The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR — A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. — $2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 25. — WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1873. — NUMBER 48

Select Poetry.

SONGS OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I walked down the Valley of Silence.
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovels where Angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices,
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but Human and Sin.

I walked thro' the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the false with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even the glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, half tired of the Human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
'Till I knelt long ago at the altar,
And I heard a voice call me; since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said: "Be mine!"
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be Thine!"

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censor
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim Valley
'Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float in the speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass thro' the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his Angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE WONDERFUL DREAM.

"Yes, yes, sartin! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into came of a—wonderful dream. "I'll tell you about it."

You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men made suddenly poor. I was living then in Grew. One day old Samuel Whitney of Oxford stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had beed laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful. There were brooks and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, and streets all laid out, and spots for churches and schoolhouses marked out in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map to be a wild, worthless tract, all rocks and swamp; but on the edge of this tract in another township my cousin owned a piece of a good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in hundred acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once coming to see the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look upon their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set, when they were reassembled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped-out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the eastward the land settled under the mud and water of a sunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pine forest with a river upon its border, upon which was a superb water-power. John Twist bought it and paid for it, and when he came to look at it, he found it to be a mass of barren rocks, with here and there a clump of shrub oak and few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, and which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however; the excitement passed on, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the graves of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stocking.

One morning early, after our crops had been garnered, a man, riding a sorry-looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well-looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that the man was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and beast for the night. Of course we welcomed them cheerfully, and were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer; and Betsey said to me after he had retired that she never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning at the breakfast table, Mr Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as we asked him. Finally my wife told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled and said he had slept well, saving the spell of a very curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night.—Betsey asked him if he would not tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth" he said, with a solemn look. "I haven't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars, and it never profited me a cent. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver.

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. This mine seemed to his vision to be utterly exhaustless in the precious metal; but he could not locate it. Betsey, wh se curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at t e door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our door would be always open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons he said, from the Home Board to return to Boston and make immediate preparation for a Winter campaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we enjoyed first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was litterally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy pervaded all his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure to do so, but his call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same dream again.

"This time," he said, "the vision came in wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild, desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snows of Winter seem to find release in Spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark, wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the place he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old stumpy pine tree, he had seen out-cropping of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface; and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed cupidity to get the better of my honesty. I allowed the reverend gentleman to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And that spot was on the wild lot, which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old axe and pick, I sallied forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck with the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place—made from the simple impression of a dream—is it a marvel that I was strangely influenced? I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer had particularly designated and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as a hen's egg; and, upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been taken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only lay awake and think of the vast wealth that lay burried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot is not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And moreover, if I made further explorations while the land was not mine, the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could purchase it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot, he informed me that not only that lot, but a number of others were for sale.—They had been advertised, and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him that I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep-pasture I needed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known.—On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred acre lots, and sold by the original plans of the Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one-quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper had been discovered upon it. A stranger in jocky clothes started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger, who wore a blue frock and top boots, bid seventy-five.

There was more talk about iron and ore. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest and bid one dollar and twenty-five. Up—up up twenty-five cents at a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the whole country was worth But I held my bid, and kept my own contest.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the Squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was present a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth.

Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now said Simpkins, "just bound off."

I looked out the window, and saw at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green coat. with bright, glaring buttons, just mounting a horse, I recognized the horse, and I recognized the man!

"Who is that man?" I asked: "he with the green coat and brass buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle-green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle-bags behind him, and but toned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It rushed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and John Twist were one and the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me!

A few days afterwards I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter!"

I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of lead and tin, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it before hand."

Touching further explorations on my "Twist lot," I will not speak. I will only add that I have an old stocking with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it, but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with the truth that there's no end to them.

My Dear Old Sunny Home.

Where the mocking bird sang sweetly,
Many years ago;
Where the sweet magnolia blossoms
Grew as white as snow.

There I never thought that sorrow,
Grief, nor pain, could come;
Ere to crush the joys and pleasures,
Of my sunny home.

Flowers withered, roses drooping,
Round my cottage door;
And the birds that sang so sweetly,
Sing alas no more.

