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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE HOME AMONG THE HILLS.

BY HARRIET MCWEN KIMBALL.

Midway between these towering hills
One lonely human dwelling;
The circling acres, culture-swept,
Its little history telling!

On either hand the meadow land
Makes fair the mountain spaces
With golden reach of buttercups
And silver drift of daisies.

Behind, the massive forest wall;
Before, the river running;
And close about the little cot
The signs of human cunning:

The signs so homely and so sweet
That draw us to each other,
And make the daily life of man
Familiar to his brother.

We know the hand at early morn
That cottage hearth-fire kindling;
We watched the dropping of this corn;
We wait its purple spindling!

A part have we in all the toils
Of these our mountain neighbors;
A portion in the precious gain
Heaven winnows from their labors.

We taste their trials, share their feasts,
And, with a passing wonder,
We linger even while we go,
Their choice, their lot to ponder.

Amid the grandeur and the gloom
On every hand abiding,
A flower of human blossoming
This little home is hiding.

What tender wind of Providence
The small seed hither drifted,
Where yet these shadows vast may fall
On village spires uplifted?

Less awful seem those hills august
Less lone the valleys glooming,
Since in this wilderness the rose
Of human life is blooming!

Miscellaneous Reading.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house.—Where now is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was indeed bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and when fortune smiled upon him, he had been among the first to lead a listening ear and helping hand to the call of distress; but misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left them penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susie," said the old man. "True we are poor, but then we are not forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers toward heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything that I have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by I've had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh, of all the kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one bloomed from my memory. Ah! my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in my life that makes old age happy. Even now I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned his wife in a low tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which to look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor house."

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought, but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged

the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repining. Come, Come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him, that went like an ice-berg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his chair.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind looking man, about forty-five years old.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the work-house?" he inquired, turning toward the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor house as long as I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me," exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to memory now."

"Do you not remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob starting from his chair and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy you thirty years ago saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes, I am the man you made.—You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you that brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness kindled up in my bosom has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands might find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent—Come, I have a home, and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver.—He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said in a trembling, choking tone, my bread has come back again to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan, it is not I must forgive; God holds us in his hands."

"Oh," murmured his wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.—A Mrs. King had a surprise at Shawneetown, Ill., the other day. It was an accident that Mrs. King happened to be at Shawneetown. She did not intend to go there, but the steamerboat Jennie Howell, on which she was traveling, struck a snag and sank in the Ohio river. Several of the passengers were drowned, and among them some children. Mrs. King had a child on board whom she mourned as lost, and was taken to Shawneetown without her babe. The Jennie Howell sunk deep in the water and the next morning men went to the vessel to recover the bodies of the lost.—Soon after daylight a mattress was discovered floating in the cabin which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling. Upon examination a child, a little boy, was discovered on the mattress sleeping peacefully as if nothing unusual had happened. His bed was not very dry, for it had sunk a good deal from soaking, but still sustained its living freight. In due time the child was sent to Shawneetown where the other passengers had been landed the evening before. Its coming made an excitement among the wrecked travellers, for more than one mother had lost children by the disaster. It was a touching scene when Mrs. King recognized him as her boy whom she mourned as lost for nearly twenty-four hours. The preservation of Moses in the bulrushes was not so miraculous as the safety of Mrs. King's boy. He had been tossing about on the waves of waters in the cabin all night, and was brought to his mother alive in the hour of her deepest affliction.

Home and Society.

A CHAT UPON SELF-CONTROL.

We can all preach upon self-control—can lecture by the hour upon its being an essential virtue, without which none of us can attain to grace of manner or expression—but when we come down to the level of facts—

"Where is ours?"

Now this is a pregnant question to which few mortals possess the requisite knowledge to "make reply." For the most of us are but slaves to circumstances which in some instances become too strong for us to endure—and then our boasted self-control takes to itself wings, and leaves us to the mercy of our anger, scorn, etc.

Socrates seemed to possess this attribute in an astonishing degree—and yet we doubt not that there were seasons in his daily life when Xantippe could have told us that he was not invulnerable, and that she knew his weaknesses even if he were not aware of them.

There are times and seasons which come to all of us, when our will is not completely fashioned to our hands; and the restless passions of the mind hold us in sway—seasons when all of us do and say things which are unbecoming, unseemly, and which lower and debase us in the opinion of others and also of ourselves.

