

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR

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## Select Poetry.



### COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,  
Oh! come to me oft;  
When the wings of sleep,  
On my bosom lie soft.  
Oh! come when the sea,  
In the moon's gentle light,  
Beats low on the ear,  
Like the pulse of the night—  
When the sky and the wave,  
Wear the loveliest blue,  
Wh n the dew's on the flower  
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,  
Oh! come and we'll stray,  
Where the whole year is crowned,  
With the blossoms of May—  
Where each sound is as sweet,  
As the echo of a dove,  
And the gales are as soft;  
As the breathing of love;  
Where the beams kiss the waves,  
And the waves kiss the beach,  
And our warm lips may catch,  
The sweet lesson they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,  
Oh! come and we'll fly,  
Like two winged spirits  
Of love through the sky;  
With hand clasped in hand,  
On our dream wings we'll go,  
Where starlight and moonlight  
Are blending their glow;  
And on bright clouds we'll linger  
Through long dreamy hours,  
Till love's angels envy  
The heaven of ours.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE ISLAND MYSTERY.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

The United States sloop of war, Victory, Capt. Granger commanding, was moving slowly along beneath the influence of a light breeze, in the Indian ocean. The Victory had been stationed there but a short time, and the novelty of their position had not yet worn off, either to officers or men. Thus far they experienced nothing but the delights of the station, with none of its drawbacks. The sea had been as calm and delightful as an inland lake, and the islands which ever and anon they visited, were to them like so many miniature Paradises. No sickness as yet had come among them, and the fierce typhoon had not threatened to send the gallant sloop to the bottom. From the captain down to the smallest midshipman, all were contented, and looked forward to a good deal of pleasure in the endless summer which stretched out before them. To only one on the sloop did their position bring gloomy thoughts. This was none other than Captain Granger himself. A few years before, the treacherous seas which now lay so smiling about them, had robbed him of all he held the most dear in the world. His wife and child had been on their return home in a merchantman, from where he had left them, and the vessel had touched and gone down beneath the treacherous waves. Only half a dozen from the whole crew had escaped to tell the tale of their mishap. In a small boat they had been dashed about at the mercy of the waves for many hours, and then more dead than alive they had been thrown upon a small island, from which they had been rescued by a passing vessel several months afterwards. This had chanced three years before, and now as Captain Granger found his vessel plowing the same waters, the thought of his loved ones was ever uppermost in his mind, and often he found himself imagining that he was sailing above the coral grave in which they were resting. The constant thoughts gave a sad cast to his countenance, and it was apparent to both officers and men that thoughts of the past were ever uppermost in his mind. They had heard the story of his loss, and time and again it was repeated thro' the ship. On the particular day in which our story opens, the Captain chanced to be in the cabin, while on deck was his first officer in charge. As we have said, the sea was almost untroubled; for only a slight breeze was blowing, while the sun was shining brightly in the heavens above. With his sword drawn in his hand, the first officer, Lieut. Carter, paced up and down the deck, dividing his thoughts between his duty, and those dear to him whom he had left at home. From this occupation he was startled by a cry from a young midshipman, who was standing near. "What do you mean by this outcry?" demanded the officer stepping up to him. The youth pointed away towards a small island which uprose from the water some half a league distant. It appeared to be nothing but a high mass of barren rocks which had been upheaved by some great convulsion of nature. "There is some one on the rock yonder, sir," he said, touching his hat to his superior officer, "and they are making signs to attract our attention."

