

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



The bronze bust of John Howard Payne was formally unveiled at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, a few weeks ago. So great was the crowd that it seemed as though all Brooklyn had gathered to do homage to the memory of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." The immortal melody of Payne was sung by the school children, the audience joining in the chorus. Mr. John G. Saxton then recited the following ode written for the occasion by him:

To him who sang of "Home, Sweet Home,"  
In strains so sweet the simple lay  
Has thrilled a million hearts, we come  
A nation's grateful debt to pay.  
Yet, not for him the bust we raise;  
Ah, no! can lifeless lips prolong  
Fame's trumpet voice? The poet's praise  
Lives in the music of his song.

The noble dead we fondly seek  
To honor with applauding breath;  
Unheeded fall the words we speak  
Upon "the dull, cold earth of death."  
Yet, not in vain the spoken word;  
Nor vain the monument we raise;  
With quicker throbs our hearts are stirred  
To catch the nobleness we praise!

Columbia's sons—we share his fame;  
"Tis for ourselves the bust we rear,  
That they who make the graven name,  
May know the name to us is dear:  
Dear as the home the exile sees—  
The fairest spot beneath the sky—  
Where, first—upon a mother's knees—  
He slept, and where he yearns to die.

But not alone the lyric muse  
Was his; the Drama's muse can tell  
His genius could a Kean inspire;  
A Kean, to "Brutus" self so true  
(As true to Art and Nature's laws),  
He seemed the man the poet drew  
And share with him the town's applause.

Kinds hearts and brave, with truth severe,  
He drew, unconscious, from his own;  
O native rare! But pilgrim's here  
Will oft nesty, in pensive tone,  
With reverent face and lifted hand,  
"Twas he—by Fortune forced to roam—  
Who, homeless in a foreign land,  
So sweetly sang the joys of home!"

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

BY BERTHA ELIZABETH PECK.

"Yes, mother, I think that will be our only way, until I can get something to do," said Nellie Gordon, a beautiful girl of fourteen, to her widowed mother, as they spoke of the future—a future so lone and drear to their bereaved hearts.

They had been rich. Six months only had passed since Nellie's father's death. But during that time what sad changes had swept away the happiness of the late Judge Gordon's home! Husband and mother, brother and sister, the home-stead and its furniture sold—yes, even the family portraits too—to satisfy clamorous creditors.

Too proud to remain in Boston, where she had moved among the highest, Mrs. Gordon and Nellie had come to New York, resolved to seek a livelihood in humble life, and under an assumed name. Having rented a small room, Mrs. Gordon had gladly accepted the position of housekeeper in the family of Mr. Love, and returned to inform her daughter.

"Yes, Nellie, there are but three in Major Love's family besides the servants; himself, his daughter Lottie, and a little boy."

"A sad change it is for me, my child. A few months ago the envied wife of a popular and supposed wealthy Judge, and now to become the housekeeper of a stranger, as poor, penniless Mrs. Black."

"God help us, dear mother," replied the widow, as she kissed the weeping girl. "You must remain here, I fear, for a few days, for I am obliged to begin my services immediately."

They parted, and Nellie went forth to seek employment. Disappointment and rebuff had almost crushed the spirit of the young girl, when her eye caught this advertisement:

WANTED—A young lady as companion for an invalid lady. Wages liberal and treatment as one of the family. Apply at No. 8—street.

The blood rushed warmly to Nellie's pale cheeks as she read this, and she murmured: "Ah, if I can but obtain that place! It is not far from where dear mother is. But it is probably filled by this time! I must try—I can but fail, as I have been failing all day."

With breathless haste she hurried on until she arrived at the advertised number, a handsome cottage, surrounded by a large flower garden, and timidly made known her business to the invalid lady, Mrs. Leon. Fortune favored her, and she was at once engaged.

Mrs. Gordon saw but little of Major Love, to whom she was known only as Mrs. Black the housekeeper; but at last his daughter Lottie graduated at a distant school, and came home to live with her father.

