

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, this price reduced to \$1.00. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Store." [June 29—1f.]

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Store." [June 29—1f.]

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office in the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street adjoining the Western School House. July 20—1f.

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—1f.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December 10, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity. Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an Office in Waynesboro, at the residence of George Beare, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871—1f.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
ALSO AGENT
For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use
Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.
Drs. E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPLE,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BOSCHER, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17—1f.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments. May 29—1f.

DAIRY!
THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where patrons can obtain either at any hour during the day.
BENJ. FRICK.
July 27—1f.

HORSE RAKES.
PERSONS wanting Spring-tooth Horse Rakes can be supplied with a first-class article by calling on the subscriber. He continues to repair all kinds of machinery at short notice and upon reasonable terms. The Metcalf excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Quincy, Pa.
Feb 27—1f.

J. H. WELSH
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 831 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3—1f.

BARBERING! BARBERING!
THE subscriber having recently re-painted and papered and added new furniture to his shop, announces to his customers and the public that he will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction and make comfortable all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to promise satisfaction in all cases.
W. A. PRICE.
Sept 18—1f.

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO, PENN'A.
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has re-furnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance.
SAML' P. STONER.
May 23—1f.

Select Poetry.



TWILIGHT IN WINTER.

Once more I stand beneath this spreading beech,
Where talking, dreaming, loving, we have lain
So many a happy day.
Now thou art gone beyond thought's utmost reach,
Beyond the joy we knew, the love, the pain
Out on the dim, dark way.

The problem is solved for thee, but I,
Crushed, questioning, despairing, still remain,
And nothing thou wilt say,
Is love so weak thou dost not heed my cry?
Is memory so vanishing so vain,
That death wipes all away?

O cruel secret, wilt thou ne'er be told?
O torturing Nature, that was once a bliss,
Vouchsafed in love to us,
Why hast thou kept those perished joys of old,
Those hours and days of vanished happiness,
To sting me with them—thus?

Let me forget! Oh, blind these eyes that look
Forever backward to that happy past,
Behind her grave that lies!
Oh, hold not up that sad pathetic book
Of love's sweet records! In that grave be cast
Those torturing memories.

Let me forget! Ah, how can I forget?
And that were life without that tender pain,
So deep, and oh, so sad?
No; rather let these sorrowing eyes be wet
With endless, useless tears, than e'er again
With heartless smiles be glad!

The blast among the moaning branches grieves,
And frozen is the laughter of the brook—
Death on the cold earth lies.
All fallen are my joys, like these glad leaves
Through whose green eon haunts of song the summer shook
Odors and melodies.

Let me begone! my thoughts are wild and hard,
By grief distracted, shivered, shattered, torn
In struggles fierce and vain—
And like loose strings to tones discordant jarred,
Are all those sweet remembrances forlorn,
That thrill through heart and brain.

Farewell! upon this life I turn my back,
Nothing the world can give is good to me,
A taint on all things lies.
Joys are all poisons—life an endless rack,
And this fair earth, that was a heaven to thee,
Is hideous to my eyes.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE RUFFIAN BURGAN.

One day the professor of the village academy came to me, at the beginning of a new school term, and said:
"I would like to ask your advice, Ross. This is likely to be a very full term; new students are coming from all directions, and there is one whom I may have to reject. I want your opinion first. He comes from the coal regions; is a large, dark, thickset fellow, with strange black eyes, and he looks ruffianly and coarse. His character is not good. He uses profane language; and when I was talking to the boys about their duty, his lip curled, and he looked doubting and scornful. I feel as if I didn't want him here at school; and yet we might do him good; he may have had a sad, gloomy childhood, and low associations, and no opportunities. We know not what the poor young man may have encountered—what battles of the soul he may have fought—what sorrows undergone. He is trying to take a step in the right direction—he is walking toward the light; I dare not turn from him. God forbid!"

