\$2,00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 26.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16. 1873.

NUMBER 18

Select Poetry.



THE HAUNTED CHANBEB.

Each heart has its haunted chamber. Where the silent moonlight falls! On the floor are mysterious footsteps, There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted By phantoms of the past, ___As motionless as shadows By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window, That is not seen by day, For as soon as the dawn approaches It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight, Itself as pale and still, And points with its niry finger Across the window sill. -Without, before the window,-

There stands a gloomy pine, Whose boughs go upward and downward As wave these thoughts of mine. And underneath its branches, Is the grave of a little child,

Who died upon life's threshold. And never wept nor smiled. What are ye! O pallid phantoms! That haunt my troubled brain? That vanish when day approaches,

And at night return again? What are ye! O pallid phantoms! But the statutes without breath, They stand on the bridge overarching

The silent river of death?

Miscellaueous Reading.

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

In the town of Catskill, on the Hudson River, there dwelt, some years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice and had now dearest' said by 'And now dearest' said by 'I'. in considerable practice and had 2 clerks in his office, whose pames were Mansell and Van Buren. In ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business, shrewd, active and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous me.' in his duties, was of a gayer temperment open as the day, generous, confiding and

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what was called a keen law- ceeded, when from behind a solitary tree yer, his practice being somewhat of the that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure , and as the disposition of his clerk Van Buren, assimilated in many respects ands them. The place as we have before to his own, he was a great favorite-more intimately in his confidence, and usually Edward and his companion of course employed on those delicate matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the honesty of Mansell might rather linder than help.

Muson had a niece, who, he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive and clever girl-very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace or ears than their own. of a sylph and the step of a fawn. It was natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same root, and by no means a both of them did. But as the young la- straits. dy had but one heart, she could not retain the love of each. In making her selection, the choice fell upon Edward Man-

Matters went on in this way for sometime; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand, while Kate and Mansell found in the interviews they occasionaly enjoyed, more than compensation for the autovance to which they were thus necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was solid coin. As the money could not be easily disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge. Van Buren quited the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mausell to go up to the court-house. Having dispatched his business at the hall, he returned with all exinconceivable horror, he discovered the duced." treasure was gone.

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstances. He, in turn, expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and indeed exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information was given to the nearest mag- produce any other effect on him than the istrate but as Mason was from home, and would not return until the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a ty by restoring the property? We must night of intense agony—nor were the feel- not only restore the treasure, but convict ings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was ex
As he spoke, he took the box from Ed. which way the votes would run; but it

overwhelming calamity which had befall ming down the tide.

len him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorantly of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards

him, and exclaimed: "O Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you; and, innocent though I know you are, that fiend 'That is the thief,' said the stranger, in cent though I know you are, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound a I have no time to explain; fly instantly, Hollow, when I will explain all.

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did rushed out of the garden and through watching the place, just before I met you some fields; nor did he stop till he found in the Hollow. himself out of town on the banks of the but unwise council of his dear Kate. But started back in astonishment on seeing a trace it now. He proceeded until he ar- turned to the witnesses of the transaction rived at a thick grove, in the vicinity of so that Edward and the stranger had got

led to the place announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they meet, but bowing her head upon his shoul.

In the later of the lace of the culprit, they recognized the features of Van Buren, bus fellow clerk.

Manuell's character was now cleared while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons of his own, refrained from prosecuting quitted the town is movited discussed. satisfactorily account for the possession of his good fortune. this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county jail in the intermedi-

hands.

ate time resolved on evading the officers

of justice, until he could surrender him-

self with the proofs of his innocence in his

name, to be hunted like a beast of prey, from one hiding place to another. But, O Kate, I bear with the me the blest assurance that one being, and that being the best loved of my heart, knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start and turn. their eyes in the direction whence it prowrapped in an apple clock walked towsaid, had an evil reputation, and although were free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as

they gazed on the tall form before them. Mansell, however, soon recovered himself and told the sumpger that, whoever it was, it ill became him to overhear conversation which was not intended for oth-

