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BY W. BLAIR

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Select Poetry.



LOVE AND LIFE.

Life is like a stately temple That is founded in the sea, Whose uprisings fair proportions Penetrate immensity; Love the architect who builds it, Building it eternally.

To me, standing in the Present, As one waits beside a grave, Up the aisles and to the altar Rolls the Past its solemn wave, With a murmur as of mourning, Undulating in the nave.

Pallid phantoms glide around me In the wrecks of hope and home; Voices moan among the waters, Faces vanish in the foam; But a peace, divine, unfailing, Writes its promise in the dome.

Cold the waters where my feet are, But my heart is strung anew, Tuned to Hope's profound vibration, Pulsing all the ether through, For the seeking souls that ripen In a patience strong and true.

Hark! the all-inspiring Angel Of the Future leads the choir; All the shadows of the temple Are illumined with living fire, And the bells above are waking Chimes of infinite desire.

For the strongest or the weakest There is no eternal fall; Many graves and many mourners, But at last—the lifted pall! For the highest and the lowest Blessed life containeth all.

O thou fair unfinished temple! In unfathomed sea begun, Love, thy builder, shapes and lifts thee In the glory of the sun; And the builder and the builded To the pure in heart—are one.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A LITTLE SERMON.

At a railroad station, not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn, was taught in such a natural, simple way that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies room dark and smoky, and a dozen of women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid.

Just then a forlorn old woman shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about nuttily offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and looked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes and saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, madam?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are dim, and I don't seem to find the furnace no more."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thankee, dear; 'tis most froze to-day, bein' lame and achin'; and not sellin' much made me sort of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur. "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comfortin' such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go around the room, touching the glummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins and shoe strings, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I considered her rather plain before.

I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched the hearts of those who saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

There were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the

thanks of a poor old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveler went on his way better for that half-hour in the dreary station.

THE LOST WILL.

Two or three months ago J. Rowell, the furniture dealer on Michigan avenue, set about overhauling a desk filled with old papers—papers which had accumulated on his hands for several years, until he could hardly say where or how he got the most of them. After throwing away a bushel or more of the documents, he came upon a paper sealed and tied with red tape. He could not remember having seen it before, and was amazed when he broke the seal and read, "Last will and Testament of Israel Whitworth." Getting further down, he found that the paper was nine years old, and that the will gave to "Margaret Davis, my sister, the Garden farm, situated two and one-half miles from St. Joseph, Mo., together with all the live stock and farming utensils; further the sum of \$5,000 in bank in St. Joseph (unless I shall have withdrawn it), my gold watch, my household furniture, and the one-half of what my house in St. Joseph may bring at private sale."

So read the will as far as the sister and her kin were concerned, and then Whitworth made bequests to several other relatives. The will was dated "Detroit, August 10, 1863." It occurred to Mr. Rowell that the will might be of some account to some one, and he wrote to Mrs. Davis, directing the letter to St. Joseph, Mo. In about two weeks he received an answer from her, dated at Weston, same State, his letter having been forwarded to that point. She stated that her brother had been dead nearly eight years, and that she had never known of a will. The property had been divided among four near relatives of the deceased, or should have been but of three then had cheated her out of most of what fell to her in dividing up. She further stated that her brother had a cousin in Detroit, years ago, and that he was in this city on a visit about the date of the will. The cousin's name was signed as one of the witnesses, and a Mr. Johnson, now in Cincinnati was the other witness.

Rowell sent on the will, and Friday last he received a grateful letter from the woman, who said that the will had been admitted to probate there, the witnesses called on, and that she had been put in possession of nearly \$20,000 through his finding the will. She cautioned him to look out for an express package, and will probably send something handsome. The puzzling thing of the whole is that Rowell can't tell when or where he got the will, nor imagine how the deceased came to leave it where it would fall into the hands of a stranger.—Detroit Paper.

Home the Centre of the World.

We all agree that home is the centre of the world. We all say fine things about the hearth-stone and the altar-fires and the household graces, and most of us dearly love to go visiting, because we find home a little duller than any other place. Yet marriage is not more sacred, birth is not more joyous, death is not more serene than the place they sanctify. From home go out the forces of the world. Through home they exist. When a man has established a dwelling-place, he has attained a new dignity. But it is the woman who makes the home. She is not more the mother of the race than keeper of its highest trusts. If the home be tedious, the soul of it has missed its aim.