"Yonder, high on the highest edge of the cliff. When I saw them first, I thought they were huge birds resting there; but now I can see that they are human beings." "You are right," said the officer. "I see them now, and they are making signals to us. Go to the cabin and summon the captain. This matter must be attended to. It may be that there are some poor ship-wrecked beings there." Walter Corvine, for this was the youth's name hastened at once on his errand, and in a little while he returned, followed by the captain, who bore a speaking trumpet in his hand. "Where are they?" he asked, glancing away to the high cliffs before them. "Yonder, sir. Can you not see them?" said Walter, pointing away towards the island. "I do now," said the captain, "or rather it is the white signal waving there that catches my eye. We will send a boat to the island at once, Mr. Carter, he said, addressing the officer; "though from the looks of the shore, I don't think that a landing can be effected. But I will hail them now, so that they may know that we have seen them." Suiting the action to the word, Captain Granger placed the trumpet to his lips, and shouted with all the strength of his lungs, conveying the intelligence that they were discovered. Then he turned and gave orders for the boat to be lowered at once. But little time was lost in so doing. The breeze which had been growing less, had by this time almost died away, and the sloop was almost becalmed. The captain had thought of going himself, but at the last moment he changed his mind, and gave place to Lieut. Carter. Walter Corvine, having asked permission, was allowed to go, and the boat being filled with its complement of men, pushed off, and the blades of the rowers dipped into the water, and sent it at a swift pace across the shining waves in the direction of the island. The signal upon the cliff was still waving, and for a little time they could see the boat beneath it, who kept it in motion; but as they came closer under the cliffs, it was hidden from their sight, and turning their eyes from it, they sought for some spot where they could effect a landing from the rocky mass before them. But this was no easy task to perform. In most places high walls of rock rose from the water's edge, and towered hundreds of feet towards the blue sky. In others there were great jagged rocks, among which the breakers murmured, and thro' which a boat could not pass. The search was a long one, but at last they found a spot where they determined to try to effect a landing; and heading the boat for the shore, they sent her thro' the surf to the gravelly beach beyond, upon which they leaped, eager to find who it was that had signaled them from that desolate place. Hauling up the boat, they left one of the men in charge of it, and then sprang over the rocks in the direction of the spot where they had seen the signal. But before they had gone over half the distance, they beheld the object of their search descending towards them. It was a woman and a child, whom, from their features, they judged to be of the same race as themselves. But they would never have known it from their complexion, or from the garments they wore. The portion of their skin which had been exposed to the sun's rays, was as brown as a native of the South Seas. Their garments, by which they essayed to cover their nakedness; were torn and patched in many places, and looked as though they would have long since fallen from their limbs, had they not been repeatedly mended, with a material which looked much like the skin of fish. Hurriedly they came down over the rocks, but as they drew near, the child tried to hide itself behind its companion, as though the sight of a white man was an object of terror to it. They were close to them, when a shout higher upon the rocks caused both them and our friends to gaze in that direction. A party of natives of the islands adjacent, if not of the one they were on, were hastily approaching them with loud shouts and angry gesticulations. "Save us! save us!" cried the woman springing towards them. "Do not let these monsters again get us in their power!" This was uttered in very good English, and Lieut. Carter replied: "Have no fear, my good woman, they shall do no harm, and if they want a taste of cold lead, let them come on." It seemed that those in pursuit were not for such a meal; for they paused upon the rocks some little distance away, where they remained, making furious gestures at the party below. "Who are you, and how came you in this dreary place?" asked the officer, as he gazed curiously upon the uncouth and trembling pair before him. "I am an American woman, and this is my child. Years ago we were cast away in these waters, and thrown upon this island, and here we have remained ever since. The natives who belong to the islands near here made us slaves, but would not take us home with them. Many times I tried to attract the notice of passing vessels, but could not, for so sure as there was a chance, they were here to prevent me;" and with a shudder, she pointed to the gibbering group above them. "Thank Heaven! your trials are over," exclaimed Lieut. Carter. "You shall go with us, my poor woman, and shall be abundantly provided for. But cannot you tell how long you have lived this life?" "No. It seems to me as though it might be ten years, yet it may not be that for

