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BY W. BLAIR

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Select Poetry.



THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

The Book of the New is opened,
Its pages are spotted and new,
And on, as each leaflet is turning,
Dear children, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished,
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile
And see that your faces are windows,
Through which sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment
Of honor, and beauty, and truth,
Which will still with a glory enfold you
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now with the new book endeavor
To write in its white pages with care;
Each day is a leaflet, remember,
That is written, then turned, beware!

And if on a page you discover,
At evening a blot or a scrawl,
Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour
In mercy to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished,
And clasped by the angel so tight,
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,
You have earnestly tried for the right.

And think how the years are the stairway
On which you must climb to the skies;
And strive that your standing be higher
As each one away from you dies.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A Basket of Flowers.

It was a bitter night. The wind blew a hurricane, and brought the snow and sleet up in showers against the plate glass windows that lighted a cozy drawing-room in a grand house. It even penetrated through the heavy folds of damask, and sent a shiver over the robust frame of an old man, who basked in his elegantly upholstered chair before a rosy sea coal fire.

He shrugged his shoulders, and rubbed his soft hands briskly together, and said half aloud:

"Ugh! what a night! It turns my blood to ice, even in this warm room.—What must it be out in the street?" There came a sharp rattle at the door, just then, he turned to know who was the intruder.

A servant entered, bearing a square parcel in her hand, which she quietly deposited on the table, saying, "for you sir," and then left the old man alone.

"For me! Who on earth has opened these hearts wide enough to find a place for me?" said Adam Hartford, as he took up the package and untied it.

A square white box met his gaze, and with caution, which had always been one of the chief regulations of his being, he lifted the cover and peeped in.

"Well! well!"

A perfect bed of fragrant flowers, with the chips of the hot house yet fresh upon their stems, lay nestled in an elegant basket.

Old Adam took it up daintily. What a wealth of tube roses, hyacinths, camellia buds, soft creamy star flowers and lilies, lay there side by side! Why, in all his wealth, he had nothing so fair or perfect as one of these buds. I wonder who sent them? Somebody that knows nothing of the value of money, I'll be bound. These trifles are almost worth their weight in gold at this season?

He could not suppress that thought. It was one that was ever first in his mind and had ever since he had earned his first five dollars. He had, in early life denied himself every luxury, and nearly every comfort in the world, until he had earned enough to gratify himself to their indulgence, without seeing behind them the dreadful word named Poverty. Now that he had grown immensely, he had filled his house with pictures and fine pieces of statuary, because other folks did, and because they look. He carpeted his floors with soft carpet because they were comfortable; put down great chairs in every corner, because they rested him; and eat the very best food to be obtained, because his appetite was poor and he could eat nothing else.

But buying flowers, giving a penny to anybody in the wide world, doing anything but for his own comfort and ease, was something that never occurred to him.

Adam Hartford had spent his whole life in the accumulation of wealth, and now that he had grown old, all he had to do was to take care of himself. But he could not help touching with very tender fingers, the delicate leaves of the flowers and thinking that his elegant house had never seen anything half so beautiful.

"Now who sent them? Ha! ha! ha! You don't suppose that I have made a conquest?" and he made the room ring with his hearty voice. "Adam you are getting handsome? Must be, or no lady (and surely it must have been a lady who sent these) must ever think of sending you a basket of flowers. Hallo! What is this?"

The tidy servant opened once more the door of the drawing room, and this time she had a great bundle in her strong arm—a bundle of patched and faded calico, and a pair of ragged shoes where the blue pinched toes peeped plainly through, and a pale child face with a great tangle of

de colored handkerchief which served for a hood.

its golden hair falling back from the little Mr. Hartford! If you please sir, I found this child just now at the door. I heard a voice, like some one trying to reach the bell, and when I opened the door this poor thing fell right across the step. I'm afraid she's dead."

The broad smile of Adam's face faded and setting aside the basket of glowing flowers, he came forward and looked into the child's face.

"Dead! No, I think not, Katy. Lay her here on the sofa, and bring a little wine and some warm flannels. She has fainted."

And for the first time in his life he opened his heart. Better let me say the flowers opened it a little way, and this poor helpless child came before he had time to close it. At any rate he sat quietly down and took the frigid hand in his own, and rubbed it smartly, and when the wine came he took the spoon and forced a little of the liquid between her closed teeth.

