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BY W. BLAIR.

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NUMBER 1

Select Poetry.



REMEMBERING.

BY ROSE TERRY.

When I remember
The glow of that departed place
Where life beguiled its day of grace,
Far off through all these misty years,
Or through the dimmer haze of tears,
Forever green it seems to me;
Immortal blooms on every tree—
A land wherein the very grass,
Like falling flowers, came soft and slow;
No winter chill to crisp the air,
But spring eternal everywhere.
Dear, vanished land! how fair to see
Those sad and lovely pastures lie,
That I remember!

When I remember!
The little cluster of my kin,
Who stood those sunny fields within,
How fair they seem! how close they press
Intent to serve, to love, to bless!
A little world, enough for me,
Whose kings I worshipped loyally:
Where are they? One is always here;
Her dark eyes shine with peace and cheer;
Through all the watches of the night
They gleam with love's divinely light.
"My child," she says, "I love thee still;
I could not work these wrong or ill;
I wait and watch for some sweet day
To bring thy wearied soul away."
I wake, and know that she is dead;
Ah, mother-love! to heaven fled—
That I remember!

When I remember
The friends I had so long ago,
Whose friendly love has proved its power,
And faithful round my darkest hour;
Who closer to my soul have stood
Than closest ties of kindred blood;
The blossoms that have grown to fruit,
The scorns with the oak-tree's root,
I feel how strong my life has grown,
Although its pillow were of stone,
And thank His mercy who has sent
These angels through the firmament,
More dear a thousand-fold to-day
Than in their first and fresh array,
That I remember.

When I remember
The hunger after righteousness,
The hope all evil to redress,
The wishes deeper than the sea,
The heart that shrinks from misery;
The doubt, and weakness, and dismay,
That clogged that heart from day to day
I know its faith that storms have tried,
The courage born of broken pride,
The patience that can trust and wait,
Unwearied by cruelty and hate;
The home that holds me safe at length,
The love that clasps with tender strength
The hope that rests in God at last,
A thousand times exceed the past,
With all its futile hopes and dreams,
Its land of radiant fields and streams,
Its faith betrayed, its vain delight,
As far as noon exceeds the night,
Nor know I now one poor regret
For all that land so lovely yet,
That I remember.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

It was at the closing of a bright cheerful day, in the month of April, that, impelled by curiosity, we ventured our way to the country store, near-by.

"The store!" What a store-house it must be, as 'not only does it supply a neighbor hood with sugar, rice, coffee, articles of clothing, and other necessities of life, but also with the news of the day, the condition of every one's affairs, the latest political excitement, the markets, &c. &c. Mrs. Smith will tell you that Mrs. Brown is dead, "Samuel heard it at the store." Another, that Martin will certainly soon fall for, so it is said at the store. Or, that Harmon and his wife do not get along at all; poor man, who could get along with her? Of course it is all her fault.

All this from the "store."

Can you wonder, reader, that we had a curiosity to visit this fertile field of information.

As we slowly walked along enjoying the calm, silent beauty of a spring twilight, we saw approaching us, at a quick, hasty step, a manly form, which we soon recognized as our newly married neighbor. A hearty "Good evening," and a pleasant smile bespoke a happy heart. In a hurry, John?

"Yes, Mary will be looking for me, poor girl, she is not used to being in a house all alone. And then it is nice to have her company every evening, and in my own house, too, that I used to walk so far for, Good-night."

And away he went. Happy man. Happy woman. May his heart never change, and she always appreciate the treasure she has won.

He had been to the store.

But a few were there when I arrived; two or three regulars were silently chewing their tobacco and sipping the door. Some were at the counter laying in the next week's supplies; some were content to provide against the wants of the following day. As each had filled the "bill" and covered the basket another was added to the loungers; occasionally one would take up his packages and, with a passing

remark, leave. In such instances a sneer generally followed him, a remark such as "Jake knows better than to detain any, he'd catch it, if he didn't be home in a jiffy." While another in way apology might say, "I guess he knows his own business." And thus he is soon forgotten.

In a country store, as in life, one comes and goes and is forgotten. As the evening advances, the company increases, less dealing, and more talking. The clerk lazily throws himself on the counter to yawn, and occasionally puts in an opinion. The proprietor retires to a corner to look over his books, scan the evening paper, or hold a little private confab with a favorite lounge.

