

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 26.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

NUMBER 19

## Select Poetry.



### I MISS THEE.

When the evening twilight deepens,  
Casting shadows o'er the lea,  
Bringing back, with all their sweetness,  
Happy hours I've spent with thee.  
I miss thee.

When the birds have hushed their music,  
And have sought their downy nest;  
When the busy world is silent,  
And all nature sunk to rest—  
I miss thee.

When the hills of life assail me,  
And my soul is bowed with care,  
And memory turns to bygone hours,  
Seeking consolation there,  
I miss thee.

When the night-bat flits and hovers  
Round about my window-pane—  
Truthful omen, telling truly  
We shall never meet again—  
I miss thee.

When the silent midnight cometh,  
With its solemn, ghostly tread,  
Waking memories sad and dreary,  
That should slumber with the dead.  
I miss thee.

When the breaking day approaches,  
And the lark is soaring high,  
Singing loud his song of sweetness  
Far up in the rosy sky,  
I miss thee.

When the busy world is moving  
With the hardy sons of toil,  
Then my soul is filled with sorrow,  
Nor can I this misery foil,  
For I miss thee.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Could I believe my eyes? Was that Helen—my Helen—to whom I was to be married in a month, hanging familiarly on another's arm, and looking up so lovingly in his face as she had been wont to do in mine.

I had no reason to distrust my eyes. In fact I knew them to be exceptionally good. It certainly was Helen. But what could she be doing here, and who could she be with on terms so intimate? I had every reason to believe her at home, hundreds of miles away; and except toward a brother or myself, I felt she had no business acting so. But I knew she had no brother and equally well that the gentleman with her wasn't I.

A business tour I was taking before my marriage had brought me to New Orleans; and it was on one of the public promenades of that city that I so unexpectedly met my affianced under the circumstances mentioned.

Determined to have an explanation, I hurried forward to meet the pair. I raised my hat ceremoniously, but beyond a stiff bow from the gentleman, received no recognition from either.

"Apparently you have forgotten me," I said to Helen in a voice tremulous with passion, in spite of my efforts to appear calm.

She shrank frightened from my look and clung closer to her companion's arm. He conducted her to a rustic seat at a little distance, and returning, accosted me in a tone studiously polite and haughty.

"I am ready to hear anything you may have to say to the lady," said he.

"I am not aware," I replied, of any reason for making you the medium of communication between us."

"That your manner is not quite respectful," he answered, hesitating a moment for the expression, "is one reason; another is that the lady is my wife."

I was thunderstruck. My home was at a distance from Helen's. Besides, I had been traveling for weeks, and had received no letters from her.

I remembered hearing her friend tease her about a handsome gentleman in New Orleans, where she had spent the last winter. This was undoubtedly he—the favored lover. Helen had only been dining with me, and in my absence, with our wedding day fixed had peridiously married my rival.

They were even now in their honeymoon! The thought made me furious.

"Your wife is a false woman!" I hissed through my clenched teeth.

"You are a—" Controlling himself, he added: "This is no place for what remains to be settled between us."

Your card if you please. Do not let my wife see."

I would have flung it in his face, but I knew that to make a scene there might forestall the opportunity I longed for of meeting my supplanter in deadly conflict. I handed him my card quietly. He thrust it in his pocket, and returned me his.

I hastened away, impatient for the hour to come, when, weapon in hand, I might confront the man I most of all hated.

At that time and place, such affairs were not accustomed to be long deferred. It was necessary that I should procure the service of a friend without delay.—There was but one person in the city, an old college-mate, to whom I could apply in such a need. I had his address, and set out at once to find him.

Then turning a street corner, as I hurried along, whom should I see coming toward me but faithless Helen, her face wreathed with smiles, and her hand extended to greet me!

She has surmised the danger to her husband, thought I, and would seek to disarm my vengeance. But my heart was steel. I spurned her proffered hand, and with a look of anger and contempt, which I was glad to see had its effect, passed on quickly and in silence.

My friend accompanied me to my room, where I at once set about arranging my affairs. I knew my adversary's second would call in an hour at the farthest, and I was anxious to have everything in readiness.

I had scarcely finished what I had to do, when a visitor was announced, whose errand, as I anticipated, was the delivery of the expected message.

It was the form of a polite and courteous note—how polite and courteous such missive always are—merely stating that the writer had committed the making of all necessary arrangements on his part to the bearer, his friend, Colonel Wyng, and expressing the hope that the affair might be terminated as speedily as possible.

