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Select Boetry.



THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

RY JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day been to a stylish one-And' seeing you can't go from home, I'll

tell you what was done; You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine, not ted of late, and so on. much the worse for wear, But then they knew I wasn't one they call

a millionaire: So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door; 'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a reserve

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine;

seat for the poor.

They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine.

him up so near, When he was young, and I was old and ve-

ry hard to hear.

But, then there's no accountin' for what some people do;

The nnest clothing now-a-days oft gets the finest pew. But when we reach the blessed home, all

undefiled by sin. We'll see wealth begging at the gate, while poverty goes in.

So, through the hours of service, I could only "watch and pray;"

near me, round about;

in as well as pure without. While I sat there, looking all around upou

the rich and great, I kept thinking of the rich man and the had just been weeping.

"Excuse me," she said, as I was about beggar at his gate;

How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,

And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How, at last, the rich man perished, and

There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,

"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

.I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold

Who went up from their dwelling like the Pharasee of old;

with a head uplifted high,

naught to satisfy.

in' more to-day

shinin' way has been tried

Since Christ was born at Bethlehem-since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet

how very grand; The shells in ocean caverns, the flowers on

the land; He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold

right from his throne. Not the rich man only, not for the poor a-

because of lack of gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?

A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has blest-May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that

faded coat and west.

plicity, I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's pie-

Jesus told us in his sermon in Judea's moun-

tain wild; He that wants to go to Heaven must be like

a little child. Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife; our

hearts beatin' slow; In a little while the Master will call for us

to go. When we reach the pearly gateways, and

look in with joyful eyes, We'll see no stylish worship in the temple

Never put no confidence in those who put no confidence in others.—A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As

to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure. you to seek a better country. He strikes away every human prop and puts failure conviction I renewed my proposition to sometimes wise, as well as witty. When of Mrs. Burger are for sale; what will you and vexation into every worldly scheme, stop by the roadside; but she still insisted asked by a correspondent, "where are give. One thousand dollars, nine hum-

Miscellaneous Reading.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY J. PARISH STEELE.

In the summer of 1864 business took me to Savanah, Tennessee, eight miles from the grounds upon which was fought the celebrated battle of Pittsburg Landing. I had never visited the site of the battle, and knowing I would not be likely to find myself so near it again, I thought it best not to suffer so favorable an opportunity to pass unimproved. In other words. I hired a mule and started for a saddleride to Pittsburg, not, however, until mine host had warned me that my road was not altogether a safe one for a stranger; and mysterious marders had been commit-

A short distance from Savannah, and the road became a truly dismal one, leading through the thickly wooded and thickly caned bottoms of Tennessee river. It struck me at once that in all my travels I had never before fallen upon a region so gloomy, or one so admirably adapted to the perpetration of dark deeds. I

could not help feeling uncomfortable, the' I do not think it grew out of anything the landlord had said at the time of starting. I had been long used to hearing all

I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat Sorts of frightful stories—had been urged to "keep an eye peeled" many a time and nothing had yet come of any of it so ly hardened to the understanding that nothing ever would. Besides on this occasion I had as yet discovered no grounds for uneasiness. There seemed to be no one stirring save myself, the road was entirely deserted, and the woods, too, for aught I could learn to the contrary, for there was not a sound of any kind-living competent juror to sit on the case. upon the motionless air of the morning; not even the song of a bird or the chip of

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far a silence prevailed to perfection.

I rode on through this dismal country until within about four miles of Pittsburg Landing, when I overtook a lady walking Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting slowly along the road. She was neatly dressed in a grey traveling habit, and in Pray that God would make them pure with- her hand she carried a small valise. On coming up with her I saw that she was young and exceedingly beautiful, though her face seemed to wear a somewhat troubled expression; in fact, it was evident she

to pass on, "are you going to Pittsburg?"

