

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

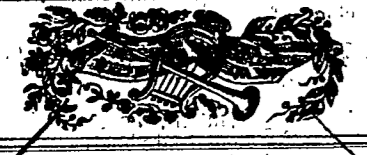
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Select Poetry.



"GOD IS LOVE"

God is love, the Bible says,
Mercy governs all His ways;
Great and awful though He be,
Greater is His clemency;
Every page His goodness shows,
Every line with kindness glows,
Every law and promise prove—
Glorious knowledge!—God is love!

God is love, all nature cries;
Loud the echo wakes the skies,
Hill and valley, rock and plain,
Raise the gladdest song again.
God is love, the ocean roars,
Tumbling on a thousand shores;
All around, beneath, above,
Swell the chorus—God is love!

God is love, the warblers sing,
Soaring on exulting wing;
Mortals, lay aside your care,
God will all your burdens bear,
Think no more of want and sorrow,
Who feeds to-day will feed to-morrow;
Learn from us, His kindness prove,
And join the chorus—God is love!

God is love, each floweret cries,
With over-dewy dewy eyes,
Tend me wants from day to day,
Warm me with the sunny ray,
Feed me with refreshing rain,
Cheer my falling strength again;
Let such care to praise move,
And join the anthem—God is love!

God is love, my comforts say;
Every hour, and every day;
Food and knowledge, friends and home
All from my Creator come;
Blessings I each hour receive,
On His bounty still I live,
By His care I breathe and move;
My soul, for God—God is love!

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SHARP TEMPTATION.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Of "Fortune's buffet" James Watson felt he had borne his full share. Why, then, turn his back upon her favors, if at last she chose to offer them?

So James Watson asked himself, on finding that the pocket-book he had just picked up, contained a handsome sum of money.

"But it is not mine," he reflected, "and the owner may be discovered."

"Don't be a fool!" he answered himself, with the customary rudeness of one getting the worst of the argument. "It's not your business to look after the owner. Others have not dealt so justly by you, that you need put yourself out much on account of others."

Bad reasoning, surely, but if James Watson yielded to it, it was not without palliation. The failure of his employer had lost him his situation, besides a considerable arrearage of wages. The bank in which he had deposited his savings had broken, and at last the wolf was at the door.

He had been out all day seeking employment without finding it. At home he had left an invalid wife and a child crying for bread. To carry them nothing back but disappointment, he could not bear to think of. He had continued his search till hope had become hopeless, and was moodily bending his steps homeward, when his eye fell on a pocket-book at his feet, which he eagerly picked up, and which he found, on inspection to contain a sum larger than he had ever before possessed.

Having snubbed his conscience into silence, James Watson hastened to seek the humble home he had a moment before shrunk from entering.

"Dot any supper for Charley, papa?" were the first words that greeted him.

"Charley shall have a nice supper to-night," he answered, taking up the child and kissing him.

"Look here, Mary!" he exclaimed, displaying his treasure before the astonished eyes of his wife.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, her pale face growing paler, and her voice trembling.

"Found it," he answered.

"Then it is not yours, James."

"Oh! the pretty money!" cried the child, clapping his hands—"but, papa, I'm so hungry."

The father caught up one of the bank-notes, and was hastening out, when his wife's thin hand was laid upon his arm.

"Be our wants what they may," she said, gently but firmly, "we must not touch a cent of that money. It is not ours, and you see there are papers which may lead to the discovery of the owner."

"A plague on the papers!" he answered, "we're not bound to read them and it's easy putting it out of their power to tell tales."

He was in the act of flinging them into the fire, when his wife caught his arm.

"Listen to me, James," she said, looking appealingly into his face. "Trial and privation I am ready to bear with you to the end; to lose faith in your honor I could not bear; it would kill me more cruelly than want."

Conscience had found an abler advocate this time than in the discussion which James Watson had lately carried on single-handed with himself.

"Put it by, Mary," he said, closing the

pocket-book and handing it to his wife. "You are right. God help us."

"Be assured, he will, James; I feel it now more than ever."

"But don't you see, papa," little Charley reminded, "when will it come?"

The poor father sank into a chair and covered his face.

"Charley shall have supper presently," said his mother. "Here, James," she added, take this—it will supply our present wants, and let us commit to-morrow to God's mercy."

"What, Mary! your wedding ring? No, no!"

"For his sake," she said, pointing to the child who was climbing his father's knee to renew his appeal.

