

# The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### AT THE LAST.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Three little words within my brain  
Beat back and forth their one refrain,  
Three little words, whose dull distress  
Means everything and nothingness,  
Unbidden move my lips instead  
Of other utterance: She is dead.

Here, lingering, we talked of late  
Beside the hedge-grown garden gate;  
Till, smiling, ere the twilight fell  
She bade me take a last farewell.  
Those were the final words she said—  
But yesterday—and she is dead!

I see the very gown she wore,  
The color I had praised before;  
The swayed length, where she would pass  
Made a light rustle on the grass:  
There is the porch she turned her head  
For one last smile—and she is dead!

Could I have known what was to come,  
Those hours had not been blind and dumb  
I would have followed close with Death,  
Have striven for every glance and breath!  
But now—the final word is said,  
The last look taken—she is dead.

We were not lovers—such as they,  
Who pledge a faith to last for aye;  
Yet seems the Universe to me  
A riddle now without a key:  
What means the sunshine overhead,  
The bloom below—now she is dead?

So new my grief, its sudden haze  
Bewilders my accustomed ways;  
And yet so old, it seems my heart  
Was never from its pain apart;  
What was it and shall it be, wed  
With that one sentence—She is dead.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE RAG CARPET.

"A rag carpet! for a wedding present!" cried Mrs. Blythe Barrington.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Miss Florence Arnold, the first bride's maid.

While Zenobia Barrington, the bride elect, sat among her friends and aces and muslins with an expression of the supreme scorn on her pretty doll face. And the obnoxious roll, enveloped in packing canvas and safely secured with twine at either end, lay on the floor in the centre of the little circle.

"For mercy's sake!" lisped Miss Arnold, "what is this Aunt Tribulation or Despondency, or whatever her name is?"

"Aunt Consolation Peck," corrected Zenobia. "Why, she's mamma's maiden aunt, and she's very rich, and—and I do think she might have sent me a set of diamonds, at the very last. The mean old thing."

"Where does she live?" asked Helen Delancey, the second bride's maid, who sat by the table stretching white ribbon into jaunty little bows.

"She don't live anywhere," disconsolately answered the bride. "She died last month; and she was always telling people that mamma was her favorite niece—horrid, treacherous old cut-and-now she's gone and served me so!"

"Shall I call John to open it?" suggested Miss Arnold.

"No!" cried Mrs. Barrington, with emphasis. "A rag carpet open here! Let it be taken up into the lumber-room at once. It's the strangest idea—but Aunt Consolation always was the most eccentric old being in creation."

"But if she's so rich, I dare say she's left you a snug little sum of money," said Miss Delancey rather enviously.

"That she hasn't," Mrs. Barrington answered, biting her lip. "It has all gone to be divided among a swarm of relations, to most of whom Aunt Consolation would not speak while she was alive. Too provoking for anything! What's that, John?" as the servant came into the room.

"A gentleman and a lady with a carpet-bag down stairs? Mr. and Mrs. Docktop?" My goodness gracious! with a despairing glance at her daughter, "If it isn't your cousin Ruth Ann, that married a farmer, and lives in Aunt Consolation's very house! And we shall have to ask her to stay to the wedding, I suppose."

Mrs. Docktop, a stout little body in a dyed black silk dress, and atrocious yellow butterflies on her hat, looked admiringly at the wedding preparations.

"You've got an elegant house, to be sure. Cousin Barrington," said she. But, with a dubious glance at the handsome Brussels carpet, "I don't nowhere see the rag carpet that Aunt Consolation left to Zenobia."

"Humph!" sniffed the bride's mother, "as if we would use that thing!"

"You don't mean to use it?" "Of course not."

"Well, p'raps then," said Cousin Ruth with a shrewd eye to business, "you'd sell it to me cheap. I need something for the best room floor, and it ten dollars—"

house, no matter how," exclaimed Zenobia petulantly, and so the matter was settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Docktop remained to the wedding, and when they returned home they bore with them the rag carpet.

"It's cheap as dirt," said Mrs. Docktop. "For Aunt Consolation wrote it herself, and whatever she made was well made."

"Wasn't good enough for them Baringtons though," reflectively added her husband. "I wouldn't put it down afore fall, if I was you, Ruth Ann."

When the fall came showering its red leaves down on the roof of the old house, and painting the sumacs and blackberries with scarlet, Mr. Docktop came home, one day, to where his wife was absorbed in the periodical whirl of house-cleaning.

"Heard the news?" he asked, with a straw in his mouth.

"News? No. What news?" "That there fellow that Zenobia Barrington married—he's failed."

