

# The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry



**I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.**  
The marriage rite is over,  
And though I turn aside  
To keep the guests from seeing  
The tears I could not hide,  
I wreathed my face in smiling,  
And led my little brother  
To greet my father's chosen,  
But I could not call her mother.  
She is a fair young creature,  
With meek and gentle air,  
With blue eyes soft and loving,  
And silken sunny hair;  
I know my father gives her  
The love he bore another,  
But if she were an angel  
I could not call her mother.  
To-night I hear her singing  
A song I used to love,  
When its sweet notes were uttered  
By her who sings above;  
It pined my heart to hear it,  
And my tears I couldn't smother,  
For every word was hallowed  
By the dear voice of my mother.  
My father, in the sunshine  
Of the happy days to come,  
May half forget the shadow  
That darkened our old home;  
His heart no more is lonely,  
But me and little brother  
Must still be orphan children—  
God can give us but one mother.  
They've borne my mother's picture  
From its accustomed place,  
And set beside my father's  
A younger fairer face;  
They've made her dear old chamber  
The "broader" of another,  
But I will not forget these,  
My own—my angel mother.

## Miscellaneous Reading

### THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

The tiger frigate was homeward bound after a voyage of many months, during which time matters, with some exceptions, had gone forward very pleasantly. The crew of this frigate did not belong to the captain, for he was a surly, drunken brute, and had amused himself during much of the voyage by approaching the men on deck, kicking them and striking them with his rattan, and sometimes with some heavier implement. But the sailors were not so much even this treatment; and for the sake of the second mate, who was a great and deserved favorite among them, they here it in silence.  
Among the crew there was a young man by the name of Bob Manly. He was a noble fellow, a good sailor, and a general favorite with all except the captain, who appeared to have an especial spite against him, simply because he was a true man.  
One day Bob was seated below, when one of his favorites by the name of Joseph Metcalf, approached him and said:  
"Well, Bob, the voyage is nearly over. By to-morrow night we may expect to see dry land."  
"Yes, and I thank Heaven for it," Bob replied.  
"Why do you speak so earnestly, Bob?"  
"I don't want to leave the ship."  
"I did not think you were in such a hurry."  
"But I tell you, I am. I have long felt an inclination to throttle that dog; and when I saw him strike you to-day, Joe, I could scarcely restrain myself."  
"Oh, I don't mind. He is a drunken beast, and not worth noticing, considering that everything else goes along so pleasantly."  
"I can't look at it in that light. He is our chief officer, and ought to be a gentleman. If he should strike me, I—"  
"Oh, it is not likely he would strike you."  
"I think it is very likely."  
"Why so?"  
"I couldn't help but frown to-day when the wretch struck you. He observed it, and though he did not say anything at the time, I could read his intentions at a glance."  
"Suppose he should strike you, Bob?"  
"I believe I'd hurl him at my feet and place my heel upon his cowardly neck."  
"Then you'll swing from the yardarm."  
"I know it."  
"It would be hard to die for such a man as he."  
"True. Well, I don't know how I should act in case of a blow. I never yet have received one, and I hope I never will. I could not endure the degradation. Why, Joe, I really believe if I were to be flogged on ship board it would render me a raving fiend for the remainder of my life, if it did not kill me on the spot."  
"At that moment Bob was summoned on deck. He quickly obeyed, and set about performing the duty devolving upon him with an alacrity and cheerfulness in keeping with his character. He glanced quickly around, but the captain was not to be seen.  
Suddenly Bob felt a violent blow upon the head. He staggered and fell to the deck. But his senses did not forsake him. He was satisfied from whence the blow came, and looking up he saw the captain standing near him.  
"For a moment Bob had not the power to move, or he certainly would have leaped upon the captain like a tiger. As it was he could but exclaim, "Oh, you accursed brute! But I will be even with you."

