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Select Poetry.



IS THERE ROOM IN THE ANGLE LAND.

[A short time ago the author listened to an interesting discourse by a Methodist minister, in which he related the following touching incident: A mother who was precaring some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger that she was always in the way. Two weeks after little Mary sick-ned and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be no room sacrifice too great could she have saved her

Is there no room among the angles, For the spirit of your child? Will they take your little Mary In their loving arms so mild? Will they ever love me fondly, As my story books have said? Will they find a home for Mary-Mary numbered with the dead? Tell me truly, darling mother? Is there room for such as me? Will I gain the home of spirits, And the shining Angles see?

I have sorely tried you, mother-Been to you a constant care; And you will not miss me, mother, When I dwell among the fair. For you have no room for Mary-She was ever in your way, And she fears the good will shun her! Will they, darling mother, say? Tell me-tell-me truly, mother, Ere life's closing hour doth come! · Do you think that they will keep me In the shining Angel's home.

I was not so wayward, mother, Not so very-very bad, But that tender love would nourish And make Mary's heart so glad! Oh! I yearned for more affection. In this world of bitter woe; And I long for bliss immortal In that land where I must go! Tell me once again, dear mother, Ere you take the parting kiss! Will the Angels bid me welcome To that world of perfect bliss?

Atliscellaucous Acading.

, OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

I am an old bachelor. At sixty-five I can say I shall never be anything else while I live; but, like all other men-all I have ever met, at least-I have loved. and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion, those hopes, faded forty years ago. Since then I have done penance for the hasty act of one night; I have shunned the society of women, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my tattered joys with new

To none who knew me have I ever told the tale. I should have been esteemed a is a terrible woman. But since you adliar, or a madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare recite the events of those four and twenty hours-events which turned my life into its now wellworn channel, and made me the lonely, a little mistake, easily rectified; that is hopeless man I am.

At the age of twenty-four I was clerk tion, health and opportunity—everything in fact, that could be wished for by a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world,

"Just as you please," I said. "I should and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the any man's life. I'll go now. I won't name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate trouble you longer. Good-bye." creature, so quiet that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed the only one suitable for her. conversation, nor did any of those things way home, and without undressing, fell that give a woman the reputation for bril- upon my bed and dropped asleep. llancy; but her mental powers were very full of giggling, chatting girls.

I adored her. I had felt that her love ing, and I had scarcely dared to utter the dawned upon my soul. I would write to till death should part us.

Six months had passed since she had flirt I would pray for forgiveness, and promised to be mine. At the end of six | she would forgive me. more she was to give me her hand. I had a small salary, but my grand-mother had desk. I drew from it a pen and paper .left me a small legacy which would ena- I wrote a letter overflowing with remorse ble me to go to housekeeping in plain but and tenderness. I read it re-read it. Then comfortable style, and Grace was willing leaving it lying upon the spot where it to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of mid-winter, forty years ago, when I walked through the city streets with Grace upon my arm, and looking stars were bright as ever, but the moon down at her in her white wrappings, with had set.

to be music and dancing and cards, and a moonlight. It startled me. Whence did ociable supper. I went because Grace the light come? Had a miracle occured

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other peared a still whiter radiance. It slowly company; but I was young and light of took form. A female figure, in white gar-heart, and when I had once entered the ments so bright that they dazzled the eyes lighted parlor I did not sit quiet in the stood bending over my letter. corner.

I talked; I sang; I turned the music for musical ladies; I walked through the Dancers. At last I found myself filtring The figure seemed to turn the pages of my with one of the female guests.

flirt with. He does not admire them, re- ward me, and I saw a face I knew-the spect them, or love them one whit; he face that seemed the loveliest on earth to does not even desire their society; but he me, endowed with a mysterious and dimust be more than man ere he can refuse vine beauty for which no man could find Old Winter's departed—let the wide welkin to respond to their advances. One of words—the glorified face of sweet Grace these women I know now, having played Hunter. the looker-on for so many years, can make any man appear to other women desperon her dearn-bed, wante definitions, she asked her mother if there would be no room
for her among the angels. "I was always
in your way, mother; you had no room for
little Mary. And will I be in the Angles'
way? Will they have no room for me."

