BY W. BLAIR

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Select Boetry.



BY JAMES F. STEARNS.

O, some one is waiting for me, In the beautiful realms above, On the shores of Eden's domain, Where all is perfection and love. Life's river will soon bear me there, Uniting the earth-broken bond, O, what would invite me to stay When some one is waiting beyond!

When earth has so little to charm-. And heaven so much to bestow; When some one is waiting there still, O, why should I shudder to go? How often I long to be there-To meet with that heart true and fond; For why should I wish to remain When some one is waiting beyond?

The beggar, the homeless, the poor, That worship at poverty's shrine-Will some one be waiting for them? Will they have a welcome like mine? Yes, tatters and rags are unknown; And unto each call will respond Some other as soft and as sweet, From some one that's waiting beyond

I know not how soon death may come. Perhaps a few dips of the oar May carry me into that port; I may not be far from the shore But though I am near or afar, Still ever by faith I can see. A loved one just over the tide, That's watching and waiting for me.

If heaven is bathed in a flood Of splendor, of grandeur, of gold; If one never longs for repose, And never grows feeble and old. Then why should I tremble at death O why should I ever despond? Why blanch at the thought of the grave, When so much awaits me beyond?

Miscellaucous Reading.

Caught in His Own Trap.

Lennox Ray sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down the west in a flood of golden glory, and ceived the letter expressing his regrets, the air was fragrant with the persume of she only smiled, and said to herself, "All new-mown hay, and dewy with approach- the better! I shall have time to learn my

"Well, this is rather ourer than Lon- Lennox!" don air!" sighed Lennox, drawing a deep breath of delight as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farmhouse, carrying his valise in his hand. "I wonder if Nannie got my note and is looking for me. Hallo!"

This last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big, ripe cherry, which, descending from above somewhere. came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there perched like a great bird upon the bough of a huge cherry tree, and looking down at him. with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and wilful enough to set a man crazy.

"How-do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries!" was her mischievous greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her crimson lips.
"Nannie! Is it possible?" exclaimed

Lennox, sternly.

"What! that the cherries are ripe? Yes, and splendid, too! Have some?" returned the nymph, coolly holding out a great ru-

"Nannie, will you come down from there!" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherries. "Yes, to be sure, now you've come, and

I have had all the cherries I wanted." And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung her-self lightly down from her peach, and lit on the grass at his feet.

"Now don't look so serious, Lennox dear!" she said, slipping her little hands into his with a coaxing motion. "I know it's tom-boyish to climb the cherry trees. but then it's such fun.

"Nannie, you should have been a boy,"

said Lennox.
"I wish I had! Then I wouldn't have everybody scolding me if I happened to move. No, I don't either; for then you wouldn't have fallen in love with me .-What made you, anyway, dear?" she said, with a fond glance and a caressing move-

"Because you are a sweet darling!" answered Mr. Ray, melted in spite of himself. "But I do wish, Nannie, you would leave off these hoydenish ways and be more dignified."

"Like Miss Ishman?" asked Nannie. "Miss Ishman is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you to copy

her in some respects," said Lennox, coldly The tears sprang into Nannies eyes at his tone: she loosened her arm from his. and dropping down on the emerald grass at his feet, began to braid a bracelet of the long blades, in silence, with a grieved Nannie! What affectation is this?" expression around her sweet mouth which he did not see.

"There?" cried Lennox, pettishly .-"Now you look more like a five-year old haby than a well-bred young lady." "Nannie threw away her bracelet and

got up again. "I didn't mean to vex you. Shall we go in?" she said gladly.
They went into the parlor, and Mr. Ray

took a seat in a great arm-chair, while Nanpie flung open the window and drop- me."

ped down on her knees beside it, letting her glossy cuils fall in a great shower on nie!" he thought. the window sill.

"Now don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, drawing a chair near his own. "Come "that elegant Miss Irving," as they stylhere, and sit down like a rational being. Nannie gave a rueful glance at the stiff-

"I wish you would put up those fly away curls and dress your hair as other young-ladies do," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Nannic, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you; but in truth, my dear, my wife must have something of the last?"