"You see," explained the colonel, after I had introduced my friend, Tom Bright, "my principal has an engagement for the opera this evening, and is desirous of getting through in time for it."

I gave the gentleman assurance that there was no disposition on my part to interfere unnecessarily with his friend's engagements which, it was to be hoped, nothing might occur to prevent keeping—adding that, as the challenged party, I selected pistols at ten paces; so no time need be wasted on preliminaries.

"In that case," said the colonel, "we may start at once. I have a carriage at the door, and we can pick up my friend on the way."

We accepted his offer, and set out immediately.

Tom and the colonel chatted pleasantly till the carriage stopped in front of an elegant mansion.

"We must stop here a moment gentlemen," said the colonel. "Please step out," and opening the door he led the way.

Tom and I would have preferred waiting in the carriage, but the colonel insisted so politely that we got out, and followed him up the steps.

The door opened, and having conducted us into a neat sitting-room the colonel bade us excuse him a moment and disappeared.

"This way, gentlemen," he said, returning after a few minutes.

He led us through a pair of folding doors into an apartment where our eyes were greeted by a tableau, at which mine were even more astonished than by the sight they had encountered in the morning.

There stood the man I was on my way to fight, between two Helens so like, that which of them was mine I felt I should never be able to decide.

"What a dance you were, Fred," said one of them—I say it was my Helen now by the ring on her finger—"to mistake my sister for myself this morning, and go quarreling with her husband?"

I don't know what I stammered. "And then to get so absurdly jealous," she continued, "and refused to speak to me after so long an absence. I've a good mind not to forgive you!"

"You see," explained my late enemy, "my Helen—who you had never seen before—and your Helen are twin sisters, so nearly alike that intimate friends are usually compelled to take their word for which is which. They are devoted to each other, and Helena would have Helen come and stay here a week or two before her marriage. She has been here a couple of days now, and an hour ago came in crying—"

"I did no such thing!" pouted Helen.

"At any rate," he continued, "it came out that you had met on the street, and unaccountably refused to speak. A throb flashed upon me. I looked at your card."

Though I had never seen you, I was not ignorant of the name of my intended brother-in-law. All was made clear, and I dispatched to the colonel to bring you here as the best way to prevent bloodshed between prospective relatives."

The opera engagement was kept, a happy evening was spent, and after many blunders, I began at last to be able to tell which was my Helen. I don't think the whole world would decieve me on that point now.—N. Y. Ledger.

STARVING IN BROADWAY.—A terrible tableau vivant was acted in lower Broadway, New York, one day last week. Near Exchange Place, at about mid-day, a man, with a thin, wasted face, was seen to totter, then stagger, and then fall. A curious crowd soon gathered, believing the man to be suffering in a fit. On inquiring the cause, the following terrible reply was faintly given: "I am starving; I haven't eaten anything in six days; a shudder ran through the crowd; they stood back, appalled at the bare fact of such suffering, destitution, and well-nigh death. A sympathizing German ran across the street, and soon returned with a loaf of bread. The starving man's eyes fairly glared, as he seized and ate it. It seemed that he must choke, such was the voracity with which he sought to appease the calls of his long-suffering stomach. There was in the scene a reality—a terrible—wholly indelibly impressed itself upon all who witnessed this sort of rehabilitation of a dying man. Six days in this great city without a morsel to eat! Where was his tongue? Or is he one of those proud, timid men who die, but make no sign? He was sent to the hospital for treatment. Think of it! Starvation in Broadway!—N. Y. Dispatch.

## The Time to Resume.

The country is passing its grandest opportunity since the war. There has not been since the passage of the Legal tender act any financial situation or crisis that so held out all its hands inviting to resumption. Shall we let it go by? The crisis calls for a firm hand, a clear head, and determined purpose; that's all. It requires no superhuman wisdom to discover our disease, or any profound political science to detect its cause. We halt between palliation and cure. Here's an hour's work with the knife, or endless stretch of splints and bandages, lotions and plasters, opiates and stimulants, with recurring paroxysms, spasms, and convulsions, and never sound health in body or limb. Shall it be surgery or quackery? We must choose between them. To-day's opportunity is for the country, for the dominant party, for the President. It is within the reach of the President, who has but to put his hand and seize it, to make himself a great name, give his party the new prestige that it needs, and establish it firmly in power and lift the whole country up to pure air and solid ground.