Mrs. Gordon then learned how fond and proud of this only daughter was the calm and stately Major Love. The kind and amiable manners of Lottie at once endeared her to Mrs. Gordon, whose heart was ever yearning toward the young—Lottie, too, reminded the widow of her Nellie, whom she could not always have with her. Though of different styles of beauty—Nellie being a blonde, and Lottie a brunette—their manners were remarkably alike.

Mrs. Leon, the invalid, had become attached to her young and patient companion, and treated her more as a daughter than one hired to be mere a companion. Fearing lest it might be discovered by some of their inquisitive former acquaintances that she and her daughter had become so pressed by want as to be forced to fill positions almost menial, Mrs. Gordon and Nellie had kept their relationship secret, and admitted only a remote tie of kindred, and similarity of name.

They little dreamed that these precautions were filling with anguish the heart of one who dearly loved them, and who was seeking day and night to find what had become of the widow and daughter of Judge Henry Gordon.

Nor did they ever glance at the daily newspapers, or certainly they would have seen this startling advertisement:

\$1,000 Reward will be paid to any one who shall discover the whereabouts of Mrs. Helen M. Gordon, widow of the late Judge Henry Gordon, of Boston, or of his daughter Nellie. Address, A. P. Love, No., Wall St., N. Y.

Thus weeks passed on, until Nellie and Lottie had become as intimate friends as their different positions allowed; and Nellie learned that Lottie had fallen in love with a young gentleman whom she had met on her graduation day, and whom she called by the rather indefinite name of "My Harry."

Lottie would not reveal more of the name of this mysterious lover, whose love had been read by her in his steady, admiring eyes; nor did Nellie care to know more. She simply said:

"I love the name, Lottie, for my poor dead brother was named Harry. He went away to fight for the Union when that dreadful war broke out, and we heard he was killed in Georgia, just as the war was ended. Harry—it is a dear and sad name to me."

"To me, too," sighed Lottie, "but I really do not know my Harry's last name, Nellie. I heard some one call him Harry, and no more."

"Poor brother!" sobbed Nellie; "he was brave and he loved the Union. He did not go to fight for riches or renown, but for the flag of Washington. Like thousands of others, he left a fond mother and sister and a happy home, and died one of the unknown defenders of our country."

"I have heard of a brave soldier named Black," said Lottie.

"Oh, yes!" cried Nellie, "but my brother's name was not—Oh, I mean the soldier of whom you speak was not my brother; and fearing to say more she hurried away."

"I wonder," thought Lottie, musingly, "if her brother had lived, and was handsome like Nellie, and so noble of heart, and had met me, if I should have loved him! No, not if in the meantime I had exchanged glances with my Harry."

Not many days after this conversation, a young gentleman sprang from a carriage on Wall street and hurried into the office of Mr. Love, and presented himself to that gentleman, saying:

"I see you offer a reward for the discovery of Mrs. Gordon and her daughter."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Love, eagerly, and interrupting him; "gladly will I pay that reward. Have you discovered where they are?"

"Oh, no! I am seeking them, and came here hoping that you have heard—"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing," again interrupted Major Love. "Very strange, Judge Gordon was my class-mate at Cambridge years ago; never saw his wife—He lived in Boston and I in New York. He died suddenly. I did not hear of his death for six months after. I was in Eu-

before he died. That was one reason why I advertised. Come, we will put our heads together and seek for the missing ones. Here is the number of my residence; you must make my house your home while you remain in New York—By the way we will not speak of this to-day—time enough for that to-morrow—This is my daughter's birthday. I have a little party at my house in honor of the event to-night. You promise to come! To-morrow you shall come and live with us, and we will move heaven and earth to find your mother, poor lady. Here, you may need money to pay your friend what you owe him."

"This is my friend," said Harry Gordon, as a tall young man entered the office. "Captain Waverley Major Love. We fought against each other for four years—but the war is over now, and we both believe North and South should be like brothers again. To his care I owe my life."

"Say no more," interrupted Captain Waverley, "for some of your Northern people saved mine, and were kind to me Harry, and there are warm hearts on both sides."

