The Waynesboro' Village Record.

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Select Poetry.

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and chime.
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like carols of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drafting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our heart will ever hold,
Some smiles we remember yet,
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould;
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The cords that we loved full well
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flowry cups rung.
And ever fell from maiden's tongue
The words of witching spell.

Ah, well-a-day! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast
And her voice is stilled, and, above her, fast
Falls the cold Winter rain.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE FAITHFUL GUEST.

—OR—

A NIGHT OF DANGER.

There was something—I forget what—to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burns' Hollow. It may have been a funeral, or some religious meeting, for they both drove off, dressed in their best, in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron gray silk skirt, and ran back to the house for grandpa's spectacles and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt lonely. Burns' Hollow was a lonesome place at all times; and the handsome rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked though the upper rooms alone.

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the Irish lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for, though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun; and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please miss," said she as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's daughter had a boy last night they say, and I want to see it nat'rally—it's the first I've ever had of grand niece or nephew.

"Who brought the news?" I asked.

"Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my neice's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as he always is, and told him to tell Hannah she's a grand aunt."

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandpa and grandma may be away late and I feel nervous. To be sure there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injuction with a sort of fright stealing over—a presentment of evil I might [redacted] mantel, and sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of a rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp, I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro and instinctly shrunk away, but as I did so he spoke in a husky tone:

"This is Massa Morton's isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "grandfather is out."

I retreated; he advanced.

"Please, miss," he said, "Judge B—— sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabbled five days since I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry, 'pears like I'd drop, and ole massa's arter me. For the lub of heaben, miss, let me hide somewhere's and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Judge promise Massa Morton 'ud help me and it's kept me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled with me.—At last I said: "You have a note from the Judge, I suppose sir?"

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I lost it de night it rained so. Ah, miss, I's tellin' the truff—Judge sent me sure as I's a sinner. I's been helped along so far, and it 'pears like I mus' get to Canady. Can't go back noways. Wife's dare and de young uns.—Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day ov my life ef you'll jes' be so good to. Tank you, miss."

For somehow, when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door to which the rap had come and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging throughout the night.

To my surprise Anthony was nowhere about the house or garden.

Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton.

It was natural, but I felt angry.

Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the patter of rain drops and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm was coming on.

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come home, and Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be here for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went up stairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," said I, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in such a terrible storm as this, and no doubt grandpa will assist you when he returns home. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, miss," still speaking in a very husky whisper.—And so I left him.

But I did not go up stairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed, and to sit up in grandpa's arm chair, with candles and a book for company. Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable position, and opening a volume composed myself to read.

Reading, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my last dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of the door.

I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, chip went the horrible instrument, until at last I knew whence the sounds came.

Back of the sitting room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old-fashioned safe, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and valuable papers. The safe itself stood in a closet in a recess, and at the closet the thief was now at work.

The thief—ah, without doubt the negro I had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps the next act would be to murder me if I listened. The storm was still raging; but though the road was lonely, better than this house with such horrible company. I could not save my grandfather's property, but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and the bolts, but alas one was above my reach. I waited and listened. Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot and, horror of horrors, a man came from the study, sprang toward me and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would you? You'd call help? You might better have slept, you had; for you see you have got to pay for waking. I'd rather let a child like you off; but you know me now and I can't let you live.

I stared in his face with horror mingled with an awful surprise; for now that he was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our hired man, Anthony—Anthony whom I supposed to be miles away with Hannah. He was little more than a youth, and I had given him many a present and always treated him well.

I plead with him kindly.

"Anthony, I never did you any harm; I am young; I am a girl; don't kill me for my poor grandma's sake!"

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. No, I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangled, dying; with sparks in my eyes and the sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—what had sprung on my assassin with the silence of a leopard? What had clutched him from me, and stood over him with something glittering over his heart? The mist cleared away—the blurred mists that had gathered over my eyes; as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot on Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life.

Then ten minutes after—ten minutes in which, but for that poor slave's presence, I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without, and my grandparents were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to my preserver; needless also to tell of Anthony's punishment.