The supper bell rang at that instant, and, anxious to escape-before the rest of

the family came in and saw her tears,

Nannie hastily answered, "Yes, let me go,

Lennox!" and ran out of the room, and

They were at supper before she came

down again, with smooth curls, and no

traces of tears, but with a bright light in

her brown eyes, and a firm look on her

pretty face; and as she went through the

hall out to the vine-shaded porch where

the tea-table was set, she murmured, "Yes,

I'll go! And I'll teach you one lesson,

It was Lennox Ray's intention to join

his sister's party in July, but his law bus-

iness prevented him. When Nannie re-

lesson more thoroughly by September, Mr

It was nearly the middle of September

"Dear little Nannie!" he said, as he made a careful toilet, before going down

stairs. "I am dying to see her, and I

quite refreshing after all these artificial

I'll just go down and surprise them.'

es, he met his sister Laura.

"Yes. Where's Nannie?"

him two white hands.

there she is, by the door."

of three months ago.

within him.

growing colder.

Captain Thornton."

with a jealous pang.

omen. They don't know I've come, so

As he entered the apartment amid the

hand, and making his way towards the

But it was difficult, even when he drew

near, to see in the stylish, scately lady,

whose hair was put over a monstrous chig-

non, and whose lustrous robes swept over

the floor for a yard, his own little Nannie

Lennox strode up with scarce a glance

at the beythiskered dandy whom she was

chatting, and held out his hand with an

Lennox hardly designed a bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to Nan-

"You will walk with me a little while?"

"Thanks; but the music is beginning

But afterwards," said Lennox, the chill

"Thanks again; but I am engaged to

"When, then?" demanded Lennox

"Ah, realy, my card is so full I hard-

somewhere."—with an indifferent glance.

Lennox bent down, and spoke with bit-

ter reproach in his tone, "Good heavens,

She favored him with a well-bred stare

"Pardon! I do not understand you."

And taking the arm of her escort, she

"Laura, how have you changed Nan-

"Yes, she is changed-greatly improv-

"Perfect? Rather too perfect to suit

walked away with the air of an empress.

Lennox sought his sister.

nie so?" he demanded

ed. Isn't she perfect?"

and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair.

eager exclamation: "Nannie!"

corded with well-bred indifference.

paire. Mr. Ray, monsieur."

Mr. Lennox Ray. See if I don't.

up stairs to her own chamber.

"To-morrow, I shall see more of Nan-

But to-morrow, and to-morrow, and tomorrow it was always the same, and, ed her, was always in demand. She played the role of an accomplished lady, icy backed chair, but giving her curls a toss hearted coquette to perfection; and poor backward, obediently went and sat down. Lennox, from the distance in which she kept him, looked on almost heart-broken varying between wrath, jealousy, pride

and despair.
"Nannie!" said he, one morning when
he found her alone, "how long is this to

"How long is what to last?" asked Nan-"How long are you going to remain the

nventional creature you are?"
"I believe you wished me to come here improve my manuers, Mr. Ray; to quire the elegance of society ?" she said,

But Nannie-" Your sister thinks I have been an apt "Yes, too apt, by heavens!" cried Len-

"Well, if you ain't pleased with the relt of your own advice, I am not to You must excuse me, Mr. Ray; am going to ride with Count de Beau-And with her sweetest, hollowest smile,

e made a graceful gesture of adieu, and ft him sick at heart, puzzled and disgust-That afternoon, as Laura and Nannie ere about dressing for the evening, Lenx walked, unannounced, into Laura's

ttle parlor, where they sat alone.
"I thought I'd drop in and say goodye before you went down stairs," said he. I leave for London to-night:"

Laura elevated her eyebrows a little.
"Sudden isn't it? But since you are coing, I will give you some commissions."
"You needn't. I shall only stay in town for a day."
"Indeed! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know," was his savage r

ply.

Laura gave him a look of cool surprise. "At least you will take a note to George for me."

"Yes, if you get it ready," said he, ungraciously.
"Very well; I will write it now."

Laura went to her own room, and Lennox stood moodily at a window. Presently Nannie, who had not spoken one word, came and stood near him. "Are you really going away?" she ask-

"Yes, I am," was the sharp answer. "And won't you tell us where?"