The broken hearted mother then felt no

The broken desperator dealth and the hearted mother than the felt no

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The broken desperator desperator and the felt no

The broken desperator and the felt no the felt and enchanting. She possessed attraction rather than beauty. What she said was When I recovered nothing; her conversation had no interest, but I knew that I seemed absorbed by her-that I really was absorbed; in two gain. My heart never woke to life's sweet words, that I flirted abominably with her. ness.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me. She talked to others in her low sweet tones. calm and self-possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, the thought with her friends, and were not anxious athat it troubled her never occurred to me. bout her. I had left her within sight of So that when the evening was over, and her own door, and why she did not reach we had left the house together, I was as- it I shall never know. But I do know tonished beyond measure to see an offend- that in some woeful manner she died that ed look on her face, and to hear an offend- night, and that her parting spirit paused arm. She rejected it, replying that the ground was damp, and that her hands were occupied with her dress, but I knew that this was merely an excuse; and feelng myself, in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the sup-

"You know," said Grace.
"I know!" I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of a woman's fancies. You must

"I scarcely think it worth while," said e. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you seemed to be tired of your bargain. She thought that you were in love with that creature. Se did other people. Under the circumstances, I have a right to feel offended,

for pardon. God knows what possessed me. I answered only:
"May I not talk to a pretty woman be-

cause I hope to marry you some day?" "You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of woman with whom men fall in love," I said. "Irresistible in her manner, I've heard she makes conquests everywhere; I don't doubt it." Grace looked at me with a stern facewhite, in the starlight, as a marlbe stat-

"Other woman are always jealous of such women," I added. Her lip curled.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She mire her so, you are free to tell her so af-

ter you have seen me to my door."

'Grace!" I said. "Miss Hunter, if you please, Mr. Rutherford," said she. "We have both made

I felt, as I stood looking at her, that in the establishment of Messrs. Carp & the effect of the wine I had drank upon Cavil, lawyers. I had energy and ambi- me was stronger than I had thought, but

think that a jealous woman would curse

We were not at the door of her home -we were about half a block from it but Her step was noiseless, her movements soft I turned on my heel then and there, and her voice sweet and low. She never her- left her, I staggered a little as I walked self entertained a large company by her and I was hot and angry. I made my

In two hours I awakened sober. I sat fine, and in a tete-a-tete she was enchant- up and looked about me. The scenes of ing. A lady to the heart's core, in my the evening recurred to me vividly. I eyes at least, a perfect beauty, she might saw how blameworthy I had been, and a have been forgotten by most men in a room | terribly grief possessed me. I put my head down upon my hands and burst into bitter tears. I had lost her, and with her was a jewel worthy of an emperor's wear- all that made life precious. Then hope words that told her all I felt. Even now her; tell her how, unused to liquor as I her high-bred reserve kept me at a little was, the wine had effected me. I would distance. I was proud of her. I felt un- tell her that to my sober self there was worthy of her. She was at once the saint | no charm in the woman who had seemed whom I revered, and the being whom it to enchant me the evening before. I would was to be my delight to che ish and protect | draw the comparison that I felt so keenly between her pure self and that boy-eyed

> Springing to my feet, I rushed to my was written, I stood at the window waiting for the tardy dawn, jealous of the slow hours that kept my missive from my darling. The night was at its stillest. The

gleams of frosty starlight touching her I had put out my candle when I left black hair, wondered if the angels were my desk, and the room should have been dark; but as I turned my head, after a We were going to spend the evening at long and anxious reverie, I saw that it a mutual friend's residence. There was was full of a pale radiance like that of Eve.

-had the moon risen again?

letter with its transparent hand. I heard There are women a man is obliged to a gentle sigh then the head turned to-At the sight I burst the bonds that

held me-bonds as tangible as though I could have seen them-and rushed forward. I strove to clasp my love or her mong the company. She had hands that shadow in my arms. A shock such as one might experience from an electrical maline; eyes that could cast glances bright | chine flashed thaough me, and I fell pow-

When I recovered the day had dawned and under the blue morning sky the city awakened; but my day never dawned a

To end this story in a few words, Grace Hunter never reached her home that Ouce she sang a pretty love song. Quite | night, and never was heard of again. The family imagined that she had remained

ed tone in her voice. I offered her my ed in its flight to bid me a long farewell. I have outlived my youth, and the suspicion that fell upon me embittered many years of my existence; but I shall never outlive my love for Grace Hunter, or my remorse for that night's woeful work. I have never outlived the knowledge that, per table, I grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done?" I in the madness caused by wine and an evil woman's enchantment, I was the cause of-my-darling's-death.