"Bring your friend with you, Harry," said Major Love, warmly. "I must attend to business, and not pleasure, until we meet at my house."

He parted with the young gentlemen cordially; and Harry sighed as he returned to their hotel, for the strange disappearance of his mother and sister laid heavily upon his heart.

When Major Love returned to his home that evening, he was greatly pleased with the preparations Mrs. Gordon had made for the party.

"Ha!" he said, as he rubbed his hands and surveyed the parlors, "you are a valuable woman. I know the young folks will enjoy themselves, Mrs. Black."

Then as he glanced over the stylish supper table and its splendid array, set forth under the supervision of Mrs. Gordon with admirable taste, he said:

"Mrs. Black, I am proud of you. So is Lottie. By the way, you and my friend Mrs. Leon have become great friends. I hope you and she—being the only married ladies to be present—will take entire charge of the whole affair. That beautiful girl, Nellie Black, must be here, too. Very good, indeed, Mrs. Black. It is very plain that you understand all these things as well as my wife did."

Mrs. Gordon hurried away, fearing that he, well known to her as the college friend of her dead husband, might perceive her emotion, for the scene and the occasion recalled the happy days of her wedded life.

The party was at its gayest when Mrs. Gordon, attired in black crape, had access to enter one of the parlors. Her calm, sad face beamed with amazement as her eyes fell upon a young gentleman just entering with a friend, and at the same moment she heard Major Love call out, as he grasped the hand of one of these gentlemen:

"Ha, better late than never, Harry Gordon. Let me introduce you to—"

But here Nellie uttered a cry of joy and surprise, and sprang forward, threw her arms around Harry Gordon, exclaiming:

"Brother! dear brother! Not dead? Thank God, not dead!"

"Nellie! darling Nellie!" cried Harry, as he drew his sister to his bosom. "And where is—?" mother, he would have said, but with a great sob of inexpressible happiness, that mother rushed forward and pressed her lips to his, to his brow, to his cheeks, his eyes, and then sank into his arms almost lifeless.

There was much confusion and wonder then amid the gay throng around; but delight, surprise, and hearty congratulations followed, during which Lottie whispered, as she trembled and blushed:

"Oh, Nellie, your brother is—my Harry!"

Happy indeed was that meeting of mother and son, brother and sister—so happy that the reader must imagine what I cannot describe.

Major Love was wild with wonder, and delight, and so was everybody else; and so happy a birthday party never was before, nor since.

Well, my story is done. Lottie is Mrs. Harry Gordon now. Nellie is soon to wed Captain Waverley. Mrs. Gordon, retired to the position she adorned while her husband lived, is calm and happy, though there is a whisper that Major Love was so pleased with her skill as a housekeeper, that he is suspected of wishing to make her his wife.

CIVILITY.—A part from its worth as an agreeable trait of character, civility is a valuable commodity. Every one who has business to transact should add civility to his stock in trade. It costs nothing, while it vastly facilitates trade and profit. There are business men and women who make fortunes simply by civility. Their wares or their services are no better probably than the stock in trade of their crusty neighbors. But, having undertaken a business, or adopted a profession, they are wise enough to know that what ever is to be done successfully must be done with a good grace and with a good will. They do not show by their behavior that they consider everybody an intruder, but act in the persuasion that everybody may be made friendly. They do not treat people as though they were in a hurry to be done with them at once and forever, but as though even a casual caller may be cultivated into an acquaintance and made a constant customer. To neglect the small courtesies of life is to insure neglect for yourself. And the reason that some persons are successful is that they invite strangers to become friends by civility, while the others repel even friends by the want of courtesy.

## OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbersome air  
That drifts through the valley of dreams,  
It comes from a clime where the roses were,  
And a tenebrous heart and bright brown hair  
That waded in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,  
And snow-white foreheads are there;  
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown  
A thorny bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A rosy wreath in a dimpled hand,  
A ring and a sighted vow;  
Three golden links on a broken band,  
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,  
A tear and a blissful brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song  
That soles on the summer air,  
And loneliness felt in the festive throng  
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along  
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,  
And it mingled with matin chimes;  
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,  
And its melody foweth far away,  
And we call it now "Old Times."