While the education and the home-life of girls continues the flimsy and aimless thing that it is to-day, two things are certain. First, they cannot become wise wives and mothers, and while the majority of them will not find it out, a majority of the minority, tormented by an ignorant longing for something other and, to them, better, will do much to bring the noble cause of womanly advancement into disrepute. Second, that it is men, the governing class, who insist on a higher standard and a nobler life for woman. For, until they do, the tyranny of cook and of the dress-maker will continue, and, on many a New Year's day to come, sober men will have to beseech careless women not to put dire temptation in their way, nor to insult them with the supposition that permission to guzzle costly liquor and to gorge costly viands, is the hospitality they enjoy and prefer.

THE YEARS.—How long the years seem when we are young! To wait a year a "whole year," for anything, appears to fifteen like an interminable probation.—Looking back when one is fifty, a lifetime seems hardly longer than a twelvemonth seemed in youth. As we grow older, the years between us and the great unknown future are so few that we can almost see their moments slipping away from us as the sands drop in an hour-glass. Childhood has no idea of economizing time.—Time and eternity look to them all as one thing; and there is plenty of space in which to fly kites and dress dolls. The middle-aged man flies his kite also—fancies, dreams, speculations, he calls them—the middle-aged woman dresses her doll, and is, herself the gayest doll of all; but the middle-aged take their pleasure solemnly as the old Frenchman had it—solemnly but none the less earnestly. The year 1872 goes out, and the year 1873 comes in. It means fun, and frolic, and hope to one-half the world—to the other half it means sadness, and longing, and memory. Yet had we but faith enough, we are all young for "the eternal years of God."

The very worst of men can make home happy by—keeping away from it. The devil is not always at one door.

HIS OWN DETECTIVE.

Old Jacob Britzer kept the village store in Bucksport. We say the village store, because it was the largest, and, in fact, the only store of any consequence in the place. Like all country store keepers, Jacob kept for sale dry and moist goods of every description, and both village and suburban gossips made his place their centre and titling ground. To this the trader did not object, because he was himself of a social turn, and because these hangars on were all customers. Occasionally Jacob missed certain articles from his shelves and counters which he knew had not been sold, and he could only imagine that they had been stolen. This thing continued for more than a year, and Britzer, with all his watching, was unable to detect the thief. There were several whom he deemed capable of the deed, but he could not fix the crime upon either of them.

At length, one Monday morning, Jacob Britzer entered his store; and upon removing the heavy wooden shutters from the front windows he discovered that the large glass-top show case, near the main entrance, had been robbed of nearly all its contents. At least three hundred dollars' worth of fancy goods had been taken—a large amount for the country store keeper to lose. Jacob had locked up his store on Saturday night, and had not visited it since until now, nor had the keys been out of his keeping. For a brief space he was thunder-struck—then, for another brief space, he collected his thoughts, and reflected. His course of action was resolved upon. His first decided movement was to lock the door by which he had entered and draw the curtains over the windows. Next he replenished the show-case from a fresh stock which he chanced to have on hand, making it look so nearly as it looked on Saturday evening that not even his own clerk was likely to detect any change.—Thus the matter, so far as he and his store were concerned, was locked in his own breast, and so he meant to keep it. Having ascertained that the thief had gained entrance by a rear cellar window, and having so covered the tracks of the guilty one that his clerk would not observe them, he opened his store, and prepared for business. Half an hour later the clerk came, and detected nothing out of the way.—"This clerk," we may remark, was Jacob's own son.

The day passed—customers came and went as usual—the gossips chattered over their beer and cheese, while old Jacob was attentive and affable, never betraying by word or sign that anything had happened amiss. In the evening Peter Hawkins came in. This Peter Hawkins was a farmer, owning quite a place near the outskirts of the village, who had of late been leading a life rather aimless and thriftless. It had been Peter's custom to spend a good part of the day in the store, but on Monday he had not put in an appearance until tea; and even when he did come he failed to talk with his usual volubility, but remained for the most part silent, watching what others had to say.

At length the hour grew late, and one by one the gossips dropped away until Peter was left alone with Jacob and his son. The solitary customer arose from his chair and after a little nervous hesitation he approached the storekeeper with,— "Ah, Jacob, that was quite a loss you met with. Have you any idea who did it?" "Who did what?" asked Jacob, dropping the piece of cloth which he was folding, and looking up. "Who robbed you show-case last night?" "Yes," answered Jacob, with stern promptness—"I know exactly who did it."