In ten minutes she was wide awake, her blue eyes taking in the warm fire, the rich, bright hued furnishing of the room, and even that mysterious basket of flowers on the table. She looked at Adam Hartford next, and then at Katy.

"Where is my mother?"

"Your mother? How do we know?—We found you on our door step," said the old man.

"Oh, yes!" she looked very thoughtful for a moment. "My mamma is very sick, in a cold room, and I was afraid she'd die. She fell asleep, and I happened to think of the man who owns our block. I heard the folks down stairs say that he was awful rich; and do you know I thought I'd find him, and tell him that mamma was dying because we didn't have anything to eat. I found out the street where he lived, and I think this is it. I was trying to reach the names on the door, and—"

"What is his name?"

"Adam Hartford."

"What do you want of Adam Hartford?"

"I told you my mamma was sick, you know."

"Yes, but he won't care."

The great tears flashed into her blue eyes.

"Oh, don't you think he will? What will I do without mamma?"

"Where is your father?"

"Dead."

The old, old story, that began with the fall, and—ah, when? Not yet; not until pride and selfishness go out together smothered by the fire and charity of love!

"What would you do if Adam Hartford should wrap you up in warm shawls, and send you home with food, and lights, and medicine and money to your sick mother?"

"Bless him! and mamma and I would pray for him all the days of our lives!"

Adam touched the bell, and when Katy answered it, said:

"Bring me a shawl, if you can find one, and then pack a basket with provisions. Tell Thomas to run around the corner for a coach—it is too stormy to take our horses out—and then put up a basket of kindling wood. I want you to go home with this child and make her comfortable. If you are afraid to go alone take Thomas along. Don't look at me so, child; I am Adam Hartford."

Would you believe me, the blessing on her lips was drowned in a flood of tears, and all she could do was to lay her hand on the old man's hand and sob.

"There, there! never mind. Here is five dollars. That will last until to-morrow, and then I will come myself. Dear me, what a dreadful night out."

Adam kept his word and made his visit, and down in the little room, in one of his own houses, he found the mother of the little girl. A fair, daintily made woman she was, and a voice so soft, a manner as refined as any he ever knew, and he came home as lonely as though he had nothing in the world, and never expected anything more.

The basket of hot house flowers, as fresh and perfect as when he first saw them, sat on the table, and he went and passed his hand over them.

"You're a queer set! If I hadn't seen you I shouldn't be so soft. Let me see; I'm only fifty years old—I cannot be in my dotage, and I am not crazy. No—I'm going to get married, and I shall marry that poor woman with her beautiful face, and patient manner if she will have me. Wouldn't you?"

The flowers did not have time to reply, for Katy entered just then and brought with her a sweet young lady with sparkling eyes and very red cheeks, who said with a laugh:

"Oh, Mr. Hartford, have you really got those unfortunate flowers? How stupid of John, to bring them to the wrong house."

Why, bless me, Miss Kitty, did you send them to me?"

Why, no; you see, Mr. Percy, next door—"

"Fred, you mean?"

"Well, Fred," with a blush. "He was injured a week ago while out driving, and he is lonely—and I sent the basket to—"

Oh, yes; I understand! Fred is a very nice sort of a fellow. But, Kitty, I can't give up these flowers. Somehow they fell on my heart last night, and did me more good than a round dozen of sermons. You won't believe me, but I'm quite changed in heart. I cannot part with them. I must see the end of them. But I'll send them, and as get you another basket, and I would advise you to take them yourself. John might make another mistake, and really, if he should not, I think it would be more good to have you carry them."

Fred more good to have you carry them."

Miss Kitty waited until Thomas came, and then she went to the door, and

with another basket, and then acted as Adam had advised.

Before the long winter nights ended—before the snow left the streets, and went left the door of the poor—there was that soft, sweet womanly face on the other side of Adam's hearth-stone; and he often held in his arms the same child who was brought in unto him half dead from the cold street.

And through the loving hand of these two, so strangely given unto him, the rich man's heart went out and fed the hungry, clothed the naked and lifted up the broken hearted, and filled his own life with a happiness made up of their blessings and prayers.

Advice to Young Ladies.

FOLLY ON THE WING.

First, you are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not a passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wonderful beauty of a woman's body.