"I don't know myself-neither know nor care!" he growled. She slipped her hand in his arm, with

the old caressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke gently, using name for the first time since he came. "But, Lennox dear, if you go away off omewhere what shall I do?"

before Mr. Gay, heated, dusty, and weary He turned suddenly, and caught her to entered his room in the Scarborough hotel where his sister's party was stopping.

his heart. "Oh, Nannie, Nannie!" cried he passionately, "if you would only come back to me, and love me—if I could recover my lost treasure, I would not go anywhere.-

know she'll be glad to see me. A moment of her sweet naturalness will be Oh, my lost love, is it too late?" She laid her face down against his shoulder, and asked, "Lennox, dear, tell me which you love best, the Nannie you you used to know, or the fashionable

young lady you found here?" flash of jewels and rustle of silks and lac-"Oh, Nannie, darling!" he cried, clasp-"Lennox! you here?" she said, giving ing her closer, "I wouldn't give one precious toss of your old brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world. "She was on the terrace, talking with I wouldn't give one careless ring of your merry laugh for all the polished belles in society. I wouldn't, my darling, I French count, a moment ago. Ah! "An !" said Lennox, dropping Laura's

wouldn't." Nannie laid her arms caressingly a ound his neck, and said softly. "Then I think you will have to take your old Nannie back again, and pet her and love her as you used to do; for I am as sick and tired of the fashionable young lady as you

can be, Lennox, dear. And Lennox passionately clasping her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all the hot-house flowers in Christendom.

She made a weeping currsey, and lan-"Laura." Lennox called, tapping on guidly extended the tips of her fingers; Laura's door a little later. but not a muscle moved beyond what ac-

"Well?" answered Laura. "You needn't write your note. I shan't go to town to-night."

"Ah! good evening, Mr. Ray."
"Oh, Nannie! are you glad to see me?" "Lennox, I never saw such a fellow to said Lennox, feeling his heart chilled take fancies!" cried Laura. "Are you crazv?

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray-quite glad. "No: I have been, but I am coming to Allow me to present Count de Beauremy senses now," said Lennox.

at Scarborough.

Lennox and Nannie have been, sedate married people several years; but I never heard that Lennox complained in the least of his wife's want of conventionality, or ever wished to pursue the acquaint-ance of the fashionable lady whom he met

GOOD NEWS FOR SOME.—Better than all quack medicines is the invigorating power of the sun. Here is a bit of news for ball-headed people. Says a writer from the silver mines of Montana. "A ly know. I will try to spare you a waltz friend of mine who had the misfortune to be bald-headed, knowing that there is a wonderful invigorating power in the sun's rays, last spring threw away his hat, and worked in the gulch all spring, summer and fall, bareheaded, and also for the first few days at midday. For a few days the rays of the hot sun on his head were almost unbearable: after that time he exhead of hair. And in this experiment he was not alone-several of his acquaintances who were bald-headed having followed the same plan were fortunate enough. to experience the same result."

[Published by Request. OPEN THE DOOR.

BY T. C. O'KANE.

Open the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in-In from the highways and hedges-In from the places of sin. Some are so young and helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children,

And gather them into the fold. CHORUS.-Go, gather them in-Go, gather them in,-For our blessed Savior Bids them come to him.

Open the door for the children, See! they are coming in throngs: Bid them sit down to your banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs! Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray that His grace may be given; Open the door for the children,-

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Open the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to Christ, the Redeemer, Welcome them into your band. Jesus will gladly receive them, Quickly their tender hearts win:

Open the door for the children, And hasten to gather them in. Delaware, Ohio.

The Habit of Fretting.

SOME WHOLESOME ADVICE BY A LADY.

Fretting is both useless and unnecessary; it does no good, and a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less we are all given to it. We it to be the result of careful observation fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, in the winter because it is too cold; we fret when it rains because it is too wet, and when it doesn't because it is dry; when we are sick or a-to be attractive, and actually drive their nybody else is sick. In short, if anything husbands from their sides by their own or everything does not go just to suit our unlovely behavior.

particular whims and fancies, we have one And scolding and

grand general refuge—to fret over it.

I am arraid fretting is much more common among women than among men.-We may as well own the truth, my fair sisters, if ic isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of our daily life harass our sensitive nerves more than the extended enterprises which generally take the attention of men. Great wants deturn the edges terribly.