my child here should be larger, were it so long as that. It is all summer here; and I cannot tell how these seasons went; but oh! it has been so long!" The natives were now coming closer, and from their actions, our friends thought they meant fight. Lieut. Carter would have liked nothing better than to have punished them. So he gave the word to return to the boat and in a few minutes they had embarked and the rowers were sending it swiftly towards the ship. Captain Granger stood by the side, and when he saw what the boat contained, he turned as pale as death, and those who stood near him thought that he would fall to the deck. But he did not, and stood motionless while the rescued ones were assisted over the side near where he stood. Once upon the deck, the eyes of the woman fell upon his face. For a moment she stood as in a dream, and then with a wild cry, she sprang towards him. "O, Charles, my husband!" she cried. "My God! The sea has given up its dead!" cried the captain; and the next moment he had clasped mother and child in a warm embrace. There was great rejoicing on board the Victory that day. From the highest to the lowest, all partook of it, for Charles Granger declared that it should be a holiday, and as little work done on it as possible. As for himself, every day thereafter was one of thanksgiving to him. A Racine (Wis.) paper furnishes the following: "Frank Powell is a youthful shoemaker who works in Joe Miller's boot and shoe factory. Frank is a susceptible youth, and his tender heart was smitten by the beauty and grace of one of the girls employed in the factory. Now Frank is—or was—not a bad looking fellow, and the Maiden returned the tender passion, and Frank won her blushing consent to become his bride. Then for a time all went happily. As he sat at his work pecking soles, he thought, of two souls with but a single thought, and pensively pecking away. Time passed on with leaden wings, and as the hour approached for the happy consummation, the impatience of the lovers increased. A week ago last Saturday he went to the priest's house to be published in the church next Sunday, as is the custom of those of the Catholic faith. The priest being absent, he was told to call a gain, but everything was finally arranged and last Tuesday they were to have been married. During all this time the young maiden had been busy. The wedding feast was prepared, her dress, with a trail three quarters of a yard long, as he desired it, was all finished, and all that was necessary was for the priest to make them man and wife according to the solemn ceremonies of the church; when without a word of warning Powell took the cars and went to Chicago, leaving the poor girl to mourn in her wedding dress with a trail three quarters of a yard long—the wedding feast untested. His reasons for such conduct were that the girl was too poor to buy the outfit. Now, when it is known that she supports an aged father, and two little sisters out of her earnings, and that she would not take anything from them to deck herself in finery, it will be admitted that his conduct was disgraceful, and that he was no way deserving so good a wife as she would have made. Last Saturday he returned to town—and it coming to the knowledge of the shopmates of the injured maiden, they held an indignation meeting, when it was resolved by them that if Frank Powell ever stuck his nose inside that shop they would fix him. Ah! his headless deceler! he little dreamed what was in store for him. Fix him? You bet he was fixed. Monday morning, with more cheek than a house pig, he stepped into Miller's office. As he did so the door behind him was locked and the key mysteriously disappeared. Just then he was confronted by the girl he had so faithfully promised to marry; behind her were ten fierce damsels just aching to get at him. The girl reproached him for running away; he undertook to talk back; she slapped his face. Whang went a bottle of liquid blacking into his face. The bottle broke and the blacking ran over him. He kicked and swore, and tore round; the girls screamed and screamed. Oh, it was lively. At this moment the girl who had been so cruelly treated, seized a two gallon pot of warm glue and poured it on his devoted head. He was the sickest looking shoemaker about that time that was ever in this city. Still the combat deepened, and but for some one unlocking the door, so that he was enabled to escape, there is no telling what the indignant maidens would have done. Powell dove into another room, and commenced to scrape himself; he scraped and scraped and kept on scraping—he's probably scraping yet. There was a poetic sort of justice in this dubbing him with that glue, for if he don't stick to his word he has something that will make him stick hereafter. The boys in the factory hearing of the way the girls had treated Powell, gave them an oyster supper that evening. The different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to as many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure source; some spread wider, travel over more countries and make more noise in the passage than others, but all tend alike to an ocean where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed with the smallest and most unknown streams. Old maids are said to be rare in China; but rare old china is frequently found among old maids.