## Country Life.

Governor Seymour's address at the Central New York Fair in Utica, last week, contains this fine passage:

"In the first place, the man who loves the country and lives in it must know more than the dwellers in the cities and towns. His life is more solitary, and self-centered. Objects and excitements are not constantly brought to his attention by others. He must work out his own ends and interests. How and where he goes to find those objects of interest which are necessary to keep his mind in a state of healthy activity and enjoyment? To prove that these objects are to be found in the country, I would call attention to the fact that almost every President or man of distinction held in reverence by the American people retired to their farms after they had closed the labors of active life. They found happiness and contentment in the cultivation of the soil and in the study of nature. Look at the career of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Webster, and see how deeply they enjoyed, after all their experiences of the honors conferred upon them, the retirement to the scenes in which they found subjects to gratify their tastes and employ their minds. If such men could be content with farm life, we should also be able to find happiness under the same circumstances. We do not need great intellects to see and feel what they saw and felt. Farmers live in God's museum of wonders, and all that is needed on their part is to open their eyes and see, to open and expand their minds and think—Our happiness does not depend upon the way the world looks upon us, but upon the way we look upon the world in its social and material aspect. While all apparently live in the same world and look upon the same objects, yet in truth all these things bear different aspects to each man, according to his knowledge and his tastes. One sees all around him beauty, design and usefulness, where to the eye of another all is unmeaning and unsatisfactory. In this respect the world in which men live differs as much as the houses and homes in which they spend their lives, and this difference is made by these varying degrees of intelligence. We are making progress towards higher and better standards of taste and education. All men feel an interest in things and objects which they understand. When a man says he has no taste for country life, he says, in fact, that he does not know about the great truth, beauties and wonders of nature."

When a man is sentenced to be executed, as the time appointed draws nigh, many people are heard to remark, "Well, one day more of poor old time has gone."

It does not appear to occur to the careless outside observer that this is no trifle to the prisoner that of himself and every one else—that another of his days has gone, and that he is just as absolutely one day nearer to his own death as the doomed prisoner is to his. It is a nearer approach to death which the condemned makes a common pace with all the living, only the day of his doom is known to him while that of others is concealed from them.

Mercifully concealed, too, for how much would the enjoyment of this life be diminished, if we knew beforehand just when we would be obliged to quit it?

The uncertainty when we are to go; the expectation of dying in our own homes, with our last hours consoled by the attention of kindred and friends, and sustained by hopes inspired by religion, these considerations rob Death, come when it may, of much of its terror, and lead us to look upon it rather as the peaceful close of life's labors.

The wealth that comes easily is about the most unsubstantial thing in the world. The laws of acquisition are the only laws which teach us to preserve wealth, and these can only be learned during the process of acquisition. The man who gets suddenly wealthy attempts to use the wings of riches to fly with, instead of clipping them to prevent the flight of his possessions.

Everything that tends to decompose or agitate the mind, whether it is excessive sorrow, rage or fear, love or despair—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure their health.

## A Thousand Boys Wanted.

There are always boys enough in this market, but some of them are of very little use. The kind that are always wanted are—

1. Honest.
2. Pure.
3. Intelligent.
4. Active.
5. Industrious.
6. Obedient.
7. Steady.
8. Obliging.
9. Polite.
10. Neat.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

One is an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect the honest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined and their places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skilled physicians, successful merchants must all soon leave their places for some body else to fill. One by one they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank.

Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have these points.

Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having those qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

We have named ten points that go towards making up the character of a successful member of society, so that they can be very easily remembered.

You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

Pride is cheap and common; you can find it all the way down from the moustak on his throne to the rooster on his dunghill.

The time spent in learning to pliddle a possible tune on one string would enable a man to become an elegant shaker.

Man is the only thing created with reason; and still he is the most unreasonable thing created.