Without answering, James took the ring and went out. In a short time he returned and Charley soon sat down to a supper in which the goodness of his appetite made amends for the plainness of the fare.

Next morning James Watson took the pocket-book to place it in a trusty hands till the proprietor could be found. The papers it contained were a sealed packet and some loose memoranda, which gave no clue to the owner. The gentleman in whose hands James placed it commended his honesty, and promised to advertise cautiously for the loser of the property.

While James was absent on this errand, an elderly gentleman called.

"Does James Watson live here?" he inquired.

"That is my husband's name," Mary answered.

"Is he at home?" asked the gentleman.

"He has gone out on some business," said Mary, a little hesitatingly, for she had a misgiving that the gentleman's visit might relate to the lost pocket-book, and that if it still remained in her husband's possession, he might, in some way, be compromised.

"Sorry," said the old gentleman, "I wished to see him particularly. I'm a lawyer, you see," he added, abruptly.

Mary was all in a tremble. She was sure now it was the pocket-book he had come about.

"But stay," said the old gentleman, jumping up, "is that your family Bible?"

And before Mary could answer he had the book open, and was closely comparing the family register with a memorandum he had taken from his pocket.

"Quite right," he muttered to himself. "No, then," he resumed—"I've a most unpleasant piece of news to tell, and may as well out with it."

Mary trembled still more violently. Possibly James had been found with the pocket-book in his possession, and charged with stealing it.

"Your husband had an uncle Edward," the stranger continued—"a wild dog Ned was—in fact, we were a pair of wild dogs together, he and I. Well, he ran away, and was never heard of till after he had died a millionaire in a strange land. By his will, duly forwarded to me, and in which I am named as executor, the bulk of his fortune is left to his nephew, your husband, of whom, it seems, he had somehow gained intelligence."

Mary was too much agitated fully to comprehend the old gentleman's statement. She waited for him to continue.

"Now for the storm!" said he. "By George, I wish your husband was here! I'd rather face twenty men than one woman in such a case."

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir," was all Mary could answer.

"You will soon," he returned. "The will's lost! Now you may think that makes but little difference, seeing the contents are known, which only proves how little women know of law. A will has no effect till it's proved, which it can't be very well without being produced. 'How came it lost?' you were going to ask—Quite a proper question on cross-examination, and take no exception to it. Well, it was through my own stupid carelessness, I dropped my pocket-book somewhere yesterday."

"And I found one," said James Watson, who had entered at this point.

"Found one?" cried the lawyer, "what was it like?"

James described it, stating accurately the amount of money in it.

"Confound the money!" interrupted the other—"were there any papers?"

"A sealed packet and some memoranda," James answered. "But you can soon see for yourself that everything is right. I have just placed the pocket-book and its contents in the hands of a reliable person, to be taken care of till the owner is discovered."

"Huzza!" cried the old lawyer, tossing up his hat. "You're an honest fellow, and deserve your good luck."

"When a few words of explanation had enabled James to comprehend the allusion to his luck, he blushed a little at the compliment to his honesty, which he felt was more due to Mary than himself, and then turned pale as he reflected that, but for her unserving sense of right, his own hand would have committed to the flames the means of raising to affluence, from the depths of want, those for whom he would have perished life, and had so nearly perished honor."

The pocket-book and contents were promptly identified. In due time the will was proved, and James Watson, the humble clerk is now a man of wealth. Mary is as good and gentle as ever. But we doubt if little Charley's suppers are eaten with as keen a relish as when hunger sharpened his appetite.

A Savannah man steals his wife's false teeth when he wants to keep her from "gadding."

James says that his sweetheart is like a melon because her "old man" has looked her up and she cantelope. This is melancholy.

Home—Its Influence.

Perhaps there is no subject that has proven so prolific a theme for moralists as the influence of home-education. Much, very much has been written upon this momentous subject, and yet the signs of the times would seem to indicate that much more light is needed as to the home-training of children, that parents owe to those whom God has entrusted to their care, and to the community at large who are to be blessed or cursed by these same children in after life.