'Nay,' was the rejoinder, 'be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since being in the possession of the story of your grief, matter of astonishment, that one or both it might be in my tower to alleviate it.—
of them should fall in love with her; and I have assisted then in much greater

> Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered : but he said:

'I see not how you can help me; you cannot give me a clue by which I can find the box. 'Yes, here is therefue,' replied the oth-

er, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord. 'Here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the holow oak ; wade outlin a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box, and the other to a

stout cork, but remove it not yet.'
'The devil!' said Mansell. Whether he really believed hinkelf to be in the presence of the evil one or that the ward was merely expressive of surprise, we know

The stranger took the compliment, and icknowledging it with a bow, said, 'The stealing is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have spoken no more

than the truth Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession .-He looked from the treasure to the stranpedition, and in due time took the key of his safe to deposit therein the valuable palife for in regaining this, I shall recover life for in regaining this, I shall recover pers of the office over night-when to his my good name, which has been fouly tra-

> He was proceeding towards the shore, when the other cried:

'Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten jour cord to it and re-place it where you found it, if you please.' Edward started, but the stranger continued: 'Were you to take that box back to your employer, thuk you that you would conviction that fit ling your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure immuni-

pected, and sent immediately for Van ward, who now say his meaning, fastened is, nevertheless, a paradox that practically Buren, and was closeted with him for a the cord to it, and it was again lowered nine out of every ten people act as though to the bottom of the river, and the cork their sole object was to ruin their health Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the on the other end of the cord was swim- and shuffle off their mortal coil as soon

'Now follow me in silence,' whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence by the light of the moon they beheld a figure approach the water look-

a low voice, in Edward's ear. 'I saw him web around you, that I dread the worst. last night throw something into the river, and when he was gone, I took the liberty and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove the booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully

By the time the man reached the riv river. Then for the first time, he repent- er's brink, and after groping some time ed of having listened to the well-meant through the water, he found the box, but the step was taken, and he could not re- long cord attached to it. His back was the Devil's Hollow, where he lay com-pletely hid, until night closed upon him.

Mansell turned, and lingered on the

Mansell turned, and lingered on the skirts of the grove, until the sound of a ceived than painted, when as the moonlight footstep on the graveled path which beam fell upon the face of the culprit,

der, burst into a flood of passionate tears. ting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. By degrees she became more calm, and The stranger proved to be a gentleman of then detailed to him a conversation she large landed property in the neighborhood had overheard between Van Buren and which he had now visited for the first time ner uncle; and gathered thence that the in many years, and having been interestformer had succeeded in convincing Ma. ed in the young pair whom he had delivson of Edward's guilt, by an artful com- ered so opportunely from tribulation, he bination of tacts which would have made subsequently appointed Mansell his man a prima facie case against the accused- of business, and thus laid the foundation the most formidable one being the finding of his prosperity. It is almost needless of a considerable sum of specie in Man- to add, that Kate, who had so long sharsell's trunk. Knowing that he could not | ed his heart, became his wife, and shared

> On an average it requires from three to foure hours to digest a meal. At the end of that the stomach should have rest. But if, during the digestion of a meal, fresh food is introduced, the stomach is -called-upon-to-exert-itself-anew-before—it has power to do so. One meal is so blended with another, that the gastric action is uninterrupted and of course it is well done. Besides, under these circumstances, the regularity of the digestive process is broken up by the fact that blood is introduced in a different condition from that already contained in the stomach. Almost all persons violate the law of health in this particular.

There are multitudes who to use their own expression, "are not particular, they can eat at any time," which means generally all the time. They partake or three meals a day as a matter of course, but they are tasting and innching continually. between meals. Two men meet having some business to transact, and although they have just taken either breakfast or dinner, yet they must settle the business over a "stew" or a "plate of fried."

It is common to confine the term "instimulants, but the truth is that those who indulge in over-eating and gormandizing are just as intemperate as drunkards. Temperance means moderation. hence men who either cat or do anything else, immediately, are intemperate.