And so the young man's name was enrolled among the students of Brookside Academy. He did look coarse and ill-bred, and he had sooty black hair, and his pantaloons were tucked inside of his boots, and his thick lips set as though, some what would, he was determined to meet it doggedly.

We all understand each other, and resolved to treat him "like one of us," to show him respect and attention, and to do him all the good we could do—I was only one of the patrons—but when I met him I always smiled or nodded, or waved my hand. Two or three times—when we had strawberry short-cake or peaches and cream—I invited him to take tea with us.

Would you really believe it! before three months the stern lines in his face began to relax and soften; a sunny light came in his dark eyes; he began to know what to do with his hands, and he would raise his hat gracefully when he met a lady. The interested ones nudged each other and said:
"How Burgan grows! Did you ever?"

"More than one pair of eyes were misty with tears—real tears of rejoicing and gratitude. I frequently said to the professor:

"It is well with the young man Burgan? Have you not observed his growth in every desirable direction?"
"I cannot feel grateful enough," said he, "for the good angel's whisper that induced me to look with favor upon that poor fellow."

Last week was commencement. The students held a reunion in the evening—No face in the throng was more expressive than the poor boy's upon whose life hard fate had set her seal. As they were about separating, and were shaking hands with "Good-bye, Dick," "Farewell, Tom," "Let us hear from you, Will," and all these cheery-sounding things, that make the tears come in spite of made up laughter, Burgan said huskily:

"Will you come into the library a moment, professor?" He went and when the door was closed the poor boy, standing up before his teacher, said: "I could not possibly go away without telling you how much I am indebted to you. I wish I could make you know how much it is. And here he lifted up his trembling hands and tenderly laid the open palms on the sides of his benefactor's face, leaned his head down upon the faithful breast, and cried out like a brokenhearted woman—

Brokenly he said: "I had a friend when I came here; I stood alone in the world, with every human face turned against me. I was despairing; this was my last chance—my last effort. I had tried to be a good boy, but people distrusted me, and met my endeavors with scorn and doubt—in their faces. They called me 'that ruffian, that hard case, Burgan.' I had learned to hate my very name. I had nothing to plant my feet upon; no rock to stand on; no rope to lay hold of; no light; the very heavens were brass. I happened to pick up a waif of a newspaper and saw the advertisement of the Brookside Academy—a quiet village where no intoxicating liquors were sold, and where the inhabitants were peace-loving and united. Perhaps a good angel dropped the paper in my way—I don't know; I almost believe it—but something urged me to come. You know the rest. God bless you sir! you planted my feet upon a rock and put new resolves into my poor heart. I have tried to drop my bad habits. I have only used profane language a few times, and then not because I wanted to—it came from mere habit. Oh, I'm coming back again professor!" and he smiled royally; and his teacher told me that the face before him seemed illumined with a beauty that was heavenly.

And thus they parted, in a rain of tears; and those two strong, muscular men, with bearded faces, kissed each other like weeping women. That must have been a sight beautiful enough for the seraphim to witness—the glad teacher, and the poor student, behind whom lay all his past years, dwarfed and shadowed and broken, and filled with thwarted hopes and fruitless aspirations.—*Little Corporal.*

THE LITTLE O'CAST.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor—or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loath to grant the boy's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing, as if a burden had suddenly rolled off; "I may as well go to ruin at once; there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me; I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold—"Oh! I hain't no mother! Oh! I hain't no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound, and kicked and cuffed, and laid on with whips. I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother; I hain't got no mother; I hain't had no mother since I was a baby!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no; she had been a mother and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly, on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth to find in her a mother. Yes, even, deserted her about the neck of that forsaken, puttering child; she poured from her mother's heart

sweet, womanly words—words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh, how sweet was her sleep that night! How soft her pillow? She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinner, and striving mortal.

