

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

Son of mine! the world before you  
Spreads a thousand secret snares  
Round the feet of every mortal  
Who through life's long highway fares.  
Three especial, let me warn you,  
Are by every traveler met;  
Three to try your might of virtue—  
They are Love and Drink and Debt.

Love, my boy, there's no escaping,  
'Tis the common fate of men;  
Father had it; I have had it;—  
But for love you had not been,  
Take your chances, but be cautious;  
Know a squab is not a dove;  
Be the upright man of honor;  
All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly;  
Like an adder it will sting;  
Crush the earliest temptation,  
Handle not the dangerous thing,  
See the wrecks of men around us—  
Once as fair and pure as you—  
Mark the warning! shun the pathway,  
And the hell they're tottering through.

Yet, though love be pure and gentle,  
And from drink you may be free,  
With a yearning heart I warn you  
G'aint the worst of all the three  
Many a demon in his journey  
Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim met;  
They were lambs, e'en old Apollyon,  
To the awful demon Debt.

With quaking heart and face abashed  
The wretched debtor goes;  
He starts at shadows, lest they be  
The shades of men he owes.  
Down silent streets he furtive steals,  
The face of man to shun,  
He shivers at the postman's ring,  
And fears the dreadful din.

Beware of Debt! Once in, you'll be  
A slave for evermore;  
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"  
And show it to the door.  
Cold water and a crust of bread  
May be the best you'll get;  
Accept them like a man, and swear—  
"I'll never run in debt!"

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### NATIONAL GRANGE

### PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

**Declaration of Purposes.**  
PREAMBLE.—Profoundly impressed with the truth, that the National Grange of the United States, should definitely proclaim to the world its general objects, we hereby unanimously, make this Declaration of Purposes of the Patrons of Husbandry:

**GENERAL OBJECTS.**—United by the strong and faithful tie of Agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our order, our country and mankind.

We heartily endorse the motto: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things charity."

**SPECIFIC OBJECTS.**—We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.—  
To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation. To maintain our inviolate laws, and to emulate each other in labor to hasten the good time coming. To reduce our expenses, both individual and corporate. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate. To condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel and more on the hoof and in fleece. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require.—  
We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the grange. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves, and to make our order perpetual. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition. Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our mental, moral, social and material advancement.

**BUSINESS RELATIONS.**—For our business interests, we desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers into the most direct and friendly relations possible. Hence we must dispense with a surplus of middlemen, not that we are unfriendly to them, but we do not need them. Their surplus and their exactions diminish our profits.

We wage no aggressive warfare against any other interests whatever. On the contrary all our acts, and all our efforts, so far as business is concerned, are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for other interests that tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact. Hence we hold that

transportation companies of every kind are necessary to our success, that their interests are intimately connected with our interests, and harmonious actions is mutually advantageous, keeping in view the first sentence in our declaration of principles of action that "Individual happiness depends upon general prosperity."

We shall, therefore, advocate for every State the increase in every practical way, of all facilities for transporting cheaply to the seaboard, or between home producers and consumers, all the productions of our country. We adopt it as our fixed purpose to "open out the channels in nature's greatest arteries that the life blood of commerce may flow freely."

We are not enemies of railroads, navigable and irrigating canals, nor of any corporation whatever that will advance our industrial interests, nor of any laboring classes.

In our noble order there is no communism, no agrarianism.

We are opposed to such spirit and management of any corporation or enterprise as tends to oppress the people and rob them of their just profits. We are not enemies to capital, but we oppose the tyranny of monopolies. We long to see the antagonism between capital and labor removed by common consent, and by an enlightened statesmanship worthy of the nineteenth century. We are opposed to excessive salaries, high rates of interest, and exorbitant per cent. profits in trade. They greatly increase our burdens, and do not bear a proper proportion to the profits of producers. We desire only self-protection of every true interest of our land by legitimate transactions, legitimate profits.

**EDUCATION.**—We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves and for our children, by all just means within our power. We especially advocate for our agricultural and industrial colleges that practical agriculture, domestic science, and all the arts which adorn the home, be taught in their courses of study.

**THE GRANGE NOT PARTISAN.**—We emphatically and sincerely assert the oft-repeated truth taught in our organic law, that the grange, national, State, or subordinate, is not a political or party organization. No grange, if true to its obligations, can discuss political or religious questions, nor nominate candidates, nor even discuss their merits in its meeting.

Yet the principles we teach underlie all true politics, all true statesmanship, and if properly carried out, will tend to purify the whole political atmosphere of the country. For we seek the greatest good to the greatest number.

We must always bear in mind that no one by becoming a Patron of Husbandry gives up that inalienable right and duty which belongs to every American citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country.

