### VOLUME 26.

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## Select Poetry.



### HOME TWENTY YEARS ACO.

BY PARK WILSON.

Fond Fancy brings to dreaming eyes A picture sweet and clear-And, as I gaze, new beauties arise, And many an image dear. 'Tis not of hoary castles gray, Nor hamlet on the lawn,

Nor where the lingering moonbeams play O'er ancient tower or town-But sleeping now in Summer's light, And now in Winter's snow, She brings the home again to-night Of twenty years ago.

Sweet spot! thou hadst no frowning wall No battlement nor mere; But in thy hospitable halls What gladsome light and cheer! How innocent the mirth and jest, How fondly beamed each eye, How kindly welcomed was the guest Of low estate or high! Oh, happy earth, if in thy round All might such welcome know As in that home each pilgrim found

Of twenty years ago.

And where are they! The happy band Who gathered round their sire, And prayed for tale of foreign land Beside the evening fire;

The laughing girl, the bright-eyed boys, The youth, the maid were there; The tottering infant spread his toys Beside his mother's chair.

But now how dreareach well known room When fades the sunset glow! For but one lamp lights up the home Of twenty years ago.

One who had dwelt years afar Found in thy shades a grave-Some wander where the evening star Sinks in the western wave-Scattered, perchance, for aye are they Once gathered 'neath thy roof; For duty calls, and they obey Her high but stern behoof. Yet from each heart prayers will rise When Fancy does but show That pictured home to dreaming eyes

# Miscellaneous Reading.

Of twenty years ago.

## ONLY A MUSIC TEACHER.

BY MARY W. CABELL.

Ainslie, in reply to an inquiry from her companion, as the door bell rang.

She sat tete-a-tete with Russell Sydney, take seats in front of them, but Alice and Alice felt her strength ebbing away to

"The music teacher! Are you taking

lessons, Miss Ainslie?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "and this is my

hour. If you have nothing special to do, erally get tired, and wind up my lesson in about half an hour."

gladly stay, even to hear you practice," he replied.

bel, laughingly, as she left the room."

and elegance, with sufficient warmth to est enjoyment, into each note of Mendelshave his sentiments for her kindled into shohn's wonderful "Capriccio Brilliant," point at which the scale must soon be ters. Seldom were two persons gifted with turned. He listened cagerly for the sound a finer musical intuition. The concert of her voice, for music formed so import- had but one alloy to them, which was ant an element in his existence, that he that it had to come to a close. To Mabel should possess a fine voice. Mabel's, howdid not glow in its tones.

But ere long another voice broke on the air, so warm, so full of sympathy, and of airy, exquisite sweetness that he felt the effect of making him more deferential himself carried irresistably along in the and attentive to Alice than he was before; tide of melody. The song was Gounod's delicious "Fruhlingslied," (Spring song.) and as the singer went on, it seemed to Sydney that he could see the fragrant green and tender violets springing around him. Snow and sleet lay on the ground. The wintry breeze sighed through the bare tree; but all this passed from his spring, which this beautiful voice called up. He drew a long breath of regret when the song came to a close; but when Mabel repeated it after her teacher, altho' she did so very well, as far as the execution was concerned, yet the spell was broken—the snow, sleet and wintry wind

were no longer conjured away.
"Who is your teaches?" asked Sydney, eagerly, when Mabel returned. "As the Mohammedans say of the angel Israel: 'Her heart-strings are a lute, and she has indeed the greatest voice of all God's crea-

Rash young man, to speak thus to one woman in unreserved praise of another. But Sydney was free from envy and jeal-ousy himself, and knew not the shoals on

which he was touching.
"She is Miss Alice Leslie," said Mabel, coldly. "She is quite a good teacher, I

made a complete wreck of his property; ble idea would flash over her that she but, fortunately, gave this girl some advantages of education, before he totally squandered his estate.

Russell Sydney seemed disposed to question Mabel further about the young music teacher, but her replies were so brief, that, after awhile, he could not avoid seehe dropped it.