"Eh, who?" "You did it?" "Me!" gasped Peter, quiveringly. "Aye—you did it. I know you did it; and thus far the secret is entirely between you and me. You are the only other living man besides myself who knows that I have been robbed at all!" And then Jacob went on to explain to his customer how he had managed to detect the thief. Peter Hawkins was forced to own up; and in consideration of his returning the goods last stolen, and paying for those stolen on previous occasions, and also promising to steal no more, he was let off in Bucksport. Having settled with Jacob Britzer, he made all haste to sell his farm and remove to parts where the story of his shortcomings was not known.

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.—In the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island there is pretty fair-haired girl about twenty years of age who has not spoken a word since she entered the asylum over two years and a half ago. Her name is Lora Beckman, and the insanity was caused by disappointment in love. She was engaged to be married to a young man who, shortly before the wedding day, left her and became engaged to be married to another woman. The keeper and his assistants have resorted to many expedients to make her speak, but her strange silence remains unbroken. With her arms tightly drawn over her breast, she sits on the same stool and listlessly stares at the walls the whole day long, recognizing nobody and seemingly unconscious of the presence of others. The most romantic episode in this degraded woman's life is that once a year a young man comes and places a bouquet of flowers in her hands, after which he immediately goes away. The name and residence of this mysterious visitor are unknown.

It is remarkable that every day in the week is by different nations devoted to the public celebration of religious services.—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

A LOVING HEART.

Give me a loving heart! The better far than fame, Which is at best a fleeting thing— The breathing of a name; For laurels gathered fresh and green, Where flowers in beauty bloom— When bound around a mortal brow, Soon wither in the tomb.

Give me a loving heart! To cheer me on my way; Tho' this dark world of sin and pain, To one of endless day, For naught can calm the troubled breast Or holier balm impart, To the life-wearily pilgrim here— Than one true loving heart!

Believe in Yourself.

It is said when John C. Calhoun, was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. "Why, sis," he replied, "I am forced to make the best of my time that I may acquire myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the National Capitol as a representative within the next three years I would leave College this very day!" Let every young man thus have faith in himself and earnestly take hold of life, scorning all prop or buttresses, all crutches or life preservers. Let him believe with Pestalozzi, that no man on God's earth is either willing or able to help any other man. Let him strive to be a creator, rather than an inheritor—to bequeath rather than to borrow, instead of wielding the rusty sword of voracious forefathers, let him forge his own weapons, and, conscious of the God in him and the providence over him, let him fight his own battles with his own good lance. Instead of sighing for an education, capital or friends, and declaring that "if he had only these, he would be somebody," let him remember that, as Horace Greeley said, he is looking through the wrong end of the telescope; that if he were only somebody, he would speedily have all the boons whose absence he is bewailing. Instead of being one of the foiled potentialities, of which the world is full—one of the subjective heroes, who always might, could, would or should, do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand—let him be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. This lesson of self-reliance once learned and acted on, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements of all capacities of usefulness and honor.

Guarding the Children.

No time, expense, nor zealous care is too great to bestow on the culture and correct training of your children. There is no office higher than that of a teacher to the youth, as there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, character and soul. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce those to become the guardians and guides of their children.—To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. There they should be lavish while they straiten in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on plainest food, if they can no other way secure to their families the best of instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with higher principles, and fit them to bear a manly part in the world. No language can express the cruelty of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starve his intellect and impoverish his heart. And yet how many otherwise sensible and well-meaning people delegate the care and instruction of their offspring during the tenderest days of childhood to ignorant servants! It is no wonder that they grow up slangy and wicked. The mother alone, or some person her equal, should have the care of her children.

A Boy at the Palace Gate.

A little boy in England wished very much to see the queen; so he determined to go at once to her palace, and ask to see her. But the sentinel on guard at the gate only laughed at the boy, and pushed him aside with his musket. The lad could not give up his purpose, now he had come so far. Not till the soldier threatened to shoot him did he turn and run away. One of the young princes saw him crying, and on learning the cause said, with a smile, "I'll take you to the queen;" and past the guards he walked, into the very presence of his royal mother. With surprise she asked her son about the lad; and when she heard his story, she laughed, as any kindhearted mother would, with some kindly words, sent the delighted boy away with a bright piece of money in his hand.

