tient cheerful temper, and an affection  
for, and perseverance in, the moral and  
domestic duties of life. Home ought to  
be the temple of a virtuous female; she  
may leave it occasionally, and be happy  
amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of  
the world; but let her, like the bee, ga-  
ther honey from them all, and let that  
honey be reserved for her own dwelling  
let it be a palace or a cottage.—Mrs. E.  
C. Hall.

Air castles are old as Adam, as we be-  
lieve there is not a man, woman or child,  
but what has built or is building them—  
And they will continue to build and be  
built as long as there is a living person on  
the earth, the child looks forward to the  
time when it will have grown up to man-  
hood or womanhood, and tells what it will  
do and be when it reaches that passage in  
life.  
Guilt is ever suspicious and always in  
fear.

Why are umbrellas like panacas?—  
Because they are seldom seen after Lent.  
An impartial Kansas patriot has nam-  
ed his twins Grant and Greeley.  
People who are always wishing for some-  
thing new, should try *vel-ralgia* once.  
The light of a match will frighten a  
wolf away, it is said. But love matches  
don't always keep the wolf from the door.  
Beauties often die old maids. They set  
such a value on themselves, that they  
don't find a purchaser before the market  
is closed.  
The story that a man died from injuries  
received from falling on the fork of a  
country road, near *Utica*, is now denied.  
The man who never told an editor how  
he could better his news paper, has gone  
out West to marry the woman who never  
looked into a looking glass.  
An exchange says: There are two  
things in this world that are not safe to  
brife with—a woman's opinion and the  
business end of a wasp.  
Stephen is a funny little fellow. He  
asked his father if the soldiers were all  
blacksmiths. "No; why?" Cos they're  
alvus drillin' and fillin'."

When you can't think of what you  
wife charged you to bring home, get switch  
tenders' (hairpins) They are always han-  
dy in the house.  
A grocer being solicited to contribute  
to the building of a new church promp-  
ly subscribed his name to the paper in  
following eccentric manner: John Jones  
(the only place in town where you can  
get 11 pounds good sugar for a dollar)  
25 cents.  
A Pekin, Ill., woman was asked by the  
preacher if her husband feared the Lord.  
She replied: "Fear him? why, bless you,  
he is so feared of him that he never goes  
out of the house Sunday without taking  
his gun along."  
Two brothers were to be executed for  
some enormous crime. The eldest was  
turned off first, without speaking; the other,  
mounting the ladder, began to har-  
angue the crowd: "Good people," said he,  
my brother hangs before my face, and you  
see what a lamentable spectacle he  
makes; in a few moments I shall be turn-  
ed off too, and then you will see a pair  
of spectacles."