Some weeks after this conversation Mabel gave a musical soiree. I don't wish to have Miss Leslie here had been such that she recoiled from hold-

at all," said she to her mother; "but no one else plays my accompaniments so she looked at the little brother and sister, well. But, remember, mother, I do not however, she compelled herself to put a-

when the guests were all assembled, there was one who looked strange amougst the gay company, a young woman dressed with lady-like refinement, but perfect simplicity: the face lit was a sum of the saked, Mabel made the carry time he asked, Mabel made the carry time he asked made but perfect simplicity; the face lit up by clear, gray eyes, and shaded by waving never have Alice there again. black hair that rippled on her temples.

The first song that Mabel sang was Schubert's Gondola Song, one in which the effect of the song is greatly heighten-ed by the weird rich beauty of the accompaniment. So exquisitely did Alice Leslie render all the gradations in this accompaniment, that the majority of the hearers listened more eargerly to this than the song, and after Mabel had finished singing, a lady standing near beg-ged Alice to sing, adding that one who accompanied the singing of others so beautifully, must surely sing well herself.— This request being seconded by a large circle, Mabel and her mother were forced to let Alice comply.

Russell Sydney was one of the circle of listeners, and he reveted in a sea of delight as she sang. Her repertoire suited his taste admirably. Leaving the beaten track of opera selections, she sang detached songs and ballads by Gounod, Abt and Kucken. When she arose, he led her to seat, and entered into conversation with her. Poor Alice had had a weary lot.-She had to buffet with the world for a scanty living, and now when she met this high-bred man, who treated her with a courtesy as deferential as if she had been a queen, and who listened with interest to every word she spoke; it was as though a pilgrim, walking through arid sands. had suddenly come on a clump of palms

her haughty, jealous heart chafed as she to the heart with this fresh blow, Alice saw Sydney bending over Alice, in long grew deadly pale, and turned away. But and earnest conversation. She resolved just as the servant had commenced to dethat never again should he see Alice, if liver his message, a young man came up she could prevent it, in which case she the steps, and, as the poor little teacher felt sure that her own attractions could descended them, a kind, gentle voice greetspeedily eradicate any impression the insignificant music-teacher might have made had been aroused by the unfeeling mes-

"Only the music teacher." said Mabel Not long afterward, Mabel went to a conand gradually he transferred his attentions almost entirely to her, as the concert went on, and he found that no one in however, you may stay here and look at his party could enter into it with the keen the pictures, and read, till I come. Lgen- delight and subtle appreciation that Alice showed. Her beautiful eyes kindled, her about nan an nour.

"I love music so well that I would short. There was a greater beauty in her ladly stay, even to hear you practice," face, for the time, than in Mabel's. She makes me act childish." and Sydney enjoyed, with kindred rap-"Very well, but you must stop your tures, Beethoven's immortal seventh sym-ears when I come to the scales," said Ma-phony, filled with such unearthly, mysterious beauty that it sounded like angels ful tone. Russell Sydney admired Mabel's beauty talking together. They entered with keenlove, if no adverse fates interfered; and into the sweet, heavenly Kreuzer Sonato, his regard had now reached a critical and all the selections from the grand maswished the woman whom he might choose the close was a relief. Her jealously and chagrin had so far mastered her as to

ever, disappointed him. It was correct, make her forget common good-breeding. overhearing some of these, and they had and he wondered how he could ever have thought Mabel so beautiful, when her ex-

pression was so haughty and arrogant.

That night two different pictures might have been seem. One was a young girl nity, and the angels seemed so near and sitting in a chamber full of every appliance of luxury. Her elegant opera cloak was thrown carelessly down, her jewels when he came to know her better, he consciousness, in the bright vision of the scattered over her toilet table, and she sat saw that her lovely harmonies were not musing with a look of deep unrest and confined to outward embodiment, but that bitterness. The other picture was of a there was a music breathing in her true, young girl in a plain little attic-room, pure and womanly heart; and so Mable whose surroundings were of the humblest sort; but her face was filled with dreamy joy. She had been lifted from her narrow, daily life, into an atmosphere of wondrous brightness, into a lovely fairy land. The'she had to go forth again, next day, to struggle for her bread, she carried some

> her out of the dust and turmoil. Beautiful strains of melody, and kindly tones of voice, still rang through her brain. hopefully about her work. But at length | der side arose and very gravely said a day came when she could no longer go. Mr. President: Spose dar was a bar out She had never been very strong physicaldar at de door, and you was to go dar and ly, and exposure to the weather and insufficient food and clothing commenced to tell on her frame. She struggled brave- him and mark de result. I calls for de