On the contrary, it is right for every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence for good the action of any political party to which he belongs. It is his duty to do all he can in his own party to put down bribery, corruption and trickery; to see that none but competent, faithful and honest men, who will unflinchingly stand by our industrial interests, are nominated for all positions of trust; and to have carried out the principle which should always characterize every grange member that the office should seek the man and not the man the office.

We acknowledge the broad principle that difference of opinion is no crime, and hold that progress towards truth is made by differences of opinion, while the fault lies in bitterness of controversy.

We desire a proper equality, equity and fairness; protection for the weak, restraint upon the strong; in short, justly distributed burdens and justly distributed power. These are American ideas, the very essence of American independence, and to advocate the contrary is unworthy of the sons and daughters of the American republic.

We cherish the belief that sectionalism is, and of right should be, dead and buried with the past. Our word is for the present and the future. In our agricultural brotherhood and its purposes we shall recognize no North, no South, no East, no West.

It is reserved by every patron, as the right of a freeman, to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles.

**OUTSIDE CO-OPERATION.**—Ours being peculiarly a farmers' institution, we cannot admit all to our ranks.

Many are excluded by the nature of our organization, not because they are professional men, or artisans, or laborers, because they have not a sufficient direct interest in tilling or pasturing the soil, or may have some interest in conflict with our purposes. But we appeal to all good citizens for their cordial co-operation to assist us in our efforts towards reform, that we may eventually remove from our midst the last vestige of tyranny and corruption.

We hail the general desire for fraternal harmony, equitable compromises, and earnest co-operation, as an omen of future success.

**CONCLUSION.**—It shall be an abiding principle with us to relieve any of our oppressed and suffering brotherhood by any means at our command.

Last, but not least, we proclaim it among our purposes to inculcate a proper appreciation of the abilities and spheres of woman, as is indicated by admitting her to membership and position in our order.

Imploring the continued assistance of our Divine Master to guide us in our work, we here pledge ourselves to faithful and harmonious labor for all future time, to return by our united efforts to the wisdom, justice, fraternity and political purity of our fore-fathers.

## The Temperance Movement.

**Mr. Editor.**—I was favored by the reading of a letter a few days since, addressed to the Rev. J. Fohl, of our town, written by Mrs. Hannah O'Farrell, of Marion, Grant county, Indiana, but formerly a resident of this place. The letter contained so much important and highly interesting matter, that, in my opinion, and by the advice of others, I concluded it was worthy of publication in the various papers of our county, especially at this important crisis:

"**DEAR BRO.**—We have been engaged in our county seat (Marion) for the last three weeks in the Temperance reform. I was chosen as their President, which necessarily engaged my time, and required me to be very prompt.

About two hundred ladies of the principal families of Marion, volunteered by pledging themselves in a Band to battle against the "Demon" of intemperance in the saloons, on the streets, and everywhere the Lord might direct, and I am happy to say that the "Pillar of Cloud" seemed to move gently before us, and we were led to a glorious victory. In three weeks all the saloons, and six drug stores surrendered, the latter signing a very stringent pledge to sell only for legitimate purposes. The two last saloonists are Catholics, one of whom surrendered to us \$1,500 worth of liquor, the other \$1,100, both signing a pledge never to sell again.

Strange to tell, and yet true, at each place we were invited to enter and hold our meetings, and in those synagogues of Satan, where the nightmare of intemperance had so long blighted the fond hopes of many, by degrading humanity, and the name of God being blasphemed, in those sinks of iniquity, we had precious seasons of grace in prayer and praise to God.

The "Band" of sisters stood up nobly to the work, being of one heart and one mind. At the same time the ministers and the laity remained daily in the churches, with one accord, in prayer for our success while we raised the banner of the "Cross" and confronted the foe in those dens of iniquity.

Out of the six drug stores, we held prayer-meetings in all but one, the proprietor having signed the pledge before we entered. We also held three mass meetings per week in the largest hall in Marion, which will accommodate one thousand persons, being always crowded to an overflow, where heavy blows were dealt out against the "Demon" by many animated speakers. After the last saloonist had surrendered we had the most exciting times I ever witnessed. We met in the public square to destroy the "Demon." The crowd was immense; the sheriff of our county was present to preserve order.

After singing "Glory to God in the Highest," &c., I offered prayer and thanksgiving to him who had enabled us to triumph so gloriously. The sheriff then opened the casks and barrels, and with our hands we poured out the liquor, seemingly to the satisfaction of the entire crowd. This required grace and moral courage on the part of your humble sister before such a large concourse of people, but God nerved me for the conflict, and we all passed through safely. To Him alone be the glory. Since the victory has been completed in Marion, we are invited to a neighboring town (Jonesboro) where the Demon of intemperance seems strongly fortified, but in the name and strength of Israel's God, we shall strike the blow, and push the battle to the gate and by faith we trust that victory shall also perch upon our banner. We need your sympathy and prayers.