"Failed? No?" "But he has, though. Smashed clean up. Not a copper left to bless himself with!"

Poor Zenobia Arran sat alone in her elegantly furnished boudoir, with the traces of tears on her cheek, and hands, whereon the wedding ring yet shown with all the gloss of newness, clasped dejectedly in her lap.

"It's no use, Bridget," she cried petulantly, to the girl who came slowly up from answering the bell. "I can't see a ny one. Why didn't you tell them 'not at home'?"

"It's your relations, ma'am," said Bridget, in a whisper. "Mr. and Mrs. Docktop, ma'am, they told me to say."

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Arran. "Why can't people stay away? But I suppose I have got to see them."

And slowly and unwillingly enough she went down stairs to the elegant drawing-room, where, upon the extreme edge of one of the satin damask chairs, with his hat balanced between his knees, and his wife opposite, sat Mr. Reuben Docktop.

"Well, Cousin Zenobia," he began. "I don't suppose you expected to see me here."

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Arran rather brusquely.

"Well, you see, me and Ruth Ann, we was a puttin' down our new rag carpet—the one we bought o' your mother for ten dollars—well, we was unrollin' it, and out fell a paper."

"What's that?" says Ruth Ann. "I'm blessed if I know!" says I. "Well, look," says she. And I looked—and I'll be jiggered," added Mr. Docktop, with extreme positiveness, "if it wasn't Aunt Consolation's will!"

"Will!" vaguely repeated Mrs. Arran.

"Last will and testament, you know," explained Mr. Docktop, with a wave of his hand. "And I've got it, did up in brown paper in the breast pocket of my overcoat, tapping the spot with a brown, stubbed fore-finger. I won't say but there was a temptation, just at the first, to destroy the darned old paper, and not say nothin' about it. But Ruth Ann, says she, 'Reuben, you know' wouldn't be no pleasure livin' on a place we knoed wasn't fair to our'n. And I b'lieveshe was in the right."

"Mr. Docktop," cried Zenobia, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Reuben, coming to the point at last, "and I said so, didn't I? that Aunt Consolation Peck she writ a will, and left all her property—all, mine—to you, and hid it right in the middle of the rag carpet she sent you as a weddin' present, the week afore she died."

"It cannot be possible!" gasped Zenobia, feeling as if a golden shower were falling around her, for Aunt Consolation was rich in land and gold.

"Ef you don't b'lieve it, here is the will itself," said honest Reuben, producing it from its place of safe keeping.

And Zenobia's heart reproached her for the obliquity with which she had treated Aunt Consolation Peck's wedding gift.

She was rich again—this time, with none of the fleeting wealth that turns to dead leaves, in the grasp, but real, substantial possessions. But Reuben Docktop and Ruth Ann his wife dwelt on in the farm-house under the hill.

"For it is the best I can do, Cousin Docktop," said Mrs. Arran, "to beg you to accept the old homestead as a reward for your magnanimous conduct."

"Land!" cried Reuben. "I ha'n't done nothin' but my duty. But we do not all of us do that in this world."

A THOUGHT ABOUT RICHES.—We have frequently wished we were rich, but observation has changed the bent of our desires somewhat. The conduct of some of our wealthy men leads us to believe that no wealth is better than to acquire it as many do. It is a fearful thought that a strict account will be required in reference to the way and manner in which it is acquired, and more fearfully important how we use it after it is acquired. If it comes honestly, and is held by us only in trust, for He who owns all things, and is used for His glory and the good of others, it is well; but if acquired by overreaching and overbearing, and comes through dishonest means, it will not atone that we feed the poor and help the needy, and even give it all away in deeds of charity. But if acquired by false means, and then alone used to gratify our own selfish desires, it is a double crime in the sight of the world's Creator and owner. We often hear the worshipper praying for the poor; that is well, but we seldom hear a prayer for the rich. We think he needs divine help to enable him to bear the almost crushing load that follows him.

The love principle is stronger than the force principle.

## A Romance of the War.

The San Francisco Call, of recent date, gives the following history of a romance preceding a marriage recently solemnized at the Grand Hotel in that city:

In 1862, George Marshall, a young lawyer in New Jersey, flung aside his law-books and took up arms on the Northern side, ambitious to serve his country, and to win fame on the battle-field. For brave he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and shortly thereafter, whilst near Harper's Ferry, he was sent on a secret mission by the General in command of the division to which his regiment belonged. While proceeding in the direction of Leesburg he happened to pass a farm-house, and heard a woman's cries as if in distress. He rushed forward and saw a young woman in the hands of two Confederate soldiers, who had bound her and were about to place a gag in her mouth.

