

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple is there,
Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow,
Meander through valleys so green,
And its mountains of Jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.
And throngs of bright singers with jubilate breath,
Wake the air with their melodies rife;
And one known on earth as the angel of death,
Shines here as the angel of life!
An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.
Through the amaranth groves of the beautiful land,
Walk the souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by spherules are fanned,
That evermore murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odors of flowers
More fragrant than ever was kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.
Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
And martyrs whose courage no tortures could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime,
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left as they walked through the darkness of wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light.
And the dear little children who went to their rest,
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within—
All are there—all are there—in the beautiful land,
And their foreheads star-crowned, by sweet spherules are fanned,
That flow from the gardens of God.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

Cressy Mitchell and John Martin met at a little picnic party in a country village, where she was passing a few weeks of the intolerable hot summer, and he—well he was reading law for the present with Esquire Morgan, the village oracle, and working about the squire's farm to pay his board.
John Martin was a handsome young man, and as good as he was handsome. So said Mrs. Morgan and all the ladies of the village, as also did the children, who loved him dearly for his kind acts and the cheerful words which he had for every one.
The young ladies all seemed to have a great deal of regard for him, for they each and all foresaw that such a good young man must make an excellent husband; and besides, they felt assured that he would become very rich, as well as influential; for was he not reading law with Esquire Morgan, who had gained riches and influence in the practice of his profession?
But, somehow, John had failed to appreciate the regard of any young lady until he met Cressy Mitchell, and from that time he felt that his heart was no longer his own.
Cressy was a beauty, and she knew it. She doted on it. It was passing strange that she should feel willing to deprive herself of the homage of her many suitors and banish herself to a country village even for a limited period. But she had planned on making her appearance at the summer resort of her fashionable friends, when the season was half over, coming fresh and hearty from her country retreat, while the belles of fashion would have become already worn and weary with fashionable dissipation.
This was the reason of her seclusion, and with a swift comprehensive glance, she scanned the face and features of John Martin, inwardly rejoicing that such a handsome and agreeable young man was to be her companion during her stay in the village.
She did not have one thought that he would fail to present himself as a candidate for her favor. She knew her power, and felt sure that John Martin's love would soon be hers.
It was even as she had anticipated.—Every picnic, pleasure excursion or party gotten up in the village, John Martin was her escort and companion, and ere the time which she had allotted to stay had passed, she was sure that she possessed all the love of John Martin's generous and noble heart.
She had learned to love him also. His superiority over all other men with whom