About a Sheriff.

The Elmira Advertiser recently published the following, and vouches for its truthfulness: Some people don't like Sheriffs. There is an air of writs and executions and summonses about them that is unpleasant. They come in contact with the miserable, the mean and the low so much that it is popularly believed that they become hardened in their hearts and souls. They are the one appointed by law to take the lives of criminal, who have forfeited them to society. Doing first from Perhaps she thought I would deny her duty they finally come to do them withcharge. Perhaps she expected me to plead out thought or without manifesting any dislike or displeasure. This is what is thought of Sheriffs by some. We know one that is very far the opposite of this. large-hearted, noble-minded man, and deserving to be perpetual Sheriff of the county of which, at present, he has charge.-His name is E. A. Fish, and his county is Tioga, Pa. We base our statement on facts. He is a good speaker, able to control the feelings of his hearers, either by the humorous or the pathetic. It is related of him that during the late campaign in stumping about the county he did almost as much good to his religion as he did to his party. He would get such control of his audience that the political meeting would be adjourned and a stirring prayer meeting substituted therefore. We were going to tell of a recent incident. however, to prove our above statement.-He had to sell on execution, in the southern part of the county, the effects of a widow lady for some debt of the dead husband. He must do his duty, and went down for that purpose. He levied on cverything that the law allowed him to touch and sold it off remorselessly and ruthlessly. It just about stripped the poor lady and did not yet satisfy the demands of the creditors. After the last piece had gone, and while the woman big eyed with tears and sorrow, was looking at her little possessions about leaving her, Sheriff Fish broke out in a new spot. He commenced to speak to the crowd around him, and in just ten minutes' time had about all of them in tears. He closed by telling them that his fees would amount on the sale to more than any one of the demands, and that he was going to give them up to the lady. He did so, and his example and influence were such that all the property was returned, and a sufficient amount made up besides to settle up

the claims against her. Such a Sheriff as that in a county is better than twenty poor masters, and deeds like the one we have related deserve to shine through the world.

He who is too much of the gentleman will never be over successful. Too much polish is decidedly inimical to great success. A man has need of civility, good address and courtesy, but he needs very much more than these qualifications if he desires to attain very extraordinary results. He requires indomitable energy, boundless enthusiasm, and unconquerable zeal to carry him over every difficulty, and never allow him to rest until he accomplishes the object he resolved upon. Ithas generally been, that most successful are the men who have but one business and one idea, who allow no other occupation to engross their thoughts, but who determine in this one field to do or die.-When men take up any calling in this spirit, it is almost next to impossible that

The ruin of some men dates from some evil hour. Occupation is an armor to the soul.

they will not be successful.

The inventors of matches-Adam and

HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

BY EVA ALICE. There are signs to be seen-Those we all understand, So, she cometh! The Queen!

To make happy the land! I remained motionless—to speak or stir Rejoice all ye weary—let the wide welking

Gladly welcome The Princess-the Beauti-

ful Spring! The new buds are now seen On the vine, bush and tree, The swamp-willows look green, And the brook runneth free;

Gladly welcome The Princess-The Beautiful Spring !

Cheerful sounds greet the ear, . And our senses are stirred, The blue-bird brings its cheer, And the turtle is heard. All Nature's awaking—your heart-tributes bring-

Join and welcome The Princess-The Beau tiful Spring! From all hearts that are sad,

Let sweet praises ascend. To the God who makes glad, To the Heavenly Friend, Who loves and sustains thee—every want doth supply!

The Creator, Redeemer, Blest father on All's designed for our good, Both the heat and cold; That the least understood,

Doth a blessing unfold. To the God of the Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring-Give the heart's adoration, in gratitude sing l

What We Breathe.

all heard of the Black Hole at Calcutta. It was a room eighteen feet square. In this room one hundred and forty-six persons were confined. It had but one window, and that a small one. Dr. Dunglison, in his "Elements of Hygiene," says: En less than an hour many of the prisoners were attacked with extreme difficuland the place was filled with incoherent hours many were suffocated or died in delirium. In five hours the survivois, exoutrageous. At length, most of them be- terday." came insensible. Eleven hours after they

and these were in a highly putrid fever. notwithstanding our protest against her dominion.