It came out during the trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of my grandparent, appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah with a lie, and hid in the study. He knew nothing of the negro's presence in the house, and being naturally superstitious, had actually fancied my protector a creature from the other world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, slave no longer, met his wife and children beyond danger; and now that the bonds are broken for all in this free land, doubtless his fears are over and he sits beside his humble Canadian hearth when eventide comes on.

Is Free Banking Dangerous.

We have lately noticed in quarters which usually furnish sound views of finance what we consider a curiously perverted conception of the free-banking movement. This has been described as a movement on the part of the national banks to secure license to extend their loans at will, and, therefore, unduly.—Nothing, we believe, could be more erroneous than this estimate of the movement, both as to thoss who are most influential in it and as to the probable effect of free banking on the loans of the banks. We are not, of course, prepared to say that the banks are not generally in favor of free banking, and it would be folly to deny that if they get it some of them may abuse it. But it is the business men of the country who are most interested in the reform. They will get the greatest benefit from it, and they furnish the public opinion which is steadily gaining in force, and which will in the end force Congress to make the change demanded. This is likely to be plain to any one who considers fairly what free banking is. It is simply removing the present restriction on the reserve, and leaving the banks to regulate their loans as the necessities of the hour may require. Now, the necessities of the hour are the necessities in the main of business men. It is only when they need money, and need a good deal of it, that the banks will have any inducement to loan out any part of their ordinary reserve This need on the part of business men will rise generally from legitimate causes, and they will, for the most part, be able to furnish adequate security for such loans as they may require. If they cannot furnish such security they ought not to get the money of the banks. If they can furnish such security they ought to get the money, and they ought to get most when they need most. For the law to interfere and say they shall only get a certain sum, and that all beyond that sum the banks shall keep under all circumstances whether they wish to keep it or not, and whether the fact of their keeping it secures strength or invites disaster, is not only an arbitrary thing for the law to do, but it is also an extremely hazardous thing. In any case it is plain that the law is a limitation of more consequence to the business community than to the banks. Business men so understand it. If they did not understand it before, they were pretty effectually taught it during the recent prolonged and distressing season of "tightness" in the money market, when a large share of the money of the country was shut up in the vaults of the banks, and another large share was "locked up" by speculators, who were able to lock up their portion solely for the reason that the Banking law had already locked up so much. From this state of things the speculators made a profit; some banks are suspected of sharing in that profit, and it is not possible that a very few of them did; but those who suffered a loss, and suffered it uniformly and universally, were the unfortunate business men of the country. And their loss was invited and made possible by the well-intended but oppressive restrictions which the law imposed for their security.

We believe free banking will, in the main, be safe, because its safety will depend on those who use the banks. We know of no better way of protecting the public than leaving them to themselves in such matters as these. What reason have we to suppose that Congress can do better than those who are directly interested? What means is open to Congress that may not be left open to each depositor to ascertain just what proportion of reserve to liabilities is the safest? Such a problem is at best a delicate and difficult one. It is not easy to see the safety of trusting it to Congress instead of to those whose property and credit are involved. And we are confident that what risk there may be in free banking would be compensated for many times over by the destruction of that false and mechanical reliance on the law to do what men *must* do for themselves, which is one of the most obvious consequences of the excessive interference of the present statute.—*New York Times.*

SANDS OF GOLD.—Men do less than they ought, unless they do all they can.

Censure is the tax men pay to the public for being eminent.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great minds great bribe.

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weakness and vanity.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.

For the Village Record.

SUNSET.

BY J. H. BARNES.

Fair, golden sunset! ruby bride of night!
Making the sky with crimson grandeur bright,
Flushing the western hills with rosy light.

Bright sunset! heralding a night of peace,
Granting us from our cares, a sweet release,
Being the bound'ry, where our troubles cease.

Welcome glad sunset! messenger of rest
To every aching heart, in weary breast,
Thou art to me of all life's hours—the best.

Our sunset is a sunrise far away,
Bringing to western lands another day,
Turning their leaden skies to silv'ry gray.

Would that life's sunset might sweetly be
The sunrise of a bright eternity,
When it shall come at last to waiting me.

Pittsburgh, July 2, 1873.

Maternal Affections.