Recently in one of our large cities the papers chronicle the sad event of a mere boy attempting to commit suicide. The circumstances attending it are peculiarly sad. A boy named Bouie, from the State of Arkansas, went to an eastern city for the purpose of learning his trade, with some relative of the same name. Quite naturally for months he pined for his native home in the far distant West. This home-sick feeling was much intensified by the constant strife and bickering that surrounded him. This so preyed upon his sensitive mind that he wrote a long letter home, and then attempted to end his unhappy existence, and in all probability he will not survive the terrible wound inflicted by his own hands. And why? Because in an evil day his parents, perhaps unwittingly, committed their unfortunate son to the care of relatives whose domestic was more like a pandemonium than a home. No wonder the poor fellow longed for the quiet, happy scenes of his distant home. No wonder his burdened heart yearned for the loving sympathy of his fond parents, continually reminded, as he was, of the striking contrast of his present and past surroundings.

This is not the only instance, by any means, of the awful results due to the miserable, quarrelsome heads of families who make everybody and everything up to their eyes in domestic strife. On the contrary, we have noticed several such suicides during the past year. Parents are prone to expect too much from their children, and too often ignore the fact that children may be true to their nature, and old heads are not often on young feet. If so, they would be out of place. God made children to be free and unrestrained in their innocent hilarity, and any effort to prevent this joyous outgushing of nature is as unwise as it is productive of mischief. What if they are noisy? Were you not so once? Do you not love them sufficiently to bear with their boisterousness now and then? Better suffer that incovenience than drive them from home, it may be for even a child's head needs sympathy. What if there is a litter now and then on your carpet? That can be removed far easier than the lasting impression of harsh words of unmerited reprimand from a young heart. Let not the cord of parental restraint bind too tightly.

One of the principal charms of home to children, particularly boys is individual freedom. You cannot cramp a boy, without serious, perhaps irreparable injury. If he does not have the freedom his nature craves at home, he will have it, as many a youth has, away from his hallowed influences. By all means, then, parents should take warning from this sad ending of a neglected youth, and take care where they put their sons to learn trades or business pursuits. Above all, let them see to it, as they value the temporal and eternal welfare of their children, every possible attraction is thrown around their firesides. Let no false and grudging economy deter from expenditure that narrow contracted men may term useless. Nothing can be useless that lends additional grace to home. No investment can possibly pay better in the end.

Let music, paintings and flowers lend their potent charms to the domestic circle. And more than all, see to it that the law of love is the controlling influence that binds all hearts in willing obedience. Then, your sons and daughters will properly appreciate their home. When they leave it, its sacred influence will still linger about their pathways through life; and ever to them it will be the dearest, most sacred spot on earth.—Free Press.

Importance of Exercise.

Without the regular exercise of the body, health cannot be maintained; the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the power of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirit; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for its comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are, early in the morning, and toward the close of the day. Walking is the most beneficial and most natural exercise, because in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking, free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred. Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health—as working in the garden or in the fields, running, leaping, dancing and swimming.

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon and having it knocked out by miscellaneous help, by a fall upon the pavement, is only a slight verbal distinction—one is dental, and the other accidental.

THE OLD SURPRISE.

BY EUNICE E. COMSTOCK.

Now what hath entered my loved woods,
And touched their green with sudden change?
What is this last of Nature's moods,
That makes the roadside look so strange?

Who blanched my thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set golden rods within her place,
And scattered asters everywhere?

Who splashed with red the sumach hedge,
The sassafras with purple stain;
Gave ivy-leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?

Lo! the change reaches high and wide,
Hath toned the sky to softer blue;
Hath crept along the river-side,
And trod the valley through and through;

Discolored every hazel copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands;
Flung veils across the mountain tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

Is, then, October soon to come?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon,
We're floating down the autumn tide.

Death of the First Born.

This beautiful extract from Dr. Hol-land's new book, "Arthur Bonnicastle," will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays.

"I stand in a darkened room, before a little casket, that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have dried their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that my child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We lay the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher? He was like me; will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as carried off and left by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity."

"Alas! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship thro' all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not."

"The little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breast, so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unsmiling, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings, so constantly supplies as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe, miss the blessed influence."

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.—Mab, a correspondent of the Vermont Farmer, says: "We think every woman should be fond of dress in a measure; it is all right and natural that every one should want to look well and wear what is becoming and pretty, for we believe God created woman to be beautiful; for does he not clothe earth with beauty? Does he not give the rose its color and sweetness? Does he not paint the sunset with gorgeous dyes? Does he not create many things not for use only, but simply to be beautiful?—But, God did not create woman simply to be beautiful; he meant her to be useful also. He meant her to have a place in the world, and one of importance, too. He gave her intellect. He meant her to keep pace with man in intelligence and knowledge. The progress of the age has opened many doors to woman—let her enter in; let her choose what suits her taste, but adorn herself with modesty; let her ever dress simply as an adornment and not an end; let her remember that the cultivation of her mind is of far more importance than the dressing of her body, and an upright heart and a good name are worth more than the world can bestow."