Never. He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The unfavorable cast of his countenance, has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster father is dead; his good foster mother aged and sickly; but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.—*English Magazine.*

About to be Buried Alive.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.
In the northern part of the city lives a carpenter, with his family, who are natives of France, and have been in this country about eight years. One of their children is a little girl named Mary, and the subject of this singular story. The child was born in Paris, and was eleven years old on the 26th day of June last. She speaks French, German, and English fluently, in conversing exhibits uncommon intensity of mental action and vividness of mental vision. She is of fair complexion and very beautiful, with lustrous eyes, sunny hair, and a look of spiritual maturity in her countenance. She has sometimes said that she could see the forms of persons who have died, and her sincerity could not be doubted, this occasioned some alarm in the minds of her parents.

The health of the child has not been good for several months, and on Saturday morning three weeks ago she started her mother by saying that she could see her dead sister Louise, who came near her in angel form and spoke to her, telling her that she would make her well so that she would never be sick any more. Her mother tried to persuade her to dismiss the subject from her mind, but she could not stop talking, and continued describing her sister, saying that she was standing near dressed in pure white, her face bright and shining, her hair illumined with silver light, and golden dew drops dripping from her wings. She could also see her dead brother who came close to her sister's side. While talking her strength gave way, and she sank away as if in death.

The worst forebodings of the parents had been realized, and they prepared the body for burial. No physician had been called, as they supposed that death had fallen upon their child. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the apparent death occurred. The body was kept until Sunday afternoon about four o'clock nearly thirty-six hours, during which time no signs of returning life had been noticed. The final look at the remains were taken, the coffin was sealed up and placed in the hearse, and the little cortege started for the grave, the parents following the hearse in a carriage.

After proceeding some distance and coming down on Third Street, the quick ear of the saddened mother caught the echo of a familiar cry, and she gave expression to her suspicion that it came from the coffin of her child. Her suspicion was overruled, but in few moments a second cry was heard, and in compliance with the wishes of the mother the hearse was stopped and the coffin drawn out. The struggles of what was supposed to be the lifeless body could now be plainly heard. The coffin was quickly opened and the child found to be alive, to the amazement and unspeakable delight of the parents. In her struggles she had nearly torn from herself her death robe.

She was quickly taken from the coffin and carried into the house of a French lady at hand where they bathed her in vinegar. She recovered her strength rapidly, and in a short time was taken to the home which she had left only a few hours before an apparent corpse. Since that time she has been as well as for the last few months. Her parents make every effort to keep her mind from reverting to the terrible episode in her young life, fearing that there is a fearful fascination in it for her.

She says that while others thought her dead she could feel their touch and hear distinctly all that was said, but could not move a single muscle or make the slightest sign. She knew when they dressed her for the coffin, when she laid in it, and heard the terrible lid fastened down, but could not make a motion, and was utterly powerless until the hearse had gone some distance, when the physical forces were probably set in motion by the motion of the hearse.

She describes with singular enthusiasm and power for one so young the beautiful sights that she saw while entranced, many different beings appearing to her in wonderful beauty.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first, is that children will be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs and bricks at fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let them alone they would fall down themselves. They second is, that men should be so foolish as to go to war and kill one another; if let alone they would die themselves. The third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so anxious as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

It is written on the sky, on the pages of the air, say the Orientals, that good deeds shall be done to him who does good deeds to others.

A Cannon-Ball in the Hat.

An anonymous writer, generally supposed to be Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how when a boy he stole a cannon-ball from the navy yard at Charlestown Massachusetts, and with much trepidation, and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth—his hat,—winds up with the following reflections, reflections which though philosophically true, are in this manner conveyed with much force and freshness.

"When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it; and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince-streeter.

"But, after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last that I ever stole (excepting a little matter of a heart, now and then), and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechizing, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pounder shot are better than none at all.

"But I see men doing the same thing, going into underground and dirty vaults, and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll around their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold, instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that.

"I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who had been born above him, and when he got her he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon-ball in his hat.

