## VOLUME 52.

## WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873.

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# peated.

talk to you before

you drive to town; within the grave;

tempestuous wave.

And I have always leved you as a mother

the God of love To bless and guide my darling boy to the

bright home above.

And made my pillow hard at night, and moisten it with tears.

I've seen a fight within your eye, upon your cheeks a glow

That told me you were on the road that leads to shame and woe; Oh! John, don't turn away your head, and

on my counsel frown, Stay more upon the dear old farm; there's danger in the town.

Remember what the poet says-long years

have proved it true— That "Satan finds some mischief still for i

dle hands to do;" If you live on in idleness, with those who

love the bowl, You'll dig yourself a drunkard's grave' and wreck your deathless soul.

Your father, John, is growing old; his days ble. Ho, ho! she hus a generous heart, are nearly through;

farm for you; But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown,

If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive in- ion. to the town.

are twenty-one: Your star, that shines so brightly now, in

darkness will decline, If you forget your mother's word, and tar-

ry at the wine.

Turn back, my boy, in your youth; stay by the dear old farm;

The Lord of Hosts will save you, with His powerful right arm.

Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's

tempestous wave-

## down to the silent grave. NANNIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORKEY.

It certainly was very unfortugate that children, on some pretext or other, until the birds, chased the butterflies, exhibit-there was no longer any danger of their ing in every glaace and motion her overcoming into collision with Granny Small. | flowing happiness. As it was they run plump against her, and there was a perfect chorus of shouts the little wild flowers peered out bright and derisive sentences thrown after her. and shining, having had their faces wash-"Hallo, here's the old witch! Where's ed over night.

your broomstick, granny?"

she'll bewitch you. Wouldn't you like to an elm tree, and threw her down a per-

persecutors and flourished her stout cane. espied her approaching, as if they sused?" cried Nannie Price, running out of sought by their clamor to drive her off the the American Historical Record. the schoolroom, where she had stopped to premises. pile up the books and set the chairs

Miss Johnston allowed her to pay for her mountain side. How quiet the little, brotuition by keeping the schoolroom neat ken-down cabin looked! Not a breeze

selves, to treat en old woman so meanly. thread of smoke arose from the mud chimgrandmothers were hooted at in the streets "Oh, ho! Here's the old witch's grand-

to ridicule and insult.

"Don't mind them, grannie," said she; lay granny, apparently asleep.

e post; come were, "Mouey, money," several times re- person he saw about the premises. .

I've watched o'er you from infancy till now you are a man,

Not I have always leved you as a mother was, the child of nonest poverty—too poor to be clothed in purple and fine linen, too proud to be aught but cleanly. Granny's garments were patched and much worn, the child back, finding, indeed, that her

A mother's eye is searching, John, old age the prancing horses, the gilded coaches, and the fine ladies, all rigged out in their When watching o'er an only child to see if brave atture, sitting at ease and making a leves?—several thousand dollars to her he does right; eves ?—several thousand dollars to her grand show. Should you like to be rich little girl—to Nannie Price! Was it not And very lately I have seen what has already and have plenty of money—money?"

Nannie laughed—such a clear, ringing

one's new fineries must be tiresome busi- tute creature they had supposed her to be

"Bless the child!" cried granny; "how wise she is. Suppose you had money, dearie, what would you do with 't?"

"I'd give you some, granny-O, ever ey was deposited. so much-enough to make you comforta-

share, and make my last days comforta- occasion. and she shall have money-money. Ha, O! he has labored very hard to save the ha!". And she repeated "money, money" so often that Nannie was rather glad when they reached the foot of the lane, where she was to part with her strange compan-

-"Good-night, dearie, good-night. So you'd like to be rich? Ho, ho!" And Your prospects for the future are very she turned up the lane and disappeared bright, my son—