Now, stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now, isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big humps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling-up-of-the-dress-here-and-there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, &c. The shop-window tells you all day long of the paddings, whale bones, and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of all the simple sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound double-twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly, with the wasp-waste, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and other vital organs into one-half their natural size, how can any man, of sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of sense of service, of work, take to such a partner? He must be desperate, indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament.

Thirdly, your bad dress, and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, and use big adjectives, such as "splendid." No magnetism! I know you giggle freely, "awful," but then this don't deceive us; we can see through it all.

You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you become so childish and weak-minded that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie, and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dickie, and Johnny; but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash if you please. But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both my grandmothers' put together, who insists upon being called Kitty, and her real name is Catharine, and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of state, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, once in four minutes, "Don't now, you are real mean."

How can such a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman, but as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with these over-dressed and forward creatures, but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly, among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a small number are independently rich, and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. Those are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and so gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure your health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now, the exception.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.

Girls in olden times didn't behave any better than they do nowadays. Even the Old Testament tells how Ruth followed the Boaz around.

In private watch your thoughts. In the family watch your temper. In company watch your tongue.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Our Father in Heaven,
We kneel as we say,
The name be all hallowed
By night or by day;
And to Thy bright kingdom,
That we may all come,
Let Thy will, as in heaven,
On this earth be done.

Oh, give us to children
The bread which we need,
For which we ask daily,
As humbly we plead.
And as true forgiveness
To others we show,
O, Father in heaven,
Thy pardon bestow?

From each day's temptation,
From evil and wrong,
Lord, keep us and guard us
Through all our life long.

For thine is the power,
Oh glory and might,
That can shield us and guide us
By day and by night.

The Old and the New.

What is Stewart or Belmont, or the Marquis of Westminster, or Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt, who amassed little property of \$350,000,000? And which of our extravagant young ladies in these boasted times ever gave her lover as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved)—worth \$400,000. Then there was Paulina, one of the ton in Rome, who used to wear jewels when she returned her visits worth \$800,000. Bicerio, who was a poor man, gave \$150,000 for his house, and Clodius paid \$350,000 for his establishment on the peninsula, while Masala gave \$2,000,000 for the house at Antium. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, like Mr. Greeley, was worth \$120,000,000. Why they now talk about a man's now failing for a million as if it was a big thing. Caesar, before he entered any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owed \$14,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæstor for \$2,500,000. Marc Antony owned \$1,400,000 on the ideas of March, and he paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing; he squandered \$750,000,000 of the public money. And these fellows lived well. Esopulus, who was a play-actor, paid \$400,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent \$400,000 on a supper. Their wives were often kept for two ages, and some of them sold for \$20 an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver set with precious stones. The beds of Helio-gabalus were of solid silver, his table and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge. It took \$800,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator, and some of them spent \$1,000,000 a year. Cicero and Pompey "dropped in" one day on Lucullus—nobody at home but the family—and that family dinner cost \$4,000. But we talk of population. Rome had a population of between three and four millions. The wooden theatre of Scarrurus contained 80,000 seats; the Coliseum, built of stone, would seat 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus would hold 385,000 spectators. There were in the city 6,000 public baths, those of Diocletian alone accommodating 3,000 bathers. Even in the sixth century, after Rome had been sacked and plundered by the Goths and Vandals. Zacharia, a traveller, asserts that there were 384 spacious streets, 80 golden statues of the gods, 46,097 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 3,785 bronze statues of the emperors and generals, 22 great horses in bronze, 12 colossi, 2 spiral columns, 31 theatres, 12 amphitheatres, 9,002 baths, 5,800 shops of perfumes, and 2,091 prisons.

Take Life Easy.

How many toil on, disquiet and harass themselves, as if desperately struggling against poverty, at the same time they are surrounded with abundance!—Have not only enough, but more than enough—far more, in fact, than they actually need. Still on they go, worrying themselves incessantly in the endeavor to acquire more property, as if under the influence of some fatal spell. To the tasks of labor there are seasons of intermission; but to the toils imposed by the vain endeavor to satisfy imaginary wants, there are none. It would seem that enough is a nonentity; a dream, a chimera—something conceived as possibly to be met with yet never found. As far, indeed, as our neighbors are concerned, we can generally find very good and sufficient reasons why they ought to sit down perfectly satisfied and content with what has fallen to their lot. But in our case—that is in each man's particular case—the argument becomes altogether changed, and every one can find very good reasons wherefore he should be exempted from the rule he lays down for others, and be privileged to be discontented. The true policy is, if we cannot raise our circumstances to the level of our desires, our endeavors must cut down our desires and expectations to the level of our circumstances; and we should then generally find that we have quite enough, where we now fancy we have too little. Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes books must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns science must master it fact by fact, principle by principle. What is the happiness of life made up of? Little courtesies, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million—once in a life time—may do a heroic action, but the little things that make up our five come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

Fearful Scene at a Grave.

