

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THIS WORLD.
This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?—
But it will not lessen the want or woe
To be always singing about it.
Then away with songs that are full of tears,
Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
By singing the lays that gladden.
A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking over the flavored draught,
The old-time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink,
Pain fills again the measure;
And so I have learned that it's better to think
Of the things that give of pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;
There are days of sunny weather;
And the people within it are not all bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better far by far to remember
Than those when the earth gets out of tune
In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world is strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this earth;
There are buds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
There are golden, glowing hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily make it double,
Which is better than to mourn and moan
O'er sorrow, grief and trouble.
For though this world is sad, we know—
And who that is living can doubt it?—
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding-house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking for board in a friendly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by next post. Out of this motley instillation of epistles, there was but one that pleased me, and that one I decided to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, and having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the door bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred a year previous had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child; and this item of mortality I was graciously permitted to look upon slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than a source of revenue. In conclusion, the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty) and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed so trust in me, and look upon me so favorably that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding-house, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding-house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cozy house.

Opening the letter I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year; but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advice from him as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle made some

pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would never more be an uncle of mine.

Now as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would pay me a visit, this intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and a silver paper spoon, to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this note only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:
"I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.

"Good gracious!" My uncle is coming to visit me," I exclaimed, and its past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?

At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door-bell as if the man who pulled imagined that he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle. Now as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so it wouldn't fall out of the cradle, and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthly occupant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by photograph. After mutual recognition and hand shaking, I ushered him into the parlor and introduced him to my newly claimed offspring.

"There, uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child."

"It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By the way what is it, boy or girl?"

"That was a knotty story for me to answer, for he was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at haphazard that it was a boy.

"I am sorry it is a boy," said my uncle; "there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a little blue eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out my deception I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her to consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could only secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then it would be all right.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she returned to the room. I told her in brief and hurried words the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa to her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her in that capacity. She laughed very heartily, but the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal, and very regisly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was very much pleased with her and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley of course colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could plainly see that she could hardly refrain from laughing.

"Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—in the course of a week's time."
He told me to do so, as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room for fear that he might ask some more perplexing questions.

A short time afterward, Mrs. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in the adjoining room and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.

"Do you know, sir, in what an awkward predicament you have got me?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.

"Explain yourself," I said.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settle upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure everything was first right.

"Did you expose me?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception or anything else by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry for she nestled her head cozily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I asked.

She hesitated for a moment and then said:
"I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't any," I remarked. She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Kingsley—my dear madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered, frankly, and seizing both my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties, as we thought.

We had omitted one precaution, and we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with the exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle gazing at the document through his specs: "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but didn't; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he said he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and paper spoon?" you haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and paper spoon.

"Why, you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. "I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games when I was young."

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duties as a clerk. He has since gone to Vermont, and I can but say, go conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several 'little people' that I call my own, and without telling a falsehood.

HOW TO MARRY.
When you get married, don't marry a pet, A jilt or a vixen, or yet a coquette,
But marry a maid, that is, if you can,
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that's healthy and young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue,
And tho' she's freckled or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the wife of a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often be found,
Go linked when your riches are got with a wife;
But marry and make all the riches you can,
Like a mad, independent and sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is gentle and kind,
And modest and silent, and tell her your mind;
If she's wise as bewitching she'll welcome the plan,
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellence and wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgently kind,
For so you make happy, if anything can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

Ain't This Stewart's Crossing.
BY A BAY STREET BUMMER.

Formerly we could never tell why so many good things were related by steamboat captains and clerks. We understand in our elder days, and can readily see how contact with all sorts of people naturally brought in contact with all manner of characters. Gradually the good things are now falling to conductors; rail-way travel having almost brought steamers to the banks. And of the conductors of the Georgia railroad, it seems that those on the S. W. R. R., while they have possibly, the most pleasant general run, suffer more from outlandish folks, traveling southward to see kin-folks, than any class which I have noticed. Some days since, just before the train ran from the carshed in Macon, I was disturbed while reading the morning paper by the entrance of an old lady, who was slightly deaf, wondrously fussy, and fearfully made; in fact, very fearfully made for an old lady. Chignon, pannier, flounces, and all those indescribable things which the younger of Fashion's devotees so patiently bear, were hung around her in profusion rare. After the train moved out the conductor appeared at the door, and "Tickets" came reverberating down the aisle. I took advantage of the occasion to find out for what point Mrs. Joiner was bound, and saw the ticket she headed the conductor was "from Macon to Americus," but she requested the conductor to let her know when the train arrived at Stewart's crossing which is about four miles above Americus. This he of course readily agreed to do.