It is a hard matter for the poor to gain admittance into the presence of an earthly sovereign. But the way into the presence of the great King is always open, and even the beggar in his rags is welcome.—Just as this prince brought the child who longed to see her into his mother's presence, so Christ takes us by the hand and leads us into the presence of his heavenly Father. For the dear souse sake we are made welcome. Without Him we can never be admitted. Never forget when you pray to God, to ask all blessings for the sake of Jesus, for in no other way will prayer ever be heard or answered. No one who longs to see the King in His beauty but will find the Prince of Life ever ready to lead him up to His very throne. Subscribe for your home paper.

The Giving Deacon.

Once there was a deacon noted for remarkable liberality. To every benevolent and Christian enterprise he contributed with princely munificence. His brethren became apprehensive that he would reduce himself to poverty.

After due consultation the pastor was appointed to inform the deacon that his brethren thought him too liberal, and wished him to curtail his gifts. The pastor entered on the performance of the duty with all possible delicacy.

"My brother," said the watchful shepherd, "I am requested by your brethren to say to you that they fear you are too liberal, and are in danger of bringing yourself and family to poverty. They wish you to be more sparing in your gifts."

"But," replied the deacon, "I have not yet reduced myself to poverty; my family are comfortably supported, my children are receiving an education, and my property is constantly increasing in value. I can not give less—I have been thinking lately that I ought to give more."

The pastor found the deacon incorrigibly bent on doing good; and returned home, deeply impressed with the words of the generous man, and earnestly meditating on his strong faith and disinterested liberality.

Early next morning the deacon saw his pastor approaching with hurried steps.

"My brother," said the minister, "I was wrong and you were right. The Lord convinced me last night, in a dream that you will lose nothing by your liberality. I thought I saw you standing on the ocean shore, with a large basket of crackers on your arm. You took out handful after handful of crackers and threw them into the water. The reading wave quickly bore them out of sight, and I thought your crackers would soon be all wasted. But I looked a little while, and I saw the raising wave bringing them back to your feet swelled into large loaves."

"Why," said the pious deacon, "that is just what I have been taught by my Bible: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

Abrupt Proposals.

Speaking of abrupt proposals of marriage, we will cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, jokingly: "You have everything here that earth can desire but a wife."

"That's true, I'll think of it," and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room.

He seized his hat and went to a neighbor's, and was shown to the parlor, with the information that neither master nor mistress were at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested the house-keeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her: "Sarah, I have known you for many years, and I have just determined that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I would be willing to trust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit: "Agrees."

"Will you be ready in an hour?" "I will."

"I shall return for you in that time." Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea—accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal.

Here is another case, which will bear relating. A merchant who one day dining at a friend's house, sat next a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very great degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate—which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action: "Do you like toast, Miss B—?" "Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?" "Yes."

"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."

"There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taking slightly aback—a fact that did not prevent the marriage coming off in a month afterwards, and the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

IMMORTALITY IN A NAME.—Thirty years ago a young man entered the city of New York in an almost penniless condition, and without a single acquaintance in the great wilderness of houses. To-day he is known wherever humanity breathes.—His name spoken in every city is as familiar to workmen in the mines as to those in the mills, and wherever language is known and ideas expressed, the name of this penniless, unknown and uncounted lad of thirty years ago is uttered.—It was John Smith.

An Irishman once lived with his father as a hired man. The young folks of the neighborhood, on one occasion, had a party to which they did not invite him. Pat considered himself very much slighted, but after cogitating over the matter he brightened up, and exclaimed, "Faith, I'll be even with 'em yet; I'll have a party meself, and I won't invite nobody!"

Satan is the first tramp mentioned in history; he went to and fro on the earth looking for a Job.

DON'T LET YOUR LIFE BE A FAILURE.

Few sadder sentences fall from the lips than this: "My life has been a failure." And the saddest part is, that the failure can rarely if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late—comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self-discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murray:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and simper, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weakness. The world is full I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of improving on his father; every girl grows into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—Young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitude to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expected in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work He brings in His wise providence to your hands. And remember, that it is only good and useful work that He provides. Shun evil work—that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.—Arthurs Home Magazine.

THE DUCK.—Of this bird Josh Billings thus discourseth: "The duck is a foul. There ain't no doubt of this—naturalists say so. And common sense teaches it. They are built something like a hen, and are an up and down, flat footed job. They don't kackle like a hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor holler like the peacock, nor scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like the root doktor, and their bill resembles a veterinary sergeant's." "They have a woveen fut, and kan float on the water as natural as a soap bubble."