This was enough. A guard of marines was instantly called, and in a few minutes Bob found himself in irons, and a first prisoner below. He knew his fate now—flung. Boy and man he had been a sailor for twenty years, and had never received a blow. But now his hour had arrived and he must submit to that which he had always believed would be the death of him.  
The night passed slowly. Morning came, and the hours of dawn rushed on. Toward evening the crew were startled by the dread summons of the boatswain and his mate at the principal hatchway—a summons that always sends a shudder through every manly heart in a frigate: "All hands to witness punishment, ahoy!"  
The cry, appeared harsh and unrelenting. It pierced every part of the ship, and no heart but felt a dismal echo was there to be found save he who claimed to be master there.  
In a short time the crew had crowded around the mainmast. All must come. All were sad faces.  
Soon the officers were ranged on one side, and the captain, taking his place among them, cried out, "Master-at-arms, bring up the prisoner."  
All was silent as Bob was brought on deck, guarded by marines, and placed upon the gratings.  
The captain began, "You, Robert Manly, are about to be punished for using disrespectful language and threats toward your captain. Have you got anything to say?"  
"I've used no disrespectful language," replied Bob in a firm voice.  
"What?" cried the captain, "did you not call me an accursed brute?"  
"I did."  
"And what kind of language do you call that?"  
"Respectful to you."  
"How?"  
"It is complimentary, for you are worse than a brute."  
The captain could hardly suppress his rage, but he did so, for he knew that his revenge was to come. So he asked, "Did you not threaten me?"  
"I do not recollect that I did."  
"Did you not say that you would be even with me?"  
"So maddened was I with the blow you gave me that I might have said such a thing. If I did, I repeat it now, and I swear before my Maker that I will be avenged for the first blow you gave me and for every one I receive now!"  
"Boatswain's mates do your duty," yelled the captain.  
"Stop an instant," said Bob, calmly. Then he continued, "Mates, I can't blame you for striking the blows, because you must. Let me say in advance that I forgive you for it. But for you, captain, I say once more, stop this work or you will find it the bitterest of your life."  
"Lay on, mate," yelled the captain.  
"My last warning."  
"Lay on, mate."  
The keen scourge hissed through the air and fell with a cutting whir sound upon the mark. Bob trembled visibly, but his teeth were set and no sound escaped him.  
The first blow barely left a mark; but as the successive ones fell, red ridges began to appear, livid lines of bruised and mangled flesh were drawn, the muscles rose in knotted cords, and the whole of the naked body showed a livid and purple color.  
Sixteen—seventeen, and the ridges broke, the blood poured down upon the deck. Twenty, and a groan—the first—escaped Bob. Then he cried, although the voice sounded faint, "Farewell, mates, farewell!"  
Twenty-two. Bob sank, only sustained by the rope attached to his thumbs.—Twenty-three and twenty-four—did they not fall upon the back of a corpse?  
"Cut him down," growled the captain, as he turned away.  
The order was obeyed. Every one expected to see Bob fall on the deck lifeless. But not so. No sooner were his hands free than he bounded up and leaped toward the captain like a tiger. The officer drew his pistol as he detected the movement, but he was not quick enough. The weapon was dashed aside by the frantic Bob, and the wretch clutched by the throat. Then Bob lifted him from deck as if he had been a child.  
Nearly every officer rushed to the rescue of the captain, but it was of no avail. Over the bulwarks into the rolling sea went Bob and his persecutor, the wronged sailor still retaining his grip upon the throat of his inhuman foe.  
A fearful wail escaped the captain. Efforts were made to save him; but the crimson surface where the two men disappeared proclaimed all efforts useless.  
The brave sailor felt that he could not live after such a humiliation. He resolved the villain captain should die with him.  
That you may find success, let me tell you how to succeed. To-night begin your great plan of life. You have but one life to live, and it is most important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eyes on the fortieth year of your age, and say to yourself: "At the age of forty I will be a temperate man, I will be an industrious man, a benevolent man, a well read man, a good man, and a useful man. I will be such a one. I resolve, and I will stand to it."  
Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.  
Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