"Is her music all her livelihood?" ask-ed Sydney.
"Yes. She is an orphan, and has a literal forts. They did all that childish care of the little boy and girl who were dependent on her efforts. They did all that childish care of the little boy and girl who were dependent on her efforts. They did all that childish care of the little boy and girl who were dependent on her efforts. They did all that childish care of the little boy and girl who were dependent on her efforts. They did all that childish care of the little boy and girl who were dependent on her efforts.

tle brother and sister dependent on her. and skill were capable of, but thoughts of Her father was a dissipated man, and them increased her malady, for the terri-God hath locked up the mystic page,

had written, with tremulous fingers, to all her employers (and they were not many in this great city where there was so much competition,) and had explained the reason why she temporarily discontinued her ing that the topic was unwelcome, and so instructions, but assured them that she would be at her post as quickly as possible. When she commenced a note to Mabel, she paused, for Mabel's rudences

It was in the first flush of spring, when Alice crept forth from the sick room. A faint hint and whisper of the coming sweetness and bloom lurked in the air.-Still weak and faint, her strong resolve bore her up, as she wended her way along. Beside the necessity there was for her to gain their daily bread, she had to work too for the past. She was not able to give lessons. At the first house to which she went, her reception was discouraging.-The young lady either was or fancied herself, too delicate to prosecute the study of singing. It gave her a sore throat, she said, so she had concluded to stop her les-

sons. At the next place Alice was startled to observe that the whole house was shut up, and looked gloomy as a tomb.-After ringing repeatedly, a servant came forth from the alley, and informed her that scarlet fever had broken out on that street, and that her mistress had gone away with all the children, to stay she did not know how long. Alice had had four pupils in this house, and she turned away with a sickening feeling at heart. She had a more cheering reception at the next house, and then she thought she would go to Mabel's before her strength entirely ebbed away.

It was early twilight when she ascended the steps; the first pale stars were be ginning to gleam in the sky. After she had waited for some time, a servant came and a sparkling spring.

Never had Mabel's beauty shone with not come again, as Miss Binslie had probrighter lustre than on this night; but vided herself with another teacher. Stung on him. sage, and whose compassion had been excited by Alice's pallor and feebleness.

a handsome, high-bred, wealthy young a lady friend, who had brought her thith-bred, wealthy belie turned her eyes with a softened lustre.

Ance sett ner strength ebbing away to such a degree, that she was thankful for the support of his arm; and the support of his presence was greater still. She readily enter into conversation with her, could nerve herself against indifference and unkindness, but not against gentleness and consideration. Her blended emotions, joined with her physical weak-

ness, made her burst into tears. "Oh, Mr. Sydney, pray excuse me!" she sobbed out, after awhile, "and do not cheeks glowed, her breath came quick and think strangely of my conduct. I have

"If tears are a relief to you, I am very glad for you to weep," said he, veiling his concern and sympathy under a light cheer-

"Deeds not words," was the motto of Sydney's life; so now he set to work to find a delicate, yet efficient way, of helping Alice, and unknown to her, this zeal-ous friend was exerting himself for her, while she was toiling on with her few remaining pupils to gain a bare subsistence. Sydney sought unremittingly for some good employment, and by dint of keeping constantly on the alert, he at length discovered an admirable opening for her.-The soprano in a fashionable choir became but cold and lifeless. The electric spark | She threw scornful glances on Alice and | fired with ambition to go on the stage, whispered derisive remarks on her dress and so deserted the choir. Sydney sucand appearance. Sydney could not help | ceeded in procuring this vacant place for Alice, and so she waked up one morning and found herself rich, as Byron found himself famous. And, to crown her satisfaction. Sydney attended the church in which she was to sing. Never before had he been so devout in his attendance there -never had the thought of heaven, eter-

found, that instead of choosing her, he chose for his wife the woman whom she had introduced to his notice as being, "On-LY THE MUSIC-TEACHER!"

Covington, Ga., has a colored debat ing society. The question last discussed by this august assembly was, "Which is bright memories that, for the time, raised the more uceful, paper or gunpowder."
The president was for a long time in great doubt as to which side had produced the So for weeks she went bravely and strongest argument, when one of the powshake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jes shoot a canon at think, which is very fortunate for her in ly against the inroads of sickness, but at her reduced circumstances."

ly against the inroads of sickness, but at length she had to yield and lie prostrate.