Let the President issue his proclamation convening Congress in an extra session at eight or ten days' notice, with the sole object, distinctly stated in the call, of legislating for the immediate resumption of specie payments. For ten days past people have done almost nothing but stand in front of their balance sheets and inventories and see a rapid and constant shrinkage in value. And there's no knowing where it will stop or when, for the simple reason that there is no financial hard-pan. It has been abolished by law. For eleven years we have gone on doing business with irredeemable promises. We have taken notes of each other and paid them with the notes of the Government, which themselves were without relations to anything having a fixed value—unstable and irredeemable. So long as we are content to do business upon the system of renewals, giving and taking new notes for old ones—with government setting the example—we seem to be prosperous and healthy—we grow up in full enjoyment of the dross, or rather we bulge out like *The Graphic* balloon into beautiful proportions with a "rip line" hanging within anybody's reach. Then comes a time—it has come to us—when people begin to inquire what the paper represents and to grope for a standard of values. Everything tumbles, and business stands still except in bankrupt courts, till that standard is reached. Let us have that established by resuming specie payments. We have had quite enough of ballooning; though of this running speculation-mad, of knitting stocks, of laying railroad ties on moonbeams, giving mortgages on fog banks, and calling ourselves stout because we have gorged ourselves with the east wind.

Some time we must get back to specie. That's admitted. Why not now? When will there be a better time? When would the country be more benefited by it than now? There ought to be statesmanship enough in Congress to devise a simple, practical method. It is not the province of journalism to legislate, and legislatures are proverbially jealous of interference with their functions by the press. We suggest nothing except that Congress be summoned together for this purpose and this only, not putter over and tinker up matters, but simply to legislate for resumption. The Administration of President Grant has an opportunity to lift itself into a better place in history than almost any of its predecessors by this simple act; the Republican party has an opportunity to redeem itself from a record which its best friends admit is not wholly glorious, and the country has an opportunity to step out into the grandest part of its career. Shall it pass unimproved? Let President Grant settle it, so far as he is concerned, by convening Congress and putting upon it the responsibility of meeting the emergency.—Ez.

Picking the Ear.

Dr. Hall says "picking the ear" is a most mischievous practice! in attempting to do this with hard substances, an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum; nothing sharper nor harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail pared, ought ever to be introduced into the ear, unless by a physician.

Persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the "wax" of the ear with the head of a pin; this ought never to be done; first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed to far in, but if not so far, it may grate against the drum, excite inflammation and an ulcer which will finally eat all the parts away, especially if a scrofulous constitution; second, hard substances have often slipped in and caused the necessity of painful operations to fish or cut out; third, the wax is manufactured by nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects, and unmodified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaly, light, and in this condition is easily pushed outside by new formation of wax within.

Occasionally wax may harden and may interfere with the hearing; but when this is the case, it is the part of wisdom to consult a physician and let him decide what is the remedy; if one cannot be had the only safe plan is to let fall into the ear three or four drops of tepid water, night and morning; the saliva is better still, for it is softer and more penetrating; but glycerine is far preferable to either; it is one of the blindest fluids in Nature, and very rapidly penetrates the hardened wax, cools the parts, and restores them to a healthful condition. If in a week there is not a decided improvement in the hearing, medical advice out to be had at once, as next to the eye, the ear is the most delicate organ of the body.

## SWEETHEART, GOOD-BY.

BY P. H. HAYNE.

Sweetheart, good-by! Our varied day  
Is closing into twilight gray,  
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea  
The storm wind rises mournfully;

A mystic presence, strange and drear,  
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air,  
It fills the earth, it chills the sky—  
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Our joys are passed,  
And night with silence comes at last;  
And things must end—yea, even love,  
Nor know we, if reborn above,  
The heart-blooms of our earthly prime  
Shall flower beyond these bonds of time,  
"Ah death alone is sure!" we cry—  
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Thrp' mist and tears  
Pass the pale phantoms of our years,  
Once bright with spring, or subtly strong,  
When summer's noon thrilled with song,  
Now wan, wild eyed, forlornly bowed,  
Each ray, as an autumn cloud  
Fading on dull September's sky—  
Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! The vapors rolled  
Athwart you distant, darkening world,  
Are types of what our world doth know,  
Of tender losses of long ago;  
And thus when all is done and said  
Our life lived out, our passion dead,  
What can their wavering record be  
But tinted mists of memory?  
Oh! clasp and kiss me ere we die—  
Sweetheart, good-by!