The Chicago Times says: A few days ago Mr. Muhlbesch was taken suddenly ill at his late residence. His disease was of a very acute nature, and in spite of all the efforts of his physicians, he died after a brief illness, and sorrowing friends made ready for the funeral. An undertaker was summoned and the body was promptly laid out, the funeral services took place from his late residence. The last prayer had been offered and the last solemn service repeated, when, just as the sexton seized his spade and was about to drop the first shovelful of earth upon the coffin, a sound something like a stifled groan, followed by a scolding noise, as if the dead man was trying to release himself from the confines of his narrow house, was heard proceeding from the still open grave. For an instant every heart stood still, and the blood of every listener seemed to curdle in his veins. The women screamed and hastened toward the carriage, while the men were not slow in following them. In an instant the sexton was the only man left at the grave, and he, too, trembled at hearing what he never heard before. Finally he recovered presence of mind enough to descend into the grave and break open the rough box in which the coffin was encased. The noise was repeated, and he knew that the occupant of that grave, who in a few moments more would have been consigned to a horrible death, and whom his friends mourned as dead, was still alive and anxious to be set free. A screw-driver was soon procured from the undertaker present, and the coffin lid removed, when its occupant, instead of being cold and dead, as he had appeared when last seen, was found to be once more alive.

His friends, who had by this time recovered courage enough to return to the grave were almost overjoyed at this strange and unexpected turn of affairs, and hastened to rescue the late deceased from his unpleasant quarters and removed him to one of the carriages in waiting, where he was rolled up in a plentiful supply of blankets and robes, and the friends who had lately followed him sorrowfully to the grave now hastened joyfully toward their homes. The rescued man was so overcome on being rescued from his perilous position that he was for a long time unable to speak, and what his feelings were while undergoing burial, or whether he was conscious at all or not until the last moment when he managed to signify that he was still alive, is not known.

Trifles.

What is a trifle? We search the dictionary and find, "A thing of no moment, no value." We look abroad to the heavens, where stars

"Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks of populous cities in a blaze,"

each in their sphere of use—no trifle there. Look we to nature; 'tis but a drop that wears the hardest rock, and opens the way to foaming cataracts and gushing rivers, which sweep relentlessly o'er lands and homes, bringing devastation. A grain of sand is but a small thing, yet what agony it can cause either singly, or as the dangerous bar whereupon so many mariners' hopes are wrecked. The careless garden-er passes the down which blows hither and thither, and only wakes to his mistake when, on the following year, he tries in vain to eradicate deeply-rooted weeds, that choke his blooming flowers; and thus it is, "For there is nothing on the earth so small that it may not produce great things." And, as in nature, so with humanity, for to us, "Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute has its mission." We cannot say to the passing event, 'tis but a trifle, like the stone thrown in the water, causing a circle far beyond the beholder's eye. So the word which escapes the thoughtless lips may go forth winged with a power to change a life—nay, perhaps, tipped with a poison as deadly as the Indian's arrow, which the speaker forgets as soon as said, or only remembers it when too late, in a time of distress or despair; and thus the heedless ones of the earth daily repeat in society words and deeds, and calm their consciences with the thought, "Tis but a trifle." Half of our faults arise from thoughtfulness, forgetting that

"So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Or in sin to stray."

Happy the man who goeth forth knowing no trifles, "sowing the good seed beside all waters," waiting in patience for its fruits, realizing that the acorn may become the pride of the forest, and that no action is too small to influence others for good or evil; and particularly remember at this joyous season that

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

CHOICE WORDS.—We let our blessings grow mouldy and then call them curses. We fear men so much because we fear God so little.

Do the duties of to-day and leave cares of to-morrow till they come.

If, as athletes affirm, creation came by chance, what a sublime chance it was.