"I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same way, sparing no pains, and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake at least of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

"All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care. I am accustomed, in all my walks with men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think, 'There is a man stealing a cannon-ball'; or, 'There's a man with a ball on his head, I know it by his walk.'

The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket at last gets into his hat like a cannon-ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, evil passions, will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength carrying."

A Bashful Bridgroom.

The unfortunate's friends know that he wanted to be married; they knew that he deserved to be; but they were quite certain that he never would be, if he waited until he found courage to pop the question; so took all the troubles off his hands, and by a series of rapid strategic moves had him "popped," accepted, and wedded before he could find a pretext for "wifing."

So much accomplished, and the nuptial evening having passed off merrily, the young man's back-bones withdrew at an early hour, feeling that they could spare themselves further effort in their friend's behalf. About five minutes later, young Benedict, who had evidently been having a serious debate with himself, arose, took his hat, and with a nervous "good-night," made his exit. He was not seen again by the bride or her family until the following evening, when he timidly knocked at the door and was admitted.

No special comment being made upon his singular conduct, he passed an hour rather comfortably in the parlor; and everything seemed to promise favorably for a cure of the besetting weakness, when, hearing the household monitor proclaim the hour of nine, he suddenly seemed to remember he had forgotten something, and started for his hat. This was the moment and the event which had been somewhat expectantly awaited with indignation most profound, but under control, by the bride's mother. Planting herself resolutely in the door-way, the old lady demanded to know why and whether he was a man or only a feeble imitation, etc.; in short, why he did not remain with his wife, instead of slinking back to his old quarters? The bashful son-in-law stammered out as the elderly female seized his hat and backed him into a chair again—

"Well, I should like to, but I thought might be I'd better wait awhile, for fear it might make talk among the neighbors!"

A PROPHECY OF SCIENCE.—Professor Winchell, in a recent lecture at the Cooper Institute, New York, entitled, "Glimpses of the Future," argued that "the finale of this world and of all the planets, as foreshadowed by the result of scientific research, would be to be precipitated into the sun. The comets, he said, were winding up their career faster and faster, and in the end will be precipitated into the sun. The returning periods of the comets are growing shorter; they always come back a little too soon. The earth is shortening its years and drawing nearer to the sun. All the planets are plowing their way through a resisting medium, and many years ago it began to be calculated what would be the end of the resistance. We have abundant evidence of this resistance. It is well demonstrated that the light from the sun is propagated in the form of undulations. The light of each star has trembled along its path on the wings of ether in some cases for 700,000 years! Through the resistance of this exceedingly tenuous fluid, all the planets of our solar system are destined to be precipitated into the sun and become one totally refrigerated mass." We guess not.

If you want a new shoe to fit as easily as an old one put on two pairs of stockings before your measure is taken.

A Midnight Raid.

Every evening six boys met on one of the vacant lots of the village of Hampton. They formed a society called the "Farmer's Tormentors."

"Well, boys, what is the fun for tonight?" asked Tom Urbino, the leader of the Tormentors, as they sat around their evening fire.

"Old Farmer Williams had taken in his water melons, and has put them in the old barn," said Jim Stratton, another one of the party.

"Well, then, we will call on Farmer Williams's barn to-night. This knife will cut all we want to eat," said Tom.

They sat still until about ten o'clock, when Tom arose and said, "Now, Jim, you lead on; we will follow you."

The boys walked across the fields about a mile, when they came in sight of a small old barn. They glanced around to see that the coast was clear, and then mounted a small ladder they obtained on the premises.

"Jim, you mount first, and I will follow; you other fellows stay here and watch," said Tom.

They were soon inside the barn, and Jim descended the stairs, and Tom remained at the top to catch the melons, and pass them to the boys outside. Tom waited a few minutes, but heard nothing of Jim, and finally he descended to see what had become of him.

He had scarcely reached the foot of the stairs, when a large bag was flung over his head, and held him prisoner.

"Now I've got ye, I guess ye won't come after melons again," said their captor, Farmer Williams's hired man.

