

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR

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## Select Poetry.



### THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The winds wander by with a melody sad,  
The skies are all shrouded and drear;  
Oh! how can my spirit be happy or glad  
With the frost of the autumn-time near!

The last withered blossoms are over my brow,  
And my heart-ears are all out of tune,  
No wonder I sit in the shadows alone,  
And sigh for the lilies of June.

Come back, come back, come back,  
O time, with your hurrying tread,  
And bear on your wings the bright joys that  
were mine

In the beautiful spring-time dead.

Oh! why did I dream through the harvest  
of bloom,  
Oh! why did I heedlessly stray—  
Not caring to garner the treasure till gloom  
Stole over the light of day?

And now, when the leaves that are scentless  
and sere,  
Fall thick in the path where I tread,  
My heart wanders back o'er the wide waste  
of track,  
To the beautiful days that are dead.

Gone are the joys that of life was a part,  
Silent the lips that I love,  
And all—the bright forms that were dear to  
my heart,  
The Father has gathered above.

I stand at the end of the flower-strewn path  
Where happy I wandered of yore,  
With tears falling fast o'er the graves of the  
hope

That can never be mine any more.

ANNIE M. CURTIS.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### A REAL GHOST STORY.

It is not worth while to tell me that the spirits of the dead never walk this earth, to be seen by mortal eyes after they have taken leave of their clayey tenements—I know better. Robert Dale Owen may write in favor of dead men coming back to visit the scenes of their mortal toils, and a thousand others may write against it; it all one to me. I shall have my own opinion, until I try to come back myself, and cut, and it is proved to me by the best authority of the spiritual world that no one can. You will say, I will make no doubts my friends have always done, that my fears alarmed me, and that my excited imagination caused me to fancy I saw the person of my old friend, Dr. Fenton Atwick, and heard his voice speaking to me, when I knew he was a crushed and mangled corpse, or you will conclude that I have been asleep. You will be equally mistaken in either hypothesis. In the first place, I was not a timid man. I never had been afraid of anything in the earth, air or sea. I had walked through lone burying-grounds, and by old churches, hundreds of times, in the dead of the night, and yet "Tim o' Shanter" visions had never yet caused me to quicken my pace. I had been all my life, a sturdy, hard working man; so, no sick, puling fancies had haunted me through long, and weary days of idleness; working for ten hours on the stretch until you are weary to death, and sleeping like a log for ten is not conducive to phantoms, nor did I wish it to be. I had no thought of writing novels, or even "ghost stories," in those days. I was a plodding chancery lawyer, never venturing to make a speech, but drugging as I have said, for the clothes I wore, and the food by which life was kept in my body. Dr. Fenton Atwick had moved to Darbytown years before. It was well he had an ability to fall back upon, for there was need of his deplored, or of any science. He had a case or so of "ague and fever," and sometimes in the autumn a few chills—nothing more. Strange that Dr. Atwick should have been the first death! Alas, poor physician, thou wast "unable to heal thyself!" Our salubrious climate and bracing mountain air might baffle every effort of misman to find a victim along us. But accident—the creature of fate—how unfortunate, how impossible guard against its treacherous dealings. The veriest invalid on earth was safe from that than hale, hearty Fenton Atwick.

I don't know how I got into a sort of reverie one evening—thinking of all our lives, and the popular idea that we all have a "mission" to perform. I wasn't given to such things. I should soon have thought of joining an opera troupe—having no more idea of music than a steam engine—as turning metaphysician. But in there I sat, looking out at my window at the giant mountains, ablaze with the golden aureole of the setting sun, with my pen behind my ear, and a ponderous volume of Coke, all unheeded before me, asking myself, over and over again, of what avail my life had been to myself or others, and whether it was tending, until the light died, too, from the western sky, and the shadows of night, or of death, crept, darker and darker, into the room. "Fahaw, I exclaimed," I am as visionary as a child emerging from, or an old man going into, realms of the unknown. Very soon we, too, will be dust, as our ancestors are—perhaps a part of that which the young man, galloping madly by but a few moments ago, sent curling into my window here, over my books and into my nostrils. And then our children (not mine, of course