Not many have your start in life when they

from view, erooning the one word, "money," over and over again, while Nannie ran home as tast as ever she could; and over the nice supper which Mrs. Price gress had prepared for her little girl, sie told

of her meeting with Granny Small.
"She has seen a world of trouble," said that you were kind to her. She once had a happy home and a numerous family, but husband, children, friends, all have been taken away by death, and she has lived for many years in her lonely cabin on the mountain side, shunned by the neighbors, and known far and near as Then light her pathway with your love Granny Small. She has the reputation of being both a witch and a miser, the latter charge is probably as untrue as the first. If you like, you may run up to-morrow and see her on your way to school, and carry her a few fresh eggs and a nice loaf

of bread." "So, on the morrow, Nannie set forth school was dismissed just at that moment. with a basket, bearing her mother's gift I am sure, if kind-hearted Miss Johnston to the old woman, hanging on her arm. had known who was passing at precisely Her heart was full of joy and gladness, that instant, she would have detained the and as she tripped along she sang with

There was a great saucy bobolink who "Look out, Jim; don't get too close, or perched himself on the topmost bough of see her flying through the air some of fect shower of melody. There was a wren who was very busy around a hole in an "How's the price of peppermint, now?" old tree-trunk, and a pair of nimble rob-"Hey! granny's getting mad!" as the ins, who eried "Thief, thief!" with all old woman, thus beset, turned upon her their might and main, the moment they Oh, boys! How can you be so wick- pected her of burglarious intentions, and

But Nannie walked straight past them all, along the lonely lane leading through Nannie's mother was a poor widow, and the fields, and a short distance up the seemed to stir among the leaves, not a liv-"I wonder you are not ashamed of your- ing object was visible; not even a slender

that continually. But you're a good cion took possession of her fancy. What wors.

to take up for a poor old woman if the old woman was really dead? The me. Come on then, dearie, I must face was colorless, there was no sign of oing. My old limbs have borne me breathing, no sign of life or motion. The o-day, and I would fain sit down and | child sat as if fascinated, staring with wide me in my poor cabin."

You have been far, then, have you, less to move, seeing nothing but that pale face, and possessed for the moment with

"As far as the town, dearie. I must but the one thought.
sell my herbs, for the old woman must. She was aroused by a low "mew," and live, and a cup of tea and a crust, even, a gentle touch of old Tabby's silken fur, cost money—money—Oh, how much!" as he rubbed against her hand. Gran-And then she fell to muttering softly, and the only words Nannie could catch and claimed recognition from the only

The touch and the sudden start it caus-It was an odd-picture these two made, ed her, brought her mind back to conscigoing slowly along the quiet country road ousness that something must be done, and My hairs are gray, I shall soon be at rest the blue-eyed, innocent child and the that instantly; so, breaking away from weak, trembling, wrinkled old woman. the apathy caused by fright, she darted within the grave;
Nannie in her cheap print frock and gingout at the door and down the lane, and
ham sun-boinet, looking, as indeed she never stopped until she reached her mothwas, the child of honest poverty-too poor ei's presence, and had told her story in

and of a tashion which pertained to a ve- suspicions were too true. Granny Small and uncertain, her speech often unbroken and indistinct.

"Nannie, dearie," she asked suddenly, "Should you like to be rich, like the people I saw in town to-day? There were upon examination, she discovered to be the last will and testament of Granny Small, bequeathing—could she believe her

all a dream? It seemed like one, indeed. The news of granny's death quickly laugh.
"I should like the money well enough, granny, because of the good I should do with it, but I never could get used to be
spread, and a large concourse of people gathered at her funeral, attracted more by curiosity than by respect for the dead, but more than all, drawn thither by a strange spread, and a large concourse of people ing dressed up every day, and to have rumor that had gone abroad, that gran-nothing to do but ride about and exhibit uy had not, after all, been the poor, desti-

The lawyer who had drawn up the will came forward, and soon proved beyond a doubt the genuineness of the document, and was able to tell them where the mon-

So Nannie came into her inheritance, ble all your life, and the rest I'd get my not without a regret that granny had no mother overything I could think of that longer any need of the comforts her boardwould make her happy, so that she would ed wealth might have procured for hernever have to do any thing unless she chose, and never need worry about a single thing."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled granny; "hear the little friend who had so courageously the child talk. So she would give me a shielded her from insult on more than one occasion. kin of her own, she had decided to enrich

Of the neat home to which Nannie and her mother soon removed, and of the many bright and happy days they spent together, as well as all the good they accomplished by dispensing in charity a certain sum each year-all this I have not time to tell you.