What a medley the conversation. What interest is taken in all topics discussed, as each seated on a nail keg, or three-legged stool, or counter, gives his opinion, either in comment or significant shake of the head.

They are married men and single, employers and employees, landlords and tenants.

And what are the subjects to-night?—Let us listen.

"Well, Mike, your boss sold his cattle, I believe." "Yes, and did well, got seven, and he put on nearly three hundred pounds more. I call that a good job."

"It is so, I can't do that well." "Well, Boss ears it all, no doubt he is in the stable now carrying them off! they go next week."

"I heard you left your place, Mart, is it true?" "Well, nobody could live with old Peter, he'd have a fellow working day and night and then be growling all the time yet."

"I wouldn't stay at such a place myself, but there is Dick, he has just such a boss, and is good enough to stick to him."

"I don't care what you say, Wheeler always sees us right. Of course we are up early in the morning, but never up late in the evening; he always likes to help his wife at the flower beds, and fix in the yard in the evening, and I have plenty of time to do up my chores, and we are always ahead with our work."

"Oh, yes, but Dick, don't you know the fellows are all laughing at you for being such a fool for old Wheeler. I get as much as a month, and don't work half as hard. Of course we are a little behind sometimes, but what's that to me, I put in my time, and my month goes as fast, and Preston is glad to be pretty civil, for you know heads are scarce, ain't so they?"

"Why yes, I always find it so. I never could get a boy to do for me what Dick there does for Wheeler, and I pay as much wages as he does."

"Well, I don't know, I always was satisfied with my place, and didn't want to leave, but may be he is a little tough."

Evil seed, carelessly scattered, may fall upon fertile soil and field an abundant crop of corruption.

A hasty step upon the porch, the door opens and a man of middle-age enters, basket in hand; his butter and eggs are excellent, for sugar, coffee, a few yards of gingham, some spices, and "Have you some nice oranges?" "How much are they?" "Let me have ten cents worth; it's what I used to spend for tobacco, but Kate is so fond of oranges, I quit chewing and can now afford to take her a few occasionally, which does me more good than all the tobacco."

His basket packed, he starts for the door halting to speak a word to an old schoolmate and still a friend. "Can't you sit down and talk a bit, a fellow never gets to see you?"

"Indeed you must excuse me, for I promised Kate to be back soon as possible. I have been reading to her and the children during the long evening, and they are so happy to have me with them. Come to see me and I'll talk with you, and bring Mollie and the children along. Good night."

"Dan is the worst married man I know; I thought it would be last, but he's been married, let me see, night on to fifteen years, and he is getting worse instead of better. Now I like my wife about as well as anybody, give her plenty to eat and good quarters, and I think we get along very nicely, but I don't like to be tied to her on a string. In fact she is generally in a little dumpy and out of fix in the evening, and baby is apt to be cross, so that they are better left to themselves. When I get home baby'll be asleep and she pretty sleepy and then all will be right."

We have no comments, but cannot repress the sigh, "Poor man! poor woman!"

And thus the evening passes; the prospect of the growing crops, the defeat of anti-slavery, the Modoc Indians, all little ruffles in the general quiet of the neighborhood were handled, turned and twisted. Some occurrence of trifling unpleasantness between two neighbors, commented upon until he who was present, and whose side, of course, was advocated, bit deeply aggrieved at what he had scarcely given thought before. Ten o'clock, and still many locks his safe, and with a yawn passes to the other part of the house. The clerk yawns too, closes the shutters, his again, then repeats his yawn, and gathers in the samples from the porch, and yawning, takes a seat again, or leans against the counter, as if expecting a movement, but all these hints are old and worn out schemes, and still the conversation goes on. Hark! What step is that? 'Tis very uneasy, as it comes in and approaches the counter.

"I want a pint of cheap molasses and a pound of your cheap sugar."

And as he takes up and passes from the door, he says, "you may just charge it to me."

"Confound the fellow, I don't know who he is. He says I shall not refuse him, and yawn and still I refuse,

when I know his family is suffering from want."

"Why, I assure he works; I paid him four dollars, yesterday."

"Yes, but here has he been to-night? I'll bet he hasn't a cent of the four dollars left; if he had he'd pay; he always does—he like to pay, and always gets better things when he has money. He wouldn't have asked for that black sugar and molasses if he'd had money. If he gets here before he gets to the tavern, he's all right, and buys good articles and pays for them, but he can't leave the 'Golden Crown' with a cent in his pocket."