Again: We violate the law of health by cating late at night. After the day is over and the stomache has performed the digestive process for us three times, it needs a neight's rest as well as the other members of the body. When it is allowed this right it is in a condition to perform its duty on the following day with power and success. Unfortunately a large number of persons deny the stomach this much needed relaxation by eating between the hours of eleven at night and two in the morning, an excessive meal of indigestible food. The man tired and exhausted wants rest himself, but asks his

poor stomach to stay up all night and perform a most difficult task. If a man treated any other organ of his body thus he would be called a lunatic. If he retired at one o'clock in the morning, and would say to his eye-"Eye, goodnight—I am used up and want to go to sleep. You watch and work and I'll be up in time for you in the morning," his friends would recommend Dr. Kirkbride's hospital for the insane. And yet this is the implied language addressed by every gourmand to his stomach under similar circumstances: "Stomach, work regularly three times a day; work between meals; work in the evening; work all night."-Is there a reader of this paper who imagines that the stomach can be treated in this manner without evil, misery, and death resulting? Don't believe the scorfers. Gluttony is sensual indulgence, and soon enslaves a man past all hope of remedy. It reduces the power, influence, and acuteness of the intellect, excites the passions, provokes gout and appoplexy, and sinks the individual to the level of the brutes.—Exchange.

EASTERLY CURRENT.-Prof. S. A. King went up in a balloon from Plymouth last week, to a height of three miles and three quarters. He found cold and snow and ice, but no easterly current. His general direction was northeast, and he came down about eighty miles from where he started, his voyage being made in two hours and twenty-six minutes. We were never able to credit much that easterly current theory which was to carry balloon travelers to Europe, with no means of getting back

Were the question asked of each individual whether he would prefer to live long or die early, it is not difficult to guess as possible.

If we would but check the speaker," When he spoils his neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring, Ere we utter words of blame; If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted If we would but see the way: Ah, the pains that might be lightened Every hour and every day If we would but hear the pleadings Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold Of our selfishness and pride; Let us lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide; Let us, ere we blame the fallen. Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed-ah, how blessed Earth would be if we'd but try Thus to aid and right the weaker, Thus to check each brother's sigh, Thus to talk of duty's pathway To our better life on high."

In each life, however lowly, There are seeds of mighty good; Still, we shrink from souls appealing With a timid "if we could;" But a God who judges all things Knows the truth is, "if we would."

Home :

When the summer days of youth are lowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felic | Sharp !' but that distressed crowd held ities of earlier years. Then what calm delights, what ineffable joys, are centered his whole length. The doctor was looking the word "Home!" Friends are gathing serious and Briggs was thinking that ered around our fires, and many hearts he hadn't done anything to deserve such rejoice with us:-then, also, shall we feel a blow, when one of the women pushed that the rough places of our waylaring the mat and discovered the buttons. Then have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots which we have passed through grow brighter and more beautiful to memory's eye. Happy are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, nor broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age. As the current of time winds slowly along, washing away the sands of life, like the stream that steals away the soil from the sapling on its banks, learn how to win the heart of a man we look with a kind of melancholy joy at the right way. We are not to numwe look with a kind of melancholy joy at the right way. We are not to num-the decay of things around us. To see ber our friends by the visits that are made carved our names in the lighthearted gai- of united affections. ety of boyhood, as if these frail memori A friendship that makes the least noise selves with the infirmities of age, excite to a zealous one.

To be influence of the past, and prophetic ones for the fu-

ture. The thoughts occasioned by these frail and perishing records of your younger years, when the friends who are now lingering like ourselves upon the brink of the grave, or have long been asleep in its quiet bosom, were around us, buoyant like the dark clouds when the storm is gone, tinged by the farewell rays of the ships. To love and to be loved is the setting sun.