One of the soldiers he shot, the other fled, and the girl was released. Her name was Ellen Mayfield, the daughter of a wealthy land owner in Maryland, and then on a visit to some relatives, who were absent when the attempt to outrage her was perpetrated. Young Marshall was favorably impressed by the young lady and she with him, but the urgency of his expedition was inexorable, and he had to depart almost immediately. At Antietam—a Lieutenant—he was wounded, and was carried to a barn and left there. He was fast sinking, when several ladies approached, and his eyes brightened when among them he saw Miss Mayfield. The wounded officer was conveyed to the house of her father, who had removed to Adams County, Pennsylvania, and there, he was tenderly nursed until able to rejoin his regiment. The two parted as lovers who had not declared their passion, but who understood each other perfectly, and had resolved to correspond. Once more the Lieutenant was wounded—at Nashville—and thereafter, most unaccountably, letters which had been passing constantly between himself and Miss Mayfield ceased to pass. Thinking he had given offence, Lieutenant Marshall gave up writing, and when the war came to an end he set out for California, and began business in San Jose. Three weeks ago, poring over the overland passenger list, he noticed the name, Miss Ellen Mayfield. Ten years had elapsed, but the old love returned with ardor at sight of the name, and Marshall sped away to Sacramento to intercept the train. In one of the palace cars he discovered Miss Mayfield. There was an instant recognition and a glad meeting, and marriage was the natural result as soon as it could possibly take place. Now the twain are in housekeeping at San Jose. The mysterious hiatus in the correspondence was caused by a thieving, mischievous postmaster's son.

Symptoms of Maidenly Celibacy.

We do not know who is the author of the following; nor, of course, do we know whether the symptoms given are correct. We give them place, that the curious in such matters among our readers may have opportunity to verify them by observation, if they think the matter of sufficient importance to them.

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to read love stories ahead—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and say that it doesn't show her features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say what a "dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for the world"—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to rub her fingers over chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel nightcap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when talking to a ny one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth—that's a symptom.

AN OBSERVING TURN OF MIND.—A few days since a gentleman residing in Sharon walked from that place to Canton, on the Boston and Providence Railroad, to take the express train for Boston. On reaching the bridge he discovered what seemed to him a split nearly across one of the main beams. On his arrival at Boston he called on Superintendent A. A. Folsom and told him how the bridge looked. The popular Superintendent thanked him, and telegraphed to Sharon for the next train to be stopped, and for a gang of workmen to examine it before any trains passed over. Subsequently saw the Providence Star, the gentleman received a yearly pass over the road for his thoroughness.

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## REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly  
Down life's steep decline;  
Once her arm was thy support,  
Now she leans on thine.  
See upon her loving face  
Those deep lines of care;  
Think! it was her toil for thee  
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch,  
Kept by day and night,  
Taking from her step the grace,  
From her eye the light.  
Cherish well her faithful heart,  
Which, through weary years,  
Echoed with its sympathy  
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,  
Guard the priceless boon,  
For the bitter parting hour  
Cometh all too soon.  
When thy grateful tenderness  
Loses power to save,  
Earth will hold no dearer spot  
Than thy mother's grave.

## How Local Option Works.

[From the Johnstown Tribune.]

We confess we would like to see something done which would prevent the indiscriminate sale of liquor; that is, to confine the traffic in intoxicating drink within such bounds as would not only be calculated to cut off the supply by the excesses, but also to throw about the sale of it such safeguards as would render it almost impossible for the purchaser to be a habitual drunkard. The philanthropist that can secure a blessing of this kind, either by means of legislation, or otherwise, will confer an incalculable blessing upon the community at large, as well as hand down his name to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of the age.

But will "local option" meet this much desired end? During the three months that the stringent law placed upon the statute books, for the prohibition of the sale of liquor in counties where a majority of the voting population decided against licensing hotels, we find that rowdyism and drunkenness is on the increase, and that many who have heretofore imbibed only occasionally, are now becoming inebriated.

This is a fact that cannot be disproved, and while the poor sort of the lowest class is cut from his dram—if he had money to pay for it the wealthier class purchase their five or ten gallon keg, invite their friends, and coming in constant contact with liquor the very ban put on its sale stimulates their appetite for it until they too become its slaves. Yesterday we made a note of the disgraceful scenes that were enacted in Huntingdon, a "local option" town, on Decoration day. Rowdyism was never so rampant in this city as it was in that village on Friday last, and now a gentleman of this city furnishes us with an illustration of how local option works in Altoona.