For the Village Record. THE HORRIBLE MUD. BY JOHN BARNES, JR. Oh! the street, the horrible street, Filled with soft mud, black, shiny and deep; Over the shoe-tops, over the feet, Splashed all over the people you meet, Dashing, Splashing, Dabbling along. Surely the mud can do nothing but wrong, Falling alike on clothing and cheek, Into the mouth as it opens to speak; Foul as a fiend and tenacious as death. Horrible mud, from the regions beneath, Oh! the mud, the horrible mud, How the pulse quickens and stirs up the blood, Speeding along in a maddening race, Jostling each other regardless of grace, Rushing, Crushing, Pushing by, Mud on the shirt-front, mud in the eye; Even the dogs, with an instinct ever ready, Snap at the legs already unsteady; The people despair, the true and the good Their faith in commissioners lies buried in mud. How the sad crowd goes wading along, Crushed are their spirits, no humor, no song How the horses dabbled with anger splash by— Seen for a moment, then lost to the eye— Dashing, Stumbling, Into the flood, Down to the depths of the horrible mud— Mud so foul, as it lies on the ground, The brutes even avoid it when space can be found, To be trampled and tracked to our houses so neat, Till they're ruined by filth from the horrible street. Once I was clean as the snow—but I fell— Fell like proud Lucifer into this muddy well! Fell, to be covered with filth of this street, To be laughed at and pitted—I'd rather be beat— Cursing, Shivering, Suppressing a cry, Selling my clothes to whoever would buy; In anger and shame, with sudden emotion Leaving the land to rove on the ocean: There, thanks to heaven, though midst tempt and flood I forever am free from the horrible mud. PITTSBURG, April, 1873. THE LAST RELIC. They tell of a young girl, some seventeen years of age, who died in deep mourning, knocked at the door of a rich man's house in one of our large cities, and asked eagerly for the owner. The servant, no doubt partaking of the demeanor of his master, who was deemed a harsh and severe man by all who knew him, was about to turn the suppliant from the door, when her importunities touched a lingering chord of sympathy in his heart, and he announced her to the lordly owner of the mansion. He was indeed a stern man, and, apparently, hard and unfeeling in his nature. There were deep wrinkles on his brow, which seemed to denote that he had no passed through life without partaking of some of its sorrows and many of its cares. He was in deep reverie when the servant entered, perhaps—bringing back the past before him as in a glass, and counting up his hours from childhood to his weary age. Who knows? How few care! But strange it was, even to his servant, who knew so well the forbidding nature of his master, when, after a moment's hesitation, the rich man said, "Let her come in." In a moment the poor girl was in his presence. It was a strange contrast, that weak trembling being, treading upon soft carpets in the meek habiliments of poverty, in the presence of the owner of millions—she in deep humility, and he in the lordliness of great wealth. She stood before him, and in low, trembling tones, that were full of melancholy sweetness, said, "Sir, I am a stranger, and in distress. I am a fatherless child, and my loved mother is now severely ill. For months her hands have labored to sustain her, but poverty comes too fast upon us, we are poor but we are not beggars; we came from a far country, and are strangers—One by one we have parted with all our valuables, and here is the last relic of a loved father. He gave it to me as a keepsake—something to keep for his dear memory; but alas! starvation is a stern thing, and necessity knows no law. You are rich—some say you are unkind, and yet I have ventured; will you buy it, sir?" She ceased speaking, and the rich man appeared touched. He looked at the speaker with a glance in which tenderness seemed struggling with morose feelings which had for so many years congealed into ice the more tender emotions of his nature. "Look up, young lady," said he. His voice had in it a tone of sympathy, which gave her confidence, and she raised her eyes timidly to the penetrating glance of him in whose presence she stood. "Let me examine the article which you wish me to buy," he continued, "and although not doing business in that line, yet, perhaps, I may be induced to help your present necessities." The girl, with trembling hands, took from her neck a black ribbon, at one end of which there was attached a rich jewel of gold. It was of singular shape, and upon its two sides were engraved certain characters of which its pleading possessor knew not the meaning, and yet she prized it much, as the gift of a dearly loved parent, and as she almost reluctantly placed it in the hands of him whom she had sought to be its purchaser, she pleaded:

"When times comes good again, sir, I can buy it back again; but oh! buy it now, sir, that I may buy bread for my mother, and procure that medicine which her malady requires." The rich man had taken the jewel in his hands, he passed the ribbon through his fingers, and at last looked upon the article he was solicited to buy. Why does he start? why turn ghastly pale, and then sink into the richly cushioned chair that was behind him, cover his face with his hands and weep like a child? Why press that jewel to his lips, then to his breast, and weep? Reader, do you ask why? Let me tell you. The jewel, the last relic of that poor unfriended girl and her afflicted mother, was that of a Mark Master, and it belonged to the only brother of him to whom it was offered for sale. Oh! how deep was the struggle within that man's breast! He was rich in all that this world can afford of worldly wealth, but meagre in those deep and dear affections which make life desirable. He had lived for himself and had hoarded up the dross of wealth, and permitted the fountains of deep affection to dry up in his soul. He had forgotten his kindred; he remembered not the old homestead, nor the familiar faces that used to bless him by the fireside. But not, as if Providence had directed it all, a little jewel, his brother's mark, come to him, even as the day star comes to the devotee, to direct his thoughts to heaven, and humanize his feelings. The strong man was subdued—He was no longer the man bound up in gold, but the man made and renewed in the image of the God of Love! But let him weep; the tears will do him good, for they are not only tears of contrition for past sins of omission, but props that will bring a blessing on more than one sorrowing heart. Hear him, while he speaks. "Young lady, I do not ask your name. The man who owned this jewel was the son of my father, and my brother, by a tie almost as sacred as that of blood. Was he your father? Tell me." "He was my father, sir?" "Then I am your uncle, take me to your mother. Henceforth our fortunes are one; my home shall be yours, and you shall be my daughter." \* \* \* \* \* There were three happy hearts that day in a small house in one of the lanes of that crowded city—a tall dark looking man, with iron-gray hair and strong features, yet now bearing a subdued aspect and a moistened eye, a widowed invalid, with a placid smile irradiating her calm and beautiful features, and a young girl, gentle in her subdued beauty, blessing God that His smiling had sanctioned THE LAST RELIC. Honesty Pays. It pays to be honest. It pays in more ways than one. It not only pays in the satisfaction it brings, but in the long run it pays in dollars and cents. The mechanic, the merchant, the manufacturer, the lawyer—in fact, every man that seeks advancement through his labor will find that honesty is not only the best policy, but the best stock in trade he can possibly have. It may take longer to earn a fortune by honest labor, but once earned, it will last longer and buy more solid comfort than double the amount earned by dishonest means. There is something better than wealth. Integrity is priceless—Money cannot buy it. The rich man may envy the poor man his possession, yet the rich can have it if they seek it from the beginning. Start right young man. Let not ambitious whispers lead you astray. Be determined to deal on the square with your fellowmen. Every dollar thus earned will bring a blessing to your heart. If you can't make money honestly you had better remain poor all your life. It will not pay to exchange your honesty for a few dollars and cents. Money made by cheating your neighbors will burn into your conscience and destroy forever your earthly happiness. Does ambition lead the citizen to high political power? Let him understand that the only sure foothold in climbing the rugged steep of fame is honesty of purpose. He may have brilliant ability, may charm the eye and please the ear, but if he lacks integrity he lacks one great element of lasting power. If he is false to himself he will be false to others, and his fall will be as certain as his elevation was rapid. The wrecks of ambitious statesmen are to be seen on every side. They have ability; they had the confidence of the people; they were elevated to power and influence, but they lacked honesty and they fell—moral wrecks made so by their own folly. Let their fate be a warning to public men.—Let personal integrity be the priceless jewel that money can neither buy nor sell.—The fame that is built upon honesty will stand like the shaft of granite, the emblem of beauty and eternal strength. We once saw a young man gazing at the "My heavens, with a f in 1 1/2" and a "— of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by referring to a "f in a paper held in 1 1/2" relating to a man in that § of the country who had left his home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the f and pistols from his eyes with the "!" "It is I of whom you read. I left home b4 my friends knew of my design. I had 80 the "— of a girl, who refused to list 10 2 me, but dabbled be9ly on another. I — ed maddly from the house, uttering a wild! to the god of love, and without replying to the ??? of my friends, came here with this f and — of pistols to put a — to my existence. My case has no || in this §." Meth may have its plural wice observed. Mr. Quip, but other parts of the country have very singular ones.