I told her that I was.
"Then," she continued, "if it is not asking too much, won't you be so kind as to slacken the pace of your animal so as to bear me company actil I much as to be a mu bear me company until I am through this ons in their hands. I should soon have thick wood? I am truly sorry to trouble known, perhaps, but for the fact that there From the purple and linen to the home of you, but just ahead of us is where those was a second rustling through the canes, that I cannot pass the place alone!"

so I did even more-I dismounted and af-

ter apologizing for offering a man's saddle, insisted that the fair stranger take my place upon the mule. This she very politely declined to do, giving as a reason that she had never rode horseback in her life; so we walked on together side by side, Then returned home from their worship, I carrying my valise and leading my mule. In a very short time we were well ac-To spurn the hungry from their door with quainted. The troubled expression quitted her truly beautiful face, an intellectual light lit up her expressive eyes, and she Out! out with such professions; they're do- threw off all undue reserve, becoming at once the most brilliant and most interest-To stop the weary sinner from the Gospel's ing traveling companion I had ever before encountered. She lived at Raducat, Than all the books of infidels; than all that in Kentucky, she said, and was the daughter of a merchant there with whom I had some slight acquaintance. An uncle lived at Pittsburg Landing, and she was on a visit to his family. Steamers could not land at Pittsburg in summer, when the

river was at a low stage, consequently she had been put off at Crump's. Her friends walk a distance of about six miles. Then why should man look down on man est hesitation. You know that I express-

ing a selfish mortal, smiling pleasantly by the common masses. the while; but whether you do or not, I In a country like our I'm old-I may be childish-but I love sim-

thereupon remarked that she was doubt- chieve one or the other, or both. Illless fatigued, suggesting at the same time health, or extraordinary misfortune may the propriety of her resting for a few min- keep him down, but these are the exceputes upon the trunk of a fallen tree that tions that establish the rule. lay at the edge of the road.

cannot reach a great distance further." thrown away, and we moved on.

From this time her strength began to erly aspire without this attention to study. God renders earth desolate to induce fail rapidly, until it was soon evident that she must give way entirely. Under this

"But," said she, after a momentary pause, "I will tell you what you can do if you have no objection; we can turn out into the wood, a short distance from the road, and rest in perfect security as long

as we like," This was said with a cunning little toss of the head and an angelic smile that went through me like a ray from a rainbow all of which I liked very well-being a romantic kind of individual-and when I looked her straight in the face prepara tory to a reply, I fancied that I detected a slight blush and a smiling expression of the eyes, yet-being a romantic individu-

al-even that was disagreeable. Suffice it to say we quitted the road and worked our way out through the thick wood and matted cane some two hundred paces, herhaps, when she gave it as hero on my guard; that several most revolting pinion that we were far enough to be safe, and took a seat upon a log a few feet from her, and we renewed the conversation that had been partially broken off on turning

from the road. Pretty soon she suggested the propriety of sitting nearer together to obviate the necessity of loud talking, and lesson the chances of surprise. I endorsed it at once, and was soon by her side, and ere long, to my astonishment, I discovered that she was leaning against me with a degree of force that could not possibly be acciden-

tal. I returned the gentle pressure, as may be supposed, and she glorified me with such bewildering smiles, and so many silky expressions, that I could not help rejoicing over the fact that I had livfar as it concerned myself, until I was fuled up to that day; and I am not sure but ner of my heart for the outlaws whose revolting acts in the region round about Pittsburg had driven such an angel to take shelter under my wing. Had they been brought to trial just then, it is not at all probable that I would have made a

The leaning against me gradually increased in power, and I gradually grew an insect. The spirit of sadness and sweet more and more at home, until finally I was emboldened to venture slipping my arm around her waist. Too late I learned it was a very imprudent venture.— With the quickness of thought her whole manner underwent a change, and springing to her feet and from me as if I had been an adder, she called out in a shrill voice which actually petrified me with as-

tonishment, "Help! help! Is there no one near to save a defenceless woman from a treacherous Villian ?"

Before I had fairly began to collect my scattered senses, there was a rustling among the canes near by, and two men came bounding forth; showering curses murders were committed, and it does seem and a second bounding forth from different directions of at least twenty well-armed men. A short tussel, mixed in with Of course I slackened pace. I am not the sharp clicking as of steel springs, folone of your cold, ungallant kind of men, lowed, and in less time than it takes me tell it, the two men first mentioned, together with my adorable charmer, were in irons, and ready to march to the near-

est county jail.