as I am a bachelor, but other people's) will look out of this very window, as I am doing now, and wonder what they were made for, and whitherward they are tending. And they will find themselves—in the dark, as I am." I struck myself a sharp blow on the forehead, as if by this means I should effectually fling the ghostly thoughts that were bewitching me; and drawing a parlor match across the green surface that covered my table, I lit my lamp and reopened the book. But, strange to say, I could not collect my thoughts. "I am tempted," I muttered, "to go for Atwick and Fleet and Jones, and have a rubber at whist, for it seems I am determined to be at cross purposes with time this evening." I sprang out of my chair as I concluded, for a heavy "thud," like the falling of a human body, struck distinctly on my ear. I glanced hastily around the room, and, as nothing was disturbed, listened for a repetition of the sound from without; but the silence was profound, and I heard some one walking rapidly down the street. "It is some visitor to me, I hope." Then there came the sound of the running feet, and some one came up. I turned quickly around as the door was pushed open.

"Ah, Fleet, it is you! I am glad to see you. Come in." He did come in; and there was a ghastly look upon him, frightful to behold.

"Come, Jerry," he said, while his teeth chattered. "I have been sent to fetch you. A fearful accident has just happened. Dr. Atwick—"

"What?" I asked, what a shudder I thought to be mortal passed through and through me.

"He is already dead, and as I have told you, by an accident as horrible as it was unreason. Jones was with him in his office, and he had risen to come up here, when Atwick extinguished his lamp, and turning suddenly, stepped out of the window instead of the door, and fell upon the rocks below. He was a lead man when he got down to him."

"My God, how horrible!"

"It was at the scene of the catastrophe in a few moments. And there, laid out already with the grim formalities of death I gazed upon the dead body of my friend Atwick, whom I had beheld but a few hours before in the perfection of health—a mangled bloody corpse lying still upon the pavement, with a crowd of people gathered, like ghostly statuettes, in the twilight about it. Some of the men had already constructed a litter. As was requested as I knew Mrs. Atwick, perhaps better than any one in the village, to hasten on before, and break the hideous truth to her as gently as I could. I shrank back appalled. Demurred and fearful, I should positively have declined this painful duty of friendship but for the temporary absence of our rector, and the necessity of speedy action in some one. The statement of a great writer that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortune of our dearest friends, is a rank libel upon even medium human nature. I should not have been more distressed if Mary Atwick, the woman to whom I was going on such an errand, had been my own sister. And yet my acquaintance with her was very slight. She was anything but a popular woman; she had mingled but little with the people of the village, and had thus remained without friends, while Atwick himself had been a universal favorite. I had visited his house on more social terms than any one else; I believe, and though I had never found her varying from a cold and haughty reserve, I had every reason to believe that Atwick was devotedly attached to her and his children. If, however, I had known it to be otherwise—if they had been to each other objects of mutual indifference, or sometimes even of aversion, should I not still have hesitated to break the death of a household with tidings of such a death to one of its members? Yet, I was stricken with a dumb sort of amazement that I had realized nothing of my position, and had not a thought of what I was to say—even when I found my hand upon the gate of the yard inclosure. All at once, however, a sense of what I had come to do struck to my soul, and the same shudder I had experienced in my office thrilled me from head to foot. There was no light about the house as I went up the gravel walk. But I thought some one had come on the same errand, as I saw the figure of a man going up before me. I paused an instant on the threshold of the portico, waiting for the figure, with its back turned toward me, to lift the knocker to strike for admission, when the door flew open with a sound, and the person entering revealed to me, my God—the blood-stained features of Fenton Atwick himself!

"How, how?" I cried, "have you recovered so to get here before me, and alone?"