An exchange says: A white man in one of the bar-rooms in Alabama, the other day offered to pay for a quart of liquor if a negro present would drink it at one pull. The offer was taken, and the darkey is now a colored angel.

Charity Incultured.

The very pirate that dyes the ocean wave with the blood of his fellow beings, that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all names of kindred of children and home, to spare—yes, the very pirate is such a man, as you or I might have been. Orphanage in childhood, an unfriendly youth, an evil companion, a resort to sinful pleasure, a familiarity with vice, a scorned and blighted name, seared and crushed affections—these are steps which might have led one among us to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance—to have waged war with our kind, to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds, and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested upon a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched, cold and nerveless to the felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood, and innocent pleasure. The dreaded monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love, and all domestic endearment. Pity his blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is wholesome-sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime; but feels it as a weak, tempted, and rescued creature should. It imitates the great Maker; and looks with great indignation upon the offender, and yet is grieved for him.

One's Friends

Money can buy many things; good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but wanting that, have wanted everything." And again: "My heart, shut up in a prison house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or needless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face, and have it out. Quick before love grows cold! "Life is too short to quarrel in," or to carry back thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry; if you, then I am sorer yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune? and the mending of your fault does not lie with me. But the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. Give me your hand and call it even. There! it is gone; and I thank a kind heaven I keep my friend still! A friend is too precious a thing to be lightly held, but it must be a little heart that cannot find room for more than one or two. The kindness I feel for you warms me toward all the rest, makes me long to do something to make you all happy. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for an old one when he comes.

A ROPE-WALKING HACKMAN.—A Niagara Falls hackman has retrieved the honor of his profession. He recently tried Signor Bellini's rope and balance pole and is said to have displayed astonishing abilities in the rope-walking business. An exchange says: "The rope is thrown across the Niagara river some distance below the falls. In the centre it sags about one hundred feet, and consequently affords rather precarious footing. This agile Jehu stepped upon the frail pathway with a confidence which sent a thrill of terror through the hearts of the bystanders. He laughed at their fears, however, and started towards the centre at a brisk trot, the loose cable swinging meanwhile in a manner highly suggestive of a speedy funeral for the fellow. When he reached the centre, having quieted the swinging motion, he fastened the balance pole and allowed himself to fall. He then caught the rope by his hands and went through a number of acrobatic exploits as he hung suspended over the abyss, after which he walked to the other side backwards. Taking the condition of the rope into consideration, the feats of this hackman are said to excel anything of the kind ever before achieved, and what is singular, he previously exhibited much aptitude at the business."

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it was a jubilee, a gladness thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is, if it is all right—if they go about it as rational beings instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away and get married; never marry for wealth or standing; or fine person, or manners, but only for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which makes an honorable man. Take time; think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that it is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband; when all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him.

There is a book with the dangerous title of "Pocket Lawyer." We shouldn't much like a book with this title, for we are sure if we ever got the lawyer in our pocket we should never be able to get him out.

The Story of Ann Harris.

Ann was born of honest parents, and trained up to industry, but she abandoned herself to vice. She had two husbands in three years, and during that period she became versant in the ways of the London thieves. She went one day to a mercer, well dressed, with a pretended footman attending her. Having purchased more than two hundred pounds' value of silk and velvet, which being a larger sum than she had upon her, she requested the mercer to go home with her, and he would receive his money. Putting the goods in to a hackney coach, she rode off with him to Dr. Adams, who kept a mad-house, and informed the doctor that this was the gentleman of whom she spoke in the morning. In a trice, three or four lusty fellows seized the mercer, one by the arms, another by the legs, a third by the centre, and dragged him in, while the mercer cried out for his two hundred pounds.

"Ay, ay," quoth the doctor, "the poor gentleman is very bad indeed. He's raving mad. Tie him quickly down in that chair, and presently shave his head. All the while his cry was either for his goods, or his money. The doctor said: 'Pray, madam, see how his lunacy makes him talk at random.'"

Shaking her head, she replied: "True, sir; but is there any hope of his recovery?"