**Home after Children are Grown.**  
Nothing on earth grows as fast as children. It was yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops—a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand is upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him.  
When a beginning is made, it is like a ravelling stocking—stitch by stitch give way, till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—the boys rushing in pell mell—it is very orderly, now. There are more skates or sleds, bats, or strings left scattered about.  
Things are neat enough now. There is no delay or breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any talk before you lie down, of looking after anybody and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no finger to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged; there was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise!  
What used to all us that we were noisy their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolics, and reproving their slaming and banging the doors! We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children! It is like a lantern and no candle!—a vine and no grapes!—a brook with no water gurgling and rushing in its channel! We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child life at work with all its varieties.  
During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts an American house to proof. This is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can say your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and the less love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low, melodious thrill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bed rooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care.  
Alas! what means these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life wanting?  
**PAY YOUR SMALL BILLS.**—There is one evil resulting from the panic which though comparatively small in itself has a serious effect upon local trade. It is the tendency of people generally to get all they can and to keep all they get. A, B and C each owe D \$5. The amount is small but if they would make the effort to settle it would enable D to pay E \$15 and E in return might close accounts with F who would then liquidate his little indebtedness to A, B and C. Thus the thing works in a circle and by mutual effort at accommodation all are relieved. \$5 seems like a small sum—but when one lacks just that amount to keep a note from going to protest and can't get it, the figure assumes huge proportions. There are some who take advantage of the cry of "panic" to avoid paying small bills. With such, of course, argument is useless but there are many who thoughtlessly neglect to settle small accounts which they are abundantly able to do, that may make a note of this and go to bed with a clear conscience, feeling that they have done all they could—and that is as much as can be asked—to "relieve the stringency in the money market."  
**HOW LONG AND HOW MANY.**—How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to St. John, who wrote Revelations, it was that long, long time.  
How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul and Peter. There were Moses, Ezra, David, Daniel, and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some tent makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned, and some were unlearned; and yet they all agree in what they write. There is not so much as a word of disagreement in the whole book. How could that be? Because God did the thinking of the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.  
Those thirty men only did the writing. They wrote just what God told them. How many different sections of books are there in the Bible? Sixty-six, all bound together, making one beautiful whole. It is a blessed book. Prize it above all the books in the wide, wide world. Make it the man of your counsel and the guide of your life. Your life can never be a failure if you follow its instructions. You will live for a purpose, and save your soul, and not yourself only shall be saved, but others through them.  
**SUSPICION.**—Some men always suspect the motives of others, and manifest a restless spirit in their pursuit of life. This is the result envy or covardice, or both. They are always whining about other persons trying to injure them in their calling, or detracting from their reputation; when in fact few people bestow a thought upon either. You cannot draw blood from a turnip, neither can you destroy a good reputation. Men who see the necessity of constantly defending themselves have great reason to suspect something in themselves, which they seek to hide beneath their own defence.—Shakespeare uttered a truism when he said:  
"Suspicion haunts the guilty mind."