It moved toward the door of an inner room, beckoning to me with his mutilated, bloody hand. And a voice that I should have known without the words, belonging to nothing mortal, said slowly: "I am here in the spirit, here you, Jerry; my body follows in space. But, that thou dost do quickly, or poor Mary's heart will be broken."

I was still looking when the figure vanished, as I knew it would, and I was again alone in the moonlight. Wondering amazed, everything but frightened, I paused a moment in dumfounded bewilderment. There was no stronger emotion in heart or mind than bitter, bitter sorrow for the woman upstairs, as I stepped back and gave a long loud rap upon the door. A servant came to light the lamp in the hall, and admitted me. Mrs. Atwick came in a moment. Her face was whiter than the gown she wore, as she looked at me.

"I was at the window upstairs, when I saw you come in at the gate with Dr. Atwick beside you. Tell me where he has gone!"

I tried to speak to her but I could not. My lips were still sealed, when all at once she went down on her knees, crying that "he was dead." She asked no confirmation from me of the horrible truth that had come upon her. I never saw any creature go on as she did in my life, and I hope in God's mercy that I never may. When I spoke to her, at last, she railed out at me "to be gone, and leave her alone, for I had murdered him!" I think her mind had entirely lost its balance. I knocked at the door of the next house, and bade the woman go to her, for I could do nothing. They had taken her upstairs when the heavy tramp of the men with the litter was heard without.

"He has shown no symptoms of returning consciousness, I suppose?" I said to Fleet.

"Consciousness! I should say not, when he was dead even before Jones had lifted him from the earth," I was answered. "When the body was laid out—in spite of the horror that came over me by its presence—I looked at it. I knew that it was dead, as dead as you or I will be when we have slept under the sod a thousand years. And yet I could not divest myself of the idea that there was a latent expression of consciousness about the fact. I saw it through the congealed blood upon his temple—even after I had touched his brow with my finger, and found it colder than the marble slab upon the table close at hand. No wonder they should tell me that I was white and sick! Men have been as pale with far less cause."

They sent me home with a young fellow named Compton. He and I and some others were to sit up the next night. I had not slept one wink when the day dawned again; but I was glad to walk about beneath the light of the sun, and be able to talk about that fearful accident with my fellow townsmen, though in a strange and subdued voice. When the evening came I went back to the widow house again. The horror of the thing seemed as fresh upon them all as the evening before; and strong men sat in the shadow of this great calamity, with eyes on which the mist of tears had gathered, ever and anon, and talked—if at all—in hushed whispers to each other.

It was the old fashioned way, and we were sitting in the room with the corpse. It was considerably past midnight when I took a book from the little table, on which a pot of coffee had been placed, and began to read. Soon after this the men proposed a walk; but, as Charley Fleet and Compton were to remain, I said nothing. I was still reading, as wide awake and as free from fear as I ever was in my life, when the same shudder I have spoken of twice before ran over me from head to foot, and froze the blood in my veins. The book dropped from my hands. I looked up and saw Fleet and Compton both asleep in their chairs. I strove to utter a sound. And again the low voice I had heard upon the portico came to me in a low but distinct tone: "Hurry to the dispensary, or it will be too late." Mary is there. My spirit can no longer strive with her; it is departing from earth." I turned my head with a fearful sort of attraction, toward the body. The sheet was turned down and the face exposed to view. The ghastliness of death was still there; but the face looked at me.

"My God, Compton, look, look at that!" He sprang to his feet in an instant.

How did it happen? His wife must have been here while we were doing. "I knew that I had never been further from sleep; but his voice reassured me, though he said he had heard nothing, and I rose hastily.

"Quick to the dispensary!" He followed me in amazement to the little room in the rest of the house where Fenton Atwick had kept a supply of medicines, which he often distributed, gratis, to the hands of the factory five miles down the river. I hastily pushed the door open, and beheld Mrs. Atwick standing at a desk.

As I sprang forward she fell face downward on the floor. We lifted her to a sofa, but she was dead.

A phial of prussic acid was open on the desk.

THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO.—The mountain ranges of Colorado cover an area of from 60,000 to 70,000 square miles. This excludes bodily the entire territory east of this point. All Switzerland, however, is 16,000 square miles, or, to be accurate, 15,990. The fact is, Switzerland, compared to Colorado, is as one of the little wooden toy cows to a living Buffalo. You can take up the whole little State and set it down in either the North, Middle, or South Parks, without touching the rim of the mountains which wall in these grand and singular inclosures. These parks are each of them from 24,000 to 28,000 square miles in extent, and the San Louis is nearly as large as all three.

So far as to magnitude, which is certainly an element, of mountain scenery—as to pure scenic beauty, of course the evidence can not be reduced to figures; but it is reasonable to suppose that this vast expanse of gigantic ranges, endless canons, bottomless gulches, with its lake swung 12,000 feet in air, and its cascades and icy waterfall still higher—with its eternal snows and pre-Adamite stone forest of tropical effluence—offers all other land or region can claim. Call Switzerland the "miniature Colorado of Europe," if you please, but let us have done forever with the other phrase, which has little or no meaning in itself when the above facts are considered.—*Ehrenkroeger's Journal.*

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to character.

TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE GIRL.

Some time since mention was made of the death of a young lady telegraph operator who received fatal injuries on the Pennsylvania railroad while rushing before a train of passengers and saving them from a catastrophe, a tree having fallen across the track during a storm. A Pittsburg poet contributes the following lines to the memory of the self-sacrificing girl:

No braver act than thine, sweet girl,  
Can thrill the poet's heart,  
Nor touch with an ecstatic glow,  
The painter's matchless art.

In saving others thou didst give  
Thy own unspotted life,  
And left behind a name that shines  
Effulgent through the strife.

What though the storm in fury raged,  
The lightning flashed and played,  
The thunders pealed, roared and rolled,  
And all for succor prayed—

The swift feet bore the signal light  
That saved the rushing train,  
With all its freight of precious life  
And joys that yet remain.

But thou art gone, thy race is done,  
Dear ones have laid thee low,  
And o'er thy tomb the flowers of spring  
In tender beauty grow.

Whilst thy freed spirit gladly soars  
Through realms of endless bliss,  
Above the tempests and the storms  
Of such a world as this.

From the Decatur (Iowa) Ventilator, May 8.

Unrivalled Parental Culty.

The good old universal doctrine that all will be saved may be a good thing to live by, and may do to die by, but we sometimes think there ought to be a "lake of fire and brimstone," and a regular fire-eating, forked-tailed devil, whose business it should be to snatch bald-headed such miscreants and brutes in human form as we are about to describe.

It seems that there lives in Washington township, this county, a man named Wertzer—a German (not a Bohemian, as the papers have it)—who has a wife, a good farm, and is surrounded by all the comforts of life, apparently—and it also appears that this man and woman had a foolish child, a girl ten years old, who ten years ago, was known in the neighborhood. All at once the child was missed by the neighbors, and finally she was forgotten by all of them, save one Mrs. Steffen. Mrs. S. had kept her in mind for the last ten years, and upon inquiring about her a few days ago, and getting an evasive answer, suspicious were aroused, and she made an affidavit before the proper authorities, sufficiently strong to compel legal investigation of the case. Sheriff Thompson accordingly called upon the family, and made inquiry regarding the missing child. After some hesitancy, the father led the officer to an up-stair apartment, and pointed to a rude box 3 feet long by 22 inches wide, which contained the human being—a girl now 20 years old—wallowing in her filth and a sight which beggared description.

Suffice to say, the officer returned, and the Insane Commissioners, consisting of Dr. Coleman, Hon. G. R. Willett, and S. E. Tubbs, Clerk of the District Court, repaired to the house of Wertzer, to examine into the case.

The report of the Commissioners has been made, but we learn that the girl is not insane, or does not exhibit sufficient signs of insanity to place her in an asylum—thus the Insane Commissioners have no jurisdiction in the case.