He states that on Saturday morning recently he had business in Blair county, and having occasion to go from Hollidaysburg to Altoona on the branch train, he encountered a sight that does not speak well for the temperance of that locality. He asserts that between Hollidaysburg and Duncansville the road was literally lined with men in a state of beastly intoxication, and a great many of them were possessed of kegs of beer and jugs of whisky, that he says were procured in Hollidaysburg. All kinds of epithets were applied to them to passengers as the train passed, and ladies on the train were compelled to draw the blinds in the cars to avoid being insulted by the men in the cars.

On the same evening he saw a crowd surrounding a brewery, and trying to force the proprietor to give them beer. They even threatened to demolish the building if he would not accede to their demands, and a force was kept at the establishment all night to protect it from insult.

It is well enough to say that if local option was general this state of affairs would not occur. We don't think so. As long as liquor is manufactured, just so long it will be procured and drunk. If our present license law was strictly enforced it would do more toward inducing temperance and moderation in drink than the provisions of any other law outside of the total abrogation of the manufacture could devise. Only respectable men—of moral and temperate habits, could then engage in the traffic, and violating its stringent provisions would render them liable to a prosecution that they would use every means in their power to get clear of. The Altoona Tribune, after stating the various expedients resorted to to obtain forbidden drinks, and the excesses clandestine drinking lead to, closes as follows:

"And thus it goes on from day to day, and all who like it may swim in beer, and the local option law seems utterly impotent to put a stop to the traffic. That is a matter beyond its jurisdiction."

A farmer went into his field one day, and found his men "firing off" under a tree, when they should have been at work. Taking a silver dollar from his pocket, he exclaimed, "I will give this to the laziest man among you."

All, save one, jumped and claimed the prize.

"That fellow has won it," said the farmer, pointing to the man still sitting on the ground and he stepped up to hand him the dollar.

"Won't you please put it in my pocket?" was the thanks he received.

Dusty—our streets.

## Romance of a Battle.

During General Sheridan's last visit to Indianapolis, he talked over his campaigns with his friends there, says the Journal, and recalled a preface to one of his most noted battles in something like these terms: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war that the historians never got hold of. For instance, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight; but, do you know, that battle was fought on the strength of information which I received from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me, they would have hung her in a minute. I was very anxious to get information of the rebel's strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied on if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him to be loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would, so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper and rolled it up in tin-foil.

I made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver it to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin-foil. I found I had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from any other source, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl and true as steel."

## Useful Truths.

Deserve friends and you will have them. The world is teeming with kindhearted people, and you have only to carry a kind sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others.

It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain of ill usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the ofttest.

If life to you is not all you would have it, seek to make it better and more enjoyable yourself. For at best life is what we make it.

Employment for the mind is what thousands of women are in need of. After the plodding routine required for material necessities has been gone through with for the day, and the tired body requires and enjoys rest, the minds of many women reach out hungering and thirsting after intellectual food. Not having that craving satisfied is what causes unhappiness for many whose lives seem dark and barren.

Open the windows of your heart, and let light into the dark, unhealthy places you have for years dampened with your tears.

Send disappointment to the winds; take life as it is, and with a strong will make it as near what it should be as possible.

Receive at once the potent power which will lift you above the ills of life, in the thousands of books which can be had in this age. Read books, pamphlets, and newspapers—anything useful, instructive, amusing, and full of lessons. Get your mind off yourself at some rate, or you are doomed never to amount to anything or have a friend worth having.

## A Hard Test.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear in company, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village church-yard, at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oath which you have uttered here when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man; "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. As he entered a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "alone with God," came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and of what he had come there to do, darted over his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oath he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

An editor out West has been elected town constable, and is now able to arrest the attention of his readers.

## A Divorce Romance.

Some twenty years since, says the Cincinnati Times, the daughter of—at that time—one of our wealthy merchants, was married under the most flattering auspices. It was not, however very long before the pair discovered that there was not anything congenial between them, and, after living together some nine years, and having three children, they by mutual agreement were divorced, the children remaining with the father, the mother being permitted to see them at her own convenience. The wife went home to her father, who shortly afterward died, hopelessly bankrupt. The woman, who, previously, as the child of luxury and the wife of opulence, had never known what it was to want for a single thing, suddenly found herself thrown out upon the world, and forced to seek a livelihood as best she could. At first she undertook sewing for shops, then attending stores, and finally keeping a very plain boarding-house, in none of which, did she succeed. One day, when almost driven to despair, she mustered up courage and went to her former home and asked the one who had succeeded her as the mistress of the house if she would not befriend her, even ever so little, as she was on the point of starving, as her worn and haggard condition too plainly showed. Women's ears and hearts are ever open to the sufferings of their more unfortunate fellow beings. The unfortunate woman was invited to remain until the husband returned, which she reluctantly did, and when he came the matter was thoroughly discussed. It was mutually agreed for wife No. 1 to remain and make her home in the house over which she had once ruled as mistress. And there she is to be found to day, seemingly satisfied with the change, and apparently not caring that the love that was once pledged solemnly before God to her alone is now bestowed upon another.

