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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I met a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away
As lightly as a feather.
She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand
That ditty of a distant land,
"That the flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow
To where a brook was flowing,
Across the brook like wind did pass—
Wherever flowers were growing
Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading;
"Whose butterfly," I said, "are you?"
And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
I've found the tiger-lily—
The blue jay by the water's edge—
The dancing daffodilly—
King cups and pansies—every flower
Except the one I'm needing;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And opens at a later hour—
"This flower of love lies bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it!"
For you can do without it;
There's no such flower." She shook her
head;
"But I have read about it!"
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding;
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word—
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind it;
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it!"
I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know—
I see why you are weeping so—
Your flower of love lies bleeding!

SWEETHEART, GOOD-BY!

Sweetheart good-by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But forgotten every charm—
Unthought lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace!
O cruel fate, true souls to sever!
Yet, in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, thou alone shall dwell forever!
And still, shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear that from that face,
Thought lost to sight, to memory dear.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THWARTED BY FATE.

BY JAMES G. LA ROE, JR.

"Why don't you marry, Will? I'm sure you're old enough." And sister Rose came to my side. I threw aside my cigar, a little annoyed, for Rose was harping on an old subject.

"For the very best of reasons—I can't get any to have me. Are you satisfied?" "No, I'm not. You know what I intend to do, Will? I'm going to turn matchmaker! I've got the nicest friend that woman ever had, and I'd dearly like her for a sister-in-law. Give a guess who she is."

"Not being interested, I'm too lazy to have a thought on the subject."
"Though you haven't seen her, you've heard of her, for her fame is world-wide. Genevieve De Courcy—"

"A sweet name. Proceed."
"But that isn't her real name you know. You see (and you'd read her articles, if you weren't so matter-of-fact), she writes poetry and that's her non-de-plume. Her name is—"

"That's quite enough; please spare me further. I don't know what crime I've committed, that you should desire to have me tied to a dismal rhyme for life." And as I said this, I arose from my chair.

"She's only too good for you, Will. I hope she'll get some one that will appreciate her." And with this, Rose left the room.

"I hope so, too; but I pity the fellow." These visions of the divine Genevieve arose before my eyes. Of course, she was tall, raven-haired and sallow, with a tragic expression on her face, and ink on her fingers. The idea of Rose offering me a sensible man—a such a wife!

Nothing further was said on the subject for a week. At the end of that time, we received cards to Cousin George's wedding. It was understood that I was to be groomsman.

"Well, I never! If this doesn't beat all! What do you think, Will? Em writes Genevieve is going to stand up with her!"

"I'm afraid I uttered something not very complimentary to the lady in question."

It was surely very provoking; however, I must needs make the best of it.

"I'm sorry that Em couldn't get some one more suitable. Perhaps she does it to make a contrast, for Em is vain of her dark beauty," I said savagely, for, be it known; I prefer blondes.

Rose only laughed heartily at this, much to my surprise, for I could not see the reason.

"You're right; it is for contrast. Of course you can't back out, on George's account."

The wedding was to be in two weeks' time. As it was some distance in the country, we were to start three or four days before the event.

The time passed quickly enough, and behold me making for the train. Rose had started two days before. The prospect before me put me in a nervous fever, as I took my seat in the cars. Not being "literary" myself—I've too much sense for that—you will understand my condition.

I watched every lady coming in the car. At last I discovered her!—for there couldn't be two such beings, you know; she came with a cage, two satchels and a carpet-bag, and sat by my side. The look that she gave me meant, of course, that she wanted my seat for her baggage. I was only too glad to give it up.

I wandered up and down the car, pulling my hat over my eyes, so that she wouldn't recognize me when we met again, until I came to an empty seat. Perhaps the laughing eyes of a blonde, in the next seat, induced me to take it. At any rate I was in it, and busily talking to her the next minute.

"Don't you find it very warm, madam? Shall I open the window?" And, before she could reply, I flew to the window?

Though I accomplished the feat, I also in my awkwardness, tore part of her dress. I hope you can pity my situation, as I apologized, with a very warm face, while all the time "Genevieve's" green eye was upon me. It ended in the blonde and myself becoming good friends.

We talked on subjects innumerable. Meanwhile I furtively watched the changing expression of my companion's blue eyes. I prefer blue, any day, to green, so you may be sure I felt entirely "at home."