Terrible Scene in a School Room. The Atlanta, Ga., Herald of Septem-

ber 4th, gives the following account of a terrible double murder recently committed in a school in Banks county in that easier for his feet. State: "The teacher of the school was Mr. Al-

fred Alexander, aged forty years, and the student, Mr. John H. Moss, aged about the end that is begun for an end. 21 years. Mrs. Alexander, wite of the principal, was, we learn, present of her own volition, but not in the discharge of any regular duty, as teacher or in any other capacity. Her custom, however, had been to observe the conduct and deportment of the pupils, and when she considered them guilty of any breach of decorum, to report them to her husband for reproof or other punishment. On this oceasion the subject of her reportorial capacity was the young man referred to, Mr. Moss. When his attention was called to the matter in question, he denied the charge made by Mrs. Alexander, which ed to an animated and angay dispute. heart. This was a fatal wound and the man fell. Just then Moss turned to leave out."

The remark of this brother and sister of many other reasonably sufficient to produce death.

A finished life, a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it and through which, be its web dark or sleep. Time gained from necessary sleep bright, its pattern clear or clouded can is not saved, but lost. Mind and body now be traced plainly the hand of the will both suffer. Most people, however great Designer-surely this is worth liv- do not think enough to make early rising ing for. It has fulfilled its appointed particularly dangerous. It is hard work-course! and returns to the Giver of all ing professional man, the close student, breath pure as he gave it. Nor will he or the man of business, with many cares forget it when he counteth up his jewels,— upon his mind, who suffers most from loss

Too late for the fair -- an old bachelor. Be temperate in all things.

throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air and rolled over on his 'Oh, them buttons! he has swaler woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs. 'Oh, he'll die! he'll die!' screamed the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomache and cough, and then turned and jagged him about all sorts of ways until he got mad and he went to howling. Then a boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for a doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face, and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil, and put mustard across him, and wept over him, and the mother said she could never forgive herself. Boys drove by calling out: 'Slab wood for sale!' and the seissors man went by shouting 'Sharp! everybody laughed and danced, and they

kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed,

threw the mustard plaster at the doctor,

and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling an-

gel to her bosom and called him her 'wop-

sy topsy hopsy dropsy popsy little cher-

Friends and Friendship. Get not your friends by brave compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to the trees under whose shade we sat in our us, and not to confound the decencies of earlier years, and upon whose rinds we ceremony and commerce with the offices

als of our existence would long survive is very often the most useful: for which us-to see these withering away like our reason I should prefer a prudent friend

o be influenced by a passion same pursuits, and to have similar dislikes is the natural ground work of lasting friendship. A man that hath friends must show

himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virture and friendship, and, indeed, with the gaiety of youthful spirits,—are friendship is but is but a part of virtue. greatest happiness of existence. Friendship is the medicine for all mis-

fortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness. Old friends are the best. King James

used to call for his old shoes; they were

Kindred weaknesses induce friendship

as often as kindred virtues. A friend should bear with his friend's infirmities.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven Sudden friendship, sure repentance.

Faithful are the wounds of friends. Friendship is full of dregs.

Ease in Society.--"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day, than go to this party,' said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck. "I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all Alexander became enraged at the young evening. If the fellows would pull their man for the part taken by him in the concounts off, and go out and chop wood on a troversy, and advancing toward Mr. Moss match, there'd be some sense in it." "Well, drew his knife, und stabbed him in the I hate it as much as you do," said his sisbreast. Moss in turn drew a dagger and ter Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nostabbed and plunged it into Alexander's where nor see nobody, and no wonder we heart. This was a fatal wound and the feel awkward when we do happen to stir

were but the sentiments of many other hand and administered one or two severe farmers' boys and girls when invited out cuts in Moss's neck, near the region of the to spend a social evening. But poor Luspine. The result was that they both lay cy had not hit the true cause of the diffimortally wounded on the scene of the con- culty. It was not because they seldom flict, and both expired in a short time, the went to any place, but because there was one within three minutes of the other. It such a wide difference between their home is not definitely known whether Moss di- and company manuers. The true way to ed from the wounds received from the feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. wife or husband, as all were severe and If the pleasing garb of manners is only put on upon rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem comfortable.