And curtained darkness round the stage.

We talk of Heaven, we talk of Hell, But what they mean no tongue can tell! Heaven is the realm where angels are, And Hell the chaos of dispair.

But what these awful words imply None of us know before we die; Whether we will or not, we must Take the succeding world on trust.

Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun, Or twice ten thousand more thrice told, Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

But, ah! no notices they give, Nor tell us when or how they live; Though conscious-while with us below-How much themselves desired to know;

As if bound up, by solemn fate. To keep this secret of their state. To tell their joys or pains to none, That man may live by faith alone.

Well !-let our Sovereign, if He please, Lock up His marvelous decrees; Why should we wish Him to reveal What He thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough that we believe Heaven's brighter far than we conceive; And, O! may God our souls prepare To meet and bless and praise Him there.

### Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the side-walk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt: "Now, that's benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt." So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with

alacrity, she replied,—
"No, ma'am, he used a shovel." The same literary turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes tion, every thought its recompense, every used intentionally, and perhaps a little love its elysium, and every cross its crown; maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunder. Thus we cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Roy, may I inquire where Robinson's

drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very

respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accost ed by an ascetic middle aged lady with,-"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."
"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why
don't you go then."

One day at lake George a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful is lands on the lake with bad luck, espied a | be more concerned about our sufferings little fellow with a red shirt and a straw than our sins. hat dangling a line over the side of the

"Hallo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course, said the gentleman,

but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you s'pose?" "Did any of you ever see an elephant's kin?" inquired a teacher of an infant. it.

"I have," exclaimed one. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy laugh-

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky saying, "I wonder where those clouds are go

ing?" and her brother replied,—
"I think they are going to thunder."
Also the following dialogue:—

"Hallo, there, how do you sell your rood ?"

"By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet?"

"I mean how long has it been since it "No longer than it is now." And also when Patrick O'Flynn was

een with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimmed, and was indiguantly asked by nis officer,—
"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you

wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds one of an instance which s said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shop-

Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman. "A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

How many sick people wish they were How many beggar men wish they were How many ugly ones wish they were

How many stupid ones wish they were "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and How many bachelors wish they were

How many benedicts wish they had tarried:

Single or double life's full of trouble; Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble. greatness.

### Show Thyself a Man.

Now, there are two courses, either of which you can take. One is to say:"I do, is to keep still am not living nor dressing so well as my

Everybody wants to be heard first, and companions, and I must have fine clothes this is just what fills the world with nonand better fare." The other is to say, sense, with sturn manliness: "I have come here Ev to make my way in this world and honesty and simplicity require that I should not live any higher than I myself can earn the means of living. I will be no man's pauper or beneficiary. I will make what I take; and what I make and take shall support me." The discipline which you get from the latter course of self-denial is better than going to college. Many a man cradled in learning gets no discipline; but a young man who, having been reared and trained in self-industry.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

It takes a great many blows to drive in why should Iroland by the richest contribute. leaves his father's house, and comes to the city and says, "I will be beholden to no Some men talk just as a French pony man; I can afford to live as plain as trots, all day long in a half bushel meaany man, both in regard to diet and sure. clothes, if it is necessary to my manhood, gets a discipline which is worth a university education. By forming that purpose and adhering to it, he is educating himself in the very elements of manhood.-He is making a man of himself.

Do you suppose men think less of you because you dress plainly? Fools may, but men do not. Do not think your chances in life are less because you feel ashamed to show a man where your room is, and where you sleep? Why, many a man has slept in a barn who was better than many another who slept in mansions and palaces. A man ought not to be ashamed to say: "I am poor, and can't do so and so." It is the curse of America, since there are no orders of nobility here, men are ashamed to admit that they are poor. The young man defends himself and says: "I am not so poor as you take me to be." Even sensible people yield to the temptation of the devil and are a less. shamed to acknowledge that they work.

## Truths.

Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensavitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity great ens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God does not require us to live on credit. He pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to

It is truth which makes a man always

It is good to know our friends' feelings but not to publish them: It is better keeping out of a quarrel,

than to make it up afterwards. If pride were a deadly disease, how many would be now in their graves. It is an evidence of great hardness to

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix

our attention on his infirmities.