It is hardly necessary to say more. I had been successfully decoved into the very trap which the landlord at Savannah had warned me to be on my guard, and but for the lucky circumstance that a posse of citizens having got trace of the outlaws had concealed themselves among the thick cane to watch their movements. should doubtless soon have paid the penalty that others had lately paid before ne. I may add in conclusion, however, that the parties arrested were strangers in that locality; that they were convicted and dealt with according to law, and that no one has since been molested near Pittsburg Landing.

Self-Reliance.

There is nothing more likely to result at Pittsburg had not been advised of her in the successful career of a young man coming, and there was no conveyance to than confident self-reliance. It is astonbe had at Crump's, hence her only chance | ishing how much more a youth will accomof getting through lay in her ability to | plish who relies upon himself, than one who depends upon others for assistance.-It was all reasonable enough, and I be- Having first ascertained the direction in, now understood that the estate had been lieved every word of it without the slight- and the means by which his object is to be reached, let him put his whole energies ed my sympathy, and you may guess that to work, and with unflagging industry I followed it up with a shower of small press forward. The young man who, intalk about the worst wind invariably blow stead of rising at five, sleeps till seven or and Catharine Ely. The trouble about ing good to somebody, and about my eight, and who spends his evenings on the the real estate, and the cause by which it thanks being due to the river for getting corners, or in the companionship of those was thrown into court was brought about low, and to Crump's for having no means who are wanting in laudable ambition, by the movements of the gentlemen board of furnishing folks with conveyance. You rarely ever wins a position of honor or amay also guess that she rallied me for be- chieves a reputation above that enjoyed

In a country like ours, where the avecan assure you we got along charmingly. | nues to honor and wealth are open alike At length I noticed that her step was to all, there is no reasonable excuse that

Few men know of how much they are carried into court. "I am getting rather tired," she said, capable until they have first thoroughly "but I'm atraid to stop in such a place as tested their abilities. The amount of lathis; there are bad people in the neigh- bor, literary or mechanical, which a perborhood, and one cannot tell at what mo- son in vigorous health can perform, is alment they may be passing the road. A most without limit if a systematic method very brief delay might cost us much more is adopted and the proper spirit incited to than we are calculating upon, so I think the effort. An hour of each evening spent see why it is, that they should get nothing it stands us in hand to get on as fast as with some good author, or in the study of at all, when they know it was intended possible; I believe I shall be able to hold some branch of useful science, will in the that they should have three eighths of the out util we are beyond the wood, for it course of a few years, give to a young man who thus devotes this small portion of his I tried to argue that there was hardly time an amount of information, literary a foundation for her fears, but it was words or scientific, which cannot fail to fit him for positions to which he could never prop-

Bailey, the Danbury News man, is

For the Village. Record. SUNDAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY J. HARRY BARNES.

Sunday morning dawneth on me, Far from all the haunts of men; On the path to sky-top leading Through the laurel-covered glen, Where I sit alone and listen, Hidden from human ken.

Listen to the pine trees chanting From the crags that pierce the sky; To the glad and quiet music That the breezes carry by, From the rock encircled prison Where the rippling waters lie.

'Tis no surpliced choir that singeth, 'Tis no pealing organ rings, Yet the song of praise ascendeth From all green and growing things, And the rustling of their leaflets Is as that of unseen wings.

Here is no discolored daylight Painted windows streaming through But the perfect light of heaven, Clear as crystal and as true Floods of sunshine, glorious, golden; Skies of deep and earnest blue.

Stretching ever onward, upward From the mill-dam's further brim, Rise the everlasting mountains Fading into distance dim, Singing their song of silence, Their own perpetual hymn.

Where the rocks, ah, who can fathom All the terror they inspire! Those upheaved, dissorted masses Scared and blackened as by fire, Telling of some fierce convulsion, Chaos and confusion dire.

Now they serve for the foundations Of a temple great, and grand; They who list may read the sermon Written upon either hand, May learn something from their voices That go out to every land.

Come up hither, all whose burden Greater grows than ye can bear; Come up hither to this temple So remote from pain and care. And join with me in the worship That is ever sounding there. MONT ALTO, August 22, 1873.

[COMMUNICATED. REAL ESTATE IN COURT.