I know what it is to be a grandpa—its fun alive.

Respectability in these times depends a good deal on a man's bank account.

There is a kind of curiosity which is very common amongst pholks, and which prompts them to see how near they can go to a mul's heels and not get hit.

Silence is safe. The man who hasn't spoke always has the advantage on him who has.

A parrot in a private family is about as useless as a second attack on the measles, and make more trouble than taking a skoolmoo ten board.

A regular, old-fashioned thoroughbred lie don't do much hurt—it is the half breeds that do the mischief.

## The Great Salt Lake.

A correspondent of the New York Sun who has recently been interviewing the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, represents that the waters of the lake have risen twenty feet since the Mormons first settled in Utah, and much surrounding shore has been submerged. He says:

There is no fish in the Great Salt Lake. The only living thing beneath its waters is a worm about a quarter of an inch long. This worm shows up beautiful under a microscope. When a storm arises the worms are driven ashore by thousands and devoured by black gulls. We found a pure stream pouring into the lake. It was filled with little chubs and shiners. The fish became frightened and were driven down the brook into the briny water. The instant they touched its waters they came to the surface, belly upward, and died.

The water is remarkably buoyant—Eggs and potatoes float upon it like corks. Mr. Rood and myself stripped and went in swimming. I dove into the lake from a long pier, which had been built for the use of a small steamboat that formerly plied upon the water. The sensation was novel. The water was so salt that my eyes and ears began to smart, but so buoyant that I found no difficulty in floating even when the air was exhausted in my lungs. As I struck out for the beach I felt as light as a feather. In spite of all I could do my heels would fly up out of the water.

I found it impossible to stand upon the bottom. The buoyancy of the water and the surging of the waves forced my feet from under me. A person who could not swim might be easily drowned in five feet of water. His head would go down like a lump of lead, while his feet instantly would fly up like a pair of ducks. The water is as clear as the water of Seneca lake, so clear that the bottom could be seen at the depth of twenty feet. When we reached the shore and crawled out upon the sand in the light of the sun our bodies were quickly coated with salt. We were compelled to go to the little stream from which we had driven the chubs and shiners and wash off in fresh water before we put on our clothes. Our hair was filled with particles of salt which could not be washed out. The Mormons occasionally visit the lake in droves for the purpose of bathing. Many of them say that their health is improved by leaving the salt on their bodies, and dressing without wiping themselves with napkins.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO THINK.—Now if you would know what the effects of thinking are, compare Athens with China. Here are three hundred millions of people—more than one-third the human race—whose history goes far back into remote antiquity, and who commenced with no small share of the arts and sciences, but who have added not a particle to knowledge, nor taken one step in improvement; whose own policy is to prevent innovation, and whose only power is to perpetuate succession. Here is another people whose population does not exceed one-tenth that of Ohio, whose place can scarcely be found on the map, who commenced barbarians, yet who have given to the world new sciences and new arts, and whose mighty men infused into language "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Who reconquered their conquerors by the spirit of eloquence, and whose renown has filled the earth.

What makes this mighty difference?—The one learned to repeat, the other to think.

BAD SPELLING.—In a recent number of the Indiana School Journal the editor says that while attending the State Institute at Vincennes, Ind., he offered a premium to any member who would spell correctly ninety-five per cent of the following words: Emanate, surcingle, siphon, conferrable, repellent, transcendent, elipsis, resurrection, resistible, saleable, incorrigible, refutable, indispensable, discernible, chargeable, ostentatious, caterpillar, tranquility, admissible, tenet.

The test was made, and singular to relate, out of the eighty-nine teachers present, but one was able to perform the feat. Thirty-nine misspelled more than half of the words and one missed all of them. These words look easy enough to spell, but we suggest that the teachers in our public schools make a similar test, and we are inclined to think they will be surprised at the number of words their best scholars will be unable to spell correctly.

A barefooted Ohio girl, who walked two miles to hire out to hoe corn, was admired by a widower worth \$50,000, and the two are one now. Isn't there a lesson in this?