I think if we looked upon all the wor-

Now, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and awhen her husbahd comes home, or that lay.

"Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's "Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's ny circumstances, wear a smiling face dough or drop the baby on the floor, or with my own eyes among my friendsthat many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from home and its sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard table, or in a drinking saloon, amid their profane influences, simply by her ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word, much less the peace and happiness of a

I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example set constantly before him. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself who in turn wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle.-And knowing all this, my sisters—and fam brothers too, if they need it—I know that all." we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroy-ing and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.-One of the sweetest stories we have ever read is told by a Los Angeles correspondent in the San Francisco Herald. On the eastern slope of the San Francisco range of mountains is a rift in the solid wall about 160 feet deep, 30 feet long and 17 feet wide. For years it has been selected as "the home of the bees,":and from the opening they issue forth in a solid column one foot in diameter. Here the busy little fellows have improved the shining hours until they have stored away, it is estimated, near ten tons of honey.-They guard their treasure jealously, and fight for it if any attempt is made by the vandal man to help himself therefrom .-During the last four years they have, by actual measurement, added fifteen feet to their store. As the climate is so mild that, at almost any season, flowers may be found blooming, they are not compelled to feed upon their store, but are constantly adding to it.

· Be loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labor for the elevation life with supshine and happiness.

Scolding Women. BY SWEETBRIAR.

It's a dreadful thing for a woman to swear, but it's worse to be forever scold-And if I were a married man, and must choose between swearing and scold ing habits in my wife, I should choose an occasional swear to a continual scold. But the pity is the men don't get the

privilege of choosing. Instead of this nine married women out of every ten are habitual scolds. It isn't the cares of wifehood, nor the trials of motherhood that steal the roses

of scolding and fretting that nine out of every ten wives indulge in. Of course you'll say that this is a mon-strous falsehood, and call me a sour old maid, envious and jealous of my more for-

tunate married sisters. I'll not deny that I'd rather be a married woman than a single one, but as heaven is my witness, I'd rather live an old maid to the end of my days than do as so many of my sisters do, marry and become

fretful, scolding wives. No wonder the men learn to forsaks their homes, and gradually grow indifferent to the charms that won them, when so many wives forget to be charming, and fret and scold whenever they can secure a

There's care and vexation enough in the busy life of any man to make him

long for rest and quiet at home.

But to be met with a fretful complaint of his Mary Ann's daily trials every time he steps into his comfortable home is almost enough to drive any reasonable man to distraction.

Oh! of course I know there is another side to this question, but it's not my purpose to present it at this time.

And in conclusion I've only to declare that I have discovored the truth.

The chief cause of so many married men ceasing to devote their spare moments to wife and home, is that the wives first cease

And scolding and fretting at little things is the most common and most unlovely of

Blood will Tell.

When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Pickett, father of the Confederate General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Colonel Pickett was a man of wealth lived well and was not content unless evvelop great resources, but the little wants erything about his household bore the and worries are hardly previded for, and like the nail which strikes against the saw his pride, and were conspicuous everythey make not much of a mark, but they where for their splendid appearance, being sleek, fat and highspirited as abun-I think if we looked upon all the word dant food and excellent grooming could ries of one day as a great united worry, make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on self-control to meet it would be develop- the other hand, were notoriously lean and ed. But as they generally come only one unkempt. Everybody but the Judge had or two little things at a time, they seem long remarked this. At last it was brought so very little that we give way, and the to his notice, with the suggestion that his breach once made in the wall soon grows carriage driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it

going, no doubt, for liquor. The Judge called him up without de-

horses are in such splendid condition. run to meet him at the door. But I do while mine are almost skeletons? I am believe-nay, I know, for I have seen it afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting an attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said: "John, look at you-is you fat?"

"No," said the Judge; "decidedly not." "Well, look at old miss" (Mrs. Marshall)-"is she fat?"

"Den look at me-is I fat?"

"Den look at yo' horses-is dey fat ?" "No."

"Now den, you jes' look at Kunnie Pickett. He fat, his ca'idge driver fat .-His horses fat, his dogs fat-all fat De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett fam'ly, and it don't run in our'n. Dat's

"Well," said the judge, after a little reflection, "there is a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before." He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more.