You will scarcely drink after another person from the same glass, yet you will breathe over and over the same air, charged with the filth and the poison of a hundred human bodies around you. You cannot bear to touch a dead body because it is so poisonous and polluting; but you can take right into your lungs, and cousequently into your body, your system, those poisoned particles and noxious exhalations which the bodies around have refused, and which have been cast into the atmosphere by their lungs, because the health of their

bodies required them to be thrown off. . If the "timorously nice creatures who can scarcely set a foot on the ground,' who are so delicate that they run distracted at the crawling of a worm, flying of a bat, or squeaking of a mouse, could see what they breathe at the midnight carousal, the very polite ball, and bright theatre, they would never be caught in such company again. Nay, if they could see what they breathe in their own dwellings, after the doors and windows had been closed a little while, they would soon keep open houses. More sickness is caused by vitiated air than can be named. It is one of the most prominent causes of scrofula, diseases that attack the human body. It partment. vitiates and destroys the whole fountain

of life, the blood. In the sick room it often augments the kindness, but really cruel.

If you would have health, breathe fresh air; open your windows every morning, and often during the day; leave off your mufflers from the chin. . For twenty years I was accustomed to never going out with. | ted, in a few years, for any other and more out a handkerchief tied closely around the mouth, and for nearly that period have left it off. I have had fewer colds and suffer far less from changes of climate than the White House who can kick me out; nut, kept as a memento of a doughnation previously. Let the air into your bedrooms; you cannot have too much of it, land, it is your kingdom, and your cabin provided it does not blow directly upon is your castle; you are a sovereign, and

"Good blood will show itself," said the

Common Sense.

Too many have imbibed the idea that to obtain a sufficient education to enable a man to appear advantageously upon the theatre, especially of public life, his boyhood and youth must be spent in the walls of some classical seminary of

That a refined classical education is desirable, and one of the accomplishments of man, I admit-that it is indispensably necessary, and always makes a man more useful, I deny. He who has been incar-cerated from his childhood up to his majority within the limited circumference of his school and boarding room, although he may have mastered all the classics, is destitute of that knowledge of men and things, indispensably necessary to prepare him for action, either in private or publie life. Classic lore and polite literature are very different from that vast amount of common intelligence, fit for every day use, that he must have to render his intercourse with society pleasing to himself or agreeable to others. He may have a large all dine to-morrow with me. fund of fine sense, but if he lacks common

sense, he is like a ship without a rudder.

Let boys and girls be taught, first and last all that is necessary to prepare them for the common duties of life. I wish not to under-value high seminaries of learning, but rather to stimulate those to persevere in the acquirement of science, who are deprived of the advantage of their dazzling lights. In this enlightened age, and in our free country, all who will may drink deeply at the love fountain of science. Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. By a proper improvement of time any boy of ordinary ability may lay in a stock of useful knowledge that will entake respectable stand by the side of those who have grown up in the full blaze of a collegiate education—and with much better prospect of success at the start, because he is much better stocked with common The Scientific American says: We have information, without which man is pitifully helpless.

Died Yesterday. "Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe-one whose laugh was as the runs of summer rills loilife was a perpetual litany in Maytime, ty of breathing; several were delirious, crowned with the passion of flowers that have not lost the consciousness of intennever fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, ravings, in which the cry for water was hopeful and generous, whose path was predominant. This was handed to them hemmed with flowers, with not a serpent by the sentinels, but without the effect of lurking underneath; one whose soul panallaying their thirst. In less than four ted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with an earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. cept those at the gate, were frantic and but the heart is still now! he "died yes-

were imprisoned, twenty-three only of the as the orange flowers that clasped her for- brain force and nervous energy. A mix one hundred and forty-six came out alive, head, was stricken down as she stood at the altar! and from the dim aisle of the develops the highest intellectual powers. There are many black holes like this temple she was borne to the "garden of used for sleeping-rooms, says the London slumber." A tall, crowned man, girt a tair complexion and amiability, and exCo-operator; the difference between them with the halo of victory, and at the day's treme number when the vecetarion's and the one at Calcutta is that they are close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell not crammed quite so full of human be- to dust even as the anthem trembled upings. In a word, then, we may say a on his lips; and he, too, was laid "where sleeping apartment should be large, lofty the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." and airy. It is a poor economy for health An ancient patriarch, bowed with age to have large and spacious parlors, and and cares, even as he tooked out upon the small, ill-ventilated bed-rooms. Fashion, distant hills for the coming of the angel however, is a reigning deity in this respect, | host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and and will, no doubt, continue to bear sway, on his door post is written: "Died yesterday."