**OH! NO, WE'VE FORGOT THEM.**  
Though the blending willow waves  
Its shadowy drooping branches  
O'er their lonely peaceful graves.  
Though the fondly loved, the cherished,  
Have long since from us fled,  
They are still our dearest treasures;  
We ne'er forget our dead.  
At the dawn of early morning,  
At the evening's hour of prayer,  
When our path is bright and sunny,  
Or dark with clouds of care;  
When we bow our heads in sorrow,  
Or when joys are round us spread—  
Whate'er our lot in life may be,  
We ne'er forget our dead.  
Those who have passed blooming youth,  
The bright, the fair, the gay;  
Those who have meekly borne the heat  
And burden of the day—  
They now are calmly resting  
In their quiet, solemn bed;  
Yet in memory still they live—  
We ne'er forget our dead.  
**What We Should Sleep On.**  
One may imagine the internal impurity of a feather bed after it has been slept upon a month, a year; but five, ten and twenty years! That baffles imagination! The reeking secretions of, nobody knows how many, bodies, in some cases sick and dying bodies, are stowed away in these ticks, and when they are heated up by your kindly warmth, they come out and attack you with their countless little venomous darts, just when you are least active, least able to resist them. Is not this reason enough why languor and headaches follow such a night's rest? I always shudder when I get into a "hospital" feather bed. Some housekeepers wash them every five years. I should want them washed every five weeks, and then not feel safe in them.  
There is reason enough for discarding feather beds, but what shall we take in their place? Hair is elegant and comfortable, but very expensive, and it needs cleaning at least once a year—oftener, in fact, which is an additional expense.—Clearly, everybody can't have hair. Straw if often changed, is a good bed for those who work hard and sleep soundly, and delicate people sometimes put their feather bed under it, spread a thick comfortable over it, and find themselves far more refreshed than when sleeping on feathers. But husks are better still—not the coarse, soiled, mildewed article, but the inside husk, soft and clean. If we want the best bed we can make from them, we will wet, braid, and then dry them; then undoes, strip them with a fork or guage, as we choose, or this can be done without braiding, which only curls them. A merry man, or two, with the children to help will prepare enough for a bed. Put them into an open tick, so that they may be readily aired; spread a comfortable over them, and you will have a bed scarcely inferior to the best hair mattress for comfort and durability. This material makes good pillows also, does nicely for children who do not mind the slight rustling; but hair is still softer, and it costs no more than feathers.  
**PRESENT DUTY.**—The way to make easy times is as clear as daylight.  
Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once, if it is possible.  
Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.  
Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.  
Deal fairly, leniently, and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.  
If you are out of debt, thank the Lord; and then go around among your friends, and enemies too if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.  
Don't hoard your money; but loan it or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle as you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.  
Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassments and restore public confidence.  
If you are a bank officer or director, don't be cross a minute. Smile, as a Christian, from morning till night. Give an encouraging word, if possible, to all, and by all means strain every nerve to help all who need it.  
**A BABY SHOW.**—At the baby show at Manchester, N. H., the following premiums were given: A fine gold necklace to Mrs. J. H. Stevens, of Bedford, for a boy under six months; gold cup to Mrs. Henry J. Hazlitt, of Manchester, for best girl under 12 months; gold medal to Mrs. Norris C. Gault, of Hooksett, best boy under 20 months; \$10 gold coin to Mrs. Thomas Gerald, of Manchester, for baby with the reddest hair; pair of gold mugs to Mrs. Charles H. Clement, of Derry, for twin girls twenty-two months old; gold medal to Mrs. Thomas Burns, of Nashua, for twin boy 2½ years old; three gold medals to Mrs. Cyrus R. Bacon, of West Heniker, for triplet boys. There will be another baby show next year, probably more extensive than this, for the committee have doubled the premiums and offered a gold medal to each child entered in order to bring their babies along with their pumpkins and pigs, for the amusement of the public.  
Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