It would suit our case remarkably well if we had a picture to place at the head of our article used in the Lancaster Almanac a few years ago, representing the

end of the lawsuit. In the foreground stands a cow; two men, the one having torn off the horns, and the other the tail, are in the act of falling while two lawyers, one on each side, are busily engaged in milking. In the distance on an old dead tree are a number of buzzards sitting with hats on, taking notice how the affair is going to

About three fourths of a mile below Quincy, Franklin county, Pa., is situated a small property of real estate with an old log house and log barn. Some fifty or more years ago, the property of Abrm. their decease. From all that was brought Ely, and after his death owned by his two under my observations during the remaindaughters, Elizabeth and Catharine.both died without children.

Within the last few years, more questions have been asked concerning this estate, than any one man cares to answer, and perhaps more than any dozen of men would have been able to dispose of with intelligent replies.

Elizabeth Ely married Abraham Bur

ger about the year 1830, and her sister married a few years later. Sometime afto divide the estate. Elizabeth took the up the estate according law, equity and old home with some twenty-four acres of justice. land, and Catharine a tract of land some two miles distant and in addition it seems quite a handsome sum of money. This arrangement having been completed, it was coually divided, and that each party held the control of their own property.

Thus far it does not appear that any difficulties had arisen between Elizabeth

Elizabeth Ely and her husband not having had any children, it appears made wills at different times within, a space of twenty years. But as it happened that of their hotels and boarding houses, radi he ultimately became the survivor of the ess elastic than when we first met, and can be offered for a man's failure to at two, he ventured to make a last will un- One unhappy morning, these people got der his own hand; and in this will it appears a flaw is found, which the lawyers could get hold at with their chisels and crowbars, and the result was, the case was

> Poor lawyers, poor gentlemen boarders they want money, they need money no doubt. But then this is to be understood the representatives of Elizabeth Ely, they want money too; they need money, and some of them are poor; and they can't whole estate of Abraham Burger and Elizabeth Ely. Three eighths to go to the representatives of Abraham Burger; one eighth to the Christian Church, and one eighth to keep other peoples children from getting cross, and from crying.
>
> What say you lawyers and real estate

agents. The interest of the representatives that you may turn from your idols unto that it was too hazardous to be thought of parts unknown," he very truthfully replifor a moment.

that it was too hazardous to be thought of parts unknown," he very truthfully replifor a moment.

that it was too hazardous to be thought of parts unknown," he very truthfully replifor a moment.

will give six. The cow is one of value will give six. The cow is one of value 250 years ago.

and ought to be worth three thousand dollars or over. Where's --where's — they, ought to be judges of the quality of the butter. Or how is the case in Court, when it is known that individuals made wills, and after their decease certain parties destroy a will, make

another one in the place, to gain the con-

trol of the property while they live. Upon a certain occasion the writer stopped in at the residence of Abraham Burger, and took a seat on the porch. No account was kept of the precise-time, but it is supposed to have been in the month of May, 1856 some four or six weeks before Mr. Burger died, He was about the house and stayed part of his time on the

Presently, Dr. Oellig of Waynesboro' came walking m, and I judged he had been sent for. Some little time was consumed in conversation, but soon Mr. Burger said to Mr. Oellig, he should come in. Mr. Oellig replied, it was not necessary, it was quite pleasant out here. Mr. Burger however walked in. After he had gone into the room, Mr. Oellig said to me; I know what is the matter with him: the membrane around his heart is contracting, and if it keeps on, he will get as crazy as a bed bug." Mr. Burger died on

the 14th of June, 1856. While Mr. and Mrs. Burger were yet both living, I one day, stopped in, and found Mr. Burger at home. Presently he called me over into the room, where Mrs. Burger was sitting. He then stated in her presence, that they had made a will and added, that they intended I should look after their affairs after they were gone. He did not make use of these words. but that was about what the language amounted to. I did not wish to be inquisitive and asked no questions. I concluded however I knew very well by what cause they were led to make a will at the time. Mr. Burger was quite unwell, and the impression was made on my mind that fears were entertained that perhaps his days would soon be numbered, and Mrs. Burger would be the survivor. Hence I was led to judge that a will was made to arrange matters in such a way that no difficulties might arise thro' any of the heirs after Mr. Burger's de-