We believe, however, that self-control is a virtue which will become ours if we cultivate it properly; if we strive righteously for its possession; fight a bitter warfare against irritability, nervousness, jealousy, hatred, and all unkindness of heart and soul.

Our endeavors to possess this virtue may be aided by the following old recipe: Take of common sense, thirty grains; of decent behavior, one scruple; and of due consideration, ten grains. Mix well, and sprinkle the whole with one moment's thought.

Can be taken when any of the occasional symptoms appear.

It has been said that self-control is a physical impossibility to some persons, especially when they have not been educated to it.

The first clause of the statement we emphatically deny—but the latter we fully affirm; and as we have stated above—it must be cultivated properly. One exercise of it will not win for the victory—but we must pile them mountain high before we can reach the highest which will bring repose—which will enable us to say to the raging waves of passion—"thus far canst thou come, and no farther."

It is most vexatious to be tormented without any reason by those who profess to love us—to be neglected by those who owe us attention, or to be imposed upon by those who have received many benefits at our hands.

And some one may ask—well why not let the irritation have its way for a few moments—why not fret and fume, and scold and snap, and then let your mind settle down to repose?

Ah! friend, give way to the irritability of the moment—scold and snap—and where will you stop?

You will say things that you do not feel; unkind words which will cut keener than a knife; perhaps you will trample rough shod upon the hearts of your children; your husband or wife, or your servants or friends, those whom you have sworn to cherish—to whom you owe the most sacred duties—whose example you should be.

They may forgive and forget it all, or thoughts of it may wrangle in their breasts while their hearts continue to beat.

And have you obtained peace of mind? Are you contented with yourself?

No, indeed, you are bitterly ashamed of it, and if you are a sensible, right-minded person you will beg the pardon of those upon whom you have poured out the vials of your wrath.

You have not obtained the composure which you might expect from easing your mind, but have exhibited an irritable, excitable, ugly temper—have made a child-like show of yourself, and you are not excusable for so doing by either physical suffering or nervous irritability. Self-control is within the reach of you and me—all of us can obtain it by a prayerful watchfulness over "the little foxes which devour the grapes" and "the fair prospects of fragrant and delicious fruit."

Little sins, little delinquencies from duty, little giving away to passion will surely lead to great results.

We must be faithful to ourselves; faithful in our watch and ward over our tongues, eyes and hands, for

"When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel."

And we are at the mercy of any who chooses to put us in a rage, while even the brain may give way, and reason totter on its throne if we do not strive for the mastery of the sins which so easily beset us.

Let us therefore strive with prayer to One who was tempted as we are—who knows our sorrows and has borne our griefs, and is ever ready to guard, guide, and aid us in every right endeavor to win an immortal, never-failing crown.

Life is full of thorns, cries one and another, but on they rush with the crowd, seeming to care but little what seed each word and action sows—whether thistles or lilies of the valley—in its broad paths. Yes, life is full of thorns, but those which are sharpest and oftenest are the ones which our own hands have planted along the wayside of our pilgrimage—thorns we plant in carelessness, in selfishness, in pride and passion; and if in after years we come into shape and painful contact with them, let us not blame the world so much as ourselves.

SONG.

O, I ask not the love of a heart that is burning
With all the wild passions of youthful unrest—
That, like the gay butterfly, ever is turning
From flower to flower, and never is blest.

I ask not the love of a heart from whose bowers
No bird of pleasure has ever yet flown.
The life that is joyful with songs and with flowers
Would wither and die if 'twere linked
With my own.

No, give me the earnest, the faithful affection
Which dwells in the bosom that sorrow
Has pained—
A soul that can see by its own retrospection

How bitter the chalice that my lips have drained.
As the moon when surrounded by surging
cloud-billows,
Doth shed a more tender and soul-soothing
beam,

The tide of eduction is sweeter when willows
Of hallowing sorrow bend over the stream.

A Woman's Choice.

Girls, do not think it a little matter to do not trust all to the love, honor, or good will of any man, until you have solid reasons to satisfy you that he is worthy the trust. The marriage ceremony is short, simple, and beautiful. Yet the miseries of many young females may be dated from the day when they entered the church to the organ peal of the wedding march, and pronounced the momentous "I do."