# The Wealth of Our Presidents.

Washington left an estate valued at at \$300,000.

Jefferson died poor, and had not Con-Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. The fortune of his wid-Nannie's mother, "and I rejoice to learn ow was increased by the purchase of his manuscript papers by Congress for \$30,-

> James Moore, the sixth President, died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives, in a cemetery between Second and Third streets, near the Bow-

ery, in New York city.

John Quincy Adams left about \$50, 000, the result of industry, prudence, and a small inheritance. He was methodical and economical.

and economical.

Andrew Jackson left a valuable estate known as The Hermitage, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren died rich. His estate was estimated at nearly \$300,000. James K, Polk left about \$120,000. John Tyler was a bankrupt when he became President. He husbanded his means while in office, and married a rich wife, and died wealthy in worldly for-

Zachary Taylor left about \$150,000. Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man. Franklin Pierce saved \$50,000, during his term of service as President.

James Buchanan died a bachelor, and left an estate valued at \$200,000 at least. Abraham Lincoln left about \$75.000. Johnson is said to be worth about \$50,

President Grant was poor before the war. By a careful husbandry of his salary and through the generous gifts of

good, and they pitied the poor vulgar for her too see unything. She was afraid selves, to treat en old woman so meanly. thread of smoke arose from the mud chim- drunkards. To-morrow they would visit to go out to the scene of the struggle at how would you like it, I wonder, if your ney to tell that grampy had kindled a fire. there again. It was the most blissful hour the time, but went out in the morning ter the grave had been dug deep enough. There was a tremendous out cry, and The summer sunshing and the unbro-ken stillness seemed to have complete away. By and by a taint in the blood test. There was no blood on the ground was developed in one; a spark touched the nor anything to lead to a knowledge of daughter. I say, boys, don't they look a like?"

Nannie approached the door and gave a loud rap, which, being unheeded, she to Granny Small. She had a sympathizer to Granny Small she had a sympathizer to Granny Small. She had a sympathizer to Granny Small s ing, tender heart, and could not stand qui- door and stepped within the room. It ness, and went to the plains and was last there was no doubt in her mind that he elly by and see so old a person subjected was neat and orderly, though poorly fur- heard of in the mining mountains, No 3? was the victim. Diligent search was made the hut. With great difficulty he mount- toward me, snarling and showing his teeth, nished, and upon the bed in one corner He was alive, but eve ybody who knows for the body of the murdered man, and "Don't mind them, grannie," said she; and I used my bayonet to defend myself."

"don't mind a word they say, for they are naughty, wicked boys, and I am sure if Miss Johnston knew how they treated to be the only one that escaped. He is don't mind a word they say, for they are naughty, wicked boys, and I am sure if Miss Johnston knew how they treated to be the only one that escaped. He is the only one that escaped. The adjutant here broke in with, "If the every hand, but all to no purpose. Walk of the day before, so Nannie continued in the only of the murdered man, and law the ranch house. A doctor was sent for, and pronouced the the only one that escaped. He is the only one that escaped. The adjutant here broke in with, "If the every hand, but all to no purpose. Walk of the day before, so Nannie continued in the only of the murdered man, and law then rode towards the ranch house. A doctor was sent for, and pronouced the the only one that escaped. The adjutant here broke in with, "If the every hand, but all to no purpose. Walk of the day before, so Nannie continued in the only one that escaped. The adjutant here broke in with, "If the every hand, but all to no purpose. Walk of the day before, so Nannie continued in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the supposed in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and is defined in the control in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and is defined in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of the murdered man, and it is defined in the only of t you, she would punish them severely.—

Your piece?" "So I would, sir," stid Denword, I will walk with you till you reach the lane."

Laughter.] No 5? In green being a leader in the supposed murder of hunt was organized, and the grizzly was vour piece?" "So I would, sir," stid Denword, I wenty years the preacher had basket on the table, and seated herself to the lane."