We were just getting confidential on the subject of Tennyson's poems, (what would Rose think if she knew of it?) when I felt some one grasp me by the collar.

Turning around, I saw an umbrella, at the end of which was a pair of green eyes. What if Rose had given her card, and she recognized me from it? You can imagine how relieved I was after she had spoken.

"Young man, can you tell me if the next station is Rosendale?" And her thin lips snapped dismally enough together.

"No, ma'am. Two more stations yet before we come to that." And, as I said this, I turned my eyes on her face for the first time, courtesy demanding it, you know.

I never fully understood Darwin's theory until that moment. He must have had "Genevieve's" grandfather in view when he accused you and me, of springing from a stock of baboons and monkeys.

"Genevieve's" fat nose, small green eyes, low forehead and incipient mustache, were proofs of his theory. And to think I was to be tied to her for life!

In the midst of these thoughts, I suddenly remembered that "Rosendale" was the terminus of my railway journey.

I might have known, that "Genevieve" was going to stop there also. I could, at any rate, ward off the meeting as long as possible. What next was there to see her before the ceremony. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

My plans were quickly matured. I would get out at the next station—which was ten miles from my journey's end—pass a couple of days at the hotel there, and then, late on the all-important day, appear on the scene. I had hardly come to these conclusions, when the conductor called out the name of the station at which I was to get out. With a smile and a bow to my blonde friend, I arose, and made my exit. As I passed "Genevieve," I pulled my hat over my eyes.

It had been a pleasant ride to me, despite the fact that "Genevieve" was close at hand. If that little blonde were only mine! But there was no such good luck for me. Rose had ordained it otherwise, and fate seemed to be helping her.

Musing thus, I came to the little hotel of the place, and, before the next ten minutes were over, I was safely domiciled in my own little room. Truly as I would, I could think of nothing but the blonde, for unfortunately, I had nothing else to think of. If I could only see her again, to thank her for the few happy hours passed in the car!

I had fully intended to pass the days away by boating and riding, but, somehow I had a relish for neither sport. Some persons would have called it a case of love at first sight. I hope I'm too sensible to believe in such trash. Be that as it may, I was in anything but an inviolable mood.

So the two days passed. According to programme, I hired "mine host's" best horse, and started on my journey. I had purposely delayed my journey until the last moment, so night overtook me as I arrived at the bride-elect's house. Giving my horse to the groom, I entered the house. The first person I met was Rose, whose face wore an anxious expression.

"Why, Will, what delayed you? We expected you a couple of days ago. George was worried for fear you might not come. Besides, it isn't complimentary to Miss Wilson, to say the least."

"Who is Miss Wilson, pray?" "Genevieve, of dismal rhyme," notoriously. Come, hurry up; it only wants a quarter to eight, and the ceremony takes place at nine."

She ordered the servant to show me my room, and I followed him mechanically. Encircling my carpet bag, I made myself ready with nervous haste. I still had an hour to spare. As I made my appearance in the waiting-room, from whence the bridal party were to make their grand entrance, the bridegroom of the evening met me with a relieved face.

"Glad you're ready, Will. It would have been deuced unpleasant had you not come. Miss Wilson would have been obliged to waste her sweetness on a back seat. Aren't acquainted, I understand? Well, come right along; the ladies are ready to receive us."

We went to the bride's room, with what feelings on my part, you can hardly guess. Two fairy forms were before us, and, before I knew it, I was introduced to the prettiest of the two, Miss Wilson, otherwise "Genevieve," otherwise my blonde!

Before I fully recovered from the shock, I heard a laugh, and Rose's voice as she said—

"What's the matter, Will; I hope 'dismal rhyme' hasn't been too much for you?"

I said nothing wondering if Miss Wilson would acknowledge our meeting before. To my relief, she did not. The next moment we were left alone, George going to seek his bride, while Rose followed him out.

"How fortunate I am to meet you again, Miss Wilson! Had I known what happiness was in store for me I should have made my appearance much earlier."

"Dating from the day we parted, after such an unceremonious introduction to each other, I understand that was the day you were to come." And Jenny Wilson turned on me an arch glance.

It certainly wouldn't be practicable to tell her just what detained me. The usual plea would suffice as well.

"Of course, nothing else but business detained me. That you know must be attended to before pleasure."