LOST IN A CAVE. The Hannible, Mo., Courier says: Some days ago we mentioned the fact that the mouth of an extensive cave had been unearthed in a stone quarry in South Hannible. Since its discovery it has been a favorite resort for boys, who have daily made explorations of the vast subterranean labyrinth. Yesterday, however, an expedition was organized to explore the cave, the adventures of which are destined to give the newly-discovered cavern local fame and history that will not soon be forgotten. The lads composing the party were five in number, from 12 to 13 years old. The boys entered the cave about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, each provided with a small bit of candle two or three inches long, all burning at once, and the torch light procession marched through the silent depths very gaily and happily, looking for curiosities and searching for strange scenes. Our heroes had determined to make a thorough exploration of the unknown cavern, and went on, and on, through the winding rifts and fissures of the rocks until their candles had nearly burned out, and when they attempted to return they found themselves in the condition of the five foolish virgins, and were left in total darkness to grope and crawl amid mud and dirt, sharp stones and jagged rocks. None of the parents of the boys missed them until late in the evening, and upon inquiry of some of their playmates it was ascertained that they had gone into the cave at the hour named, since which time they had not been seen or heard of. A bout five o'clock last evening the alarm was given that five boys were lost in the cave, and in a short time a large crowd, estimated at five hundred to six hundred persons, was gathered about its mouth, among them fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relations and friends of the lost children, all in terrible suspense, and shedding many bitter tears, and their feelings during the long and painful hours of searching for the long and painful hours of searching can be better imagined than here described. Searching parties were organized to explore the cavern, and as they would return with no tidings of the lost ones many parents' hearts were filled with anguish and all manner of horrid deaths were conjured upon as having befallen the little fellows who were thus buried live.—Small persons were in demand to enter the cave and look for the lost ones, as owing to the formation of the rifts, it is impossible for a large person to squeeze through in many places, and money was freely offered for volunteers to prosecute the search, as well as a reward for the one who should bring out the boys. Several parties returned from the cavern without gaining any trace of the boys, and the hours of suspense seemed like days—midnight was approaching, and still a large crowd stood around the dread opening, and among those present were many ladies. Candles were furnished in abundance, while balls of twine were provided and led in through the windings of the cave to afford a guide for those who entered to return. Charles McDaniel also took in with him, in his first exploration, a paint pot and brush, with which he marked arrows on the rocks pointing towards the mouth of the cave. These precautions enabled those who entered to easily find the way out. Shortly after eleven o'clock last night a party of five was organized for the next effort. They entered and followed up the twine, six balls of which had been used in tracing the windings of the cave. Here they discovered the tracks of the lost boys, who had crawled through a very small crevice, Charles McDaniel here took the lead, and after crawling some distance through a rift just large enough to admit his body, he called out, when from the dark, unknown depths beyond, he heard a faint response, which he said sounded like the squeak of a mouse. He crawled on still further and called again, when a nearer and louder response greeted him; again he crawled forward, lighting up the darkness beyond him with a bull's-eye light which he carried with him, when he heard a voice exclaim: "Oh, I see a light." Soon he caught sight of the little fellows all huddled together in an opening between two vast rocks, one under them and one above, with barely room for them to even stand on their hands and knees, while in width in most places it was barely sufficient to admit of the passage of one at a time. As he came near them, and the boys caught sight of his face, Dana McDaniel exclaimed, "O, thank God, there is my brother!" and the little fellows shed tears of joy at their deliverance from their long and painful confinement. They were completely exhausted, and when the welcome voice came to their ears through the awful darkness the little fellows were looking for an open space where they could lie down together and take a sleep. Nine Ways to Commit Suicide. 1. Wear narrow, thin shoes. 2. Wear a "snug" corset. 3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms till midnight. 4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room. 5. Eat food rapidly and at irregular intervals. 6. Use coffee, tea, spirits and tobacco. 7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionary and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them. 8. Marry a fashionable woman and live beyond your income. 9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend to you in every slight ailment. A wit being requested to say a "good thing," laconically responded "Oysters."