Men talk of the silver cord of friendship—of the silken ties which bind young lovers together—of the pure affection of husband and wife, as if they were durable as adamant, and as pure as the love of angels. But a hasty word, a thoughtless action, or a misconstrued expression may break the first; a slight neglect, some inconsistency, or a trifling favor denied, may sunder the second, and even the last may be destroyed, for the green-eyed monster may find some enterance, and blight the fairest flowers, of this sweet earthly paradise.

But there is a love which neglect cannot weaken—which injury cannot destroy—and which even jealousy cannot extinguish. It is the pure, the holy, the enduring love of a mother. It is as gentle as the breeze of evening, firm as the oak, and ceases only when life's last gleam goes out in death. During all the vicissitudes of this changing world, in sickness or in sorrow—in life or in death—in childhood's halcyon days—in youth's untroubled hour—or in manhood's vigorous prime—the mother clings with the same unwearied affection to her child. It is the same amid the snows and frosts of Siberia, the temperate regions of our own fair and lovely Southland, and among the arid sands of Africa.

The anxions cares and tender attentions, and oft-repeated words of a mother's love, are not without their happy influences upon the lives and characters of their sons. The stern rebuke of a justly offended father, may check, for a season, the rising and struggling passions of youth but the sacred lessons learned from a mother's lips are engraved on the heart, and retain their power through life; in virtue's paths, and even in the career of vice, they are continually recurring to our mind, and bring with them, as further elements to good, all the hallowed scenes of childhood and innocence. Hard is the heart that will not melt at the recollection of a mother's prayer; and more obdurate still the heart of him who, by a course of vice, can willingly wring her soul with anguish, and bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

A World Hidden by a Thread.

David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, was a great astronomer. He was skillful in measuring the sizes of the planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope, would entirely cover a star; and moreover, that a silk fibre, however small, placed upon the glass would cover so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fibre several seconds. Thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star. You know that every star is a heavenly world, a world of light, a sun shining upon other worlds as our sun shines upon this world.

Our sun is 886,000 miles in diameter, and yet, seen from a distant star, our sun could be covered, obscured, hidden behind a thread, when that thread was near the eye, although in a telescope.

Just so we have seen some who never could behold the heavenly world. They always complained of dimness of vision, dullness of comprehension when they looked in the heavenly direction. You might strive to comfort them in affliction, or poverty, or distress; but no, they could not see Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness.—You may direct their eyes to the Star of Bethlehem through the telescope of faith and holy confidence; but alas! there is a secret thread, a filament, a silken fibre, which, holding them in subserviency to the world, in some way obscures the light, and Jesus, the Star of Hope, is eclipsed, and their hope darkened. There are times when a very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very little thread, may hide the light. To some sinners Jesus, appears very far off; but far off as he may appear, he certainly can and shall be seen where the heart lets nothing, *nothing* intervene.—*Good Cheer.*

MOTIVES FOR MUTUAL HELP.—It is true that nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another? For there is no hour that has not its birth of gladness and dispair, no morning brightness that does not bring new sickness to desolation, as well as new forces to genius and love. There are so many of us, and our lots are so different——what wonder that nature's mood is often in hard contrast with the great crisis of our lives? We are children of a large family, and must learn, as such do, not to expect that our hearts will be made much of—to be content with little nurture and caressing, and help each other the more.

The Sky.

Why is the blue sky so grandly arched above our heads? The ancient Greeks supposed it to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon and stars were set like diamonds in a ring. The upper surface was laid with gold—the pavement of the gods. In pagan countries somewhat similar notions still prevail. A converted heathen said he thought the sun, moon and stars were holes in the solid sky, through which came streaming down to earth the brightness and glory of the heavenly world. But, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the air we breathe. Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousand miles above us, where our childish fancy put it, the blue sky is nothing but the color of the ocean of air in which we live and move. And, as to the distance from us, it is all within three or four miles. For travelers, who go upon high mountain tops, tell us that they no longer see any blue sky above them there, where the air is so thin that they pant for breath, but only the blackness of empty space. But, it may be asked, why do we not see the blue color of air when we look up to the ceiling of our rooms? Why do we not have a blue sky in the house as well as out of doors? The answer is that some substances, of which air is one, do not show their color except in the mass. Take a piece of glass, pour upon it a single drop of ink, now press upon it another piece of glass, and hold them both pressed together up to the light. Scarcely any color of the ink can be seen. The poet says:—

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountains with its azure hue."