For example,—Sarah loved James devotedly, and James adored Sarah. James was in general a frank and honorable man; Sarah thinks he is not his equal. If he has a fault it is that he takes a glass too much, now and then, but then he is persuaded by his young companions, and is too kind to refuse join them. Besides, when he is married he will be free from their influence; and who can estimate the power of a good wife's influence over her husband?

So reasons Sarah, and, because of her importunity the parental consent is given. The vows are pronounced that make them one for all time. Their venerable pastor lays his trembling hands upon their heads, and invokes the divine blessing upon their future lives. Friends crowd around and bid them Godspeed with tearful eyes. The old shoe, which should carry good luck with it, is thrown after them and they are gone. The sweet home of Sarah will know her no more.

Now her anxieties and cares begin.—Her kind-hearted husband is led away into dissipation in spite of her efforts.—Things go from bad to worse. She hides her griefs deep down in her bleeding heart nor will she disclose anything to her parents, lest they think harshly of James, whom she still loves. Her pale and sunken cheeks and her lustrous eyes give token of the suffering she endures. Poverty adds to the horrors she has to bear.—She and her little child are dragged about from hotel to hotel, yet she still hopes on though with a bursting heart. James might support her well, but his earnings go in the till of the dram shop.

Finally love and hope die out in Sarah's heart. She looks around for succor, but alas! perhaps her parents are dead.—How willingly would they shelter her aching head, and pour the oil of consolation into her broken heart. How gladly would they give food and shelter to her starving child. But they are not. O God! Is there no deliverance? None, until she escapes by the kind hand of death.

Daughter, would you have believed that the short space of two years could witness such a transformation as this?—Yet I have seen it so, and in many cases, it might be avoided by the exercise of good judgment, and prudence, on the part of the young ladies.

There are thousands of noble struggling women in our fair land, who, could they read these words, would recognize in them a description of their own cases. But, so long as matrimony is esteemed by women as the chief end of their creation, just so long will they rush blindly into the noose only to rue their haste; in many cases, and sadder their whole lives. Better to be single a little longer, girls, than to be illy matched. Fitz James Augustus may have a charming mustache, but do not accept him on that account alone, for mustaches are made of perishable material. William Henry may be rich, but it is a amazing how easy a young man can run through a fortune if he is so disposed.

How would you like him if he were stripped of his wealth? Weigh him in this balance if you would arrive at his worth. When you purchase a dress, you examine not only the beauty of the material, but its durability and quality. Will it wear? Will it wash? Are its colors fast? These are the questions you ask. Use the same care in deciding among the candidates for your hand. Choose one who will wear well; whose good principles will not wash out; whose virtue, honor, and truth, will never fade while the heavens retain their perky blue, or the golden stars twinkle in the firmament.

After all, it is the best wisdom to treat with absolute indifference or contempt a great deal that happens in this world of misunderstandings. Let any good and well-meaning man reflect upon the blunders and slanders that assailed and possibly annoyed him a week ago and consider how very dead they are now!—Such fruits of ignorance and malice die of their own rottenness.

Took Refuge in a Log.

The romancer of the Detroit Press talks as follows: "A Detroitier named Andrew Steadman, who buys cattle, deals in hides, and occasionally makes a dollar by buying and selling produce, went out to Nankin township a few days ago to buy a span of heavy horses which were wanted by a firm in the city. Upon reaching the farmer's house he found that the man was working with a neighbor a mile away.—To save distance he cut across lots, but was warned before he started to look out for a savage bovine which had the run of a ten-acre field. Thinking how he was going to get that span of horses for \$50 less than their value, Steadman kept plodding through the field, which had a strip of bushes two or three rods wide running half way across it. There were a few stumps and logs, one small tree, but nothing which prevented any one from crossing the strip. The Detroitier was about ten rods from the bushes when he heard a distant thunder sound, and looked around to see from which way the shower was coming. About thirty rods away he beheld the old bovine coming for him, head down, back up, and eyes blazing.—Steadman was satisfied that he was the man was wanted, and he went for the bushes. He thought the bull would stop and run around the strip, and was startled when the old fellow dashed through them on his trail, uttering a deep "boom" every instant. Steadman dodged this way and that, but the bovine tore along after him, smashing bushes and leaping logs, and it was getting to be a red-hot affair when the man spied the open end of a large hollow log. The bull was not over forty feet behind, and into the log went Steadman, finding orifice about twelve feet long, and large enough to be roomy. The bovine had seen the movement, and stopped at the log and ripped off a bushel of bark at the first dash. Then putting his horns under it he gave it a roll, and Steadman spun around like a dried pea in a policeman's whiskie. The log was large, but old and tender, and every time the bull hauled back and jumped for it he covered himself with glory and clouds of bark and wood. Sometimes he whirled one end, and then he gave the centre a heave, and then he knocked a foot off the other end. Steadman swore, shrieked and pleaded, his eyes full of bark and his mouth stopped up, and every act of his life passed before him like a vision.—"W-o-o-h! w-h-o-o-p!" bellowed the bovine, as he slammed away at the log, and every roof of ears in on him. He was in despair, when he heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of men, and after a few minutes the farmers succeeded in releasing him, but it took a good hour to get the kinks out of his back and the rotten wood from his ears and eyes.