The surest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

He who caresses the more than he won't do, has either deceived these or is about to do it.

We may judge of men by their conversation toward God, never by God's dispensation towards them.

An exchange having advised its readers to plant peas "in the new of the moon," the Norristown Herald asks: "But how are they going to do it? They can't reach up. The ground is a better place to plant peas, anyhow."

Too Much Credit.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough, owned a large flock of sheep, and one autumn, when it came housing time, he was greatly annoyed upon missing a number of his finest muttons, among them three or four wethers which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure that it was not the work of dogs, and the most he could do was to await further developments.

On the following spring, when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stickney, a neighboring farmer, pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stickney was a man well to do, and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and upon counting up his flock Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas for the eight sheep, and presented it. Stickney choked and stammered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the bill and pocketed the receipt.

Another spring time came, and Mr. Keene's sheep were again turned out. Another autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As before he made out the bill to Tom Stickney for the whole number missing; but this time Tom objected.

"It is too much of a good thing," said he. "Fifteen sheep! Why, bless your soul, I haven't had a fifth part of 'em."

Mr. Keene was inexorable.

"There is the bill," said he, "and I made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well," groaned Tom, with a big gulp, "I suppose I must pay; but," he added emphatically, "We'll close that account from this time. You have given me too much credit altogether. Some other rascal has been stealing on the strength of it."

CAREFULNESS IN OLD AGE.—An old man is like an old wagon—with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. So many people reach the age of fifty, or sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of old age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone; broken with ease, and mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale—an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, or an hour of heating work, an evening exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine, any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.—Excessive labor, exposure to cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungovernable passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A BECHER EXHORTATION.—O lazy old men; O non-ambitious middle-aged men; O dainty, melancholy, sentimental young men, who are talking about life's being almost done, shake the bough of the tree again! Bring down more fruit. Open the furrows once more. Cast in the seeds of new endeavors. Live again! for you are active only when you are thinking, planning, executing, bearing, suffering. Never whine. Leave whining for the dogs. You are a son of God. You were not wretched to be a son of the gutter. Live on. Live forward, sloughing infirmity, sloughing sin, sloughing crime, and the memory of them, if they hold you down. Stretch out hands of aspiration. Reach after new thoughts and aspirations. It is never too late to mend. It is never too late to begin again. It is never too late to sow. It is never too late to reap. Go through life with the reaper's song in your mouth, and when you die carry your sheaves with you to heaven.

A young lady fainted at dinner because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs. "What made you faint?" anxiously inquired her friend as soon as she came to. "The nakedness of the horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty. "Oh, an' bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, "it was not naked at all. I dressed it myself before I brought it in, sure."

A bachelor compares a shirt button to life, because it hangs by a thread.

Wit and Humor.

A Scotch gentleman says, "There are few people like Burns." We should think not, indeed, or scolds either.

One Missouri editor says of another that his ears would do for awnings to a ten-story hog packing establishment.

There is a widow in England, twenty years of age, who enjoys two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. She has no other incumbance.

A new boy at the South street school being asked if they had family prayer at his house, promptly replied "No, but we have got it up bay windows."

A Divine, once praying said, "O Lord, give unto us neither poverty nor riches," and pausing a moment solemnly, he added, "especially poverty."

Springfield paper says; "We know shoes have soles and tongue, and now a chap in Rhode Island advertises: 'Shoes made Hear.' We don't believe it."

Chastise your passions that they may not chastise you. No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind.

"Taint de white nor yet de black folks what-hub the most influence in this world, but de yellow boys," said Aunt Chole, as she jingled a few gold coins that had come down from a former generation.

A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with a view of puzzling him: "What kind of people are those who have destructiveness and benevolence equally and largely developed?" "They, madam, are those who kill with kindness."

Speaking of the sad affliction of a citizen of Indiana who had recently lost his wife, a local editor says: "The broken-hearted man erected a pine-slab over his wife's grave, and presented a four hundred dollar piano to the young lady who was so kind to him in his hours of affliction."

An editor announces the marriage of a friend thusly: "He has read himself out of the jolly brotherhood of bachelors, sold his single-breasted lounge, packed his baggage and checked it for Glory, walked the gang-plank of courtship to the vessel of matrimony, and is now steaming down the stream of bliss by the light of the honey-moon."