## How Far is it to Heaven?

How far? we ask; and we raise our eyes to the blue canopy above—peering through the fleecy clouds—watching the sun's silent course till lost from view behind the gold and purple horizon, and the stars come forth, one by one, from their cloud draped couch, and the silver moon glides along its midnight path—yet there comes no response save the echo of our own voice how far?—how far? We ask the child at play; and the answer is: "What Heaven? God's beautiful home? Not far. It is just beyond the starry skies; for God sees me, and hears my simple prayer." We ask the aged one—whose form is bowed, and step is slow—and he replies: "Heaven! that haven of rest? A few weary steps, and I will pass the pearly gates. For years I've toiled to win a crown. My journey is short—I am almost there." We ask the dying Christian. A radiant smile lights up his countenance, as he softly murmurs, "It is just yonder—I almost hear the angel voices now. Heaven is not far to the trusting child of faith." We ask the thoughtless. With a scoff of indifference, and a laugh, he turns away muttering, "It is a great way off—Give me pleasure; it is all I ask; I have hopes to realize ere I seek Heaven."

We ask the dying sinner, and he exclaims: "Heaven! that beautiful land! It is lost to view! It is far—too far away! I will never reach its beautiful shore! A sad pillow to rest a dying head upon! A Heaven lost?—a dark doom to meet! Well might the heart perish in anguish."

My dear reader, have you ever given a thought to this question? Perhaps many care not to know. Heaven may be far off, or at this moment you may be almost within sound of the Heavenly messenger, or like the comet that is wandering from the sun—the great centre of attraction, so may you be wandering from heaven, and destined always to wander.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?—Apropos of Mrs. Livermore's last lecture on the above important question, the Davenport Democrat thus sensibly makes answer:

Teach them self reliance.  
Teach them to make bread.  
Teach them to make shirts.  
Teach them to foot up store bills.  
Teach them not to wear false hair.  
Teach them not to paint and powder.  
Teach them to wear thick warm shoes.  
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.  
Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.  
Teach them to do marketing for the family.  
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.  
Teach them a dollar is only one hundred cents.  
Teach them every day, hard, practical common sense.  
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.  
Give them a good, substantial, common school education.  
Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.  
Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of the beaux.  
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.  
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and parlor.  
Teach them that a good round rousing romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.  
Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.  
Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.  
Rely upon it, that on your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

A nigger has wool, so has a sheep; but a sheep is not a nigger.

## Wit and Humor.

Pretty—the Waynesboro' shop girls.

Every woman may be said to XL at forty.

Agassiz says that the evening hours are the best for sleep. They are also the best for sitting up with a nice girl.

A retiring man says nobody ever paid him much attention until he broke out of jail, and then he was much sought after.

A Troy woman says that if death loves a shining mark, it is singular that he has not aimed at her husband's nose before this.

Wanted—a patent gate hinge strong enough to support two lovers. Will not, some ingenious man direct his attention to this subject?

A fellow in New Orleans is said to have eaten a box of castle soap, to get rid of freckles. He still has a few on his face, but inside it isn't freckled a bit.

At the recent wedding of a Bavarian army officer, 181 of his brother officers claimed the right to kiss the bride. She responded to each snick, and wasn't tired the least bit.

Ven some man slaps me on der shoulder and says, "I was glad to hear you vas so vell," and den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I half my opinion of dat veller.

A colored gentleman went to consult one of the most conscientious lawyers, and after stating his case said: "Now, Mr. Blank, I know you's a lawyer, but I wish you would please, sir, jist tell me de truff bout dat matter."

A Fairfield, Vermont, mother learned of her daughter's contemplated elopement, and on the night appointed for the flight put some laudanum in the girl's tea. The latter fell asleep and did not wake up till morning, and in the meantime Rome got tired of waiting and went home disgusted. He goes with another girl now.

A man out West who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of "ternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descend on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor dear man! How I wish he hadn't died." And the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

Under a great tree, close to a village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Ignatious, "for I was the first to see