I suppose you saw the accounts in the various papers of the marvelous achievements in the temperance reform, through God, by women in the West, in the State of Ohio, especially in the towns of Hillsboro, Alliance, Delaware, Morristoryn, Camden, Lewisberry, Eaton, Winchester, Newport, &c. Question—Why has the Great Head of the Church chosen the "weaker vessel" to accomplish this great work? Answer—The women and their children have long been the principal sufferers. God bottled up their tears, and their prayers have come up before him as a sweet memorial, and according to his promises deliverance shall come forth.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."  
— J. PETERHOFF.  
Chambersburg, April 13, 1874.

**A GEM FROM WHITTIER.**—To appreciate the truth and beauty of the following lines from the pen of Whittier, it is necessary to know the circumstances under which they were written. A friend of Whittier's youth, who had spent most of his life on the Illinois prairie, called on the poet at his home in Amesbury, and together they recalled the scenes of their childhood, and briefly recounted the course of their after life. Whittier seemed much affected by the allusion of his friend to his prairie home, where a wife, children, and a grandson ("Constance") awaited his return; and, on being asked for his autobiography, replied: "Call on your way to the cars, and I will hand it to you." The friend called and received the following. The lines show the delicate texture of the poet's heart, the tendrils of which were evidently stretching after something beyond his reach:

The years, that since we met have flown,  
Leave, as they found me, all alone.  
Not wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine, the heart to cheer.  
More favored thou; with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze.  
For one like her to lip thy name  
Is better than the voice of Fame.

The Kentucky lady who has had but one bonnet for forty years is dead.

## Sold on its Merits.

Who has not learned to dread the traveling agent? The only fellow who is canvassing for a book, or a map, or something else you don't want, and who never takes no for an answer. Who comes when you are busy and talks till you are tired of him and when patience is all gone begins again in the same smooth way, smiling a sickly smile that makes you ache to kick him, and see if that would make any difference. Such a one recently entered an office in this city where several persons were present, and in the sweetest tones inquired for one of the lawyers whose name was on the door. That gentleman responded, and thereupon the book man commenced to say his lesson in the usual way.

"I have called in for the purpose of asking your attention for a few minutes if you have the leisure, to a very interesting and valuable work that I am now engaged in introducing among the citizens of this city and vicinity. It is issued in the most beautiful and attractive style of the day, as you will see by examining this binding and glancing at these elegant illustrations. It also comprises, among other things, a full, complete, etc., etc. all in the regular and customary fashion. When the first victim refused, the canvasser proceeded to attack in turn each of the other gentlemen, repeating the same story again and again with easy volubility. One of them finally managed to slip in a word of objection.

"Your mode of business is not fair. I like to see a thing sell on its own merits. If your book is good for anything, put it on the market, and those who want it will buy it. Your plan of showing a man a piece of a book that you are going to make, and then getting his name to a contract, is a dead sure thing for you; but the man that pays his money takes all the risk."

"But, my dear sir, consider for a moment the immense expense attending the preparation and introduction of a costly and elaborated work like this. Why, sir, the engravings alone of the magnificent plates and illustrations with which this work will be crowded will cost over fifteen thousand dollars, and of course no publisher can afford to take such a risk as that without first obtaining a few subscribers."

"Why shouldn't he? It would be far better than to go around with a few sample pages, inducing people to buy a work that never would sell on its merits. Make your goods before you try to sell them, and then finished, if I want one, I will buy it."

This was quite enough to give the untiring canvasser a fresh start, and he warmed to his subject and talked on in a careless stream about his book, until he had finished his whole repertoire. Just as he was taking breath to begin again, one of his victims turned upon him, saying in a very cold and matter-of-fact way: "Well, sir, we have now listened with patience to what you have had to say.— We have looked at the book; and heard all the good things you can advance in favor of it. Now, if you have a moment's leisure, I should be glad to show you a little article that I am agent for, and which I am now engaged in selling to the people of this city and vicinity. It is small, and not expensive, and yet it is indispensable in every household. Children cry for it, mothers must have it, no gentleman's library is complete without it.— I take no subscribers, but sell and deliver as I go. Understand me clearly, I sell my goods entirely on their own merits, and if what I have is not worth the money I ask for it, no gentleman need purchase. Here, sir, is my card; please look it over."

And with this he handed to the astonished agent a card, to which was a small cork attached by a few inches of string. On the face of the card were these words in bold letter:

The most horrible death is to be talked to death. To prevent the above terrible fate, use the Patent Life Preserver attached to this card. Directions: PUT THE CORK IN YOUR EAR.