But philosophy, that great enemy to poetry, steps up, and tells us that it is not the mountain's blue we see, but only the air, which, like a misty curtain, hangs between us and the mountains.

Concerning the Truth.

A preacher once endeavored to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They heard his words, but did not understand them.

Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick?"

All listen. After a little pause.

"Yes, sir, we hear it?"

Then he took off the case, and held that in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children which is the watch?"

"The little one in your hand, sir."

"Very well, again. Now, I will put the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," cried several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you can see, when the case is off, and put in my hat. So it is with you, children. Your *body* is nothing *but the case.* The soul is inside. The case may be taken off, and buried in the ground; may be cast into the fire, or thrown into the sea, but the soul will live on just as well wi hout the body, as this watch will keep on ticking when the case is laid aside."

Now, that illustration and that thought will live in the minds of those children who heard it forever.

BEER.—The Germans in the United States, and those Americans who affect a fondness for lager-beer, don't drink it as it is drank in Germany. They rush into a restaurant and gulp down two or three glasses and move on. Here a German never thinks of finishing his glass of beer in less than ten minutes, and to drink it without eating something at the same time even if it is only a crust of bread. In fact, a German in the Fatherland is constitutionally opposed to doing anything in a hurry, and especially to drinking beer with "rapid speed." The consequence is that we do not see men here with great, huge paunches, as at home, capable of swallowing a keg of beer after supper. They seldom treat one another, but sit down to tables, and although they drink together, each man pays for what he consumes, whether it be beer or food. This of itself is a great preventive of excess, as if a half dozen were to sit down to drink, as with us, each must treat in turn, and thus six or a dozen glasses be guzzled, whether they want it or not. If our temperance friends could institute what is called the "Dutch treat" into our saloons, each man paying his own reckoning, it would be a long step toward reform in drinking to excess. In short, beer in Germany is a part of each man's food. He takes it as a sustenance, and not as a stimulant.

At last we hear something definite of the plan and purposes of the mysterious 'Order of Husbandry' that has so suddenly become a power in the west. It is a secret, cooperative, industrial, beneficial, and literary institution, with various rites borrowed from the secret societies. Apparently it has nothing to do with politics. Men and women are alike admitted, but the latter are limited to the fourth degree. The members of the first degree are designated respectively as Laborer and Maid; in the second degree as Cultivator and Shepherdess; in the third degree as Harvester and Gleaner, and in the fourth degree as Husbandman and Matron. The membership at this time is estimated at $450,000, and if it does go into politics, it will certainly be a powerful influence.

A Cornered Legislator.

A gentleman who occupied a seat in the upper branch of the New York Legislature, but at the time was a member of the Assembly, relates the following:

Perkins was as honest a man as ever set a foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him, and I knew it, but I thought I would have a little fun with him, so I went down to his room one evening and said, "Perkins what do you think of that underground railroad bill? Are you going to vote for it?"

"Well," said Perkins, "I haven't made up my mind yet exactly." I am inclined to think it is a good bill; but why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I, "and as long as you have concluded to vote for it, I just wanted to say to you that the men interested in it are paying five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up on its final passage tomorrow, you can just as well have the money as not; you'll vote for the bill anyway."

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first," cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir. If improper means are being taken to pass this thing as you say, I for one, will vote against it every time. You can put me down 'no.'"

"Oh, I don't care anything about the bill," said I. "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet, for to tell the truth, the rival companies are here in full force and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it.

They are paying the same amount for 'noses,' and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I'll get you the five hundred dollars all the same."

"Can such things be," exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation. "What a state of things this is! A plague on both of your houses, I won't vote at all!"

"All right," said I, "I'll get you the five hundred dollars for being absent."

And as the jolly Senator brought to mind the horror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved old Perkins he roared with laughter.

THE PRECISE MAN.—The "Precise Man" sumtimes parts his hare in the middle, and when he duz, he knots his hare on each side ov hiz hed, and splits sum, if it is necessary, to make the thing ded even.

If he is a married man, everything must be jist so—if he is a bachelor, it must be more so.

He alwuz sets a hen on 12 eggs, and haz a grate horror for all odd numbers.