Of the precise time the conversation was had I have no account. I suppose however it was about a year before Mrs. Burger died; it might have been more, but I am inclined to think it was less; possibly some ten months before. Time passed on, Mr. Burger did not get any worse, but to all appearances regained about his usual health. Some time afterwards Mrs. Burger's health began to fail, she lingered for some months and died on the 1st of December, 1855 A short time before her death, I was called in by Mr. Burger, to the bedside of Mrs. Burger: she was then so far gone that to all appearances, there were no hopes of recov-He stated, the object of having me called in was to have me witness a paper which Mrs. Burger was going to sign. The language made use of seemed to signify, that he was afraid that after Mrs. Burger was gone, her heirs might make trouble about the property she possessed before

he had come on the premises. It it quite certain that Mr. and Mrs. Burger, a year or two before they died, had agreed upou the manner upon which their property should be disposed of after their decease. From all that was brought der of their days, nothing occurred, from which it would be reasonable to suppose that their minds to any considerable extent had undergone any change. Now gentlemen of the jury, a few more words and the argument on this side of the case shall be closed. It is believed that your verdict ought to be, that the court appoint some honest disinterested man, possessing the proper business qualification to be administrator of the estate; and that the terwards an agreement was entered into said administrator be instructed to settle

OCTOBER, 2ND, 1873.

Suspended.—The recent financial panic has given rise to many little anne cdotes and "little stories," and classed with the laiter, as an illustration of the manner in which the innumerable small shavers and skinners take atvantage of the circumstances and shut up shop, although their relations with the suspending firms are as remote as the evolutions of the tumble bug from the circuit of the planets.

During the panic of 1857, a large number of persons in Philadelphia had their boots blackened by an old negro, at his cellar on Spruce street, who delivered his work promptly every morning at the doors ant with the brightest of French polish. up and found no boots at their doors. After a proper amount of blasphemy, equipped in old shoes and odd slippers, they set out for sambo's shop. On reach ing it they discovered a playcard on the cellar door bearing the inscription, quite familiar on the bank doors on that day-'Suspended." After many thunderous kicks, Sambo at length opened his portal. Where are my boots, you black scoundrel?" said one. "Hand over my shoes. you son of charcoal," said another. The knight of the brush, with a smile worthy of a defaulting artist of Wall street, calmly handed over one boot and one shoe. with the remark: "Gemmen, dis house has suspended, but we pays fifty per cent.'

An Indiana farmer has 1,000 doves.

About as many widows as invalid soldiers recieve pensions.

A Gibson, Ind., tea kettle first sang

How to be Handsome.

Most people would like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power which any person may have who has a good face and attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetic, including a plentiful annointing with dirty hair

for an unprotected man to pass through Now all cannot have good features.-They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will

Keep clean-wash freely and universally with warm water. All the skin wants is leave to act free, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly and sleep enough.—The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day than a horse; it must have regular sleep.

Good teeth are a great help to good clean. Of course, to have white teeth, it a Congressman at large!" is needful to let tobacco alone. Every

es bad air. When the mind is awake, the dull A professor, in explaining to a class of sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I young ladies the entire theory, according do not know that the brain expands, but to which the body is renewed every seven it seems to. Think, read-not trashy years, said: "Thus, Miss B., in seven

Solving A-Difficulty.—A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landlord in Ohio. One day, after yard and shoots at it every time he is making his visit to Sabbath school, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way the little fellow, with the philosophy which "reads sermons in stones," said:

"Granpa," who do all these woods and fields belong to?" "Why," said the matter of fact gentle-

man, "to me." "No, sir," emphatically responded the child; "they belong to God." The grandfather said nothing till they

reached the richly laden tree, when he "Well, my boy, whome does this tree This was a poser, and for a moment

God, but the walnuts are ours."