Poor man! he staggers home with his pound of sugar and pint of molasses; no oranges for his wife; but then they say at the "store"—that she is so cross, and often scolds the poor fellow, and that there is not a week out what she is running to her mother's or some other place, at least once instead of saying at home like a woman ought; it is only money, too, at the "Golden Crown." It is, of course, all his fault.

Walter thinks it is a shame for her to scold him so every time he gets a little booty, a fellow wants a little sometimes, and it will happen the best, once in a while. So the poor fellow voted an unfortunate man in having a sold-for-a-wife.

But the night wore on, and at last, after the poor tired clerk had yawned and hinted, put out all the lamps, but the one he held in his hand, the company dispersed, and he, full of thoughts, sought our home, quite satisfied with our laughing at a country store, and full of wonder how men can, evening after evening, content themselves to thus congregated and in lounging away from their homes, lose the sweetest part of life.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

Making Fun of People.

Traveling in a stagecoach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them, but when we come to human beings that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me, for after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passenger laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence, the poor woman made work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her and said:

"My dear girl, you are now young, healthy, and happy. I am now old and feeble, and I shall be a burden to you and your children. I shall be a poor old woman, all one in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and faded appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure I was not sorry to see a tear upon her young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would be her good.—*Ladies Repository.*

CARE FOR THE FEET.—Many are careless in the care of their feet. If they wash their feet once in a month they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located at the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through these pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change. The stockings become perfectly saturated with offensive matter. It is sickening to be in the presence of such persons. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not only repellant, but absorbents, and this fetid matter, by a water or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed daily, as well as the arms, pits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practiced. Cleanliness is next to godliness. A man or woman can neither be well nor feel well unless frequent bathing is practiced.—

Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn for one day, and then aired and changed and worn another day; but to wear the same stockings a whole week is not doing justice to your feet, nor your health, nor your conscience.—*Rural World.*

There are 4,000 thousand hands of music in the United States.

TRUE LOVE.

A maid reclined beside a stream,
At full of summer day,
And half awake, and half a dream,
—She watched the ripples play;
She marked the water fall and heave,
The deepening shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
The river's bubbling song;
And thus it sung, with tinkling tongue,
That rippling shadowy river—
"Youth's brightest day will fade away,
Forever and forever!"

The twilight past, the moon at last,
Rose broadly o'er the night,
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams,
—As wrought in silver bright,
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shades rejoice;
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,
—That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone, love shines on
Forever and forever!"

The Preacher at the Pump.

The Sunday School Worker says: Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I wanted you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he stooped down and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump; why not wash them?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped; and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The Number Seven.

On the 7th day God ended his work.
On the 7th month Noah's ark touched the ground.
In 7 days a dove was sent.
Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom.
Jacob served 7 years for Rachel.
And yet another 7 more.
Jacob mourned 7 days for Joseph.
Jacob was pursued a 7 days' journey by Laban.
A plenty of 7 years and a famine of 7 years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and 7 ears of full and 7 ears of blasted corn.
On the 7th day of the 7th month the children of Israel fasted 7 days and remained 7 days in their tents.
Every 7 years the land rested.
Every 7th year the bondmen were set free.
In the destruction of Jericho, 7 persons bore 7 trumpets, 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the walls 7 times, and at the end of the 7th round the walls fell.
Solomon was 7 years building the temple, and fasted 7 days at its dedication.
The golden candlestick had 7 branches.
Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.
Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams for an atonement.
Our Savior spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he hung 7 hours, and after his resurrection appeared 7 times.
In the Lord's prayer are 7 petitions, containing 7 times 7 words.
In the Revelations we read of 7 churches, 7 candlesticks, 7 stars, 7 trumpets, 7 plagues, 7 thunders, 7 vials, 7 angels and a seven-headed monster.

George has not a single Republican newspaper.

President Grant is fifty-one years old.

A Martyr to Leisure.

Robert Dale Owen, in his autobiography, thus describes one of his father's partners in business:

A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment, and the inheritor of a princely fortune this gentleman has been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. His marriage was fortunate, and his children grew up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town house in a fashionable square in London, and a country seat six or eight miles off in the midst of one of those magnificent England parks—the ideal of stately rural elegance—with its trimly kept lawn and its wide-spreading shade, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noon-day heat and a lair at nightfall.