I engaged the old lady in conversation and found that she had been married to Mr. Joiner about two months, that she was his third wife and he her second husband. Furthermore, I found she had some relations in one of the lower counties, and that a visit to them was the object of her journey. She seemed anxious to make as good impression on them as possible, as she told me in the innocence of her heart, because they were not as well pleased as they should have been at his third marriage, especially as he married rather an old lady. We chatted pleasantly until we reached Jackson—about the third station from Macon, I think, when I left the old lady to her meditations. The next station was Powersville, and when the train reached that point she called the conductor to her and asked if that was Stewart's Crossing. He replied that it was not, and told her to give herself no trouble as he would tell her when they reached Stewart's Crossing. In fact, that it was not a regular station, he would come to her before they got there and let her get ready in time. I could see, however, that she was nervous, restless and excited. The train stopped at Fort Valley when she grabbed her reticule, and calling the conductor, wanted to know if that was Stewart's Crossing. His reply was very brief, but to the point:

"It is not, madame."

"Off went the train again, and as the whistle sounded for Marshallville the old lady again grabbed the precious reticule and called the conductor.

"Mr. Conductor, is this Stewart's Crossing?"

"No ma'am, I will tell you when we get there," was the amused conductor's reply.

Away we sped, and Marshallville vanished only to bring us, somewhat behind time, however, to Montezuma. The reticule was grabbed again, and again the conductor called. In he came.

"Is this Stewart's Crossing, Mr. Conductor?"

"It is not, if you please, madame, I will certainly let you know when we get there; so you need not ask me," said the irritated conductor.

Oglethorpe was passed without the annoyance, but when Andersonville was sounded the old lady was in the highest pitch of excitement, and as the conductor was assisting a lady with three babies through the car, she grasped his sleeve with one nervous hand and her reticule with the other, and asked with all the earnestness of her excitable nature:

"Mr. Conductor, ain't this Stewart's crossing?"

The usually good-natured public functionary was vexed; you could see it all over his smoothly shaved face.

"No, ma'am, this is not Stewart's Crossing. I have told you I would let you know when we get there, so be quiet and give yourself no uneasiness."

The old lady was twitching all over with excitement as we steamed away and left Andersonville vanishing behind. The conductor came and took a seat by me and while discoursing on the comparative merits of broad gauge and narrow-gauge railroads, forgot evergaping else. A length he looked out of the window, and immediately grabbed the bell-line, exclaimed:

"Bless my life, we've passed Stewart's at least a mile!"

Stopping the train, however, he had motion reversed, and we ran over a mile back to Stewart's Crossing, when he went to the old lady.

"Stewart's Crossing ma'am."

"Are we there?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am hurry up and get off as soon as possible; we are behind time, and had to run back near two miles for you. The old lady seemed wonderfully calmed and said with the greatest simplicity:

"I don't want to get off here, I want to go to Americus."

"Don't want to get off here?" thundered the conductor; "what in the thunder did you want us to stop here for?"

"I didn't want you to stop here," she replied meekly.

"What did you want to know when we got here for then?"

"Because," simply said the old girl, "my lod man told me when I got to Stewart's Crossing that it would be time to put in my teeth."

If you never heard a roar you ought to have been on that train. Amid the fuss the bell-cord had the most violent pulls that it experienced in some time. The old lady reached Americus, was met by some kin, who took her off the conductor's hands. He, however, pondered over it well, and I heard him tell the conductor of the up train when they met that he never would treat a toothless woman with that veneration which they deserved again, especially if she had a reticule and wanted to know when he passed a way station.

The Mansion and the Man.

Could we but live our life over again, starting from boyhood, how many an error—how many mistakes would we try to avoid. We wonder they do not cry more. Many a spot in the road of life would be avoided. We should try to be more brave—more earnest in defense of the right, and to protect the weak.

There is not a boy but can do better than we have done. There is not a man but who can, by beginning at once, build himself up to a glorious position.