"But our time for conversation was short, for the next minute the bride and groom appeared, and we followed in their wake. As we walked to the parlors, I could have knocked my brains out, so angry was I at the thought of the days I had lost away from Jennie. Who knows but what we might have come to some understanding as to the future?"

I don't propose to describe the wedding; but there beyond the reach of my feeble pen. Suffice it to say that the bride looked lovely, and the bridesmaid lovelier. Perhaps George might have differed with me, for he prefers brunettes. But every thing was *color de rose*, as you might suppose.

We stayed until after the reception week. Meanwhile, my love story progressed very favorably. Notwithstanding Rose laughed a good deal when she heard me reading Tennyson's "Maude" to Jenny.

"That's quite enough; please spare Jenny further. Besides, I don't know what crime we have committed, that you think it necessary to bore us with your dismal rhyme."

I pretended not to notice, but continued my courting, and succeeded in good time.

In closing, I would warn my readers not to attempt to fly from fate, lest it should thwart you.

Parable.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed, which though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass, in the course of time, that the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hands and digged thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: We are enslaved and cannot cease from chewing it. And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting; and they did spit even in ladies' parlors; and in the house of the Lord of hosts. And the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, inasmuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchants thereof, waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith; even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said: Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread, shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put this evil thing far from you; and be separate, and defile not yourselves any more, and I will bless you and cause my face to shine upon you.

But with one accord they all exclaimed: "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing, we are slaves!"

A member of a temperance society excused his frequent drinks by saying that the doctor told him to take liquor as a medicine, and he never told him to stop.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely.
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only.

And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweetness away;

And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day.

Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;

And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some hearts that with smiles can forget and forgive!

Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met,
Oh! how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies?
If Heaven refused to forgive and forget.

PRACTICAL SERMON.

BY OUR NEW PREACHER.

My hen-pecked hearers: The words I have selected, this morning, upon which to expatiate for your edification may, possibly, be found in some old newspaper or almanac, but for the life of me I can't tell exactly where. However, if you should happen to find them, you will discover that they read something after the following fashion:

"When she will she will, you may depend on it."
And when she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."

The man who wrote these very expressive lines was alluding to the female persuasion, in general, and, possibly, to some woman in particular. It is not important to know what was the cause which prompted him to tell so much truth in such few words, nor is it any of your business; but it is sufficient for you to know that he hit the nail square on the head, and that what he wrote had just as much force, so far as you and I are concerned, as it did with him. It is no use for us big whiskered males to strut and swagger around claiming to be the "lords of creation" when, in fact, every mother's son of us is tied to the apron string of some lovely and lovable price of femininity. It's a fact, and I know it, and you know it, and I don't see a bit of sense in trying to deny it. I tell you, masculine behavior, when a woman puts her little dainty foot down and begins to trot her toes and say "I will" or "I won't," something has to be done. Generally, they are as calm and sweet as a glass of new milk, but at such times, you may bet your subterranean nicker she means business, and the mean devil who would attempt an argument against such logic needn't expect a tear of my sympathy, if he does begin to look bald-headed, and his homely face looks as if it had been shaved with a grubbing hoe. I love the dear women, and let me tell you, there is no element in their character which makes them more pure and precious than the very element I am now discussing. It is the element which makes them as much superior to man as man is to a tad pole. It is to that element in woman's nature that we owe all of the happiness we are permitted on this earth; it is that which makes us better and wiser, tho', sometimes, I am sorry to say, it is that which causes us to make big fools of ourselves, and nobody but us to blame. They are irresistible when they "will," and a regular ironclad when they "won't." Let one of these angelic humans set her heart and her "will" on some "nice young man," and he is gone soon, for certain. She will look innocent, and "child-like and bland," but she'll have him before he begins to know "what's the matter." You know, my appreciative hearers, that it is so, and so does your respected preacher know it, like a book. You know how your gizzard has thumped and your mouth watered and you've sweat and trembled and felt foolish and acted silly, just because you couldn't help it, and didn't know what ailed you, and all the time she was just roping you in so easy that before you were half aware of it, she came down on you, plump, with a wedding ceremony, and you were a gone gander for the rest of your natural life. You may flatter yourself that it was your "winning ways" that secured you the "best little wife in the world," but I tell you, it was because she had the sympathy and goodness of heart, and the "will" to take pity on your forsaken condition and take you in "out of the wet." It's no use trying to resist them, for they "will" have their own way, whether or no. The fact was first demonstrated when Adam was compelled to start a tailor's shop, and it has continued to the present day, and will continue as long as a woman is possessed of a smile or a tear, and our preacher would advise you all to bow in meek submission to the gentle, gentle influence of woman's pure and loving, but irresistible "will" that you may live like a man and die like a hero. And thus ever.