she had associated, forced her to yield to him the respect which was due him, and respect soon ripened into a warmer feeling, which Cressy Mitchell would not acknowledge even to her own heart.
The time drew near for her to take her departure from the village, and John Martin had called to say good-bye. Without preliminaries, and with no words of cringing flattery such as her former suitors had invariably made use of, he told her in a straight forward, manly way, of his love for her, and asked her to give him her hand in marriage.
For a time there was a severe struggle in the breast of this beautiful creature of fashion. She loved John Martin. She knew it, and he knew it, and her better nature cried loudly for a hearing in this case.
But pride and ambition, whispered in her ear, "You must not thus fling away all your bright hopes and prospects for the future; you may form a splendid alliance; become the wife of a millionaire; wear laces and diamonds and revel in wealth and luxury; do not listen to the promptings of your heart, but let reason guide you."
Thus importuned by the voice of selfish ambition, she put the one love of her heart away from her, and turning to the man who stood with folded arms waiting her decision, she said:
"Mr. Martin, I cannot afford to indulge in romantic dreams; that I love you I will not deny, but you are poor and I am not rich; consequently, each must form a more prudent alliance."
He stood for a moment as if transfixed while the cold, worldly ideas expressed by Cressy were floating through his brain— "Was this to be the end of the bright dream of happiness which he had so tenderly cherished? Alas, he felt that all the world must be false and cold, now that his idol had fallen, and his beautiful Cressy, whom he had invested with all the charms and virtues of an angel, had changed into a cold, scheming, worldly creature.
But he recovered his self-possession, and extending his hand, he shook hers warmly, and with a "Good-bye, Cressy, God bless you and make you happy," he hurried away.
The next day Cressy joined her fashionable friends at the Springs, and for the time forgot John Martin and his love.
Summer passed, and winter came with its round of metropolitan gaiety. It was mid-winter, and the "affairs of the season" came off at the house of the leader of the "ton"; none but the elite were there, of course, and, indeed, they were of the exclusive set.
As Cressy was promenading the spacious saloon, leaning upon the arm of a cavalier, her escort suddenly passed before a tall gentleman, who stood leaning against a pillar viewing a gay throng with a weary air. "Miss Mitchell," he said, "I am happy to be able to present you a valuable friend of mine, who informs me that he had the honor and pleasure of a few weeks' acquaintance with you during the past summer."
Cressy raised her eyes and met those of John Martin fixed earnestly upon her. Her heart gave an impulsive bound, but she checked its mad pulsations and replied coldly:
"Ah, yes; I believe I have a slight acquaintance with the gentleman."
Without another word she moved on, and, as the gentleman led her to a seat he said:
"Really, Miss Mitchell, you are a wonder of your sex."
"Indeed, sir; and why?"
"I don't believe another young lady present would have treated John Martin, the millionaire, as coolly as you did just now."
"John Martin, the millionaire," she echoed.
"Ah, he's as rich as Croesus."
"But when I knew him he was a law student."
"Oh, pooh! that was one of his odd freaks; he always feared he would be valued for his money, and not for himself."
As soon as Cressy could free herself from her obsequious escort and admirer, she sought John Martin, and endeavored to explain her conduct; but he would give her no opportunity to do so, and persisted in treating her as "a slight acquaintance."
In a few weeks he brought his bride to the city and introduced her to his fashionable friends. She was only a simple, innocent country girl, but as the wife of John Martin, she was welcomed to the best society. And Cressy never ceased to regret that she pronounced Martin a "slight acquaintance."
Expose water to fire, and it dissolves in vapor; wood, and it vanishes into smoke and flame, leaving but gray ashes behind; iron, and it is converted into rust. But fire may play on gold for a thousand years without depriving it of a degree of its lustre, or an atom of its weight. Beautiful emblem of the saints of God; gold cannot perish; their trials, like the action of fire on the precious metal, but purify what they cannot destroy.
Joy is for all men. It does not depend on circumstances or condition; if it did it could be only for the few. It is not the fruit of good luck or of fortune, or even outward success, which all men cannot have. It is the soul or the soul's character, it is the wealth of the soul's own being.
An exchange says that the hard times are over. So we should say, all over the country.

Mrs. Astor's Diamonds.

Mrs. Astor, the wife of the hundred millionaire of New York, appeared at a party which she gave at her Fifth avenue residence one evening last week, in a style that would justify any reporter in saying that she "literally blazed all over with diamonds." On each of her shoulders she had four stars, the size of silver half dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed a flame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow; she had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon both sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds, about the size of the palm of her hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to her waist, around which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirt of her dress in front were two large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were roses of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds large or small but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person, wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle, as she moved languidly through the dance, among her friends.
One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observations, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with country life in Europe says that the largest collection of diamonds in any European Empress or Queen belongs to the present German Empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor on Thursday evening of last week. In these hard times, the Astors are occasionally liberal in their benefactions. For instance, there was a banquet for twenty-four given at the Astor mansion the other day; and in front of each lady's plate there was a gift for her of a costly bonnet, exquisitely wrought with precious stone, and about the size of an ordinary snuff box; and each lady was also presented with a bouquet, gotten up in a fashion not to be described. The New York Times, has for some months past been trying to make a fuss over the fact that Astor manages to evade the payment of a large proportion of taxes on his vast property by a method which is known as the "vacation of assessments." According to the Times, this system is regularly practiced by the richest men of New York. On the evening in which the diamond display here described was made in the Fifth avenue mansion, the starving masses in the wretched quarters of the city were swarming around some two or three hundred soup-houses and charity places, while between eight and nine thousand homeless men and women were huddled for the night in station houses or still more miserable free resorts, and not a few tried to keep warm by crawling into ash barrels or sinking into area ways. The money of the Astors is their own, and the sufferings of these miserable wretches is their own.
How to be Happy.
Man's chief end is to love, serve, and enjoy God. This is the only source of true, substantial happiness. It is the legitimate fruitage of love and service.—Happiness never comes, never can come, by making it an end, and it is because so many persons mistake here and make it an end, seek for it directly, instead of loving and serving God, and thus obtaining it, that there is so much dissatisfaction and sorrow in the world. The world is found to be emphatically a world of trouble. The cry, "who will show us any good?" is not answered, because the questioners ask not God, heeding the divine reply, and taking him to be the supreme portion of their aspiring souls. Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to say: "The world is a mere bog, and he does best who passes over it most lightly and quickly." Lord Melville, on being wished a happy New Year, said, "I hope it will be a happier year than the last; for in that I do not remember one happy day." And Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," reports the following confession of the Kaliph Abdallahman, found after his decease; "I have now reigned fifty years, in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies and respected by my allies.—Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call; nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness that have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O man, place not thy confidence in this present world.
It is better to carve your name on hearts than marble.
Never scare off a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.
Show may be easily purchased; but happiness is a home-made article.
Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.
Whenever you get in a passion, sit down in a cool place for fifteen minutes.
When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.
When a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her friends in the remark that she isn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more.

THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The sunlight is bright on the forest and meadow,
The lark and the robin are trilling their song;
The daisies and buttercups border thy pathway,
And nod to the summer winds all the day long.
As blue is the sky, and as fair are the flowers,
The earth is a wonderful picture outspread;
But I turn from the sunlight, the songs, and the blossoms,
And sigh for the beautiful days that are dead.
Afar o'er the hill-tops, the day robed of in splendor,
Comes forth like a queen from the realms of the sun,
And the valleys uplift the white veil of their slumber,
To welcome the dawn of a day just begun.
The dew-spangled lawn and the glittering forest,
Drop gems at my feet and o'erjewel my head,
But I long for the freshness and joy of the mornings,
That came with the beautiful days that are dead.
Oh sweet vanished days that went out with the sunset,
Shall I find ye alone in the land of my dreams—
With the friends and the songs, and the flashes of gladness,
And your skies mirrored fair on the silver streams?
Shall the heart ever mourn for a song that is silent,
When sweetest of harmonies o'er it are shed?
Shall the dark buried past find no bright resurrection?
Shall eternity bring back the days that are dead.
Some Signs of the Times.
The present age is fraught with ideas both political and social, that are somewhat startling to the careful observer, and much more so to a person not of this progressive generation. For instance, witness the following:
"Men are not as polite now as they were in my day," remarked an old gentleman, as he glanced at several ladies who were standing in a street-car, while a number of men occupied seats.
"Why, sir?" we took the liberty to ask.
"Because," he replied, "they would never have been so ungentle as to allow ladies to stand in this manner, while they unblushingly remained seated—never!"
It is a positive fact that men do not treat women with the same politeness and respect that they did in days gone by.—They do not pay that tender reverence to womanhood which it was their wont to pay. Are not women partly to blame for this falling off in men's attention? I think so. And why? Is the question that will be asked. Because, now-a-days, men come in contact with a great number of women who are lacking in those sweet, essential qualities which men—no matter how gross and perverted their minds may be—so much admire, viz: modesty, simplicity and amiability. Many young ladies do not think anything of greeting one in a sort of How are you? Jack, old boy, style. Their ideas as regards good and respectful behaviour are, indeed, very vague. The vocabulary of their remarks very frequently includes such slang phrases as, "You know how it is yourself;" and, "How is that for high?" Decidedly cultivated and pretty observations for young ladies to make, though they might allow their school-boy brothers to have the free and sole use of them, without lessening the charm of their conversation.
The manner in which some young ladies use adjectives is astounding. For instance, everything is "Perfectly grand!" "Perfectly gorgeous!" And, when they refer to a young man who is in any way attractive, the manner in which they speak of him is in this wise: "He's perfectly splendid!" "He's a dear little fellow!" "He's perfectly sweet!" "He's just as nice as he can be!" etc., etc. And make such remarks unblushingly, in the presence of gentlemen too.
I think if girls did not so often forget their womanhood, men would more often remember it.
MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.
Keep your temper.
Never be in a hurry.
Rather set than follow examples.
Persevere against discouragements.
Rise early, and be an economist of time.
Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.
Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand.
Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and everything with some.
Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions, remember the final account.

Grange Secrets Revealed.