Laughter.] No 5? In green being a leader in the supposed murder of hunt was organized, and the grizzly was vour piece?" "So I would, sir," stid Denword, in twenty years the preacher had known hundreds of young men, educated, the lane." with fair prospects, and every rational of Mr. Blodgett, Carey was arrested on meal. Ay, they're a bad set, a forward gen- How still the place seemed! It was hope of doing well, who had gone the ways suspicion of being the murderer of one

#### A MENOBY.

Just twenty times the smiles of spring, Have gladdened all the meadows, When my wee angel plumed its wings, And left me in the shadows.

Oh, summer skies have burned with light, And summer birds have spoken, But life and hope were wrapt in night, A sorrow-dream unbroken.

Just twenty years! Oh, weary space, To one who waits in sorrow, And vainly watches for a face, To-morrow and to-morrow.

Ah! only God and angels know, The dreams I dreamed about her, And how, though lonely here below. I try to do without her.

I know she rests secure from blight, And all earth's sickening shadows, Where white feet patter in delight, O'er God's undfading meadows.

I know she rests in sweet content,

By streams all pure and pearly, My little fair-haired babe, who went, To play with angels early. I ne'er complain-I only wait

The dusk of holy even, When little hands shall ope the gate, And welcome me to heaven. I'll know her among the little ones,

Who long since crossed the river, My wee, wee babe who early sought, The peace of God forever. I'll know her 'mong the shining ones,

As by the gate she passes,

The little form we laid to rest Beneath the tangled grasses. My baby then, my baby still, With brow so pure and pearly,

Who wandered up the shining hill,

## To play with angels early. A Singular Case.

SUPPOSED MURDERED MAN RE-APPEARS.

the village of Collamer, of an old farmer neath its awakening spell his heart goes brutally murdered by unknown assassins the house of his childhood was loosened. one night five years ago.

a fictitious tale than ungarnished truth.

fidence of the whole community, having It is well that Saturday night comes in held offices of trust in the town, being this busy life to give us pause and time Assessor at the time of his disappearance. for thought. But a little while, and death by Mr. Greeley in his speech at Baltimore, day evening to go to Collamer, where he little bousehold. When the wee toddling was to get a considerable sum of money fee are cold beneath the violets, you to pay a number of workmen the next would give the world to have them back. night who were constructing a building | You would not become impatient at their for him. He did not return that night noise—if only you could but hear their and labor employed; or; in other words, nor the next day, and his family became echo once more. The time of separation that on impoverished soils no one should alarmed; a messenger was sent to Collamer to ascertain if possible his wherea- late. It is estimated that not one housebouts. The messenger went to the place hold in twenty retains its little circle unwhere Mr. Blodgett was to get his money | broken longer than seven years. Oh, we and was informed he had drawn the money and departed, apparently for home. This news was carried to the family of the missing man, and it was at once suspect- father or mother—if they could only come ed that he had been murdered. The sup- back! position that he was murdered became almost a certainty by the story of Mrs. Joseph Breed, living near the village of the dead; and yet we should never pause bank, and that everything should be add-to reflect but for Saturday night.

So Inat the index near is the larger's bonk and that everything should be add-to it that will enlarge it, and increase thought the shape "horrid." Others at a lonely point. Mrs. Breed, when she heard a day or so afterwards of the disap-

pearance of Mr. Blodgett, stated to the family that somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock on Friday night, about the time the old man would naturally be pass-

ment for life in the Penitentiary at Auhe was the murderer of the old farmer.

A year or two after the supposed murder the skull and other parts of a human | 900. skeleton were found on the shore of Oneida Lake, on the upper boundary of the county. This was believed to be a part of the remains of Mr. Blodgett, it being thought that he had been thrown into that body of water, or a stream emptying into it, in order that his murders might baffle detection. If there remained the shadow of a doubt that Blodgett was dead this dispelled it, and the heirs of the old farmer petitioned the courts for the appointment of administrators of his estate. They were appointed, and the property remaining after the settlement of the old man's

affairs was divided among the children. The astonishment of the Bledgett family may be imagined when they received a letter some two weeks ago from a man in the oil regions purporting to be the supposed murdered man, detailing the circumstances of his disappearance, and requesting a sum of money to be sent him in order that he might return home, as he was penniless and did not wish to die away from home. One of the sons was sent to Pennsylvania to make a personal investigation, and after considerable search found the writer, and he turned out to be Mr. Blodgett. Although he was greatly changed the son found no difficulty in recognizing him, and he last week returned with the old man to the farm. Blodgett says that no attempt was ever made on his life, 000. but gives no reasons for his unceremonious going away, or no account of his life during the five years he was absent. The affairs of the family are somewhat mixed up by the appearance of the old farmer .-His property has been divided among the heirs, and they were in possession of their respective shares. An amicable adjust-ment will probably be made, as the Blodgetts are all warmly attached to each other and overjoyed at the return of their

