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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE WORLD IS BRIGHT AND WIDE.

BY MRS. O. J. VICTOR.

Oh, the world is bright and wide,
Lighted round on every side,
Set with flowers thick and sweet,
With cool grasses for our feet:
God is good,
With low breezes in the wood
And gay birds to sing his praise,
With soft waters on their ways,
Talking of him as they run
With their faces to the sun:
God is good.

The faint odors of the flowers,
Beaten out by summer showers
From their honeyed, hidden wells,
The same happy message tells:
God is good.

By the wild hee understood,
And the careless butterflies;
Nor does this sweet truth surprise
These fair creatures he has made,
Glimmering in the sun and shade;
God is good.

Says the barley, waving tall,
And the grape vine on the wall,
And the partridge in the wheat,
And the robin, calling sweet,
God is good.

So the hill, with cloudy hood,
And the sky with all its blue,
With the ocean, azure too,
And the valleys, cool and dim,
Sing together that old hymn,
God is good.

What saith man; the last and best,
In his Maker's image dressed?
In his anguish or his pride
Be hath off and long denied,
God is good.

And aloof, in anger stood,
God, indeed, hath tried him sore
That his triumph may be more,
Earth itself shall pass away,
Yet this man shall live and say,
God is good.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A MIDNIGHT PERIL.

SAVED BY AN ABSENT WIFE.

The night of the 17th of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the forest, and the incessant down pour of rain? "This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulently to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunk of the tree. I could hear the roar of the turbulent waters forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought of the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why, had I not been content to keep in the right road?"

Hold on? Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through the tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled forth, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can't you direct me to R— station?"

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down here by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night?—I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood relieved once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop there sometimes."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

"We drenched on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like a trackless woods, and keeping straight on until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the foundation half drawn to one side, as if the wind had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.

Where is Isaac?

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide. "He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," said I, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly," the woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me; only make haste if you please."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room, into an apartment sealed with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded closely against the board partition, and a pine table, with two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the lamp—an oil lamp on the table.

"Anything more can I get you, sir?" said she.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk to B— station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

"She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensations.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought, "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone hearth; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table, eating—a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red flannel shirt and very muddy pantaloons.

I asked for writing materials, and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice,"

I paused, I laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say, could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper, I happened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition, or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only black darkness beyond. Yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was only one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what lumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed and barricading the lockless doors with two chairs, I extinguished the light and laid down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me, like a misiv tyramite, until all of a sudden some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was becoming to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. In the self same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight toward the very spot where ten seconds since my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumped down eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there recovering my breathe, I heard the tramp of footsteps in my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back, that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold agonized shudder ran over me. What a den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed thro' the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I shall never know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint bars of orient light against the eastern sky, I was close to the high road, seven miles from R—.

On at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and false alarms we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty and our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise, watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang, said the leader of the police; and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though that they'll

some back here at present.

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister who was with Alice in her English home, a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore her to life and animation. I was just about sending for a doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushed back her hair, and looked wildly about her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but feel so strange, Gracie, I have been with my husband!"

"All our reasonings failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you on the 17th of October; or rather on the morning of the 18th—where and how she cannot tell—but we think it must have been some dream—She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthian skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England, in body on the morning of October 18th, her spirit surely stood before me in New York at the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK.

The clock proclaims the hour of twelve, which signifies that another day has gone and another spark from the flickering light of life is extinguished. Still its measured ticks are heard, numbering the seconds as they pass away, uttering an admonitive tick each second of time departs to warn us of their flight; and as the humble seconds pass on, collectively assuming the dignity of an hour, the clock, as though it were not content to remind us by its lowly ticks of the passing of time, announces to us by the voice of its silvery bell that an hour of another day has gone; while at each vibration of its pendulum, it adds, "and another hour is passing."

So the faithful clock ticks on, not allowing a second to pass unnoticed, while twenty-four times each day its bell resounds at the passing of the fleeting hours. Yet, amid all these reminders, how careless are we of the transience of life, allowing the moments to pass unnoticed, the hours to unconsciously depart, the days and years to pass into oblivion while we remain indifferent at their flight; or if we listen to the ticking of the clock, we think how slow is the flight of time; but slow as it may seem, it is over on the wing, and every little second is a representative of our life, which passes away second by second, so rapidly that when we look back over the years that are gone, we are surprised at the swift flight of time, and sadly listen to the ticking of the clock which shows that time still passes on. And—

"As the clock strikes, time flies away, when it is we who are passing away."

MRS. CAULDS SILENCED.