The girl is described as a poor little, helpless, crippled up thing—her lower limbs being half bent and her arms likewise crooked. She has laid in her little box on her face, in a doubled-up condition, until she appears more like an animal than a human being. The appearance of the child indicates that she was first jammed into the little box, and covered up, or nailed up, until she had grown ill-shapen—in fact until she had become a frightful deformity, and then the inhuman parents were ashamed to let the people see her, and so they kept her confined in a filthy little pen or box for ten years. These are the indications presented by the appearance of the child and her cage.

The human mind cannot contemplate the suffering and misery this human being has endured—the long, cold winters she has passed in that miserable den—the starvation and privations she has suffered, and the wicked, cruel, demon-like, and outrageous treatment generally, which her appearance indicates she has received.

These facts, and the inferences drawn are given us by a description of the child and her place of abode by the Sheriff of the county, and a prominent physician of our city, who saw for themselves, and know whereof they affirm.

This report will cause the matter to be taken up by the grand jury, and humanity demands of them a verdict that will be a lesson to moral depravity and human barbarity, and a warning to human devils, that a great sin cannot go unpunished, even in Wrenschick county.

The entire German population of the county feel aggrieved, and their sense of honor and humanity is shocked at the development of this barbarous conduct on the part of a German family.

When you see a man in business who will not advertise or take a newspaper, look out for a mean, penurious skinflint, too tight to enjoy good health, and who holds a penny so near his eyes that he can't see a dollar.

We inscribe our affections upon a rock and the characters remain; we write our mercies on the sand, and the first wave of trouble washes them out.

In town—several pretty old maids,

A Traveler's Story.

One stormy evening a party of travelers were seated around a blazing fire in a house having somewhat the appearance of a hotel upon the Allegheny mountains. The coach had broken down, and they were detained until the next morning.

We had just finished a substantial supper and were sitting with our feet on a fender, and cigars in our mouths, ruminating upon the storm without, and the warm cozy comfort within.

Each one told a story or related an anecdote; and at last the turn came round to a hollow checked individual, who until then had remained silent.

"Gentlemen," said he, fixing a piercing gray eye upon one of the company—a Spaniard—who, uninvited, had drawn his chair up to the fire, "some ten years ago I was near being murdered in this house."

At this moment the Spaniard got up, and was going out of the room, when the narrator rose, and locking the door, put the key in his pocket.

He then took the Spaniard's arm, and leading him up to an old picture, surmounted by the England coat of arms, ran his finger along the motto, and said, at the same time, displaying the butt end of a revolver.

"Evil to him that evil does."

The Spaniard smiled, and said he did not feel well; but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he finished his story.

Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct he proceeded.

"Some years ago I was traveling across the mountains on horseback, and I stopped at this very house. The landlord was extremely obliging in attending to my comfort; and after supper he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine.

Nothing loath, I consented; and before midnight four empty bottles stood upon the table, and he was acquainted with all my business. I had a very large amount of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it till morning. Although somewhat intoxicated I did not approve of leaving it in his charge, and wishing him good night, I took my valise in my hand and retired to bed.

After I had undressed, I put my revolver under the pillow, and carefully as I thought examined the room. I laid myself down, and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus.

I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and collecting my scattered thoughts, I endeavored to think what I had been about. Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed.

What was my horror when I observed a piece of carpet stretched alongside the bed moved as if some thing was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but, thank heaven, I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst.

Grasping my revolver in my hand and hiding it under the bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep. In an instant afterwards I saw a trap door, which had been concealed by the carpet, cautiously raised up; and I beheld my landlord, with a knife in one hand and a dark lantern in the other, directing his glittering eye towards me. Still I moved not, but as he turned to put the lantern on the floor, I fired and he fell.

"You killed him, did you?" shrieked the Spaniard, almost jumping from his seat.

"Silence, until I have finished," said the stranger, again tapping his weapon.