Endeavor to take your work in a quiet manner. Anxiety and overaction are the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement or our bodily strength is apt to break down.

The Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily singing his melody.

"You are well off, old man," said the king. "Does this one acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the old farmer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen (about 20 cents) a day, said the farmer."

"That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something to spare."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said,—"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer, said—

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see fifty times and carry in your pocket fifty of my likeness."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming—

"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

The Weapons of Death.

When we reflect how easily life is sometimes lost, and the numberless agencies for its extinction, it almost seems a miracle that any one should live fifty years.

It is literally true everywhere that the most of life we are in death."

"Our life contains a thousand strings And dies if one be gone!"

Strange, that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tone so long.

How, then, ought we all to "walk softly," humble, not knowing "what a day may bring forth." In a late official report of the cause of death in Great Britain it is stated that one man died from the bite of a cat, and two more from adders. Another was stung to death by bees. A man and a boy died from falling from velocipedes, and an old lady was killed by injuries inflicted by that agreeable machine. The swallowing of a shell and a cherry stone put a period to the lives of two infants, while two died of putting, one a stone, the other a bead into the ear. Swallowing bones sent three people out of the world, swallowing a pin quickly pricked on grim death for one. A scratch from a thorn killed a woman of middle age; improper food five; 444 young children were smothered by bedclothes, and 920 persons during the year lost their lives in railroad accidents. The proportion of suicide to every million of the population is about seventy—the deaths by hanging, the knife and drowning being most numerous. Heart disease the year's record was increasing—a state of things which is said by eminent physicians to be caused by the great wear and tear of business, and the mental activity of the age.

Big Leaf and Flower.

I suppose thousands of my young friends read in the December number of St. Nicholas an account of the Talipot Palm. A knowing bird thus tells facts of this wonderful tree sometimes measures forty feet around the edge. Think of that! He insisted that on the Malabar coast, where storms are fierce and sudden, one may often see ten or fifteen men finding shelter in a boat, over which is spread a single palm leaf, that effectually protects them all from wind and rain. And when the storm is over, the precious leaf can be folded up like a lady's fan, and so light as to be easily carried by a man under one arm. The tree often reaches the height of two hundred feet. It lives from eighty to a hundred years, but blossoms only once during the whole period of its existence. The flower, thirty feet in length, bursts at maturity, with a loud explosion that may be heard miles away, and in dying scatters the seeds that are to produce the next generation of trees. Jack don't ask you to believe this without looking into the matter. The books do say that it is true, but the best way is to go and measure this big flower for yourselves; but you needn't bring it back for Jack to wear in his button-hole.

Grace Greenwood in old Age.

At the last Saturday evening "reunion" Grace Greenwood, in her inimitable way, gave us dramatic readings in costume. Her presentations exceeded anything the writer has seen on the stage or in private life. Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Scott Siddons, last but not least, our own Grace Greenwood, make all the stars of the first magnitude that we have now in this particular heavens of genius. Attorney, General Williams says "that he looks upon Grace Greenwood as the best writer and the most gifted woman in the country." This decision is legal, and may be considered final. Years ago the great and good Horace Mann said that she was not only "the most gifted," but that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and his passion for her in youthful days was as pure as though she had been a disembodied spirit. It is so rare that beauty and genius are wedded to one soul. In the opinion of the writer, Grace Greenwood is a handsomer woman at fifty than in the "long ago." It is the difference between the budding green of April and the garnered glory of September. If her portrait was taken as she stands before us to-day and hung in the Gorcoran gallery, the spectator would say "this must be a Roman matron who lived before the fall of the Middle Ages darkened the earth." How does she look?—a brunette of the purest type, with clear-cut features, sorrowful, inquiring eyes, that shine as though a quenchless flame burned somewhere in the solitude of her own soul. There are some pictures which are burned into the human mind. We shall never forget her personation of "Over the Hills to the Poor House," one of Carleton's poems. The poverty-stricken outfit, the worn carpet bag, the iron-bowed spectacles, the gray hair. From the highest to the humblest of that goodly company scarce a dry eye was to be seen. Then she told us what Miss Tuttle, from Buttonville, saw at a "Receptive Session of the Senate." This was followed by that which proves man to have been the only "created laughing animal."