If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but the truth, what an a-

bridgement it would make of speech. If you would have a thing kept secret never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do

Wealth consists in sticking to one thing "the poor man's budget is full of schemes."
The threatnings of God rest upon the same foundation as His promises.

THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.—The first thousand dollars that a young man honestly earns, and saves over and above his expenses, while earning it will ordinarily stamp on his mind and character two of the most important conditions of success in after life—industry and economy. It is far better for him that he should earn the first thousand dollars than that it should be given him. If he earns it he knows what it is worth, since it represents to him a very considerable amount of effort. If he saves it while earning a larger sum, he acquires thereby the habit of economy. Neither of these valuable lessons is taught by a pure gift. On the whole, it is no very serious disadvantage to begin life poor. Most persons who became rich in this country, were once poor; and in their poverty they gained habits from the stern necessity of their condition which in the sequel resulted in riches.-Those who were born with "silver spoons in their mouths," and spent their early years in idleness and prodigality, seldom amount to much as men in the practical business of life.

"Pull, Adam, Pull."-There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory; and, while at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out. which was short of the quantity that it ought to have; but the master thought it "To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman with great gravity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

"To be sure, sir."

might to have; but me master thought it might be made the length by little stretching. He therefore unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and placing the horself. ing the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, Pull!"

The master pulled with all his might. but the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam"

Pull!" The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master.

he refused to pull.

Billings' Essay on Silence. One of the hardest things for a man to

Everybody wants to talk, few want to think, and nobody wants to listen. The greatest talkers among the feathered folks are the magpie and the guinea hen, and neither of them are much ac-

If a man is not sure he is right the best card he can play is a blank one. I have known many a man to beat in

a nail, but one will clinch it. Some men talk just as a French pony

Silence never makes any blunders, and

and I will not have anything which I always gets as much credit as is due it, cannot fairly earn; I will be independent and establish myself"—such a man When I see a man listening to me When I see a man listening to me closely I always say to myself, "look out,

Josh, that fellow is taking your measure.' I have heard men argue a point two hours and not get any further from where they started from than a male in a bark mill; they did a good deal of going round and round.

Brevity and silence are the two great cards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little is the strength of the game.

One thing is certain, it is only the great thinkers who can afford to be brief, and there have been but few volumes yet published which could not be cut down twothirds, and many of them could be cut down to the title page without hurting

It is hard to find a man of good sense who can look back upon any occasion and wish he had said more, but it is easy rational. to find many who wish they had said

A thing said is hard to recall, but unsaid it can be spoken any time. Brevity is the child of silence, and is a great credit to the man.

A Dutchman on Life Insurance.

A certain Dutchman, the owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of eight hundred dollars, although it had been built for much less. The house burned down, and the Dutchman claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay any more than its actual value-about six hundred dollars. He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, interlarding his remarks with some choice Tutonic onths. "If you wish it," said the cashier of the insurance company, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are positive that it can be done for even less than six hundred dollars." To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and was at last compelled to take the six hundred dollars. Some weeks after he fact whole families." "How so?" asked had received the money, he was called up the puzzled teacher. "Why, by not swalon by the same agent who had induced lowing them." This matches the story of him to effect an insurance on his house. This time the agent wanted him to take stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when out policy of life insurance on himself or you don't put on any." on his wife. "If you insure your wife's life for \$2,000," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have that sum to solace your heart."

"Dat be tam!" exclaimed the Dutchman. 'You shurance fellers ish all tiefs! If I inshure my vife, and my vife dies, and I inshure my vife, and my vife dies, and I goes to the office to get my two thouand dollars, do I gits all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, "she vasn't worth two thousand dollars; she vas worth only 'bout six hundred. If you don't like to take six hundred dollars, we vill like to take six hundred. If you don't added the interests of his deposits to the prince of \$15,000, all from his own earnings. He was not penurious, was married, had one child and educated her, lived comfortably, and dressed neatly. He merely saved small sums, beginning with \$200, when he became of age, and added the interests of his deposits to the prince of \$15,000, all from his own earnings. He was not penurious, was married, had one child and educated her, lived comfortably, and dressed neatly. git yon a bigger and better vife!"

A little girl was rebuked by her mother for her foudness for killing flies. The little one had acquired great dexterity in this employment, and was so much occupied in it that the parent found that she was growing into a state of cruelty. Calling the child to her side one day, she said in a sad tone:

"Mary, my dear, don't you known that God loves the little flies?"