WHAT IS THINE AGE !- "Father." said a Persian monarch to an old man, said a Persian monarch to an old man, 'cess to it!—came out and hissed the who, according to Oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be about the hen?" "It's the hin, is it? The seated: I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, whose head is white laying eggs for the rebels."

with the frost of age."
"And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the profered seat, " tell me thine age; how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?" "Sir," answered the old man ,"I am

but four years." thou not to answer me falsely, or dost visited the family and remained until afthtu jest on the very brink of the tomb?"

foolish jest on a subject so solemn.—Eighty long years have I wasted in folly and tinful pleasures and in amasing wealth, with great persuasion that her mother none of which I can take with me when I | could keep her quiet during the time they leave this world .- Four years only have were at the table. When they left it she I spent in doing good to my fellow-men: and shall I count those years that have had formed a great friendship, and said; been utterly wasted? Are they not worse than a blank, and is not that portion only worthy to be reconed as a part of my life which has answered life's best end?

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.—It is the solemn thought connected with middle life. that life's last business is begun in earn est, and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind .-When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will lock on, and not look back .- F. W. Rob-

You might as reasonably expect to find hole in water after taking your finger out, as to expect to be missed after you

Thought means life, since those who do not live in any high or real seuse. Thinking men makes the man.

Wit and Anmor.

How to make an Indian loaf—give him a gallon of whiskey.

The most thrilling tale is that of the

rattiesnake. Fifty young widows reside in the small town of Centreville, Ind., and it is unsafe

A young man wearing an Alaska diamond pin can "go home" with any girl in Dubuque from prayer meeting without an introduction.

It is related that an Irishman once vis-. ited New Hampshire, and after having inspected the numerous hills and mountain ranges, exclaimed: "Bedad! I niver was in a country before where they had so much land that they had to stack it."

An old lady, hearing some one reading about a Congressman at large, rushed to the kitchen door, shouting : Sarah Jane, looks. Brush them with a soft brush, sarah Jane! don't you leave the clothes especially at night. Go to bed with teeth out all night, mind I tell you; for there's

woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth should be simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel and injure them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air.—

No one can have a clear skin who breath-

novels, but books that have something in years you will in reality be no longer Miss them. Talk with people who know some B." "I really hope I shan't" demurely thing; hear lectures and learn by responded the girl, casting down her eyes

Two Titusville lawyers have entered into solemn compact not to drink intoxicating liquors, except when out duck shooting, for a year under a forfeit of \$100. One of them keeps a duck in his back thirsty. His fellow contestant has just bought a duck too.

A newsboy in front of au office, the other day, being rebuked by a man for making "so much noise," looked at him a moment, and then in a commiserating tone

"I say, sir, don't your face ache?" "No," replied the man why do you

"'Cause it looks so mortal homely I thought it hurt you!" yelled the little imp, as he dashed away and left the man to be laughed at by the crowd.

QUICK WITTED.—The proverbial quickness of Irish wit is illustrated by an onnecdote related by Captain A .- Whilst on the Peninsula, during the war, he came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the the boy hesitated; but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well amondfather the tree belongs to dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" he demanded. "Faith, I was marching wid Color Sargeant Maguire, and the goose-bad hin, bless ye, was in bad company, and

A LAYMAN'S GRACE.-A young married friend tells a good joke on Fimself perpetrated by a little three year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twines itself around the hearts and affections of himself and "What i" interrupted the king, "fearest | wife. A few evenings since a minister ter tea. At the table the reverend visitor "I speak not falsely, sire," replied the asked the blessing, and the little one aged man. "Neither would I offer a opened her eyes to the fullest espacity in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was walked up to the minister, for whome she

"What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?"
"My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to ent, so that

we might grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says 'Godlemighty what a supper.' "-Lowell Courier.

The best talents in the world must be known in order to be patronized. Man is the child of opportunity-circumstances either makes or mars him-but he may sometimes make circumstances. Some years ago a young lawyer of fine talents and deep learning, and graceful and powerful orator withal, settled in one of the western villages. He took no letters of introduction, and knew nobody. He waited in vain for clients, his abilities were unknown, and, of course unappreciated.-At length he devised a plan for bringing himself into notice. He took a rattan, walked over the way to Mr. Smith's store, and without saying a word astonished the unoffending Mr. S. with a terrible flogging. A prosecution followed, our young awyer made a splendid speech, showed what he was, was fined an hundred dollars, and was immediately retained in three suits of importance. He has since made a large fortune by his profession.

The customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and cusks repaired, buying but very little work. "I stood it long e-nough, however," said he, "until old Sam Crabtree brought me in an old bung to which he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."