A newspaper up in Iowa tells of a subscriber who stopped his paper, and in less than a week was kicked by a mule. The murrian broke out among his cattle, and he lost one-fourth of all he had. His best sow with a litter of twelve pigs overlaid nine of them. One of his horses, in jumping the fence, broke one of his legs, and had to be knocked in the head. His eldest child fell down stairs and dislocated ed. That same old sow broke and destroyed all the duck nests. The man himself was seized with dyspepsia, and everything festered with its subtile malignity. sleep sound at night on account of bad dreams. Bunions came upon his toes and wife, suspecting the cause of all this evil, the subscription again.

A Story of President Grant.

Gen. Grant is said to be a bad man. Perhaps he is; I don't know. If he is he has changed wonderfully since he left the army. As proof of this I will give an in-

cident which came under my observation: While our army say at City Point, on the James River, at the mouth of the Appomattox, in Virginia, my duties, as assistant Adjutant-General of U.S. volunteers, called me there to consult with General Grant. One afternoon while walking out with the General, (he being in militafrom the cheeks. Oh, no! It's the habit rank) we passed a boy of 10 or 12 years

of age, fishing.

Grant—Have you good luck to-day?

Boy— Not very; they don't bite to-day. Grant-You have got a few here; won' you give them to me?

The tears started in the little boy's eyes as he said: "I have had no breakfast, and no dinner, to-day, and if I don't sell my fish I shall have nothing to get a supper. General Grant inquired as to his histo

The boy was a native of Michigan and his mother was a widow. To obtain money to support his widowed mother, he went into the army as a waiter for a-Captain of the Michigan troops, whose name I cannot recollect. The Captain was dead, and he had not a friend left. Grant—Do you know where Grant's headquarters are?

Boy-Yes, sir. Grant-Bring your fish up there at ten clock, and he will buy them.

Punctually at the time the boy was on hand, with his string of fish, but was promptly stopped by the orderly in front cration. The decision was, "not wrong but the d of the quarters. Gen. Grant, over-hearing the order, stepped out, took the little fellow by the hand, led him into his quarters, and becoming satisfied with the truth of his story, procured for him a suit of clothes, a hat, a free pass on the railroads home, and gave him \$50 in money.

Now Grant may be a bad man-I'm not going to argue the question-but I don't believe you can make the mother of that boy believe it. -Ravenna (O.,) Dem-

Varieties. .

Kindness is stronger than the sword. Oil and truth will get uppermost at

Imaginary evils make no small part of

Grace and beauty are flowers from the rock of utility. Every one in some point hath seen clear-

er than his fellows. What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.

Passions are the racks that urg to confess their secrets.

No man has a right to do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right. A ship should not be held by one and

chor, nor lite by a single hope. Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery.

Grititude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our disposal. The hand is the instument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms. Indolence is to the mind like moss to a

Life is the voyage, in the progress of

which we are perpetually changing our Every branch of knowledge that a good

man possesses, he may apply to some good

The world would be more happy if per-

of friendship.

Courage, the commonest of the virtues obtains more ap lause than discretion, the rarest of them.

ests, and you will wait till they are not him up asked what he had worked at. Wait for others to advance your interworth advancing.

Little wrongs done to others, are in their ultimate consequences, great injuries inflicted upon ourselves. Success is full of promise until a man

gets it; and then it is like a last year's

nest from which the bird has flown. To be free from desire is money; to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new, is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess, constitutes

the greatest and certain of riches. A sneer is the weapon of the weak .-Like other evil weapons it is always cunits shoulder blade. His wife's best Brahningly ready to our hands, and there is maken fell into the well and was drown more poison in the handle than in the when satisfied all he would have to do, point. But how many noble hearts have been withered by its venemous stab, and