Mary seemed to hear the words as tho' they suggested a great many new ideas. She stood by her mother's side for some time, in thoughtful saddess, and at length walked slowly up to the window, where there's nothing so unclean as the breath a bewildered fly was humming about on the window pane. She watched it lov"Why, I expects to leave my breff beingly for some time, and then, almost too full of grief to speak plainly, she began to

if to strike away the terror that she felt she had inspired. "Doz oo want to see as does dings; now de oder night I sits Dod? Well"—in a tone of intene love and pity, at the same time putting her she speaks und says:—'Fritz, der tog ish and pity, at the same time putting her finger on the fly, and softly crushing it howling!' I don't dinks much of dem dings against the glass-"well oo shall."

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?-A few days ago, as we learn from the daily papers. girls brought \$450, middle-aged women were Chinese women, with delicate feet and numbers of the best newspapers in the country—should be guilty of permitting such a scandalous proceeding within its jurisdiction? We are inclined to think Upon this, the master said he would this an unusual occurrence; but if such not do for a linen manufacturer; but that actions are ordinary affairs, it would be boy became Rev. Adam Clarke, and the well to have regular quotations in the strict principles of honesty of his youthful California markets, so that the world may age, laid the foundation of his future know precisely how much flesh and blood vat you dinks greatness. Philadelphia."

# Wit and Anmor. -

Parental acres—The old man's corns.

Singular. Square meals make round

Cholera bullets-green apples.

A tree that bears without blossoming-The axletree.

"There is a limit to all things" the appetite for strong drink.

Why should Ireland by the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin. Why is the earth like a school black

board? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it. A little boy in school gave one of the best-definitions ever-given of economy:

"Paring potatoes thin." Philosophy and Religion—those vigilant sentinels—warn the human race that there exists something beyond that which

The cottage of William Penn, which is now in a dilapidated condition in the midst of the great warehouses of Philadelphia, is used for a beer saloon.

A good maxim of the late Horace Greeley: "It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it. To exhaust its fecundity and then attempt its restoration by buying costly commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and ir-

An old, rough clergyman once took for

his text that passage of the Psalms, I said in my haste all men are liars. Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmest standing immediately before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here, you might have said it after mature reflec-Recently, in a street car, in Philadel-phia, an old gentleman was seated in one

corner, and the car was full. A bevy of

fair ones of all ages and weights, swarm-

ed in and there were no seats. Whereup-

on the gallant old gentlemen said afoud:

"Ladies, I shall be most happy to give seat to any one of you who is over thirty-two years of age." All remained stand-A school-bey being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children; in

the other boy who defined salt as "the

A mechanic died lately at the age of fifty-four, in Rhode Island, who had been unable to do any work for twelve years. and who had never received over \$1,50 per day for wages, and yet he left a snug little fortune of \$15,000, all from his own

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a

"Yes, brudder, I spects I is." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Yes, brudder."

principal.

"Do you know that there is a passage in the scriptures which declares that nothing uncleen shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?" "Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you can-not enter the kingdom of heaven because hind me when I go to heaven."

"Doz ee fly know dat Dod luves oo? was asked what he thought of signs and Doz oo luve Dod?" Here she extended her hand fondly toward the insect, as A DUTCHMAN ON SIGNS.—Dutch Fritz und I goes on und reads mine baper, und my frau she says: "Fritz, dere is some-dings bad ish happened—dat dog is howl-

ing." And I gets up mit myself und looks the scandalous proceeding of selling wo-men took place in San Francisco. Young moon was shinin', und my leetle tog, he schoops right up and down like every \$200 and old women \$100 each. They dings, and he park at der moon vat vas shine so bright as never vash. And ash and a fondness for rais, we suppose. Is it not a trifle disgraceful that a city like Sar Francisco—boasting some of the bravest and most intelligent men and women, tog is howling.' Vell, I goes to ped, und tog is howling. Vell, I goes to ped, und I shleeps, udd all night long ven I vakes dere vas dat tog howling verser as never. Und in der morning I gits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say very solumn: Fritz, dere ish some-ding pad ish happen. Der tog vas howl all night." And shoost den der noosbaper come in, and I opens him-und by shings, vat you dinks? Dare was a man died in