Wit and Humor. Since ladies have taken to using newspapers for bustles, publishers complain that their fair subscribers are more in arrears than before. A Dayton clergyman frankly says he has little hopes of squeezing through the golden gates. He has solemnized 3,285 marriages. A lady, speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie." A young lady, on being asked where was her native place, replied; "I have none, I am the daughter of a Methodist minister." "Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman. "No, sir," was the reply, "I am the man who cooks the mate." Josh Billings gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if your mustach don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach does the best nothing else does so well." "Mike, will you come in and take a drink?" Mike looked at the man for the space of half a minute, and then rolling his eyes upward, very softly said: "I t'ot it was an angel-sapakin' to me." A merchant in Topeka recently lost \$450 in cash. As his wife and one of his clerks have not been seen since, he is apprehensive that they were murdered for the money. While a clergyman of the Methodist order was praying at a camp meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro man loudly exclaimed: "Amen, yes, bless God, cut the tail smack, smooove off!" A Davenport man, with three marriageable daughters, has posted the following notice over his bell-pull: "Wood, \$6, a cord; coal, 30 cents a bushel; gas dear and bad. Parties staying after nine o'clock will please settle quarterly." The ladies of Belleville, Ill., have canvassed their towns and alleviated all cases of suffering they could. They were obliged to marry off thirteen disconsolate old bachelors before their task was completed. An old German while on his way from Indianapolis to Lafayette froze his nose. While thawing the frozen out of that very necessary member he remarked: "By tam I I no understands dis ting. I haf carry dot nose forty-seven year, and he never frized his nose?" A bright little boy, hearing his father say that a man ought to "stick to his bus iness," emptied a bottle of mucilage in the old gentleman's office chair. The old man says he has not been stuck 'so badly since 1857, and rewarded his offspring by taking him on a whaling trip to the back cellar. TOLD THE TRUTH.—"I say, fellows," remarked a loafer to some of his companions. "Let us see who can tell the biggest lie." "All right," said one. "I'm the biggest fool in America." "Oh shaw! exclaimed the first contemptuously: "We agreed to tell nothing but lies, and you commenced by telling the truth." At Point Creek, Jackson county, a trader had bought sheep of a resident.—Resident had one more to sell, when the following conversation ensued: Trader—"I'll give you two dollars for that sheep." Resident—"It's worth five dollars." T.—"It ain't worth two dollars." R.—"It's worth five dollars." T.—"It ain't." R. (drawing a large navy)—"What's that there sheep worth?" T.—"Under the circumstances, I think it's worth nigh unto six dollars." They traded forthwith. Hoping against Hope. There are several residents of Detroit whose friends took passage on the missing City of Boston, which went down to her ocean grave in such a mysterious manner that her fate has never been ascertained. Although so long a time has elapsed since the steamer was given up, there are those here who have the strongest faith that at least some of the passengers were cast away on some shore or island, and will some day make their escape to tell the sad story. One of these is a woman of sixty, whose manly and pronouncing son was one of the passengers. She has subscribed for a Boston paper for no other reason than that she thinks the press of that city will be the first to receive the news of the ship. As regular as the paper is received she opens it in the hope that her son's fate may be explained, and disappointment only engenders new hope. His plate is kept at the table, and to almost every friend who call she says, "I have not yet heard from William, but I hope to this week." The neighbors feel that the hope is the only sunlight of her life and encourage her in it. No one but a mother could hope thus against all the rest of the world, and none but a mother's heart could continue so faithful through all the long months since the missing steamer, so heavily freighted with human souls, plunged down to her deep sea grave or was cast on pieces on the rocks of some forbidden shore.