He gits up jist such a time in the morning, and goes tew bed at jist sich a time at night, and would az soon think ov taking a doze of stricknine for the hikkups az tew kut oph a dog's tale when the moon waz in the last quarter.

The precise man haz but phew branes, and they are az a setter dogs, for he seldum makes a false point.

He is a bundle of fakts and figgers, and is az handy in the naberhood as a pair of platform skales or a reddy reckoner.

He is invariably an honest man, but often as much from pride as principle.

He luvs his children, if he has any, and would rather hav them perfekt in the multiplikashun table than in the Illiad of Homer.

His wife is soon broke tew akt and think as he duz, and she is known fur and near for the excellence of her soft sope.—*Josh Billings.*

WOMAN'S THIRTY POINTS.—An old Spanish writer says that a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she have thirty good points. Here they are:

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, eyebrows and eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the calf, the hip.

Three free—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the breast, the nose, the head.

Miss Mary Carpenter, an English reform lecturer, who has recently come to this country, wished an audience to remember that a bad woman can do an amount of harm that no man can possibly do.—She had known many children grow up well with a bad father, but she had never known any to grow up well with a bad mother. The argument in behalf of the transcendent importance of woman's work in home circle could not be stated more powerfully or in fewer words. Solomon's virtuous woman will do more for the reformation of the world than Solomon himself ever did in all his glory.—*Exchange.*

A BOOK.—Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book; a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us.

Always save something against a day of trouble.

Why is beer like a flea? Because hops are the principal things in both of them.

Wit and Humor.

An Iowa clergyman who had a donation party lately, has beans enough to last thirty-seven years.

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

The labor of the body relieves us from the fatigue of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.

If you are cursed with an insatiable appetite buy a plaid vest, so that you can always keep a check on your stomach.

A young man twenty years old, a citizen of Augusta, hung himself the other day because his coat wrinkled in the back.

A Lake City lady has a pair of shoes 200 years old. Of course they were made when she was very young, and don't fit her at present.

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

A missing man was lately advertised for and described as having a roman nose. He won't be found. Such a nose as that will never turn up.

We notice a good many persons are engaged in the business of holding down store-boxes. It may be a legitimate occupation, but the income is not large.

A Pittsburg coroner makes no charge when he sits on a young man who parted his hair in the middle. He says that his personal satisfaction is enough without the fee.

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors who can remember them.

Old Mrs. Pilkins was reading the foreign news by a late arrival. "Cotton is declining!" exclaimed the old lady.—"Well, I thought as much. The last thread I used was remarkably feeble."

The expensive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus: "The flying rumors gathered as they rolled; scarce any tale was sooner heard than told, and all who heard it made enlargement too; or every tongue it grew."

In looking over the exchanges to find the biggest liar in the country it is found that he is on the Des Moines *Register.*—He says: "The rats in Webster City grow larger than cats, and it is said one blow from a rat's tail will split a cellar door."

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet, the other day, "I can endure hardship and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but O, to live and droop like a single pink, I can't endure it, and, what's more, I won't!"

They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton; and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning-rods to the crowd.

A gentleman took the following extract to a telegraph office: "I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will. I believe we are his heirs, Jon Black." The clerk having counted the words said: "There are two words to many, sir." All right, cut out "with grief."

A young man who was attending a night writing school, at Danville, Ind., was smitten by the charms of a lady present, and at the close of the school pressed forward and asked if he might escourt her home. "Yes," said she, "if you will carry my little boy." He wilted, and the young matron walked home alone.

When a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself what he has done to make anybody care for him or love him, and to warm the world with faith and generosity. Generally those who complain the most have done the least.

"What are you bellowing about?" cried an irate mother at the foot of the stairs one evening, after her two boys had been put to bed. "Please, mother," said bellowing Bill, "Jim wants half the bed." "Well, let him have it, and you take the other half." "Yes, mother," said Bill, "but he wants to have his half out of the middle, and me sleep on both sides of him."

Some men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man, who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule and was measuring his hind quarters, when something appeared to loosen up the mule. Just before the expert died he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he must weigh not far from 47,000 lbs.

Twenty years ago, there was not in the whole kingdom of Sweden a single Baptist, and now they number about 9,000, in about 220 Churches.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is so with habits.