They are pretty much all fethers, and when the feathers are all removed and their innards out there is just about as much meat or them as there is on a krook necked squash that has gone to seed.

Wild ducks are very good shooting and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the bizness.

You should aim about three fut a head up them, and let them fly up to the shot. I have shot at them all day, and got but a tail feather now and then.

There are sum kind of daks that are very hard to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot one whole afternoon three years ago, at sum deoky daks, and never shot one of them. I have never told it—before, and hope no one will repeat it—it is strikly confidenshull.

Good Steers.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?" "I think you used too many technical phrases."

"Did I? I didn't think of it." "You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now, that was Greek to many hearers."

"O, no! Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing inferences."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am, now, there is Mr. Smith," pointing to a man just turning the corner, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him, and I will ask him if he can draw an inference, and I do not believe he will understand me."

Accordingly the ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to Mr. Smith, his pastor said to him: "Brother Smith can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds quite surprised, and then rather hesitatingly said: "Well, I suppose I could. I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched, but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."

A Cincinnati man who suspected his servant girl of using kerosene to kindle the fire with thought he would try her one night, so he poured the oil out and filled the can with water. When he landed in the dining room next morning, there was no breakfast and no fire to cook it with, nothing but a stove full of soaked wood and a very foolish looking girl.

People who live for something usually find that there is something to live for.

Wit and Humor.

The paper having the largest circulation. The paper of tobacco.

Why does a widow feel her bereavement less when she wears corsets? Because then she is so-laced.

Defrauding revenue collectors are impaled on stakes in Tunis. In this country they usually walk off with the stakes.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the cook said when she let her head in at the back gate.

The man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog recently.

"Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. What will the impudence of this world come to I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

"How far is it to Cob Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman. "Only about a little way." "It is four, six, eight, ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger.—"Yas I dinks it is" severely replied the unmoved gate keeper.

The man who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is thought they are engaged.

YOUTHFUL generosity was illustrated in Albany recently. A little boy, smeared all over, flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade. "Oh Bill, Bill, get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogst of lasses busted on the pavement-busted all to smash."

A man down in Delaware, who has been enjoying the chills and fever for months, read in a paper the other day that if a person afflicted thus would crawl down a flight of stairs head foremost just as the chill came on, it would get disgusted and leave immediately. The Delaware man tried it, but for the want of practice, or something, he came down more rapidly than was necessary—much more—clearing four steps at a time, and executing an admirable pair of admirable flip flaps before reaching the foot of the stairs. He has had his nose half soled, and a court plaster map of Bo ton, burnt dried on his left cheek and side of the head—and still has no faith in the ague cure.

Jim H., out West, tells a good yarn about a "shellbark lawyer." His client was up on two small charges, as shellbark designated them (forging a note of hand and stealing a horse). On running his eye over the jury, he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence of a principle witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who, shaking his head, said: "Squire I can't swear to that dokymment." "Why?" "Kase hit haint true." Old shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard all over the room.—"What! fargo a note? steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie! Hang such infernal fools." And he immediately left the conscientious one to his fate.

A DUTCH SPIRIT.—A Dutch widower out West, whose better half departed on the long journey to the spirit Land some twelve months ago, determined the other day to consult the "Rappers," and endeavor to obtain spiritual communion, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of Mrs. Hautz," manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Is that you Mrs. Hautz?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Ye dearest, it is your own wife, who—"

"You lie, you tovil of a ghost," interrupted Hautz, starting from his seat; "my vrow speng nottings put Dutch, and she never says 'dearest' in her life. Hautz you tie; or Hautz you dirty scamp."

And the Dutchman hopped from the room, well satisfied that the "trapping spirit" was all a humbug, and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish vrow on this earth.

AN EGG STORY.—During the war, one of the Northern hotel keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard.

"Look here," said the hotel keeper, "Sambo, these eggs are boiled too hard.—Now take my watch, and boil them three minutes by it."

"He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes, the freedman returned with eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet.

"What have you been doing with my watch?" asked the Northern visitor.—"Why, 'it's all wet."

"Yes, sah," said the negro. "I billed de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah!"

I say Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "What is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply. "I see," replied "Now you tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "I give it up."