Those who think most, require the most of sleep.

How Briggs' Baby was Treated. THE ATMOSPHERE.—It surrounds us Thomas briggs, of Detroit, has a boy baon all sides, yet we see it not; it presses by about ten months old, who is admitted on us with a load of fifteen pounds to eveat the beginning of this article to look ry square inch of surface of our bodies, just like his father and to be the smartest or from seventy to one hundred tons on boy baby of his age in Detroit. Yesterday morning the child was sitting on the its weight. Softer than the softest downfloor, playing with five or six big coat more impalpable than the finest gossabuttons on a string, and taking an occa-mer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, sional nibble at an apple, to bring on his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears neighbor were talking away as only wo- the fleets of nations on its wings around men can-gossip, when the baby hid the the world, and crushes the most refractory buttons under a mat and started to finish substances beneath its weight. When in the apple. A bit of the skin got in his motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forest with the earth-to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ship to lowed them buttons!' cried the mother as pieces like toys. But for the atmosphere, she yanked him up and shook him, sunshine would burst on us and fail us 'Pound him on the back!' yelled the oth- at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorehing heat, but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to him on his back and rubbed his stomach, the full and umitigated rays of the lord of day.

WINDFALLS.-Politeness to the aged, it appears, pays. In Bennington, Vermont, there is a young man named Carr, who has been "uniformly kind and respectful" to an old gentleman named Cun-ningham. This old gentleman was reputed to be poor, as he was no more than a day laborer. But the other day the kind and respectful young person was most agreeably thunderstruck, for he was presented by the grateful old gentleman withthe deed of a farm worth \$12,000. So it appears that old gentleman named Cunningham was a (pecuniary) angel in disguise. Moral: Be good to old people always and under any circumstances. Dr. Draper, of Newark, N. J., was re-

cently left \$250,000 by a Frenchman who died in California. He is indebted for this windfall to the fact that he once sayed the life of the Frenchman, who was seized with a fit while standing upon the platform of a car, and would have fallen off if the doctor had not interposed.

SMALL FARM MAXIMS.—1. Small farms are cheaper and easier to manage than large ones, and pay better for the capital invested. Therefore, small farms are the

2. If you want to make your farm pay, you must give it your daily personal attention. But if your farm is too large you cannot do this; hence, as I said above mall farms are the best. 3. If you don't want your farm to run

away, you must stop the little leaks. We than the old plan. may expect fewer leaks on a small place than on a big one, hence, again, small farms are the best.

a good many. So you see small farms "raise enough weeds without sowing em." are the best.

happy bondage. It wounds daily our he signs his letter 'Fair Play,' he is a liar." with and buries our holiest and dearest affection, and writes over the tomb Life is to be fortified by many friend- his or her life a glory of great love; clos- pleasure of the pain!" ed forever to him or her, the portals of a happy home—that fountain of freshness heat and burden of the outsine battle.

laughter, says the Bulletin, at railway sta- not pass." Difficulty is not so great to die for a tion in Norwich, on Saturday. He laughfriend as to find a friend worth dying for. ed and laughed again, nobody knew why, riend as to find a friend worth dying for. ed and laughed again, nobody knew why,

What friendship will not continue to and the bystanders concluded that he rural paper, we meekly approached an must be insane. One finally asked him emigrant wagon and inquired of its ausif he was often taken that way. Then tere proprietor," Whither bound?" Me the sufferer arose and turned his gaze up- lord removed his quid to the larboard on his interrogator, and while he fixed side of his mouth, and cooly remarked. him with his skinny eye and with his glit | "None of your d-d business." And it tering hand, replied: "No, sir, I never wasn't either. was taken this way before, though I'v often thought I'd like to be; I'm going to my mother-in-law's funeral."

A railroad engineer at Boston, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the super- his wife, instead of such outrageous conintendent, austerely, for letting your train duct he would attach a string to her big come twice into collision.

"The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I asked to be "How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before try it again."

"He regained his situation."