The Brantford (Canada) Courier tells of a gentleman of that town who recently tried an experiment which he says has completely cured his wife of jealousy. He says he was subject to a nightly curtain lecture from his better half, at a time when he wished to be wrapped in the arms of Mrs. Pheasant, for returning an affection for an old lady friend. He bore it for several nights with a Christian-like resignation, but at last he devised a plan for putting an end to it. He procured a piece of wood formed in the shape of a human being and dressed it in some of his wife's wardrobe, and then placed it in the garden, sitting in an iron chair. To this graven image he kept down and poured forth impassioned addresses. The servant girl was standing at the kitchen door at this time and overheard these appeals. She immediately notified her mistress of the fact. Presently both of them emerged from the kitchen, armed with broomsticks, and made an attack upon the "dummy woman," while the husband, who had retired in good order, sat at the back enjoying the scene. After knocking the image over they pounced upon and tore the clothing in rags. They soon discovered the cheat, and rushed back into the house terribly mortified. The husband followed them and said exasperating things—Whenever she shows any disposition to be jealous he has only to mention that little scene in the garden, and she changes the topic. The servant has been induced to go to the States where "wages are higher."

A Little four year old, residing a short distance from the city, was saying the Lord's Prayer a short time ago at his mother's knee, and after he had finished it his mother said: "Now, Sandy, ask God to make you a good boy."

The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then started her with the following reply: "It's no use, ma. He won't do it. I've asked him a heap of times."

ROSALIE.

Hark! the antique village bell
Tolls a solemn funeral knell,
And its notes, so sad and low,
Fill my heart with bitter woe,
O that I with her could glide,
Outward, outward, with the tide,
Destined for the other side.

Yes, the hand is still now,
And the damp is on the brow,
And the footsteps soft and light
Hushed in death's repulsive night,
But beyond the waters cold,
Where the pearly gates unfold,
She shall tread the streets of gold.

Ah, no more that gifted strain,
Driving from the heart earth pain,
Floats to heaven's eternal dome,
Welcomed by the angels home.
But up the "distant shore,"
She shall sing forever more,
Far sweeter than she sang of yore.

Ah, no more the sunbeams fair,
Leap to kiss her golden hair,
Ah! I never more shall twine
Her locks about these hands of mine.
But upon her tresses bright,
There shall rest a crown of light,
Gained by they who walk aright.

Flowers fair were born to fade,
None to bloom forever made,
Fast they fall before the frost
Of winter, ere their bloom is lost,
But the flower we mourn now,
Fell in Springtime's golden glow,
With the sunlight on her brow.

She was mine by promise fair,
Now she's death's—no life is there,
Shadowed bridegroom take thy bride,
Charon bear her over the tide,
And return in haste for me,
For I long to ride with thee,
And live again with Rosalie.

GROWTH OF CHARACTER.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is something to put on, ready-made, with manhood and womanhood; but, day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When was he a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make.—The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "I forgot; I did not think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

THE FRESHNESS OF MORNING.

The brightest, the best, the most beautiful part of the day, is the early morning.—There seems also to be a moral influence, and sweet, healthy power at this time.—The air is fresh, the feelings are renewed, the spirit is calm, and we enter upon the day rested and restored. If we had day without night, and our hours of repose were amid the hot rush of constant activities, we should lie down, and wake fevered and unrefreshed. It is a blessed provision that nature gives us, in the curtains of the night, that we may sleep with the glare of the day shut out, and arise in the morning, as the day begins, to see all nature start afresh. There is both stimulus and encouragement in the air we breathe at this time.

Shun evil speakers.

Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and weak, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that speaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or of evil design, or they proceeded from exaggerated or partial disclosures of fact. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide; then believe just what evidence compels you to do, and no more.—But even then, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them and unnerve yourself from doing them good.

COMPANIONSHIP AND HEALTH.

To be perfectly healthy and happy, one must have friends. They need not be in large numbers, but one, two, or three kindred spirits with whom one can commune, share joys and sorrows, thoughts and feelings. In choosing friends great care is necessary. There must be some common bonds of sympathy. It may be moral, intellectual or social; but even these bonds are not sufficient. A weakly person, an invalid, needs healthy friends; a timid one, brave friends. Those who are blessed with good friends are healthier and happier than those who have none.

A million of one dollar bills possess a vastness that is rather startling to a man who has never faced such a pile. To count this sum at the rate of one thousand five hundred dollars an hour, and eight hours a day, it would require nearly three months. If the dollar bills were laid side by side, they would reach about one hundred and twenty miles, while their transportation would require more than an ox team.

Ministering Angels.