### Saturday Night.

Thank God for Saturday night. It falls like a benediction upon the dusty workshops, the busy counting-rooms, the various departments of toiling life, and re-asserts its original claim to that sweetest Never has anything occurred in Onan- word of the Hebrew tongue, "Sabbath." lago Co., N. Y., to attract such general It comes like the soft rain on the parched attention in the vicinity as the return to earth, the wandering sea-weed to the heahis home in the town of De Witt, near vy shore. It is the poor man's friend, benamed Blodgett, who, it was supposed on back to the Saturday nights of long ago, strong circumstancial evidence, had been ere the silver chord which bound him to or even the golden bowl of a spotless faith The circumstances attending this case was broken. It is the poetry of the week, are extraordinary, and seem more like a the silver lining to a six days' round of vexation, disappointment and regret.one bundred and fifty acres a mile or so night will come, and soon, when you can from Collamer. He was generally con- go home to them no more. Suppress evsidered wealthy, and had the entire con- ery impatient word, every hasty reproof. Five years ago he left home one Fri- or distance will break up and scatter the comes, sooner or later, and never very could love our brother, our sister, so much better if they were only with us once more. depredating on his neighbor's fields. No harsh word should grieve the heart of

Alas, this is the language of the world -the air is filled with the farewells to

A Bear Story. The San Francisco Bulletin relates the following adventure which befell an Indian herdsman in the lower part of that State. The man had been sent to a dising her house on his way home, he having tant ranch to look after a herd of sheep, left Collumer at a late hour, she was a- and at nightfall got under a shed with a wakened by a noise in the road directly roof of branches, but open on all sides, in front of her house. Listening, she became convinced that it was caused by a few hours be was awakened by feeling the roof of the bloodhound in him, and at some of the bloodhoun party of men struggling in the read. She hot breath of some animal on his face.— night he was in the habit of prowling a. ly said: "Brethren and sisters we may heard a voice which said, Knock him in He moved his arms, and at once under- round the barracks, to the terror of the ary and through the generous gifts of friends before he became Presidents, his fortune is a handsome competence.—From the American Historical Record.

The moved his arms, and at once under round the barracks, to the terror of the stood his situation—a huge bear was snuffling him. The man with great presence by duty or otherwise to be out after tatoo of mind, determined to keep perfectly roll-call. One night the dog was the subtraction of mothing in the heavens above, on the strangled. Shortly afterwards the footstill, for he knew if he moved in strangled at once under round the barracks, to the terror of the strangled of nothing in the heavens above, on the strangled. Shortly afterwards the footstill, for he knew if he moved or crited out roll-call. One night the dog was the subtraction of nothing in the heavens above, on the strangled. Shortly afterwards the footstill, for he knew if he moved in sarms, and at once under round the barracks, to the terror of the strangled of nothing in the heavens above, on the strangled. Shortly afterwards the footstill, for he knew if he moved his arms, and at once under round the barracks, to the terror of the strangled of nothing in the heavens above, on the sentinels and others who were compelled by duty or otherwise to be out after tatoo of mind, determined to keep perfectly roll-call. One night the nearly strangled strangled. Shortly afterwards the footstrangled strangled s Beecher said in a sermon the other day:

| Steps of two or three men as if running in the direction of Collamer, were heard | his skull like a walnut. | Bruin scratched | Emerald Isle, broke in: "If that dog Half a dozen young fellows got together in a back room of a sample store, it was charming. They had choice liquors and good fellowship. Bad liquor killed of the men had gone she looked good fellowship. Bad liquor killed of the men had gone she looked good fellowship. Bat this was controlled the first the men had gone she looked to see what was being done in the road. Brain scratched off the blankets and seized the Indian by comes near me on my post, I'll stick the comes near me on my post, I'll stick the leg. Though suffering terribly, the bayonet in him." Sure enough he did; for in the morning "Nip" was found stark to escape him. The bear draged him from and stiff, with the ominous three courses. course; they knew that. But this was out of the window, but it was too dark the hut for some distance and then com- hole made by the bayonet in his breast, menced to dig a hole to lay the Indian in | through which his canine soul had fled to | helts ?" ter the grave had been dug deep enough (the bear contenting himself with about a Dennis, the murderer, soon found himself pound of flesh from the victim's thigh) the inmate of a "prisoner's room." On moved the body to the hole and covered it up. The Indian managed to keep the offense was read over, and then the colo
"Different prices," answered the agent.

"The Indian managed to keep the offense was read over, and then the coloearth over his face loose enough to allow him to breathe, and when the bear retire-prisoner what he had to say for himself.— lars a week in case of sickness." ed, he crawled out towards the mustang, "Well, sir, in the middle of the night, "Vell," said Mynheer, "I rants ten which was picketed some wards outside while on sentry, the dog came rushing dollar vort." ed, and then rode towards the ranch house. and I used my bayonet to defend myself." wound though severe and painful, not dog was running at you to bite you, why doctor says he can't do nothing more good One of the men who was suspected as likely to prove fatal. The next day a did you not strike him with the butt of ito me."

"If that's the state of your health," re-Carey. Some time after the disappearance where he had stowed away his intended answer convulsed the colonel, and Dennis

which sentence was commuted to imprisor- heart. The honey likes it, too.

SOME OF THE "HEAVY" ONES.—The burn. This strengthened the belief that he was the murderer of the old farmer. New York Argus says, "Here are some of the 'rich' of our city!" Alexander T. Stewert, over \$80,000,-

George Law is worth, \$6,000,000. Abel A. Low, is worth \$5,000,000, Peter Cooper is worth \$4.000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt. No body knows Daniel Drew can draw his check for

Good humor pays. Nasby, the funny man, is worth \$250,000.

The Brown brothers are worth from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 each. Horace Classic, of the firm of H. B. Claffin & Co., is worth \$12,000,000, prob-

ably \$50,000,000. William B. Astor beats Stewart. He owns upwards of three thousand houses in New York city.

Henry N. Smith, has cleared in the last Jay Gould is on the books for a half dozen or more millions. August Belmont makes \$2,000,000, a

Rothchilds, and speculates knowingly in know exactly what the minister who American securities. To him Mr. Greeley owes his nomination, and indirectly pathetic statement that he had "gone his death." E. S. Jaffrey, the Broadway importer.

He keeps his affairs to himself like a true Scotchman, but the Yankee guess is that which were books and various miscellanehe is able to handle any day that he likes ous articles for sale, and asked the shopa bag that would contain about \$5,000- man if he had Goldsmith's Greece. "No

REMEMBER THE POOR.—It is charity to give to the poor and suffering. Remember the old and infirm, who are unable to keep themselves. You who have exactly what the minister who preached plenty and to spare, have a responsibility the funeral sermon meant by his pathetic resting on you. When you are blessed, statement that he had "gone where there with this world's treasure and goods, it was no ice." becomes your duty to appropriate from your bounty, relief from the suffering poor. The snow covers the earth; work is scarce for the out door laborers; perhaps many versational powers. A friend told him

It may be some near by you who will suffer—want, hunger, cold, sickness, may visit them. They may be friendless, and his third wife, thus expresses his views of or aken because of some weakness in hu- matrimony: "Vell, you see de first I marman nature, that has brought them to this ried for love-dat was goot; den I marcondition. Don't be selfish, and cast them | ries for beauty-dat was goot, too, about off because they are weak. It is the weak as goot as de first; but dis time I marries that need friends and in utter extremity for monies—and dis wos so better as both." must be supported. Charity endureth, and is longsuffering. It bears much and forgives. Now is the season for our good

the thermometer ranges frequently below the man that spilt vinegar over thim zero. This snow is a covering and a bles. plums. sing to the crops. The ways of Provi-Blodgett, who has suddenly appeared Men of toil, whether of brain or muscle, dence are mysterious, and always work among his old neighbors, for many years go home to your wives and little ones, reowned and lived on a fine farm of about solved to live better lives. The Saturday duty. To remember and care for our poor is a sacred duty, especially tering and want presses them.