They marched them up to the house, and they were ushered into the presence of the old farmer.

"Well, boys, we expected you would pay us a visit," he said, as he brought a large plate of melons and set it before them.

"Now, boys, help yourselves," said the farmer. Notwithstanding their fear of punishment, they ate heartily of the feast and drank some cider he gave them.

When they had finished they looked with puzzled faces at the farmer, as he opened the door and said:

"Now, boys, you can go home, and the next time you want any melons don't come the back way."

They earnestly thanked the farmer, and ran off with all speed toward their homes.

"Jim, I have met for the last time with the 'Farmer's Tormentors' this night I have learned a lesson I shall never forget," said Tom.

Jim assented, and said he would behave in future, and the next night the name of the "Farmer's Tormentors" was changed to the "Farmers' Aid Society."

Wit and Humor.

How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.
A Georgia editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a bone."
The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

"Time cuts down all, both great and small." How about the provision and grocery bills?
Elgin, Illinois, offers the boys two cents apiece for all the rats they can kill, and the schools are on the point of suspending.

A hatter in Terre Haute, Wis., has a bundle of old unpaid bills hung up in his store labelled, "The reason why I don't give credit."
In a breach of promise case at Fort Wayne the lover was convicted of writing "Mi hart beats onley for thee, my darling hunney." Served him right.

A philosopher says that "a true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

A little fellow not very far from here was recently heard to ask: "What do Charlie bite Emma for and her dont holder?" Take care girls, when little brothers are about.

A lady, says a Western editor, has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

The gentleman who asserted that his friend never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it, being called upon to apologize, said he was very sorry, but when he made the assertion he did not see the size of his friend's foot.

"Well, Mr. —, how do you feel?" said a friend to a defeated candidate a few days after election. "I feel, I suppose," he replied, "as Lazarus did." "How was that?" "Why," said he, "Lazarus was licked by the dogs, and so am I."

It was an Irish sailor who visited a city where, he said, they copper-bottomed the roofs of their houses with sheet-lead.—Perhaps it was the same man who saw a white black-bird sitting on a wooden millstone, eating a red blackberry.

"I had more money than he had to carry on suit," said a very mean individual who had just won a lawsuit over a poor neighbor, "and that is where I had the advantage over him. Then I had much better counsel than he, and there I had the advantage of him. And his family were ill while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But then, Brown is a very decent sort of man after all." "Yes," said his listener, "and there's where he had the advantage of you."

A schoolmaster delivered an address to his scholars, of which the following passage is an example: "You boys ought to be kind to little sister. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early Summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so that he couldn't go to school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his hat on."

A negro living in Georgia, having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of these world's goods, desired, as all royal subjects should, to pay tax on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know there was a proper officer for receiving tax, and concluded all that was necessary was to find a man with a white skin. Consequently he hailed the first man he met with, "say, boss, I want to pay my tax; must I gib it to you?" On being told that it would be received by the comprehending white gentleman, the negro gave him \$25, and asked if that was enough. "I suppose it is," said the white man. "Boss, give me showin' for dat," said the negro. Again the wit of the white man were at work, and he soon handed the negro a slip of paper with the inscription: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted \$25 out of this d—n negro's pocket." Not long after this the negro met the tax collector proper. "Done paid it, boss, and here's de receipt," at the same time handing the piece of paper to the officer. He read: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted \$25 out of this d—n negro's pocket." "Hold on boss, you have read um wrong," ejaculated the astonished taxer, as he snatched the paper and carried it to another man, who began to read. "As Mrs. e lifted—" Here he was interrupted by the negro, who exclaimed: "Look-a-yar! jest gim me dat paper, I'm gwine to lift dat white man out'n his boots, 'fore God I is." With this he left, and, not having been heard from since, it is supposed he is still looking for the man to whom he paid his tax.

No man improves in any company for which he has not enough respect to be under some degree of restraint.

You can never prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

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