Its owner had traveled over Europe, and brought back, as mementoes of the journey, paintings and statuary by some of the best masters, ancient and modern, with which to adorn his favorite retreat. The house itself, in which I spent some happy days, with its rich marble columns and balustrades, was a fine specimen of the purest classical manner, where all that luxurious refinement could devise had been unsurprisingly lavished.

There my father—during a brief interval in his own public life of incessant bustle—found his friend, with no occupation more pressing than to pore over the treasures of his library, and no graver care than to superintend the riches of a conservatory, from half the world, its choicest plants and flowers. They spent some days of undisturbed quietness; not an incident beyond the conversation of a sedate and intellectual family circle and the arrival and departure of a friend or two to break the complete repose.

Delightful my father thought it, in contrast with the busy turmoil he had left; and one day he said to his host, "I've been thinking that if I ever met a man who has nothing to desire, you must be he. You have health, cultivation, a charming family. You have gathered round you every comfort wealth can give, the choicest of all that art and nature can supply.—Are you not completely happy?"

Never, my father said to me, would he forget the sad, unexpected reply: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I paid for it! I started in life without any object, almost without any ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and I indulged it. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never struggled for anything. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, literary, scientific, political, no matter what so there was something to labor for and overcome. Then I might have been happy."

My father suggested that he was scarcely past the prime of life, and that in a hundred ways he might still benefit others, while occupying himself. "Come and spend a month or two at Braxfield," he added. "You have a larger share in the Lanark mills than any of my partners.—See for yourself what has been done for the work-people there and for their children; and give me the benefit of your suggestions and your aid."

"It is too late," was the reply. "The power is gone. Habits are become chains. You can work and do good; but for me—in all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for."

And neither then, nor at any future time, did this strange martyr to leisure visit the establishment in which he had invested a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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"I DARE NOT."

A group of boys stood on the walk before a fine large drug store, pelting each other with snowballs. In an unlucky moment, the youngest sent his spinning through the frosty air against the large plate glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad? Run, Ned! we won't tell. Run quick!"

"I can't!" he gasped.

"Run, I tell you! he's coming! Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!"

"No, I can't run!" he faltered.

"Little fool! he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy.

The door opened; an angry face appeared.

"Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he snarled as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near; the little delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth, replied, "I did it, sir."

"And you dare tell me of it?"

"I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie."

The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused; he saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched.

"Come here, sir; what's your name?"

"Edward Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything," his eyes filled with tears,—"only don't make my mother pay it, sir!"

"Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?"

Ned's face was radiant as he answered: "All winter, sir. I'll do it every time, and more too, sir. I'll do anything."

"Well, that's enough; and do you know why I left you off so easy? Well, it's because you're not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls be sure you come to me."

"I will, sir."

"I'll help him!" shouted the others; and, as they turned away, three hearty cheers rose for Mr. Kendrick, and three more for the boy that dared not run away.—*Child at Home.*

There was an amusing scene on board the Louisiana mail boat the other day.—There was the usual complacency of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed; and amid the general hubbub of conversation a man remarked incidentally:

"Now in Jersey, where I live—"

Instantly an old man, who sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Stranger are you from New Jersey?"

"And willin' to acknowledge it?"

"Yes, sir; proud on't."

"Hurrah! Give us your hand!" cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too; but I never felt like declaring it afore, Shake! I'm an old man. I've traveled long and far. I've been in every city in the West; steambated on the Ohio and Mississippi; rode to California, over the plains and around the Horn; took a voyage once to Liverpool;—but, in all my travels hang me if this ain't the first time I ever heard a man acknowledge that he hum from New Jersey!"

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—Dr. Gay had for sometime, missed the hay from his barn, and was satisfied that it was stolen. With a view to detect the thief, he took a dark lantern, and stationed himself near the place where he supposed he must pass. In due time, a person whom he knew passed along into his barn and quickly came out with as large a load of hay as he could carry upon his back. The doctor, without saying a word, followed the thief, and took the candle out of his lantern, and stuck it into the hay upon his back, and then retreated. In a moment the hay was in a light blaze, and the fellow, throwing it from him in utter consternation, ran away from his perishing booty. The doctor kept the affair a secret, even from his own family; and, within a day or two, the thief came to him in great agitation, and told him that he wished to confess to him a great sin; that he had been tempted to steal some of his hay; and, as he was carrying it away, the Almighty sent fire from heaven, and set it to blazing upon his back. The doctor agreed to forgive him on condition of his never repeating the offence.—*Dr. Spangue's American Unitarian Pulpit.*