Everything seems changed in nature,
Since I crossed the foam;
To return my poor heart broken,
To my sunny home.

Other forms and stranger faces,
All that I can see;
Brings to memory thoughts of loved ones,
Who were dear to me.

But my poor heart sinks within me,
When I turn to roam;
Far from all I loved and cherished,
Good-bye sunny home.

Can I leave you? can I leave you?
Good-bye sunny home.

Honor Your Business.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this way men fret and laboriously destroy all their comforts in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserably shifting from one thing to another till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grasp. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is no profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is effected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-trying necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty, and pleasure on the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with pleasant associations, for Heaven has given us imagination, and alone to make up poets but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects.

Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which may develop honest pride.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.—We must come back to our point, which is, not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable, but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces, are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others' vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be.—Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy services.

BE MODEST AND SENSIBLE.—Do not be above your business no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at your work, quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades that are good to traders, are good to buyer. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting your boots muddy. When you can dig fields with tooth-picks, blow ships along with fans, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, then it will be fine time for dandies. Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

Forty years ago a revolutionary soldier deposited $100 pension money in a New Hampshire savings bank, and in each of the following years added $15 more.—Neither principal nor interest has ever been drawn, and the amount now is $1,228,81, with a share in an extra dividend about to be made.

STRANGE AND TRUE.

In 187—, on the steamer——, from Louisville to Bowling Green was quite a large party of passengers. We had gotton some distance up Green River, when, at some landing, a gentleman and lady came aboard, registered as man and wife, and were duly assigned a stateroom in the ladies' cabin. The boat's cabin presented the usual varied scene, some reading, several groups at the card tables, knots here and there engaged in conversation. In a few minutes a waiter came forward and told the Captain that the lady just come aboard, wished to see him in her room, who, a little surprised and wondering, went immediately back and knocked at the door, which was hesitatingly, cautiously, with evident signs of trepidation, opened. They were both unmistakably much alarmed, and the lady appealed to the Captain piteously for protection. To his astonished inquiries about the cause of all this, she explained that in passing down the hall she recognized a man who had been her husband, but from whom she had been separated and married again, and who had driven them from their homes with threats of violence and followed them with every possible annoyance; that they had but just left a place in Indiana, as they thought secretly, when lo! and behold, there he was after them in Kentucky. She was in despair and implored the Captain to protect them. He assured her that he would, but begged her to point out the man, as he was acquainted with nearly all, and could not imagine which one it could be. After much importunity, the curtain being partially drawn so as to secure her from view, she was at last prevailed upon to pass cautiously out, her husband standing behind her and evidently equally frightened. The ridiculousness of the scene presented here may be imagined. Her eye, with terrible fascination, at last rests upon him, and she points out a Mr. ——, well known to the Captain—a gentleman whom he had known for years—well knew he was not married and had every reason to believe never had been.

The Captain assured her that she was mistaken; that he knew the fact above related in regard to the man, and that it could not be true. She said, vehemently: "I know it is him. Do you think it possible that I could live with a man three years in the relation of wife, and that only a few weeks should intervene since I saw him, and then be unable to recognize him, or mistake another for him?"

This was a poser sure enough, and to a stranger to all the parties, convincing and unanswerable. But, then, there stood the living, ineradicable, insurmountable fact that this was John —— and not Mr. ——. I had known for five or six years that he was not married, and had not been within that time. So we had it, neither being able to convince the other. I proposed to bring him up for closer inspection, but she was too much afraid of him to consent; but repeated assurances of protection at last prevailed, and I went out for him. Calling him out from his card party, I briefly told him what had occurred, and in his wondering amazement he assumed something of the appearance of a frightened culprit. Brought face to face, the ludicrousness and singularity of the case culminated. He commences:

"What is this you accuse me of, madam? of being your former husband? of following you with threats to kill, etc?—Why, I do not know you—never saw you before on earth, to my knowledge, and I never had a wife."

She answering—"What, sir? You deny that your name is ——, that you were once my husband, and that we were separated in ——, Indiana?"

He—"Yes, madam, I do deny it, each and all, most emphatically."