"Died vesterday." Daily, men, women and children are passing away, and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we as is necessary in the temperate zones or find some flower that blushed sweetly, in high northern latitudes. An intellectthe sunset, has withered up forever; so, ual man, one of their kindred, who rises daily, when we rise from our bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some tal status, is extremely rare. The beer brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been but they are not much given to profound as fire from heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the iewel thread of friendship-some lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost for life with him shall pass away gently, as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and a gain.

Good Advice to a Young Man.

Some years ago a young man presented himself to the United States Secretary Corwin for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused, and still he made the fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose and go to the West, which is but another name for half the if he could do no better outside of the de-

"My young friend," said he, "go to the Northwest; buy 160 acres of Government land, or if you have not got the money to disease, or renders it incurable. If the purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and physician comes in and opens a window, a mattock; put up a log cabin or a habor a door stands ajar for a moment, the itation, and raise a little corn and potagood nurse, or the tender mother, or the toes: keep your conscience clear, and live kind wife, or the loving sister, will fly up like a free man, your own master, with and close it as though the life of the sick | no one to give you orders, and without were at stake. All this is well-meant dependence upon anybody. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich.

But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence-your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitindependent position. I may give you a cy items in the local papers. Record also place to-day, and I can kick you out tomorrow, and there's another man over at | Haswell is proud proprietor of a doughand so we go. But if you own an acre of you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life would assure me of your thanks for having thus

A Dinner Excuse. Apologies for poor dinners are general-

ly out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute learning, that he may commence his caleilearning, that he may commence his caleilearning his caleile collegiate diploma—with them, the first of Judge Tucker, of Williamsburg, solved this problem many years ago. She was the daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipwith, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court day, when the Judge brought with him the accustomed half score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the Judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, crossed him one day, and then he crossed and she herself, strange to tell, having overlooked the fact.

The dinner was served with elegance and Mrs. Tucker made herself very charming. Upon rising, she said: "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker; promise me now that you will

This was all her apology, whereupon the gentlemen declared that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.—Lippincott's Magazine.

GOLDEN WORDS.—The habit of looking on the bright side is invaluable. Men and women who are evermore reckoning up what they want rather than what they have-counting the difficulties in the way instead of contriving means to overcome them—are almost certain to live on corn bread, fat pork, and salt fish, and sink to unmarked graves. The world is sure to able him, when he arrives at manhood, to smile upon a man who seems to be sucfallen air, and the very dogs in the street will set upon him. We must all have losses. Late frosts will nip the fruit in the bud, banks will break, investments ties do not come together. The wise course another; when one prop is knocked from under us, to fill its place with a substitute, and evermore count what is left rethtering in the bower of roses—whose little er than what is taken. When the final reckoning is made, if it appears that we tional rectitude; if we have kept charity towards all men; if, by the various discipline of life, we have been freed from follies and confirmed in virtue, whatever we have lost, the great balance sheet will be in our favor.

FAT AND LEAN.—Meat eaters and vegetarians show in their persons the 'effects "Died yesterday." A young girl, pure of the diet. The first man has the most ed food of animal and vegetable rations A strictly vegetable living ordinarily gives treme pugnacity when the vegetarian's views in regard to that one engrossing thought of his life are discussed. They are annual-meeting reformers without ever setting a river on fire. Arabs are a sober frugal race, rather slender, not tall, conscientious, and contentious on religious subjects. They subsist largely on rice, pulse, milk and keimac, something similar to whipped cream, through a vast reindigenous. They are not destitute of mutton, goats, camels and game; but they manifest no disposition to feed upon meats, to distinction by the grandeur of his menand ale drinkers expand and grow fat, researches in science.—Scientific Ameri-

BE BRIEF.-Long speeches, long letters,

world's news to look after, and put in or- great interest in him, and when at the end der for our readers over night. Remember that, kind correspondents and contributors. Avoid parenthesis. Drop the semicolens altogether. Make the spaces between the periods, as brief as possible.-Shake out the adjectives without reserve Sacrifice the pen metaphors. Be not led away by the love of antithesis, or allitera tion. Be clear, and crisp, and pertinent, alike in your invectives, eulogies, and recommendations. Think of the Lord's Prayer, and then of the awful substitute served up by sensation mongers in too many pulpits. What flights of tawdry rhetoric, and volleys of expletives; what endless repetitions of tedions details, weary and disgust the hearer. It is frightful to think of the time wasted by there selfpard ing petitioners and longwinded inditers of many-headed sermous. Life is too short, too full of cares and duties, to be thrown away thus. The best advice, the brightest wit, the deepest wisdom come ever in small packages.—Boston Globe.