"You must know, madam, that there are three kinds of frenzies, according to the three internal senses—of imagination, cogitation, the memory. This gentleman is affected with the worst of frenzies, but I hope he will be better in a month's time."

Meanwhile Nan gave the doctor five guineas, giving him strict charge to take care of her husband, and she would grudge no expenses.

The distracted mercer exclaimed: "She's lying! She's none of my wife! My wife is at home in Ludgate street. Stop her! stop her! stop her! She has cheated me of my silk and velvet. I am not mad! I am not mad! but a parcel of rogues here will make me run out of my senses."

Doctor Adams then said to his men: "Poor gentleman, he's very bad indeed. We must bleed him, and give him a great glyster at night. Confine him to a room where there's no light at all; and bind him fast down hand and foot in the straw, and for one week give him nothing but water gruel, with little or no bread in it; but the week after, if his temper decreases, we may venture to give him a little pizen broth, boiled with some husked barley."

The mercer, bearing these directions, cried out: "I'll have none of my blood taken from me! I have had enough taken from me already without paying for it. I want no glyster—I tell you that I am in my right senses. I'll have none of your gruel and broth. What! cheat me and starve me too! No, no, I am not a lunatic."

Quoth the doctor: "You shall not be starved, sir. What diet I prescribe you now is to restore you to your health again."

"To health again! I think you are going to take it from me, as the base woman has my goods."

All his remonstrances were to no purpose. The doctor's directions were followed. Nan, however, sending a letter to the mercer's wife, informing her where to find her husband, she went along with some friends, and procured his liberty.

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum, neatness, distinguish the gentleman. He is at all times affable and studious to please. Intelligent and polite his behavior is pleasant and graceful.

When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide if possible the difference between their rank in life, ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing.

In the mansion of the great the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach.

Pleased with the pleasures of reflection he rejoices to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import.

Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honor will remain even after you are dead.

A case of breach of promise of marriage has just been decided in Brooklyn, which is certainly encouraging to young ladies whose affections have been trifled with. A lady, not very young, we imagine, sued Alexander Earle, a merchant, for a breach of promise of marriage, and recovered \$15,000. She admitted that he had not verbally promised to marry her, but had squeezed her hand, and by his courtesies, had led her to infer he intended marriage. The counsel for the defense, held that inasmuch as there was no promise, there could be no breach of promise; but the Judge charged that actions are as potent as words, and so the jury found for the plaintiff. An appeal was taken and the Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment of the Court below. This means that gentlemen must be very decorous in their attention to ladies, unless they mean to complete those courtesies by marriage.

The next day the case was only at the 52d Chamberlain. The proprietor would give you \$50 if you will.

"My dear, sir," said the clerk, "I didn't call here first." "Go down to the 52d to play it on you."

Will Anna Bump?

An Irishman who tasted quince in his apple tart said: "How delicious an apple tart would be; which was all made of quinces."

It is said that every man is made for the world. We may say of some men that we wouldn't have any more made like them—for the world.

A dentist disgusted a patron recently by requesting him not to open his mouth any wider, as he intended to stand outside during the performance.

A Detroit negro prisoner on his way to the penitentiary for larceny, was asked what he thought of his trial. He said: "When that lawyer did, fended me, made his speech, I made such a I was going to take my old hat walk right out of that cot room; but when that lawyer got up and commenced talking, I knew I was de biggest rascal on top of the earth."

A gentleman in Atchison, Kansas, being called upon to act as a juror in a divorce case, gave the following reason why he should be excused: "I am prejudiced against the married state. I am timid, my wife is not. I am baldheaded; it wasn't a fever that caused my hair to come out. It came out evidently one night after an argument with my wife." Thinking he might have undue prejudices, under the circumstances, the court excused him.

Three dirty little ragamuffins entered a magnificent confectionery, and marching up to the counter, one of them said: "I want a cent's worth of rock candy." "Get out, you ragamuffin! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy," slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the side walk a consultation took place, re-entered the door. "Mister, do yourself three cents worth of rock candy." "Yes." "Well, we ain't got 'em, and the procession moved out again."

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he sat down, and addressed him thus: "Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that red stuff, for I'm kind of curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it rather powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whisky, thought he could stand the "red stuff," with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his spacious mouth. "It soon began to take hold," he shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water," the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" he asked, then, still sitting there, he began to recover, so, his eyes claimed.

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