The best medicines in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the what was told him, he commenced bawlhangnails upon his fingers. And his good potencies of the chemist's shop, are warmth, ing lustily:

wife, suspecting the cause of all this evil. rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some per
"Hurrah! hurrah!" rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some perwent to the newspaper office and renewed sons make it a virtue to brave disease. 'to keep up' as long as they can move a foot or bend a finger, and it sometimes suc- finding there was no use in hallooing, A good joke is told of a Florence mer- ceeds; but in others, the powers of life turned and went to work in such good chant who recently took a trip to Canada. | are thereby so completely exhausted that | earnest, that it was not long before the While taking dinner upon one of the Ca- the system has lost all ability to recupe country-man sang out in a stentorian nadian steamers, said merchant very inno- rate, and slow and sure typhoid fever sets | voice: and perfection of our common humanity, cently took an egg, broke its shell, and in, and carries the patient to a premature perienced no uneasiness whatever. The and the angel will sweetly smile upon emptied its contents into what he suppos- grave. Whenever walking or working result was that in the fall he had a good you, and you will be happy, both in this ed to be an egg cup. After arranging it is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room life and that which is beyond the grave. to suit his taste, he raised the supposed are the very first indispensable steps to a again. If you will be happy, you must do all egg cup, when lo! it was a china napkin sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads When within your power to bless others. By fing. The indignation of the merchant all beasts and hirds to quietude and rest claimed: making others happy, you fill your own and the mirth of the guests were alike the very moment disease or wounds assail Began

Wit and Anmor.

When does a farmer work a miracle? When he turns his morse to grass.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son who was tinkering at an old watch. "Improving my time, sir."

Josh Billings says he never knew a dog. of any breed whatsumever to take hydrofoby after he had been thoroughly vaccinated with buckshot. It was once said of a penurious money

lender that he kept the trunk containing the securities near the head of his bed, and laid awake to hear them draw inter-A gentleman who had been arguing with an ignoramus until his patience was ex-

hausted, said he didn't wish him dead. but he would be glad to see him-know It is rare that an open field is struck by lightning; yet it is no unusual thing. in harvest time, for a farmer to find that his entire crop of grain or corn has been

A New England pick pocket has recently accomplished the most astounding feat of light fingering on record. He has

picked a Methodist minister's pocket and realized \$100 therefrom. A Debating society discussed the ques-

too difficult to pay/for the trouble." A gentleman met another on the street who was ill of consumption; and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk exceedingly slow."-"Yes," replied the sick

man, "but I am going very fast." A lady who asserts that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months, namely: a month before marrying her, and a month after

burying her.

A King's fool condemned to die was allowed to choose the form of death, he chose old age. An Iowa girl being asked the same question, remarked that if she must die she preferred to be smotheredwith kisses.

A gentleman was fretting about the loss of an overcoat and umbrella that had been stolen from his ball, and petulently said, "Besides, it's such a waste of the articles, for the thief is pretty sure to go at last where he will need neither of them.'

Once on a time a Dutchman and a Frenchman were traveling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out: "Is desmitty wittin?" Shtand back," says Hans, "let me sepeak. Ish der blacksmith's shop en der house?"

At length it is proved that a man has more vanity than a woman. This is the way it came to pass: A curious investigator watched while a thousand men passed a looking-glass used as a sign on the sidewalk in Broadway. The result of his observation showed that nine hundred and tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its ninety-nine men glanced complacently at their image as they passed. The other man was blind. Four hundred and fiftytwo women passed during the same hour and a half, and none of them looked in the mirror—all being engaged intently examining each other's appearance and

An Irishman who was known to have a wholesome dread of the infernal fire, sons devoted more time to an intercourse was taken by some of his friends, while intoxicated, to the glass-house, where they left him until about midnight to sleep off the liquor. The foreman at that time happened to espy him sleeping in the corner, and thinking he was one of the workmen, he walked over to him and waking Patrick, having been waked up so suddenly, and seeing the light of the fires in full blast, thought he was in hell, and replied to the foreman: "Howly mother of Moses, it's in limbo I am at last; well, Mr. Devil, I used to work at shoemaking in the other world, but as long as you have me here you can put meat what you

> A Frenchman, who knew very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a country-man, and fight , he must, and that, too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he wanted to know what he should ery if he found himwould be to cry out "enough," at it they went; but poor Monsjeur, in his difficul-ties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out, but instead of saying

To his astonishment, the country-man kept pounding harder; when Monsieur,

"Say that again," said the Frenchman, "Enough! enough!" the countryman

When the Frenchman in his turn ex-"Begar, dat is do vere word I was tryin' to say long time ago."

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