HOW INITIATIONS ARE CONDUCTED.
On being brought into the ante room of the lodge (Greenwood Temple, No. 101), I was told that I had been balloted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely masked by what I afterwards learned was a large burdock leaf perforated with holes for the eyes, told me that if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did think it of considerable worth to me, and as he intimated his wishes by carelessly playing with a seven-shooter, I withdrew from my garments with eagerness. My masked friend then furnished me with the regalia of the first degree—called "The Festive Ploughboy"—which consisted merely of one large cabbage leaf attached to a waist-band of potato vines. In this airy costume I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by binding a slice of rutabago over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes?"
My guide answered—"A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a granger."
Sepulchral voice—Have you looked him carefully over?
Guide—I have, noble gate-keeper.
S. V.—Do you find any agricultural marks about his person?
Guide—I do.
S. V.—What are they?
Guide—The candidate has carryot hair reddish whiskers and turn-up nose.
S. V.—Tis well. Why do you desire to become a granger?
Guide, (answering for candidate).—That I may thereby the better be enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians.
S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripling, as you cannot see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitchfork, piercing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse, Pegasus, will be tested as to endurance and wind.
The candidate is here attached to a small imitation plow, by means of a hempen harness. A dried pumpkin vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle, he is made to get down on all fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and urged on by a granger armed by a Canada thistle, which he vigorously applies at the terminus of the spine, the candidate is galloped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members arise and sing:
Get up and dust, you bully boy!
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle's prick don't cause joy,
To feeling you must be a stranger!
After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corn-cobs, beswaxed where thistled, and brought standing up before the great chief, the most worshipful pumpkinhead.
M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a granger?
Candidate (answering for himself).—That I may learn to extinguish sewing-machine agents.
M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil?
Candidate.—Not extensively; but, then, I am not running for office.
M. W. P. H.—Tis well, for our lodges contain several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their constituents. Do you feel pretty smart this evening?
Candidate.—Yes, where the bustle goes on.
M. W. P. H.—(Savagely). Give me a chew of tobacco!
Candidate searching himself thoroughly but as there is no place about him to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but the most worshipful pumpkin head interrupts him with:
"Never mind, my dear young friend—I am well aware that in your present condition you can no more furnish your friends with the weed than Adam could be comfortable in a plug hat and tight boots of economy—to teach you the lesson of economy—going to others as you'd like to have them do to you. You will now be conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. The sign, my worthy brother, will insure you against many of the ills of agriculturist, a amongst others, against drouths and being bit by ferocious grasshoppers.
The candidate is now conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who thus says: "My worthy brother, I will now invest you with the order of the Festive Ploughman, which you have well won by your heroic achievement while harnessed—may you ever wear it with pleasure to yourself, and may it be a means of terror to your enemies."
(The M. E. P. then proceeds to invest the candidate with the regalia of the Festive Ploughman, which consists of a long tomato necktie.) "The grand hailing sign of distress is made by gently closing the left eye, laying the right forefinger alongside the nose, and violently wagging the ears. It requires practice, but the advantages are intense. It also has an important signification, which you will do well to heed. The closing of the eye signifies that in all your dealings with mankind you are bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblematical of wisdom, and places you at once among the "knowing ones." This is extremely handy in prognosticating new weather, and saves the wear and tear of almanacs. Wagging the ears signifies sublimity of purpose, and is thought to be emblematical of childhood's happy hours." It is also supposed by some profound scholars to have a distinct reference to apple dumplings, but this fact is somewhat obscure by the dust of ages. In token that you are one of us, you will now be branded. This ceremony is very impressive, and consists of two brands. They are both applied "while the iron is hot," and consist of one letter of the alphabet each. The first is large letter S, on which you will please sit while the other letter is applied to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy chieftain, signifies scooped, and refers to railroad monopolies. It is also supposed to indicate the seat of learning—the spot where the old-time teacher hunted for brains with the ferulid. The second letter is C, and is applied, as I said before to the stomach.—It has a double meaning. First, the application is an agricultural one, "corn-crib," and has reference to the stomach as being the great receptacle for Bourbon whiskey. But, brother, do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of the letter C, my distracted infant, is got hold of as follows: When one granger desires to ascertain "for sure" if there is another of the Order in the room, he raises himself gently by the slack of his—of his unmentionables—scratches his—of his thigh with his near hoof, and remarks in a voice of thunder: "Are there any grangers about?" The answer is "Jees wax." The inquirer then says: "Let us see." (letter C), and the other party must immediately pull out his stomach and, disclose the brand.
These brands are applied in such a manner that I am enabled to assure you that they will wash.
I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor, by a volley fired into the open window, evidently intended for me. Fortunately I escaped without a scratch, and, which is of more consequence, succeeded in fetching my precious manuscript. This is about all there is in the ceremony of any importance—I must leave the country at once—armed men are at my heels—they know that I am writing to expose them. You may hear from me again by mail, if I should deem it best to expose the other degrees—until then—adieu.
From your sacred friend,
B. POLE
NOTICE.—This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies are entirely different, being much simplified as they should be.—Enterprise.