By this time quite a crowd had been attracted as witnesses and auditors. She evidently was not convinced of her mistake, and after a slight pause says:

"Well, there is one way to decide this question of veracity between you and myself. If you are Mr. ——, and my former husband, you have a deep scar in the edge of and hidden in your hair and at the top of your forehead."

Imagine the scene here. All are eager to see the result of this test, as he pulls off his hat, and, stooping, presents his head for close inspection. She looks again; there was no scar to be seen. He feels that he has triumphed, and the company present acquit him; but she amused and confused, seems but half convinced. Here the case rests. I have never since seen or heard of the strangely deluded lady; but the gentleman, the subject of this delusion, is still living on Green River, a respected, good citizen, and the hundreds who know him know this was a mistake, but a mistake utterly incredible and incomprehensible—not committed by an acquaintance, nor even an intimate friend, but by a wife, who had lived with a man in the marital state for three or four years, and only separated from him then for a few months. As a case of "mistaken identity," it certainly is without a parallel.—"*S. W. C.*," *in Bowling Green, (Ky.,) Pantagraph.*

THE LOSS OF ONE SUBSCRIBER.—One of our exchanges recently lost a subscriber; the man thought he had ruined the establishment, and did not expect another number could possibly be issued. Contrary to his expectations the paper came out as usual, the number containing the following from the editor: "It was pretty close work for a while, we confess; but by omitting to put sugar in our tea, and by buying a cheaper grade of paper collars and reversing them for the second and third time, we managed to rub along until a new subscriber came and took the place of our respected, disgusted friend, and then Richard was himself again.—Nothing but right economy will carry one safely over such a calamity as the loss of a subscriber."

A Credit to Skilled Mechanics.

A cotemporary, reciting the facts gathered during an inspection of a large penitentiary, states that in reply to a casual question as to whether convicts are put to work at the trades they followed before being brought to the institution, the Warden replied that they seldom found a convict who was a skilled mechanic, and that it was always necessary to teach those sentenced to terms in the penitentiary, a trade. Here is a fact which has a world of thought in it, showing that the untrained and the idle are always the vicious and the criminal. Our own observation corroborates the statement of our cotemporary. A workingman, a steady going mechanic, and a business man following his ventures guided by principle and fair dealing, never gets into criminal practices. If he becomes embarrassed, it is by results in trade which he could not prevent, and in order to extricate himself he never resorts to dishonest practices.—He recovers himself in an honorable manner. But your universal genius—your sagacious and exceedingly *smart* young man, is he who gains his ends by tricks, and secures his objects by criminal action. It is such men that are constantly robbing the law. They are ever calculating how far they can go in crime, without falling into the clutches of the law, and never do anything honestly which they can do dishonestly and escape arrest.—They are of the idle class. To work as skilled mechanics do, is beneath their dignity, and therefore it is that our penitentiaries are filled with such as these There is little to be amazed at in this fact.

Parents who esteem their sons as too "noble" to learn trades, live to behold them in many an ignoble condition of poverty and crime, the result of the idleness forced upon them by false pride. The lesson is before us daily, that industry is the surest preventative of crime; but like all good teaching, it is most wofully neglected.

WISDOM.—Perfection is the point for which all should steadily aim.

Let us plant the earth with noble deeds, and she will yield us children of the sun. —*Hume.*

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Nothing is more precious than time.—Never be prodigal of it. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophp; a clean conscience is best law; and honesty the best policy.

The reign of good principle in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

The willingness of American citizens to throw their fortunes into the cause of public education is without a parallel in my experience.—*Tyndall.*

The successful business man is he who has a practical system, and keeps his eye on the little expenses, knowing that small leaks sink great ships.

A man should first relieve those who are connected with him by whatever tie, and then, if he has anything to spare, may extend his bounty to a wider circle. —*Johnson.*

Every look, tone, gesture of a man is a symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we can discern the fine organization by which the soul sends itself out in every act of the being. And the more perfectly developed the creature, the more significant, and yet the more mysterious, is every habit, and every motion, mightier than habit, of body or soul.—*Winthrop.*

It is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterers for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics, than run in debt for nice new furntiure, or clothes, or jewelry.