"The instant I fired the villain fell. I got up and merely putting on my coat snatched up the lantern he dropped, and with my valise crept cautiously down to the stable ways a bright moonlight night and I soon saddled my horse. I galloped about ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners, and in their company returned to the house; but, despite of our rigid search, not even as much as the villain's body could be found. But if I can lay my hands upon him, if it cost me my life, he shall see the death of a dog.

As the stranger concluded, he rose and caught the Spaniard by the throat and tearing upon his shirt collar, showed the mark of a wound on his neck.

Three weeks afterwards Joseph Gomez was hung on his own confession of having murdered no less than five travelers in that same room.

Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eyes and glow to the cheek. The difference in the appearance of a person who habitually retires at 10 o'clock and that of the one who sits up until 12, is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eye, and the softness of the lines of the features, is, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before 12 o'clock, and thereby obtaining the "beauty sleep" of the night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of the skin and an absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

Flour matting sometimes will not go down smoothly—the inside being looser than the edge of the breadth; wet the edge and it can be drawn out flat and straight.

Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, lays down as his platform that he will "recommend no man for office, nor appoint one, who drinks."

A Danbury bride received, among her wedding gifts, a receipted bill of eight dollars for gate knives from her father.

Bill Arp on a Bust-le.

See here Mark Anthony—If I was you I wouldn't take on so about fashions. They don't bother me. It's none of your business that the women put on or put off so that they behave themselves and look just as pretty as they can. They are a heap better than you or me anyhow, whether they behave or not. I wouldn't give one woman for several men no time, would you? Now see him smile and pat that off foot. If women want to wear busses, let em wear em. I thought that panners was the best because they stuck out sideways and wasn't in the way of leaning back when they sat down, but they know which is the side to stick out on, and it's nobody's business but theirs. They may wear anything they want to, busses and hoops and gangovers and convexes and collapes and whimiddles and stickouts and topnoses come down and anything else so there is a woman hid away somewhere inside of it all. It's all a sham—that rubber busses—there ain't no substance or backbone in it. I've seen em flat and seen em blown up. There ain't a bit of harm in em, but never see one on a woman that I don't want to hit it just hard enough to make it pop. I golly, wouldn't she jump high and holler? But I'm not going to do it; no sir; I've got too much respect for woman. Their busses don't hurt nobody, and I do despise to see a man always pickin at a woman's close. If they didn't wear something to disguise themselves the men would quit business when they come about. Purty women always did wear something to skeer the men away. It's been so forever. During the war I seed one woman who dressed just as natural as life, without any padden or stuffin, and when she cum along the boys jest laid down and rolled over and holler-ed. They weren't fit for business for a week. Some of the birds are dressed mighty fine, and I reckon their pride ain't much of sin after all. But understand me, Mark; I don't hanker after busses, tho' they say it makes the nicest little shelf for the arm to rest on in the world, when a feller is dancing around with his ain. That's all right, providing the feller ain't dancing with my gal. If he is he may take her and keep her, that's all.

BILL ARP.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod (father of the late Norman Macleod) was proceeding from the manse to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him:

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," says the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is, but be brief, for time presses me."

"The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"

"Ye doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

The doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

HOW NOAH READ THE BIBLE IN THE ARK.—Wm. Cullen Bryant, of the N. Y. Evening Post, is traveling in Florida, and in one of his letters he gives the following extract from the sermon of a colored minister of that State. The preacher had dwelt awhile on the fall of man and the act of disobedience by which sin came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah. He then said: "De world got to be very wicked, de people all bad, and de Lord made up his mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man who read his Bible, and did jus as de Lord told him. And he told Noah to build a big ark, big enough to hole part of every living alive on de earth. And Noah build it. And de birds come flyin' to de ark, and de big lion and de cow and de possum come in, and de horse come trotting to de ark, and de leetle worms come cresspin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come in, and dey laugh at Noah and his big ark—And den de rain come down, but Noah he set comfortably and dey in de ark and read his Bible. And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de door step of de house, and gin to eber de floor, and den de sinner be scared and knock at the door ob de ark. Berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket and rear, and de dog bark, and de ox bellow, but Noah keep on reading de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah, Noah, let us come in.' And Noah say, 'I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord had lock de door and trow away de key.'"