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "A Albany recently, in one of the night steamlittle son six years old, of Mr. Wake Hub- ers, had the ill luck to lose the recommenbell, while enroute to N. Y. with his moth- dation which had been given her on teaver, fell out of a car window while the train | ing her last place. An Irishman leavnwas moving at the rate of twenty miles ing the cause of her distress, wrote one for an hour. The train was stopped and her, which she presented to a friend :backed and the little codger was found o'This is to say that kary o'brien had a unhurt, and trotting along the track trying to overtake the train from which he lost it on board the vessel coming

Every parent is like a looking glass for his children to dress themselves by.

Men who brag of ancestors and great descent show a great descent indeed from their ancestors.

can't talk about yourself.

Wit and Anmor.

The lia-bilities of some men are won

The dresting-gown is the most lasting

of all garments; it is seldom worn out.

If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Sin.

The reason why a watch is called watch is evidently because it is always on its guard. 🛝

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it is down in the mouth.

Consumptive men can acquire full chests or lungs by blowing up the patent bustles

That was a wise man who cut a big hole in his barn door for his cat and a small one for his kitten. Widows who have lost two husbands

are the only ladies who have as yet evinced much interest in the "third term" ques-When you see a little girl with old gaiters on ner feet, a crownless jockey on her

head, three brown paper packages in her arms, and a mouthful of candy, you may know her mother is washing. A Missouri woman turned her husband

ipside down in a milk churn the other day because he swore at her mother. But it didn't make him any butter. "Vot vedder vill it be to-day?" asked

a German of his neighbor. "Vell, I don't know: yot you tink?" "I tink it vill be vedder as you tink." "Vell, I tink so too." "Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" "Oh, I guessed it." "Thin

be the howly pokers, as ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burington. An Irish captain of militia received a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to the men under his command,

and marched the whole of them to her

A public school teacher in Wisconsin has substituted for corporal punishment occasional doses of castor oil which; he says, makes the pupils much more docie

An old man up in Clinton con when asked by a traveling agent if the 4. Feed your land well, and it will feed didn't want to buy a "Weed Sewing you. It takes less to feed a few acres than Machine," got mad, and said he could

The Boston *Herald* mildly expostulates LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP. My young with a correspondent: "The man who friend, do not make haste to wed. Un writes a letter without signing his real happy marriage is the quintessence of un- name is a coward and an idiot; and when

"Och !" says a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying in thereof, 'No hope.' It embitters the vic- love! it sets the heart aching so delicately tim with the thought that lost forever to there's no taking a wink of sleep for the

The wife of a colonel, at a review in and delight, at which the soul must Dublin, was stopped by an Irish sentry, needs drink to gather strength for the when, with a haughty toss of the head, she informed him that she was the colouel's lady. "Be jabers, ma'am," replied A sober man was taken with a fit of Pat, "if you were his own wife you would

A Detroit woman wants a divorce—and should have one because her husband insists upon sleeping with his feet upon the pillow so that he can tickle her feet when she snores. If he had any love for toe and sleep in the next room.

A clergyman was once taken to task by a member of his congregation for not preaching more frequently on predestination. He was very indignant, and lookas to whether two trains can pass each ing steadily at his censor for a moment, other on the same track, I am now entire. replied: "Sir, I perceive you are predesly satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and tined to be an ass, and what is more, I it can't be done, and I am not likely to see you are determined to make your cailing and election sure."

> A young Irish servant girl coming from down from albany."

A CRUEL JOKE.—An Evansville mechanic was the victim of a heartless joke quite recently. His companions counterfeited a letter from a young heiress, which said that his manly bearing had captivated her heart, and hoped he reciprocuted. A bore is a man who spends so much He threw away his tools, invested his time talaking about himself that you money in new clothes, and presented himself to the lady, who indignantly told him: Never promise a child and then fail to perform, whether you promise him a bun or a beating.

that she did not want a husband who looked necked squash and if no did not have she'd take the hair off his head with a kettle of hid water.

April 1 Marie 1 Marie 1