Romantic Balloon Tragedy.

A correspondent of an Ohio paper says: In these balloon days I am reminded of an extraordinary ascension made during the war, in Northern Ohio. The aeronaut had gone up frequently; was accounted courageous and sagacious in business; and had such amiable and sterling qualities as to render him highly esteemed. He seems to have been blessed, or cursed, with a pretty wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. As frequently happens, she did not love him in return—at least not enough to insure her loyalty. She permitted her ardent affections to wander and those who knew, informed him of their well grounded suspicions. Too generous to believe, too chivalrous to doubt, he continued to repose the fullest faith in his consort until at last the dreadful conviction was forced upon him. Even then he gave no intimation that he had discovered her guilty secret, though some of his friends were confident he had. He advertised another balloon voyage, and at the time named, all was prepared. His wife was in the inclosure, and just before he stepped into the car, he went to her side, kissed her tenderly, saying he hoped Heaven would make her happy; that he loved her so much that he would not for a moment stand between her and her peace.

His words had such significance that the blood started to her face and the tears to her eyes. Ere she could collect herself he was in the basket, the ropes were cut, and he was shooting through the air. Days, weeks and months passed, and the popular aeronaut was not heard from; nor were there any tidings of the balloon. It was universally supposed that he had met with a fatal accident; that he had probably gone so high that the silken bag had burst and destroyed his life. More than a year after, fragments of a skeleton, with bits of clothing were found on the shore of Lake Erie; also the remains of a gold watch bearing the initials of the missing aeronaut. The mystery was then solved.

He had ascended with deliberate intent of leaping from the balloon at a certain elevation, knowing that, by such means he would escape the suspicion of suicide, and desperately carried out his desperate determination. This was an instance of chivalry which it would be difficult to excel. Romance does not surpass it nor poetry either. The man who sacrificed himself out of pure love, though for the eliciting of his wife, never imagined that he was a hero; and yet not in history or in fiction are greater heroes shown. His was one of the many instances of nobleness and devotion which pass away unrecognized, because no eloquent pen records their virtues, and no inspired singer sings them.

IS J. WILKES BOOTH STILL ALIVE?

The story is revived that J. Wilkes Booth the slayer of President Lincoln still lives. It is now said that he has been seen and conversed on Pelew island.

How he made his escape from the United States he did not reveal except that he did not leave until thirty days after the assassination. During his wanderings he had been in Mexico, South America, Africa, Turkey, Arabia, Rome and met John H. Surratt. The latter, we believe, has always maintained that Booth is still living. The fact that Secretary Stanton would permit no one to see the body of the dead man killed in Maryland and said to be Booth, gives plausibility to the story that the real assassin of President Lincoln made his escape successfully. The late Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, avowed his conviction on the floor of the U. S. Senate that Booth was not killed—but was in a place of safety.

A wise man will speak well of his wife and take a home newspaper, and pay for it in advance.

Some people are wise one day and otherwise the next.

If there is one thing a leafer doesn't deserve it is a loaf.

## The Silent Forces of Nature

It is not the whistling wind, nor the roaring waterfalls, nor the pealing thunder, that is accomplishing the most work in this world. The forces in the world performing the grandest deeds are not seen, neither do they make any noise, yet they are pumping sap to be wrought into leaf, bloom and fruit with more force than all the engines on earth. Every tree in the forest has its hydraulic engine busily pumping up and propelling the vital fluid of its life, up through its tall trunk, branching limbs, and topmost boughs.—What vast forces are thus going on secretly in the green fields, the blooming orchards, and verdant woods!

The railroad train traveling at the rate of thirty miles per hour, roars as distant thunder among the trembling hills. But our earth, with its roomy continents, spreading seas and massive mountains, sweeps on in its diurnal motion at the rate of more than 1,000 miles per hour, yet so silently as not to be heard by an angel's ear. Silently it makes its annual revolution around the sun, a journey of more than 50,000,000 miles, with the astonishing velocity of 63,000 miles an hour and perfect uniformity of time. How perfectly silent, yet tremendous, is the astronomical force of gravitation, that stupendous power of the solar orb, that holds massive worlds steady in their orbits.