An absent minded man in Tennessee used a roll of greenbacks as a stopper to his molasses jug, and the next day nearly tore the inside of his house to pieces looking for the missing money. His wife set things right when she baked gingerbread that afternoon.

Wit and Humor.

The child that cried for an hour didn't get it.

Beecher says a man or woman looks best when dressed. Quite the.

The South Carolina Legislature contains 101 colored members.

A young man being told to "bring the old lyre," brought in his mother-in-law.

Naturalists claim that the crow is one of the bravest of birds, because it never shows the white feather.

California housewives describe a man as "that ere stuff which you put in bousets to make 'em get up and Grecian bend themselves."

A Connecticut man is going to have out of the State right away because the trustees of a cemetery object to his rising onions on his cemetery lot.

"If ever I cease to love," is the latest expression indulged in by some of our galant young men—and our *dear* is not behind the times.

I can't drink liquor," said Bob; "it goes right to my head." "Well," said Bob's friend, "where could it go with less danger of being crowded?"

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."

"Caesar, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it?"

"Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how dese ben debbles was cast outen Mary Magdelene?"

"Oh, yes, I've read that."

"Did you eber hear of em ben cast out of any other woman, sah?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, den, all de odders got 'em yit."

It rained the other evening, and there was an entertainment. A young gentleman said to a young lady: "May I have the pleasure of protecting you with my umbrella?" "And," said she, with her round expressive eyes looking full into his, "Put up your rag."

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking man, accosting Jones. "Well yes; thank you, as it's a cold morning, I don't mind," replied Jones, removing his quid of tobacco. "Don't do it any more," replied the mild man, "or you will eventually be—Goud morning, God bless you."

Mr. Bacon, the hero of the "Georgia Scenes," was courting a lady in Georgia or Carolina. She had refused him frequently, and he as often repeated his suit. At one interview she became exceedingly annoyed at his importunity, and told him that she could not marry him; that their tastes, opinions, likes, and dislikes were totally different. "In fact," she said, "Mr. Bacon, I don't think there is one subject on earth upon which we agree." "I assure you Madam, that you are mistaken, and I can prove it." "If you can mention one thing about which we agree, I will marry you." "Well," said Mr. Bacon, "I will do it. Suppose, now, you and I were traveling together. We arrive at a hotel and there are only two beds for us, in the one there is a man, and in the other a woman; which bed would you select to sleep in?" She arose indignantly, and replied, "With the woman of course sir!" "So would I!" earnestly replied Mr. Bacon.

COULDN'T SIGN AWAY HIS LIBERTY.—A Missouri planter, having allowed his swine to range in the woods, at one time missed several of them. Suspicion, at once rested upon a certain neighbor, and the planter resolved to watch the actions of his pork-loving neighbor. One day, while riding through the woods, the planter came upon the man in the act of lifting a fine young porker to his saddle in order to take it home.

"Now," said the planter, "I have caught you at last."

"Yes, massa, you's ketched me sure dis time."

"Well I shall have to send you to prison."

"Oh, no, massa, you ain't gwine to send me to prison. Just your think of my poor wife and children," and the poor man put in such an earnest plea for his wife and children that the planter's heart relented.

"Well," said the planter, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You pay me for one-half the number of swine you have killed and sign a paper not to kill any more, and I will let you go."

"No," said the lover of his neighbors' pork, "no, massa, I'll pay for all I have stolen, but as for signing away my liberties, I can't do it."

Many an unwearied parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is tending blindness under the arms of those who cannot swim; ten chances to one, he will lose his bladder to go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done enough for him. So to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature subservient to the laws which govern men and you have given him that which will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.