Soaking Mackerel.

When a woman puts three mackerel to soak over night in a dish-pan, whose sides are eight inches high, and leaves the pan on a stairway, she has accomplished her mission, and should go hence. It is what a Davison street woman did last Friday night. Filled the pan at the pump, and left it standing on the steps of the stoop, while she went to the next house to see how many buttons would be required to go down the front of a redin gote. And a mighty important affair that was, to be sure. And there was her husband tearing through the house in search of a handkerchief, and not finding it, of course. And then he rushed out into the yard, wondering where on earth that woman could be, and started down the steps not seeing the pan or even dreaming that any one could be so idiotic as to leave it there. Of course, he stopped for it—or, at least that is the supposition—as the neighbors who were brought out by the crash that followed saw a horrified demoralized mackerel shooting across the garden and smashing down the shrubbery. And he was a nice sight, was that unhappy man, when they got him on his feet. There wasn't a dry thread on him, and his hair was full of bits of mackerel, and one of his shoulders was out of joint, and his coat was split the whole length of the back, and he appeared to be cut of his head. He was carried into the house by some of the men, and laid down on a bed, while others went after a doctor, and sixteen women assembled in the front room, and talked in whispers about the inscrutable ways of Providence, and what warning this is to people who never look where they are going.—Danbury News.

BIGHAM YOUNG TO HIS WIVES.—Brigham Young is doing the domestic lecturing himself just now. Here is an extract from one of his little family talks: "I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters; yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give from this time to the 6th of October next, for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, now go your way. And my wives have now to do one of two things, either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, and live their religion—that is polygamy—or they must leave; for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than to have scratching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty. What first wife too? Yes, liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners."

During a thunder storm, an insurance agent was struck on the cheek by a flash of lightning—but it glanced off, leaving him entirely uninjured.

A Patent Bustle.

It was Moyer's turn for invention which caused the disaster. Moyer designed a new kind of a "patent, inflated gossamer bustle" for ladies. It was a thin bag of india rubber, which was to be inflated with gas to give it the proper distension and sufficient lightness. When the model was complete, Mrs. Moyer determined to try it. She went into the yard, and tied the machine under her dress, while Moyer turned on the kitchen gas to fill the bag. It worked well enough for a few moments, when all at once Mrs. Moyer began to ascend with frightful rapidity. She had barely time to scream down to Moyer to put the children to bed early, and tell Mary Jane to set bread, and the next instant she was two miles above the snow-line. It was embarrassing for Mrs. Moyer—very embarrassing, especially as she could not reach around the bustle to turn off the gas in order to come down.—So she floated about up there among the thunder clouds and crows and aurora borealis for several hours, enjoying the scenery and studying the air currents and wishing she had brought her muff and a book to read. Then she commenced to descend gradually, until she came within a couple hundred feet of earth. She then screaming some as she floated along, and several enthusiastic students of natural history tried to bring her down with a shot-gun, under the impression she was some new variety of ostrich or flamingo, but a sudden gust of wind struck Mrs. Moyer and blew her against the Presbyterian church steeple with such force that the "inflated gossamer bustle" exploded violently, impressed the sexton with the conviction that the sacred edifice had been struck by lightning. But when he came out and saw Mrs. Moyer caught by her panicle on the weathercock, with her parasol pointing east or west, as the wind happened to shift, he comprehended the situation. It cost six hundred dollars to build a scaffolding to get Mrs. Moyer down, and even then Moyer did not introduce his bustle into the market. He will sell out his patent right cheap. Mrs. Moyer wants him to.—Max Adeler.

A Romantic Story.