A few evenings ago, at a private party up town, a young man sat talking to his beloved, when she suddenly grew pale and fainted into his arms. Now, what did the young man do? Did he rush around wildly, frantically, seize a glass of water and dash it into her face, and thereby spoil her beautiful complexion? Not a bit of it. Recognizing the exigencies of the case, he just simply unfastened her dress, and unhooked her corset stays. With a sigh of relief, she returned to consciousness, and sweetly murmured, "Thank you, dear Charles." Charles was posted. He knew what was the matter. Pass on.—*N. Y. paper.*

What house pet is it that is more generally admired, sought after, and valued, yet more abused, tramped upon, kicked about, looked down upon and whipped than any other? A carpet.

The cheese is milder than the pen.

Wit and Humor.

A youth following his own bent is apt to get into straightened circumstances.

The young lady who turns up her nose at a shoemaker is apt to marry a man who takes a cobbler down.

You can use a postage stamp twice. The first time it will cost you three cents, the second time fifty dollars.

A local paper in Iowa records the accidental shooting of a doctor, and has "strong fears of his recovery."

"It's well enough," said Simor, "to call a spade a spade, but I can't see the sense in calling stockings, hoes."

A little boy having broken his rocking horse the day it was brought, his mother began to rebuke him. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a horse till his broke?"

They tell of a woman in Baltimore who has provided herself with two hundred pairs of stockings, woolen and cotton.—She is evidently intending to organize a hose company somewhere.

Those reports of earthquake shocks from Illinois were occasioned by the inhabitants of the ague districts getting their work in at the same moment, and shaking by counties and townships.

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen: "if I swear to a lie I must stick to him!"

A chap given to statistics estimated that over two thousand toes were frozen during the last winter by young ladies keeping their beaux lingering at the gate, instead of asking them into the parlor.

A young clerk in a Dubuque fancy store, who had been requested by a lady customer to send home a spool of thread which she had purchased, hired an express wagon, in which he placed the spool, and so drove to the lady's home where he deposited the spool in the hall, and, like a barrel.

More female tyranny. A man up in Bristol, Vt., lately gave his wife a good flogging. The next day a delegation of wives waited upon him with cow hides. The man entrenched himself in a smoke house armed with four seven-shooters and a shot gun. He says he guesses he knows when his wife deserves a thrashing.

A foppish young countryman was searching for a stray bull. Meeting a very pretentious girl on the highway, and wishing to show his smartness, he asked:

"Miss, have you seen anything of a gentleman cow in this part of the neighborhood?"

"No," she replied, "but I can see a gentleman calf not far off."

I sometimes go to see an amiable Welsh lady, who has been a number of years in this country, but who does not always quite understand me. They had been talking the other day when I went in to see her. I caught sight of a very large pie, indeed it was the largest pie I ever saw, and I remarked: "That's a family pie, isn't it?" "Why, no it isn't," said she.—"It's an apple pie."

A young lady of fashion in the city of S., being very fond of dramatic performances, attended the theatre not many evenings since. Unluckily for her, as the sequel will show, she wore a patent bustle, which is inflated with air. Learning this in her seat to enjoy a good laugh, a humorous portion of the play, she felt a great pressure to bear on that inflated natural consequence, it exploded a noise that would discount a Resbury market. The result can easily be imagined.

Tim Maginnis was one day stamming with others around the wagon of a tryman, who was selling the wagon for a bargain. A young lawyer had just asked Tim said: "Carry this home, Tim, and cut it up."

"All right, me covvy," said Tim, and placing it on his shoulder he hurried off. Next day the lawyer, meeting Tim asked him "what he had done with his beef?"

"Faith, didn't ye bid me take it home, and be the same token, I did as ye towd me. Troth the old woman says me the saints bless ye for yer kindness to the poor."

Some time ago two ladies from the country on a shopping expedition to the city dropped into a hardware store where agricultural implements are sold. They had read John's advertisement, and therefore innocently inquired for "cradles." The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold it each other wondering, and whispering laughingly, when one turned to the blushing John, remarked:

"Out of season! I thought babies always in season!"

The man who thought he could get rich without advertising has been expelled give in. His ad was advertised, "Sheriff's Sale."

Man proposes and God disposes.