First, clear out from the heart all the dirt rubbish. Leave off the slang, the vulgarity, words which blacken and soil the mind till it throws out malaria, and fever, and poison, as do pools of stagnant water. Keep the heart pure and the brain active. Study for the best, and when you have found it, work and study for something still better. Never be satisfied with one good act—nor a hundred—nor a thousand. But add them together, one after another, till at last you will have a string of pearls to lift you higher instead of pebbles to sink you lower. Hearts, like houses, can be built out. Minds, like homes, can be beautified. It is as easy to plant a noble ambition as to plant sorrel desires, and all those trees which bear but bitter fruit. Remember that it is little by little, inch by inch, but steadily upward. This is the way the work of the man becomes the mansion. This is the way the poor boy becomes the great man. This is the way the apprentice becomes the master—the pupil becomes the master, and the intelligence of mortals the power and unknown greatness of those who are immortal. Build your walls of good material, and they will last. Keep out the rotten sticks and that rubbish which has been thrown away by those who have passed a long before you. Be kind to the poor, for every good act is a plant that will bear blossoms for our credit in the beautiful beyond.

By the hearth and fenders of many homes in the country to-night are resting boys, who in a few years will be the smartest men in the land. They will be the workers—the builders—the ones who will be great and powerful in proportion as they take care of themselves. Then let all the boys who read this clear away the rubbish and begin building for the glorious manhood of the future. That better future when it will not be a sin for a man to have ideas or to express them. That future, which will be better when men make it so. That future which is better open to the poor than the rich, as work is better than play when men are to be made.

If all the boys in the country would build themselves into men in the most glorious acceptance of the term, what a country ours would be. Then there would be no more prisons, or need for them. No more poor-houses, for bad habits would not make men paupers. No poverty, for all would be thrifty. No armies of orphans; no multitudes of drunkards who make wives miserable, children wretched, and mankind a disgrace to humanity. We want every boy in the land to become a rich, a good, a useful man, and will do our best to help them along on the road that leads to peace, to prosperity, and to the mansion there will be for every brave, truthful, deserving, honest man in that more beautiful land, where are the Gardens of the Real in the new life, and the better home for all of us who would be remembered for the good we have done before there comes to us on earth the final Saturday Night.—Pomeroy.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head one way and then another?"

"For the reason," replied the Professor "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

The Old Fireside.
Not until separated can we appreciate the sweet society of loved ones. When far away from home, what pleasure to think of the old fireside—the family circle, and if we are missed there. Who occupies our seat? Perhaps a sister dear, or a kind, warm-hearted brother, or perhaps it is vacant. And then we wonder if we shall ever become a member of that happy little group again.

Around the old fireside we have sat and listened to the counsels of a father, and beheld the sweet smiles of a loving mother. But, alas! what changes time has wrought! A chair is vacant which never can be filled. That mother is gone—Long, long ago, she left us to join the society of angels. And when night spreads its dark curtain over the earth, and we assemble around the old fireside, we wait in vain for her approach. She comes not. But,

When life's duties we have done,
We'll see her face again;
In that eternal world above,
Where all is love and praise.

Oh, how many family circles, knit together in the bonds of friendship, have thus been disturbed; robbed of its charms—but such is life. Like a bubble upon the ocean, or a meteor in the sky, which are seen but for a moment, so are the joys of life. How many wanderers, who are without a home, think with what pleasure up on the scenes which surrounded the home of their youth—Home, sweet-home!—No name so endearing—no place around which cluster so many enjoyments—there's no place like home.

Let the bitter adversities of life toss us to and fro, let friends forsake us, yet there is a little earthly heaven, where we may hide ourselves—'tis at home—around the old fireside.

Oh! how sacred the ties that bind loved ones at home. In that family circle, where perfect love controls each heart, no discord or bitter feelings are manifested. Love is of divine origin; it emanates from God, who is all love. Without this principle formed in the soul, it is impossible to enjoy the blessings of life. 'Tis this that fills the mind of the wanderer as he journeys in a far distant land, with consoling thoughts, that there is a little group clustered around the old fireside, when the sun sinks behind the western hills, leaving all nature in darkness, who would think of him—and love him.

And he often wonders if he shall ever again sit with them, and join their happy music. Yes, may come to us, and go, but the charms of home, and the endearments of loved ones still linger, while memory lasts.