The Cumberland News tells the following: "About five years ago, as well as you can remember, Mrs. Rock Goodrich, of Ocean, this county, was on the cars of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania road, eastward and homeward bound. When the train stopped at Lonaconing, amid the jostling in 'boarding' the train, she was asked by a veiled lady to hold a child, quite a small infant, a moment until she (the stranger) could go out upon the platform for something. Mrs. G. kindly accommodated the lady—considerably more than she calculated upon, as the latter did not return, and the train moved off with Mrs. G.'s new charge in her arms. She, however, humanly concluded to take the child to her home in Ocean, expecting that the mother (whom she thought, possibly, might have been left by the train) would hunt it up and call for it. In this she found herself mistaken, yet, forming an affection for the pretty little stranger, she resolved to adopt it as her own. She has accordingly retained it ever since, until now it is a bright child of between five and six years, the family being much attached to it. During the period the child has been one of the Goodrich household, presents of money and clothing have been left for it at the residence of the family, but no one claiming a relationship ever called to see it, or wrote to them inquiring about it. Now comes forward an old and well-known citizen of Lonaconing—a Mr. Rittenour—and claims the "wair" as his grand-child. The Goodrich's whose affection for the child has grown with its growth, naturally refuse to give it up, and very sensibly demand the proof of its birth and parental relationship. Mr. Rittenour seems equally determined, and has employed J. J. McHenry, Esq., of this city, as his attorney to institute a suit for the recovery of the child.

John, a fifteenth amendment, was arrested the other day for stealing chickens. He was very indignant when arrested, and loudly proclaimed his innocence. When brought before "his august majesty" he still reiterated the fact that he was wrongly accused. "And you deny having taken the chickens, John?" asked the magistrate. "Hil boss, sartin. I never tak um." But the officer says he found them in your possession. "Sah?" "You had them in your hands when arrested." "Ess, sah, boss; but I didn't stole um." "How did you come by them?" "I borrowed um." "The owner says no." "Well, you see, boss, he was asleep when I went to borrow dem chickens, and I was gwine back the next day to tell him."

WHAT DID THEY MEAN?—"Pa," said a young hopeful, to his father, a prominent citizen, "what is meant by 'a chip of the old block?'"

"Why, my son, do you ask such a question?"

"Because, I was out hunting this morning, and after returning home, I told some gentlemen that while out hunting, I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see but forty-nine, and because I wouldn't say so, they said I was 'a chip of the old block.'"

"Hem! Well, my son, they meant that you were smart and honest like your pa. You can go and play now."

"Tom, where's that counterfeit ten dollar bill you had awhile back?" "Well, I never was quite clear in my mind about dat ar' bill. Some days I thought it was a bad bill, and other days I thought it was a good bill, and one ob dem days when I thought it was a good bill I jes' passed it away."

Wit and Humor.

What word is always pronounced wrong? Wrong.

Why is a talkative woman like the ocean? Because you can't make her dry up.

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

One half of the world don't know how the other half live—and it is none of their business.

A man who had a "will of his own" didn't get along very well at home because his wife had "a won't of her own."

A lady in a menagerie, being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was "looking for the key-hole of his trunk."

A Green Bay man called a young lady his "precious darling little honey-dew of a rosebud," and then stood a breach of promise suit before he would marry her.

Mr. Careful, having been told by his physician that he must take gentle exercise, replied that he had for some time back practiced cutting his toe nails twice a week.

There was a reward offered, the other day, for the return of a large leather lady's traveling-bag. Whether or not the large leather lady got it back has not been stated.

There is one single fact which one may apply to all the wit and argument of infidelity—namely: that no man on his death bed ever repented of being religious.

A Tennessee exchange impertinently says that when one young woman asks another "what are your politics?" she only means to ask what newspaper she prefers for a bustle.

One day, a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Teacher—"John, you young scapegrace, come here and I'll pay you back for impudence to me yesterday." Pupil—"No, thank you, I have conscientious scruples against taking back pay of that sort."

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a minister to a sick man. "Oh no!" I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors—the king cannot be much worse."

In St. Louis, recently, the Rev. Dr. Burlingame preached from the text "How old art thou?" The next day about one third of the women of his congregation called around to tell him that was none of his business.

A sea-captain, invited to meet the committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked—"Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied—"Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on."

The late Judge C., one day, had occasion to examine a witness who stuttered very much in delivering his testimony. "I believe," said his lord