**"Sam and Me."**  
A day or two since, Harry Blanchard, secret service detective, went into Saginaw county after a man who was charged with having tampered with the mails.—He had the name and description of the man, and was informed before starting that he would have to look out for himself, as the fellow, Samuel Large, and stated that he would never be taken without having made a good fight. Many officers make this boast, but lack the backbone to act up to their words, and Blanchard did not pay much attention to the warning. After he arrived at Saginaw he made a few cautious inquiries of an ex-Detroiter, and ascertained that Mr. Large was stopping with a relative about twelve miles from Wenona. He went down the river, and at Wenona learned that Large and his brother-in-law had left for home about two hours before, and armed. He was also informed that Large had in some way received a hint that "one of those Detroiters" was coming up to see him and would, therefore, be on his guard. Blanchard hired a horse and started for the house over a road a foot deep with mud and water. It was within an hour of dark when he came in sight of the place where he hoped to find his man. He hitched his horse in the woods, looks at his revolver and walked boldly up to the house. The children had witnessed his approach, and the men inside were prepared for him. Large's brother-in-law opened the door, spoke civilly, and Blanchard took the seat which was offered to him. There was no sign of Large, and it was some time before the detective hinted at his business. He first made inquiries about pine lands, and then asked after the price of real estate, so that the man was in doubt whether his visitor was a speculator or an officer of the law.—Blanchard finally asked, as if merely inquiring for an acquaintance, "Oh, by the way, have you seen Sam Large lately?"  
"Is it Sam or me you want?" replied the man, and he was not done speaking before he had pulled out a navy revolver half as long as his arm, and held it out on a line with Blanchard's eye. The man wore about four feet apart, and for a long thirty seconds there was not a move or a sound to disturb the ticking of the clock. The revolver was cocked, held with a hand that did not shake, and the two men looked steadily into each other's eye. The wife sat at the other end of the room a spectator, and one of the children stood behind the father's chair. The detective thinks he lived a whole week's time in that half minute. He saw "shoot" in that man's eye, and was almost afraid of starting him into pulling the trigger as he replied in a subdued voice, "Sam is the man I'm after."  
"That's a different thing," said the man, lowering his revolver. "He went out of the back door as you came in, and is three miles into the woods by this time."  
Of course he would say nothing to criminate his relative, to aid in his arrest, but he was very friendly with Blanchard after he had ascertained that he was not after any but Sam. He even walked down to where the detective hitched his horse, and his parting words were: "If you'd say you wanted me, or raised a finger, I'd have bored you the quick'n' wink! If you want to catch Sam, I've no particular objection, but your best and surest way will be to shoot him first, and then arrest him afterward."  
**THAT'S PURRY GOOD.**—Stotesbury lost his nose in early life during an interview with a patent hay chopper, but he succeeded in procuring a wax nose of such scrupulous construction that only keen scrutiny could detect the fraud. One night last winter, while Stotesbury was on his way to Miss Johnson's, a tremendous fire broke out, and Stotesbury stopped to look at it. He became deeply interested and drew quite near to the flame. The heat was so great that Stotesbury's nose gradually softened, and assumed something of the shape of a raw oyster. He did not notice it, however, but went calmly onward to Miss Johnson's. When he entered, the servant girl at the door gave one startled look at him and began to laugh in a most boisterous manner.—Stotesbury, indignant, pushed onward to the parlor, as he entered, Miss Johnson rose to receive him. As she caught a glimpse at his nose she stopped, looked amazed, and then burst her face in her hands, chief in a convulsion of laughter. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Miss Johnson?" demanded Stotesbury. "Oh, Mr. Stotesbury," she said, "please excuse me—but what—a what's the matter with your nose?"—Stotesbury went to the pier glass, gazed at that cerous oyster on his face—jammed his hat suddenly on his head, and fled from the room. As he reached the entry, he found Miss Johnson's little brother just in the door, and as that urchin perceived the condition of Stotesbury's face, he gave one wild yell and shrieked, "Oh, Tilly, come here, come here quick, and look at old Stotesbury's nose!" Then Stotesbury emerged all at once from the front door and went home. He is now wearing an India-rubber nose, and he goes past Miss Johnson's without ringing the bell.—Max Adler.

**NEVER SAY FAIL.**  
Keep pu-ling—'tis wiser  
Than sitting aside,  
And dreaming, and sighing  
And waiting the tide.  
In life's earnest battle  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward  
And never say fail.  
Few men are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful for them, to the praise that betrays them.

**The Charms of Life.**  
There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are hills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of mistletoe, the stinging of earthy ties, and the canker worm of grief—but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it ought not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man.—We are too selfish; as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good.—God has blessed us with a home which is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinged curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in Heaven. Murrur notata Beings so bountiful; and we can live happier than we do.

**The Fire That Old Nick Built.**  
Here is a capital imitation of the style of "The House that Jack Built," worthy to become a household favorite:  
War—This is the fire that Old Nick built.  
Standing Armies—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Military Schools—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Love of Glory—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Public Opinion—This is the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Peace Convention—This is one of the blows we quietly deal to fashion the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Pace Society—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.  
Eternal Truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

**A Good Story.**—We hear a good story told of a man who went to the frontier to see a friend. The family consisted of the husband, and two grown sons. The old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a little of the "Oh be joyful." Sitting by the fire a few minutes the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree he pulled out a long necked bottle, remarking, "I have to keep it hid, for the boys may get to drinking and the old woman will raise the deuce." They took a drink and returned to the fire-side.—Soon Tom, the oldest son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him by the hind the barn pulled out a flask, remarking, "I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get drunk and the deuce is to pay." and they both took a drink and returned. Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's foot and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pigpen, Bob drew out a good sized bottle, remarking, "You know the old man and Tom will get drunk and I have to hide this." The visitor concluded he could not drink confidentially with the whole family, and started home.