One of the evils we encounter in this world is a disposition to judge men harshly, without duly considering their surroundings, early training, parentage and health. A man is entitled to but little credit for being good, if he was born of honest parents, kindly cared for in youth, and nurtured in a home where virtue was the rule; where strife was unknown; where want and misery never entered; where the morning prayer and evening song were heard; where peace and plenty dwelt with joy and love. It is perfectly natural for a man reared in such a home, and blessed with health, to be good. But there are men whose early training was the reverse of this; men who were conceived in sin and trained in a school of vice and misery; men whose voices were never attuned to song; whose hearts were never taught to pray; whose early life was a struggle with blighting poverty and pinching want; whose homes were but the vilest haunts of sin, where pestilence walked hand in hand with death, and Satan held high carnival with willing subjects. In this, as in all other communities, these men are found struggling to overcome a terrible temptation to sin; striving manfully to root out the evil that was born in them, and laboring earnestly for a higher manhood. It is wrong to expect or require as much of them as of those whose surroundings were better in early life; yet we are prone to judge them by the same rule. Many fall again into evil ways because of this harsh judgment. The exercise of a little charity oftentimes saves a struggling mortal from utter ruin. Kind words, though they cost nothing are pearls of great price. He is doubly blessed who rises above human prejudice and judges his fellow-man impartially; and he who exercises the broadest charity is nearest Heaven.

An old French shoemaker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him, was put to the test by two young men. One of them pretended to be dead, and the other going to the shoemaker induced him to "sit up" with the supposed corpse. The shoemaker was in a hurry with some work he had promised to have completed the next morning. So he took his tools and leather and began working beside the corpse. About 12 o'clock at night, a cup of black coffee was brought him, to keep him awake. He drank it and resumed work. About one o'clock the coffee having exhausted him, forgetting that he was in the presence of death, he commenced to sing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose and exclaimed, in a hollow voice: "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing." The shoemaker started; then quietly seizing his stout leather strap, he suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head, exclaiming at the same time: "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoemaker.

The following dialogue between a high-salutin lawyer and plain witness is a good hit at the fashion of using big crooked words.

"Did the defendant knock the plain tiff down with malice pretense?"

"No, sir; he knocked him down with a flat iron."

"You misunderstand me, my friend. I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?"

"No, no, sir; it was outside the tent."

"O, no, sir; I wish to know if it was a preconcerted affair?"

"No, sir, it was not a free concert affair, it was at a circus."

Wit and Humor.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

When is an encampment most likely to burn? When its tents are pitched.

A beautiful woman, said Fontenelle, is the purgatory of the purse and the paradise of the eye.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the slippery reply.

Adam had one consolation when he fell. Fifteen or twenty acquaintances didn't stand on the opposite corner and laugh at his mishap.

The Portland Press says a man wrote to an editor for \$4, giving as a reason, "he was so infernally short," to which he received the heartless reply, "Do as I do—stand up on a chair."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

"Mike, will you come in and take a drink?" Mike looked at the man for the space of half a minute, and then rolling his eyes upward, very softly said: "Got it was an angel speaking to me."

"Good morning," said a compositor to the head of a flourishing family. "Have you any daughters who would make good type-setters?" "No; but I have a wife that would make a very good devil."

"I don't believe it's any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and in less than a week after he fell out of the window and was killed."

The near-sighted hen that ate saw-dust, supposing it to be corn-meal, then went and laid a nest full of bureau knobs, set on them three weeks, and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture was a pretty fair hen.

A woman at East Jeffry, N. H., has an accurate picture of a juniper tree printed on her leg by a flash of lightning. And the editor who chronicled the event has had a lively time explaining to his wife how he got the item.

A stonical Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife, "Oh, John, I shan't leave this bed alive." "Please, yourself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John with equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John, persisted the dying woman, 'middlin', Betty, only middlin'."