The beautiful have gone with their bloom from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that made it springtime in our hearts are seen no more. We have loved the light of many a smile that has faded from us now; and in our hearts have lingered sweet voices that were now hushed in the silence of death. Seats are left vacant in our earthly homes, none again can fill.—Kindred, friends and loved ones have passed away one by one; our hearts are left desolate; we are lonely without them. They have passed with their love to "that land, from whose bourne no traveler returns." Shall we never see them again? memory turns with lingering regret to recall those smiles and the loved tones of those dear familiar voices. In fancy they are often by our side, but their home is on a brighter shore. They visit us in our dreams, floating over our memory like shadows over moonlit waters. When the heart is weary with anguish, and the soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes, sweet memory brings them to us, and the love we bore them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations and we long to join them in that better land. They hover round us, the ethereal, dear, departed ones—the loving and the loved, when gentle with eyes that slumber not. When gentle dreams are wandering to the angel land, in whispers wake the hymning strains of that bright and happy choir, revealing many a tale of hope, and bliss, and tenderness, and love.—They tell of sunny realms, ne'er viewed by mortal eye—of forms arrayed in fadeless beauty—and lofty anthems to their great Creator's praise are sounded forth in sweet, seraphic numbers. And this bright vision of the best dissolves the tumult of life's jangling scenes; they fade in air, and then we glory in the thought that we are heirs of immortality. And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love, those bright, celestial beings of another sphere? Ah, it is because they take an interest in our welfare, and joy over our success in the great battle of life. They are not selfish in their happiness, but fain would have us share it with them.

Brain Worry.

Many of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we worry ourselves into it? If we do, can we help it? To most of us it is not given to choose our lives, to avoid the rough places, to gently shoulder to one side disagreeable facts. We must climb over the rocks though they hurt us sore, and the difficulties, however they may annoy us, must be met with brain fret and wear until they are conquered, or we have passed them. They are as real, living, annoying, as any tangible ache or pain could be; as bruising and irritating as the peas in the shoes of the pilgrim of old. Nearness health is one thing, and moral health and purely physical health is quite another and different thing. Calm and steady mental work is conducive to long life; but nervous emotion, mental work that is a constant urging, and, at the same time, is an unwhinging of the even tenor of the mind, eats away the brain faster than any mental labor, no matter how hard, that is systematic. As men do not really die of heart disease as often as supposed, but of apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work, but of brain worry. Scott died of it; Southey, Swift, Horace Greely, and probably Thackeray.—London Times.

A CURE FOR WRINKLES.

A celebrated physician in one of our great cities, used formerly to prescribe, as an infallible cure for wrinkles, not a contented mind, but soap. The mystery of this may thus be unfolded: Time writes his lines unceasingly on the delicate skin of the face, and the longer and harder he writes the deeper the grooves left by his ineffaceable scribe. But these grooves become for the most part apparent by the lodgment of dust. A very few minutes on dry windy days, are sufficient to a close observer on any but the youngest faces. To efface these records of time and weather, a pure bland soap should be used with plenty of water. To preserve the softness of the skin a few drops of good glycerine may be added to the pure water, which should always be used to rinse the suds from the face. This simple and unromantic recipe will do more to beautify the complexion and preserve it smooth and clear than all the cosmetics in the world.

THE PARSON'S WIG.

A worthy parson had, as worried parsons often do, become bald-headed, thought it no harm, to assist nature in her tonsorial operations, procured a wig. His old-fashioned congregation was greatly exercised thereby. Some thought it very worldly for a parson to wear a wig at all, while some thought the shape horrid. Others thought the hair should be shorter in front, some at the sides, and some behind. Finally, the good pastor invited the brethren and sisters to meet him at the parsonage.—When they were assembled, he handed his wig to them to trim according to their taste. One clipped it here, another there, and another in a different place, until the poor wig looked like anything but a head of hair. When handed back to the parson he examined it carefully, and then gravely said: "Brethren and sisters, we may safely worship this, for it is the likeness of nothing in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

SELF-RELIANCE.

The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend on their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely on their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital; which no man can ever wrest from them.

Rather Discouraging.

The Superintendent came to me and asked if I would undertake the charge of one boy for that session of the Mission School.

"He is the worst boy we've got," said he, "and has been the ringleader of a bad lot; but I thought it might possibly be of some use to separate him from the others, and let a lady try her influence over him."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"I'll bring him to you directly," and he hurried away, returning soon with one of the most forbidden looking boys I ever happened to see. He was placed in a chair, quite by himself, in one corner of the room. I went and sat down beside him.

"Would you like to have me teach you?" I said in my persuasive manner.

"I don't care—if the other boys can come, too."

"What other boys?"

"He named three or four. I consulted the superintendent."

"It won't do. My only hope for him is to keep him quite away from that set."

I went back to my protegee, who did not seem in any way disappointed at the non-success of my mission. Resolved not to disgust or weary him by ill-timed preaching, I essayed a conversation. It was rather discouraging work.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen—how old be you?" with a leer.

"Never mind; do you go to school?"

"No, ma'am; I works."

"What do you do?"