> Sound IDEAS ON FARMING.—The following views on farming were thrown out and they so entirely cover the ground of successful culture that we give them a

place for the benefit of our readers: 1. That the area under cultivation that on impoverished soils no one should cultivate more land than he can enrich my wife, 'an dat would be takin' de shoes with manure and fertilizers, be it one acre an strckings right out o' my mudder's or twenty.

2. That there should be a law compelling every man to prevent his stock from

than loose pasturage.,

at the same time its fertilizing properties. thought the hair should be shorter in front,

# in bad seasons by diversity of products.

An old Story Retold. When the -- Foot were in Bermuda, the another in a different place, until the poor

was ordered to return to duty at once.

eration," said granny, eveing them severe- more like death than life, Naunie thought, of death, because they thought it safe at Johnson, in Collamer. He was convicted to the hanged.

Straining honey is what they call it in A disgusted Danburian wants to know, the outset to indulge in intoxicating liquid of the crime, and sentenced to be hanged.

New Jersey when a fellow hugs his sweet- if a woman was designed to be the equal of man, why it is she can't whistle.

# Wit and Anmor. A new way to spell "dog"—K9

A Western widow would like to meet the printer who, when she advertised for an agent, made her appear to want "a

A waggish friend of ours, says the Worcester, Mass., Budget, attempted to count the sleepy heads in the church. He reached as far as fifty, and fell asleep himself.

If a young lady wishes a gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No Spectator, no Observer, no Enquirer. but as many Times as you please and by as many Mails.

A young gentleman recently created quite a sensation while reading to a circle Henry N. Smith, has cleared in the last twelve months upwards of \$5,000,000, and Jay Gould is on the books for a half doz word in two syllables.

The friend of a famous skater, who di-He is a German, connected with ed in New York recently, would like to preached the funeral sermon meant by his where there is no ice."

> A gentleman lately entered a shop in said he, "but we have some splendid hair-oil."

The friend of a famous skater, who died in New York recently, would like to know A man recently broke off a marriage

have not stored up sufficient to keep them he should have married her, and then 10comfortable through this cold, inclement | fused her a new bonnet, to have developed her power talk.

because the lady did not rossess good con-

The Memphis Appeal tells the story of an Irishman who got laughed at for mak-Christian people to care for the poor.

Remember we have not had so severe a winter for years. The snow is deep and the sould be a s

> "Mother," said a little girl who was engaged in making her coll an apron, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow

"How do you expect to be a duchess, my daughter," said her mother. "Why, by marrying a dutchman, to be

sure," replied the girl." A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an I had to do for her, ye see, sah, 'an if I should be within the limits of the capital don't buy her shoes and stockings, she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married I would hab to buy dem tings for

mouf." THE PARSON'S WIG .-- A worthy Parson had, as worried parsons often do, be-3. That green soil is more economical cause bald-headed, thought it no harm to assist nature in her tensorial operations, 4. That deep tillage is essential to good | procured a wig. His old-fashioned confarming.

5. That the muck heap is the farmer's Some thought it very worldly for a par-6. That no farmer or planter should some at the sides and some behind. Fidepend upon one staple alone, but should | nally, the good pastor invited the brethseek to secure himself against serious loss | ren and sisters to meet him at the parsonage. When they were assembled he handed his wig to them to be trimmed according to their tastes. One clipped it here, safely worship this; for it is the 'likeness

> HEALTH INSURANCE .-- A thin, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years

"Ish te man in vet inshures de peoples

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business. "Vell, I vants mine helts inshured:

The agent inquired his state of health, "Vell," I ish sick all time. I'se shust out of bed two or tree hours a tay, unt to turned the agent, we can't insure it. We

only insure persons who are ingood health. At this Mynheer bristled up with anger.
"You most tink I'm a fool; vot you

tink I come to pay you ten dollars for in-I sure my helt ven I vos well.