The lesson seems to be, that if she had nicely encased her feet in leather and prunella and hired out as a school marm, she might have caught something better than a dried up old carmudgeon of a widower.

Amer is the weapon of the weak.—Like other evil weapons it is always cunningly to our hands, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have been withered by its venomous stabs, and fettered with its subtle malignity.

The more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work we are preparing to undertake another.

Did you ever hear the noise of a quartz-crushing machine when in full operation? Well, it's nothing to the clatter that would fill the world if good resolutions were made of glass or crockery ware.

## Will and Honor.

Courting sleep is nothing to blush about.

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high spirited flea.

The women take a lively interest in the farmers' movement. They are naturally patrons of husbandry.

Why do girls kiss each other, and men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

Unknown, hidden sins are the most dangerous. Therefore the prophet says, "Cleanse me from my secret faults."

A Connecticut thief who stole a farmer's watermelons, set the seeds back in a letter, requesting him to plant them next year.

Widows who have lost two husbands are the only ladies who have as yet evinced much interest in the "third term" question.

A good-hearted but partially deaf old lady is much disturbed by the talk about the Kickapoo Indians. She doesn't see why anybody should kick a poor Indian.

"Mamma," cried a little girl, rushing into the room, "why am I like a tree?" Mamma could not guess, when the little one exclaimed, "Because I have limbs, mamma."

No actor, according to the Danbury News man, has yet been able to counterfeits that expression of joy which a man shows when discovering a ten-cent stamp in his paper of Tobacco.

There is a young lady love in Waynesboro' so indolent that she does nothing but sit and hold her hands, and when she gets tired of this, has a very accommodating beau who holds them for her.

A woman in Uniontown, Virginia, recently fell down a well, and her husband rode three miles to borrow a rope, when there was a ladder long enough for the purpose leaning against the house.

A Kansas pastor has wisely declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, plea that the hardest part of his labor heretofore has been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to undertake to collect a \$100 more.

Far Western papers, as a rule, spare neither age nor sex when a joke is wanted. For instance a Carson City Journal says: "Our County Clerk can boast of a wife with the biggest feet and the longest nose of any female in the Territory."

A little boy in Georgetown ran into the house the other day, crying at the top of his voice because another little boy wouldn't let him pump mud on his head with a shingle. Some children are just like their parents; no accommodation about them.

Of all the pies beneath the skies to bring surprise to hungry eyes of weak or wise, no kind of pies the want supplies, and binds the ties which anger tries when storms arise, and with surmise our taste digests, who denies the great surprise of pumpkin pies.

There was a deacon in New York by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went out to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir," replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."

The reporter of a Nashville paper who, mentioning a young lady's decease, touchingly alluded to her as "one of the brightest jewels that ever glittered in the dust of an earthly home; one of the purest stars that ever gleamed upon the frontier of our social sky; one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed in the garden of earliest association," has had his salary increased to four dollars a month, half cash and the balance in cordwood.

A touching epitaph:  
Stranger, pause—  
My tale attend,  
And learn the cause  
Of Hannah's end.  
Across the world  
The wind did blow,  
She ketched a cold  
What laid her low.  
We shed a quart  
Of tears, 'tis true,  
But life is short—  
Aged eighty-two.

To keep warm on a cold day, the women double the Cape and the men the Horn.

"Sam," said a darkey to his ebony brother, "how am it dat dis yar telegraf carries de news frow dem wires?" "Well, Caesar, now s'pose dar am a dog free miles long." "Nebber was such a big dog; do'u b'lieb dat!" "Yes, wait a minute; I see only illustratin' you stupid nigger. Now, dis yar dog, you see, jest puts his front feet on the Hoboken sho'." "Yesser." "He'll bark, won't he?" "Yesser." "Well, where will dat dog bark?" "In Hoboken, I calculate." "Dat am jest it. You walk on de dog a tail in New York, an' he bark in Hoboken; an' dat am de way de telegraf works." "Yesser, jasso! You're right, jolly!"