"An effeminate man," says a recent writer, "is a weak poltice. He is a cross between table-beer and ginger-pop, with the cork left out; a fresh water mermaid found in a cow pasture, with her hands filled with dandelions. He is a teacup full of syllabub; a kitchen in trousers; a sick monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils; a fly drowned in oil; a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tip-toe, and dies like cologne water spilt over the ground.

There is a clever lad in Binghamton, N. Y., who will get his living in this world and no mistake. For playing trust maternal authority out of his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say: "Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more, I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings; and the maternal voice asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant, and retired to his little bed grorged to repletion.

"Fred," said a young man walking up street, the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, "do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning?" "No," says Fred. "I give it up." "Because a harp struck by lightning is a blasted lye."

**Wit and Humor.**  
On a tombstone at Stenday, Prussia, is inscribed, "she died of a course."  
A Supreme Court Justice, making love to "the best little woman in the world."  
What is the difference between a jailer and jeweller? One watches cells and the other sells watches.  
Punctuation was first used in literature in 1520. Before that time words and sentences were put together like this.  
"You are as ugly as Cain," said a man to his wife. "Well," she replied, "you are certainly Able to bear it."  
The best guardian of a woman's happiness is her husband's love; and of her honor, her affection for him.  
Why does the "girl of the period" make the best housekeeper? Because she makes so much bustle about a little waist.  
An Indiana school teacher had his eye blackened the other day by telling a farmer that the earth revolved. Such nonsense is not allowable in Indiana.  
A California paper tells about a boy climbing a tomato vine to get away from a mad dog. "Tomato vines attain an enormous size in California, and so do lies."  
Ven some man slaps me on der shoulder, und say, "I've glad to hear you vas so well," und den stick behind my back his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dot fellor.  
The editor of the Huntsville (Mo.) Herald pops the question in his paper in this public fashion: "There's a certain girl in this town who can carry our smoke house keys for life, if she'll only say the word."  
A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I have got."  
A German, speaking of a severe headache he had the previous evening, said to his companion: "Mine got I mine head it ached so pad I couldn't raise it off mine pillow until I gets up and walks around a little!"  
A spread-eagle orator of New York State wanted the wings of the bird to fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flew mile."  
At a weekly meeting a straight-laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows who stood in need of assistance from the congregation. "Are you sure, deacon," asked a sober brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.  
A Green Bay merchant put out a sign of "ice water free." Another put out a sign of free lemonade, and a third offered every customer ten cents in money. A fourth man, who couldn't think of anything better, got up a dog fight, and it drew all the crowd.  
Spinks says that when he is buried shall not be particular about the plum and things on the hearse, but he would like to have somebody in the procession carry his life insurance policy on a pole, that the people may see what a rich widow he has left.  
"How now?" we said to Jones the other morning, finding him looking unusually cheerful and sprightly, notwithstanding the fact that he had been up, pretty near all night. "You don't seem to be affected by the crisis." And Jones merely remarked, "No such thing. It's a boy."  
Daniel Webster is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. The Boston Globe has heard of another youth residing in Dover—who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear, and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pair?" He replied, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."  
In Connecticut a certain magistrate was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor.  
"Well, John," said the magistrate on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?"  
"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount of money."  
"Well, well," returned the magistrate, "can you swear that you are not a deceiver?"  
"And the man was sworn and discharged."  
THE HORSE PETITION.—The following is "The Horse Petition to his Driver," as published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is the desire of the lady managers that all children should commit this pretty appeal to memory:  
Up the hill, whip me not;  
Down the hill, hurry me not;  
In the stable, forget me not;  
Of hay and corn, rob me not;  
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;  
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not;  
If sick or cold, chill me not;  
With bit or reins, jerk me not;  
And when you are angry, strike me not.