Wit and Humor.

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other a silly Hollander.
It is said of a saloon-keeper recently conquered by the Ohio temperance people that he never "smiled" again.
"Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, mamma?" "No, my dear."
"If he don't take off his hat to the barber how does he have his hair cut."
An editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertises that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents, and no questions asked.
An old Milwaukee bummer, when he read that the women in Ohio are emptying barrels of whiskey into the gutters, pathetically exclaimed, "What happiness to be an Ohio gutter."
A Good brother in a Baptist church of Miami county, Indiana, while giving his experience, not long ago said: "Brethren, I've been a tryin' this night onto forty years to serve the Lord and get rich both at once, and I tell yer, it's mighty hard sleddin'!"
A man in South Hero, Vt., who had a gun which scattered shot badly, saw an advertisement in a city paper offering to send information of a method of preventing such scattering for fifty cents. He forwarded the money, and received instruction to put in only one shot.
A Western moralist says: "Our experience and the history of mankind since the invention of gunpowder inclines us to believe that no matter how well you treat a shot-gun, nor how you bring it up it will bang the stuffing out of you the first time it gets a chance."
A gentleman at a dance remarked to his partner, a witty young lady, that the "room was so close—he must go out and get some air. After an absence of half an hour he returned, when she asked him "if he had not been to the graveyard, as his breath smelt of the 'bier'."
It is said that some of the hogs in Iowa have become grangers in principle. They are in the habit of deliberately walking up and sucking the cows when they lie down at night, thus getting their supplies from first hands, and entirely ignoring the middle men.
A gentleman of Salina, Kansas, has thoughtfully put his front gate in the parlor, so that his daughter and her young man can swing on it without taking cold during the cold weather. This is a humane suggestion to all fathers. A front gate in the parlor may save a good many dollars that would otherwise be paid out for soothing syrups and cough balsam.
A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up.—"Where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure, I came from the North of Ireland, yer honor."
A distinguished and sagacious wholesale merchant of New York says: "I watch the papers of the locality of customers, and when I find one too stingy to advertise, or if he has withdrawn his advertisement, I immediately close my account with him. The man who can't appreciate the benefit of advertising, will never make a successful merchant, it is unsafe to trust."
An Irishman was once taken to see the wonders of Niagara Falls. He did not seem to think it tremendous after all. His friend asked him, "Don't you think it is a wonderful thing?" "Why is it a wonderful thing?" asked the Irishman. "Don't you see," said his friend "that immense body of water rolling down this precipice?" Says he, "What's to hinder?"
"I Don't believe much in the Bible," said a collegian to an old Quaker. "Does thee believe in France?" "Ye, I do. I never saw it, but I have plenty of proof that there is such a country." Then he does not believe anything unless thee or thy reliable friends have seen it?" "No, be sure I won't." "Did thee ever know anybody that has seen thy brains?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any brains?"
The following dialogue was overheard the other day in Vicksburg:
"Say, Jim, I've noticed somef'n in dis town, is you?"
"I dunno whedder I is or no, Si; what is it?"
"It's dis: Is you noticed when a strange darkey comes here dot 'moun'ts to sumfin', de white folks say, 'who is dat colored man?' but de culled people say, 'who is dat nigga?' Jim, a nigga aint got no sense, no how."
"Dat's su, Si, she's yer born."
At a very successful scene in Cincinnati the other night a man burst into tears when the medium described "very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side whiskers and his hair parted in the middle." "Do you know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man; wiping his eyes. He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you pecc out?"