"Whatever I has a mind ter," looking saucily in my face.

"That isn't a nice way to talk to me I am interested in you, and I want you to tell me all about your life—what you do and what you read—"

"I don't read none."

"Can't you read?"

"Course I can," with a disgusted stare, "but I don't like books—I read the dailies and such."

"Shall I read to you? Wouldn't you like to hear a nice story?"

Taking his muttered growl for assent, I took down a book of adventures and commenced reading to him.

He was very quiet apparently, and I congratulated myself on the fact that I had interested him at last. Suddenly I became aware of suppressed giggling among the children near me, and looked up to ascertain the cause. That horrid boy had perched my beautiful white lace bonnet—which I had laid aside while I read—on the top of his carrot head, and he was executing a variety of the most horrible and grotesque grimaces imaginable, totally oblivious, of course, to all my efforts to instruct or amuse him. I recaptured my bonnet and gave up the trial. I felt very much inclined to believe in the total depravity of boys.

A RICH CASE.

Some years ago an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed robbery; in due time the case came up for trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of our keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say that the prisoner at the bar was the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Was it by moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Divil the bit of it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you couldn't have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any lightning from any house near by?"

"Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any house, and so dark that you couldn't see even your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner is the man? How did you see him?"

"Why, yer Honor, when the spalpeen struck me, (may the devil fly away wid him,) the fire flew out iv my eyes—so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin; you could, be jabbers."

The court, jury, counsel and spectators, exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was directly after declared not guilty.

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Wit and Humor.

There are many thread-bare souls under silken cloaks and gowns.

Get on your husband's blind side, and then you can go to the seaside.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Pleasant memory in old age is like a bird singing on a withered bough.

Why are tardy persons like bustles? Because they are always behind.

The miser and the glutton, two facetious bazzards—one hides his store and the other stores his hide.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Kind thoughts are the spice islands of the spirit, making a man's character breezy with sweetness.

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.

The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of telling the truth. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said.

Mrs. Peck, of Chicago, has "gone off" with a handsome man, leaving her husband in a bushel of trouble in the shape of four little Pecks.

"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

The only acceptable obedience is an instant obedience. The only safe way of dealing with duty is to perform it at once. What thou doest, do quickly.

A shoemaker out west of a literary turn, has the following poetical gem 'out his sign:

Here lives a man who never refuses,
To mend all sorts of boots and shoes.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the impudence of the world come to, I wonder! They might as well tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

In 1760 the first society of Methodists was organized in America with a membership of but five persons. Seven years later, in 1773, the society had in creased over a thousand souls, under the care of ten "traveling preachers." To-day the Church has 1,421,322 members, with 9,699 traveling and 11,382 local ministers.

The striking difference between a young man and a young woman is illustrated by a croaker, who says that the first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat on, is to take it off serenely try it on his head; but when a young lady sees one of her acquaintances with a new bonnet she just lifts up her nose, and serenely wonders "where the thing got that fright."

A kiss, however pleasant, may cost too much. Here we have an account of a Missourian who indulged in the salutation of a fine young woman, and of what happened to him. The magistrate fined him. The fine young woman's brother horsewhipped him. His wife worried him into a brain fever. The parson alluded to him personally in a strong sermon. The local editor took sides with the preacher and pilloried him in ledged long-primers. Finally, he was punished by a special providence, for the potato-bugs left their potatoes to eat every blade of his wheat crop. Let the kissingly inclined take warning.

In one of the towns of Mississippi, two colored men were arrested on the charge of burglary. The jury, being all white, they were tried were all colored.

After the case was tried, and made a verdict, which was appealed to the court. On being asked by the judge asked for the verdict, the foreman delivered as follows:

"Dis jury find dat one of the 'cus' (in de sto' and stole dat bacon, and dat oder did'n do noffin."

"Which one did you find guilty?" asked the judge.

"Dat's de question, boss," returned the foreman; "dat jes' what we can't find out, and we recommended dat de honorable coat jes' have a oder trial, and find out which ob two niggers stole de bacon."

A Western contemporary thinks it smart to relate that an Iowa editor, recently, to keep up with the style, ran off with a man's wife. He did not get off so easily, however, as he imagined he would. The man followed him and overtook the truant pair. The editor got behind the woman, and prepared to sell life as dearly as possible. He was uncertain as to whether the outraged husband would shoot him, or murder him with a carving knife. He stood there, like the boy upon the burning deck, and calmly awaited the result. The outraged husband came up within about two feet of the editor, and said, "Cuss your impudence. I want you to stop my paper." That was all. The editor recovered himself, and said he would have the matter attended to at once. During all the trying scene, the woman stuck to the editor like a sand burr to a girl's stocking. Some people get mad and stop their paper for almost nothing—it beats all.