PUZZLE.

Before a circle let there appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight join if you can,
And then you'll form what conquers man.

The "last words" of men are quoted but no one ever says anything about the "last words" of woman. Probably no one ever heard them.

Our *Devil* goes "sparking."

Wit and Humor.

The following is the advertisement of a Western tailor: "Wanted—two or three steady girls, to put on pants."

An active bachelor in Maine claims to be 102 years old; but, as he "makes his own bed," according to a local paper, so he must lie.

The Western press avows its willingness to accept the theory of spontaneous generation if potato bugs appear after such a Winter as the one just passed.

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the Judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm, "Oh yes," said he, "my old woman."

LAZINESS.—An old neighbor of Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slow that the shade of his broad brimmed hat killed the plants.

A German in Buffalo fell into a beer vat the other day and was drowned.—He drank as hard as he could to save himself, and would have succeeded had not a cork choked him.

Did our reader ever hear their young lady acquaintances ask each other "What's your politics?" and then giggle. The question has a hidden meaning. For explanation apply to the first lady you know who wears a bustle.

A Connecticut woman waa recently bereft of the faculty of speech by being hit with a snowball, and many married men in that part of the country have been heard to remark that, after all, winter has advantages not afforded by any other season.

A spread eagle orafor of New York State wanted the wings of the bird to fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flew a mile."

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, jist tell me that—for it's meself that's had to maintain ye iver since the blissed day that Father O'Flanigan sint me hum to yer house."

"Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "an' its meself that hopes I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivvers me—thin by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey."

WHY HE ASKED.—Coupon, the corpulent banker, was standing in Wall street one hot day in August, "wiping the servile drops from off his brow," when a ragged but sharp-eyed newsboy accosted him with:

"Please, sir, tell me the time."

Coupon lugged out his time piece, and looking benignly down on his interlocutor, responded:

"Just two o'clock."

"All right, old buffer," said the gamin, gathering his rags together for a run.—"You can sell out for soap-grease at three."

The insulted man of money raised his cane, and, making a frantic rush for his tormentor, nearly fell over a friend who was coming up the street.

"Hello, Coupon, what's the trouble? said the other.

"Matter!" said Coupon, puffing with heat and anger, "why one of those newsboys asked me the time, and when I told him two o'clock, the impudent young scoundrel said I might sell out for soap-grease at three."

"Don't be in such a hurry," was the malicious response; "it's only five minutes past two; you've got fifty-five minutes to do it in."

BUFFALO ON THE PLAINS.—A report of the Agricultural Department shows that it is almost certain the buffalo will disappear with the Indian—the aboriginal inhabitants with the animal mainly relied upon for his meat and clothing. It appears that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad reached Fort Dodge, above the great bend on the Arkansas river, in Kansas, on the 23d of September, 1872.—From that date to December 31st, the shipment at that station of buffalo hides was 43,029; of buffalo meat, 1,436,290 pounds. These figures do not include the many buffaloes shot by sportsmen in warm weather, nor those slain for food by frontier residents; and although they show a slaughter of over 43,000 in a little over three months, they are less than they would have been had not the horse disease hindered the transportation of hides and meat to the station. It is believed that the slaughter for the current season of 1872-3 will amount to 100,000 in the neighborhood of Fort Dodge alone.

NEWSPAPERS.—If a young lady wishes a gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No *Spectater*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you please. We add too that she would like it done with *Dispatch*, no *Register* or *Journal* kept of it, and for him not to *Herald* it, or mention it to a *Recorder* or *Chronicle* it abroad. Her lips should be the only *Repository*, and the *Sun* should be excluded if possible. If a *Messenger* got it, the *World* would soon know it, for the *News* is now carried by *Telegraph* where it was formeraly done by the *Couriers*, who was always ready to *Gazette* it. In the act, the *Press* upon the lips should be light and the *Union* perfect—assuring ourselves that no *Argus* eye was upon us, and the only *Reflector* present the *Mirror*. *Review* the case as you will, no *Plain Dealer* in fact could be more *Independent* in this fast *Age*.