A 100 year old apple, still plump and solid, was recently on exebition at Portsmouth, N. H. It was picked up in 17-72, carefully stuck with whole cloves, guarded as an heir-loom by three generations, and now it forms the subject of spicomes from the same State that a Mr. party held in 1861. The trophy is believed to be altogether unique, but, after all, it is probably just as well that people generally doughnut care for this kind of rel-

Subscribe for your home paper.

Wit aud Anmor.

-Corks will keep a horse on his feet, but they treacherously come back on a

Why is the letter Sinjurious to orchards? Because it makes our apples sour ap-

Melancholy suicide-A little boy on being threatened with a whipping, hung his

When Brigham Young's children sing "Father, dear father, come home," the effect is said to be wonderful. The old man comes home without delay. "Massa Christopher Columbus was a

queer man," said a negro orator. A notion the ocean."

New Jersey servant girls hire by the month. Those who "have beaux" get \$8, and those who haven't get twelve. Only one in five hundred gets twelve.

An exchange tantalizes its readers with this atrocity: "Have you heard of the man who got shot?" "Got shot! No, how did he get shot." "He bought them."

Five mosquitoes were seen sitting around a candle last evening, warming their feet, before starting out on a roraging expedition. They are arrested.

Indiana whiskey has improved eighty per cent. since the drought set in, and will now cut a hair without being strapped or otherwise having its edge touched

A young preacher having tried to preach a sermor from the text, "Remember Lot's wife." and made a failure, a venerable doccessful; but let him go about with a crest- tor remarked that he "had better thereafter let other's wives alone."

John Smith has been heard from again. He appears this time in the character of will prove worthless, valuable horses die, an Ohio legislator, and has introduced a china vases break; but all these calami- bill, in which he proposes that every citizen of his state shall henceforth be proto pursue, when one plan fails, is to form | hibited from naming his offspring "John

> A link boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world "I wish then," replied the boy, 'you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

> A clairvoyant trio, two women and a man, have been traveling in the South, pretending to cure epizoetic by the laying on of hands." They practiced on a mule in Kentucky the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

A Sacramento lawyer remarked to the Court: "It is my candid opinion. Judge you are an old fool." The Judge allowed his mildly-beaming eye to fall upon tho lawver a brief moment: then, in a voice husky with suppressed tobbaco juice and emotion, said; "It is my candid opinion that you are fined \$100.

A Vermont man recently laid a wager that he would woo, win and marry a young lady, who with his companions, he had just seen arrive at the hotel where he was living, He introduced himself to the damsel, she smiled upon his suit, a minister was called in and they were married withgion of an arid country where they are in an hour. The wager, of no inconsiderable amount, was handed over to the bridegroom, who left with his bride the following day. It was afterwards discovered that the couple had long been traveling around playing the same trick at various hotels.

A boy seven years old recently arrived n Harrisburg, from Northern Texas, having traveled the entire distance by himself. His mother had died, and his father wanted to place him with some friends, but could not come with him, so he purchased a through ticket, pinned it on the lappel long communications, are out of place in the long these stirring times. We have a whole journey. The various conductors took of their route handed him over to the next one. He arrived safe and sound, and greatly delighted with his trip.

Open questions in a house about trivial matters are like open wounds. Of what bits we build our heavy cross! Do not spend the day discussing whether you will drive or walk, invite a guest or accept an invitation, wear white or black, write a letter, rub out a spot, be on speaking terms with a neighbor, or have honest acquaintance with any man or woman. Time is valuable, nerves are precious. It is better to decide a case wrongly than to get into a wrong state of mind.

An eminent divine, remarkable for his devoted pity and spotless purity of his character, was heard to say that he never read or heard of a crime that, under certain conditions of education, he might have committed the same crime himself. The same feeling must have been experienced more or less, by reflecting, enlightened nien; and yet, and yet how little charity there is in the world.

A transcendant faith, a cheerful trust turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed ever in the wilderness, and hear the streams of gladuess trickling among the rocks.

A very fat man for the purpose of quizing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir." said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you snut your eyes your mouth opens."