WHY SPECIE IS SCARCE.—Here is a nut for political economists to crack, be their proclivities free trade or protection, from the *American Manufacturer*:

From the middle of 1862 to the last of June, 1872, the generous United States paid Paris the enormous sum of two hundred and sixty millions. This somewhat staggering amount was forwarded in gold, on account of jewelry, laces, silks, gowns, crapes, merinos, luts, human hair, and miscellaneous toilet articles. This very respectable bill does not include the gold forwarded from our shores to the French metropolis for wines, works of art, gentlemen's garments and fabrics from which to make the same. There is not a single item in the aggregate of the two hundred and sixty millions which could not be readily dispensed with—and that, too, with great benefit, not only to the purse, but to the health of the consumers. So long as our people prefer to enrich foreign rivals at the expense of domestic industry, so little must gold be transmitted abroad to settle the balance of trade against us. With the exercise of prudence and common sense Europe could in twelvemonth be made a debtor to us for cereals and meats, which she cannot do without, and the stream of gold traversing the Atlantic from January to December would be forced to reverse its current and flow hitherward.

THE GRAVE OF "HIGHLAND MARY."
Rev. J. W. Todd, writing of his travels in Scotland, says: "The body of Highland Mary, the early lingering light of Burns' heart, moulders in the corner of Greenock church-yard; and whatever shadows gather around his memory and stain his fair name, hers is without spot, and the delicious joys which she kindled in his soul seem to have been of the purest and loftiest order—lingering there like the reflection of a glorious sunset when the darkness closed in and shut him round about. For it was far off in the days of his life that he tuned his lyre and sang:

"W' many a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fit tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, O, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
And green's the sod and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary."

The path to her grave is trodden into hardness by the feet of pilgrims from all lands; and on the slab which covers her narrow bed is inscribed the undornerd name of MARY, with these lines from the poet's pen:

"O, Mary, dear, departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

QUEER HOTEL.—There is a hotel in California composed of ten hollow trees, standing a few feet apart. The largest of these is sixty-five feet around, and is used as a bar and kitchen. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, white-washed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leading stump dubbed "the library."

Be punctual in your payments.

Wit and Humor.

In Sobenectady they mildly call a drunk man "the victim of misplaced benzine."

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you? She's your mother.

Singularly none of the papers have yet said that in these days of bustles every lady is a paper carrier.

An Indiana man has invented a "spark-arrester." It is presumed he has a family of daughters.

"Wouldn't you call this calf of the leg?" asked John, pointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Pat, "I should call that the leg of a calf."

One person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply, "But I believe in their disappearance, for I've missed a bottle of gin since last night."

It is convenient sometimes to speak the English language with a sweet German accent. A Teutonic saloon keeper has lost half his customers by boasting that he keeps "de pest house."

A teacher, in struggling to make a tough-brained boy understand what conscience is finally asked, "What makes you feel bad after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the lad.

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked at home."

An old German while on his way from Indianapolis to Lafayette froze his nose. While thawing the frost out of that very necessary member he remarked, "By-tam-I-nose understands dis ting. I half carry dat nose forty-seven years and he never froze hisself before."

A German expressman called at a door to deliver a box. He said to the servant who opened for him, "I have got a schmall pox, and if you likes I will carry it upstairs for you." The girl, horror-stricken slammed the door in his face, as she failed to appreciate the gift of small-pox.

"Sambo, when you git dat watch you wear to meatur' last Sunday?" "How you know I had a watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go'way, nigger! S'pose you see a halter round my neck, you tink dar is a horse inside ob me?"

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer to have it dyed black. He was so pleased with the result that after a time he went to him with a piece of black cloth and asked to have it made white. But the dyer answered: "A piece of white cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again."

A HINT FOR LADIES.—A well-known German florist related his troubles in this way: "I have so much double mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey want him moonly, dey want him hardy, dey want him doubles, dey want him fragrant, dey want him nice color, dey want every thing in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von uncalled man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often see dat ladies vat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas young, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection, in von ladies. I see her much more not!'"

A negro minister who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of his sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows:—"My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the good Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself, and having a first rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."

IF YOU PLEASE.—Boys and girls will print for you the last words of the Duke of Wellington, "if you please."

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers.

"They order so. This is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk remember "if you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words, "if you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far To rule by love than fear."

Quarrel not with your neighbor.