The force exerted on our globe is equal to 1,356,450,000,000,000 tons. Such is the vast power of the sun upon the earth at the distance of 95,000,000 miles, and that by the noiseless and invisible energy of gravitation. Nor does this power end here. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, vastly larger globes, and revolving at distances immensely greater, are bound and guided with equal firmness by this silent, mysterious influence. And even Neptune, rolling onward in its lonely way in the far off distance of 2,862,000,000 miles from the sun is held steadily in its frontier orbit.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do that cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him in the pantry to see the bread and cakes she has made;—send him to inspect her needle-work, and hemmaking; or put a broom into her hands, and the wise young will quietly look after them.

But what a true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her and knows that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hands to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life, through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more: the other half, surprised above measure, have got more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a noble idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Savings.

Pennies, like minutes, are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are economists of the time, and all the great me on record have been so, take care of the minutes; for they know that a few minutes well applied each day will make hours in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life, they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may, by perseverance, have accomplished some work useful to his fellow creatures, and to himself. Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first; and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving, therefore, while he is adding to the general stock of general wealth, is setting an example of those virtues, on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking, but we remark that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which, while it is growing, can be applied to no use, at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and waster, who, after he has spent all his money, tries to spend that of other people.

Success is full of promise until a man gets it; and then it is like last year's nest when the bird has flown.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no power to make scholars.

Books are the depository of everything that is most honorable in man.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

## How He got his Bitters Free.

Jonah Filcher is the town clerk of North Bergen. He had the misfortune to have been the victim of an accident which shortened one of his legs several inches. When Jonah stands on his right leg he is about six feet. When on his left leg he is about four feet six. Now it happened the other day that Jonah wanted his bitters, and he went into a gin mill near to get them. After he had stepped up to the counter, he supported himself on his left leg and his chin scarcely reached above the counter. The bar-keeper looked down upon his diminutive customer.

"What will you have?" he asked.

"Give me brandy sour," replied Jonah.

The bar-keeper went to the other end of the bar to prepare the decoction. He was some time about it, and Jonah, tired of standing upon his left foot, elevated himself on his right, a foot and a half.

The bar-keeper returned and looking at the tall Jonah didn't recognize him.

"Where in the thunder!" he said, "has that little sucker gone who just ordered a brandy sour?"

"What's the matter?" asked Jonah.

"Why," was the reply, "a little fool came and ordered brandy sour, and while I was making it he walked out."

"Never mind," said Jonah, "I'll take it."

And Jonah took it. While he drank he lowered himself on his left foot, and the bar-keeper for the first time saw how he had been fooled. When Jonah drew out his twenty cents for the treat, the bar-keeper told him it was all right. That sell was worth twice the money.

FARE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The facts relating to the fate of Sir John Franklin are gradually coming to light, and some time the story of that mysterious cruise will be written. As announced on Saturday a whaling ship, which arrived at New Bedford from a long and unfortunate voyage in the Arctic seas brought with her several interesting relics of the Franklin expedition, procured from the Eskimoes. These were heavy silver spoons and forks, having upon them the armorial bearings of the family of Sir John Franklin and other English families.

They were procured at Repulse bay from some Eskimoes who had come from King William's Land, near the spot where Sir John Franklin's vessels were abandoned, in 1848. The natives say that both vessels (the Erebus and Terror) had gone to pieces. Among the effects of the late Captain Hall there is said to be a sealed packet containing some revelations of the fate of Sir John, but the will forbids that the box be opened. This proviso induces the suspicion that Hall discovered some dreadful news of the straits to which Sir John's party was reduced—perhaps the extreme necessity of devouring each other—and he rightly wished to keep the facts from Lady Franklin's knowledge. But the indefatigable labor and perseverance of that noble woman in searching out the particulars of her husband's fate will probably be renewed upon hearing of this mysterious packet, and may prevail with the executors of Hall's will to reveal the secret to the faithful wife.

INSTINCTS OF HONEY BEES.—When a community of bees becomes too populous for a given hive the bees "swarm," as it is called; that is, a part of the overcrowded population separates from the rest, and goes off to establish a new colony. In such a case the emigrants are chosen or form their own bands with direct reference, seemingly, to the future welfare of the new colony, preserving the numerical proportions characteristic of all prosperous hives. The swarm consists of one queen, and some thousands of working bees or undeveloped females, some hundreds of males or drones. This is the normal combination in the community, and hives so organized may survive and keep together for many years. There are reports of hives a century old. This is, probably, an exaggeration, for bee hives twenty years old are rare, and they do not often survive more than seven, eight or perhaps ten years. When I speak of the life of a bee hive I do not mean to say that the individuals composing it live together for that length of time; indeed, a queen rarely lives beyond three or four years; one of seven years is seldom seen, while the males never survive the summer in which they are born, and the working bees die gradually and are replaced by new ones. But the hive as a community holds together for a longer period, being constantly renewed by the process of reproduction, and becomes at last like a human settlement, consisting of a variety of individuals born at different times.

HOW HE LOST THE OPPORTUNITY.—A useful hint to many young men may be derived from this story which the Springfield, Mass. Union prints: "Not long ago, a young man of this city had a favorable opportunity to enter a business house in this State, at a large increase over his present salary, with a prospect of soon getting a place in the firm. His recommendations were first-class, and the officers of the institution were decidedly pleased with his appearance. They, however, made him no proposals, nor did they state their favorable impressions. A gentleman of the city was requested to ascertain where the young man spent his evenings, and what class of young men were his associates. It was found that he spent several nights of the week in a billiard room on Main Street, and Sunday afternoon drove a hired span into the country with three or four other young men. He is wondering why he didn't hear from the house concerning that coveted position."

How to keep out of hot water—Join the Baptists.

## Wit and Humor.

A sweet flower, the two-lips of a pretty girl.

A man in Norfolk street in the city lately advertised: "One basement to let in dis house in der third athory."

An old maid says she knows by her own experience that the saying "man proposes" is a base lie—she wishes 'twas the truth.

"Oh, Mr. Butcher, what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had from you," said a lady, very indignantly. "Was that, mum? But how-soever, the very first fat bullock I do kill without any bone I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

The story that a Leavenworth father had offered \$10,000 to any one who would marry his cross eyed daughter, brought about eight hundred strangers into that town in one week. A few of them left when they found that the girl was colored.

"You ought to let me pass here free of charge, considering the benevolent nature of my profession," said a physician to a toll-gate keeper. "Nor so," was the reply. "You send too many dead bodies through here now." The doctor didn't stop to argue the question.

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the vicinity of their respective persons, when one of them remarked, "Faith, I'm a brick." "And indade, I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

An Irishman on his first shooting excursion shot a bird, and seeing something fall, went to the foot of the tree, and picked up a frog supposing it to be a bird, and put it in his pocket.—The frog kept up such a continual hopping that his comrade asked him what made the bird hop so. "Oh," said Pat, "the poor thing is cold, I shot all the feathers off it."

A dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and, turning to the looking glass, said: "Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord, "they hide part of your face."

A Philadelphia Alderman saw his dear wife fading away day by day, and he prevailed upon her to go to the country.—She started, but returned next day and found her faithful husband drinking wine with two strange women. In spite of her failing health she didn't stop smashing furniture until there was only one chair left.

A wag, strolling with a friend through a country churchyard, called attention to a grave, the stone of which had no name or inscription on it. "This," said H— "is the grave of the once notorious gambler, Mr. R—." You will observe that there is no name recorded on the tombstone, but I think I could suggest a very appropriate epitaph. "What would you suggest?" inquired his friend. "Waiting for the last trump" was the reply.

An absent minded smoker named Yancy undertook to whisper something of importance in the ear of old Mr. Reynolds, Saturday, but in his absent-mindedness neglected to remove his cigar, the fire end of which was driven right into the old gentleman's ear. Mr. Reynolds jumped straight up in the air about six feet, and on coming down split Yancy's nose by a well directed blow. Yancy picked himself up, and started for home, declaring in a rage that he'd be hanged before he'd tell old Reynolds what he was going to.

An illustration of Irish simplicity is afforded by the reply of a candidate for the office of teacher. The examiner was endeavoring to elicit the candidate's idea of the market value of labor with reference to demand and supply; but being baffled, he put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably and no more, what would be the consequence if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "What would be the consequence sir?" echoed the candidate, "why, a fight, to be sure."

BIDDING GOOD-BY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—"Where were you going, sir, yesterday afternoon, when I met you?"

"I was going to der ribber, massa, to see a young lady off dat I used to pay my distresses to."

"Why didn't you accompany her?"

"I was goin', but I didn't hab de price ob de fare wid me. She was goin' to lead de United States."

"To what country was she going?"

"To Jersey. She was on de hurrah-deck