The book agent bounced out of his chair hot with rage, and his bland tones trembled with wrath as he said: "Have I insulted any gentleman present by any of my remarks?" "Oh, no," returned the other, with perfect coolness. You follow your business and I will follow mine. Good-morning, sir."

**LITTLE CHILDREN.**—I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurers, with their "natural magic," invoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think if there were never anything to be seen but grown men and women. How we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engender and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—Binney's *Both Worlds*.

## Over-Civilization.

It is a curious fact that the great empires of the world have all perished in one way—by what might be called over-civilization. They have grown in power and in strength, for generation after generation—then, being done with the need for conquest or for toil, they have grown luxurious and effeminate, and some harder, simpler race has arisen, and conquered, and succeeded them; to be, in its turn, spoiled by prosperity, and repeat the old story. In view of these facts about the past, the Rev. Charles Kingsley puts a profound historical conundrum. When we English-speaking people become enervated with luxury, and need to be taken down, who will do it; since now there is nowhere left a people harder or braver, to conquer us. Heaven seems to have given us the opportunity to go on, and not to die; if we are strong and self-controlled enough to improve it. But history is no false prophet; and just as surely as we love ease and pleasure better than progress and honor, the enemy will come from somewhere—were it from the sky over our head or the earth under our feet—who will destroy us. The victories to which this age, if it is faithful, is destined, are bloodless ones. We have broad fields of science to conquer; forces to discover and put to use which will infinitely multiply the strength and the resources of the world; great truths to establish; broad charities to maintain. But all this is not work which the indolent and the luxurious can accomplish. If we do not do it, others must; and if we waste our opportunities, surely the conquering foe waits for us somewhere, and we too, shall be among the nations that have been.

**The Mother's Last Lesson.**  
A mother lay dying. Her little son, not knowing of the sorrow coming to him, went, as was his custom, to her chamber door saying: "Please to teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good-night! I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

"Hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her, "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night," and, coming forward, she sought gently to lead him out of the room. Roger began to sob as if his heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot. The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything around her, the sob of her darling aroused her stupor, and, turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her little son to her. Her request was granted, and the child's golden hair and rosy cheeks nestled beside the cold face of his dying mother.

"My son," she whispered, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it. When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The child repeated it two or three times, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold face, and went quietly to his bed.

In the morning he came, as usual, to his mother, but found her still and cold. This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it, and probably never will as long as he lives.

**THE HOME DOCTOR.**—The kernels of peach pits will cure heart-burn. Eat two or three a day till relieved.  
One drop of the spirits of turpentine—applied immediately will generally deaden the pain of an ordinary bee sting and stop the swelling.  
Asthma is sometimes cured with a mixture of two ounces of castor oil. Take a teaspoonful night and morning.  
Alum water is good for frosted feet.—Bathe with it every night before going to bed. It will generally remove all pain and soreness in three or four days.  
A simple cure for hoarseness is this:—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them, add two spoonfuls of white sugar, grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often.  
A poison of any conceivable description may be rendered almost instantaneously harmless, of most persons, by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice that quantity. The oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which the doctors are acquainted.

**TIME IS PASSING.**—"In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps its constant pace and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth, and the sand runs.—And hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with expense of time.—So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange, or as a man sows his corn; he is content to wait it awhile, that he may at harvest receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds we do here, do not only rob us of so much time, but always bespeak a torment for hereafter; and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned withal, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up a pleasure in a lasting life, the other provides us torture in a death eternal."

Philadelphia has "temperance doughnut parties."

## Josh Billings on "Dispepshy."

I have been a practical dispeptic for 27 years and four months, and it would have been mummy in my pocket if I had been born without enny stummuck.

I have prayed upward of one thousand times to be on the inside like an ostrich, or a traveling colporter.

I have seen traveling colporters who could eat as much as a goote.

I have seen a goose eat till they couldn't stand up enny more, and then set down and eat sum, and then lay down and eat sum, and then roll over and eat som more.

I have tried living on filtered water and going bare-foot for the dispepshy, and that didn't hit the spot.

I have soked at water-cure establishments until I was so limber that I couldn't get myself bak agin inside ov my Baldwin apparrel.

I bought a saddle-hoss once, who waz got up expressly to kure the dispepshy in 90 days or kill the horse.

I waz warranted to trot harder than a trip-hammer, pull wusser on the bis, stumble safer down hill than enny other hoss on the futt-stool.

I rode the hoss until I waz ov a jelly, and then sold him bridle and all for sixty-eight dollars, and got sued by the purchaser, and had to pay him 90 dollars and some sents damage, bekauze the hoss had the "Nimshys," a disenze I knu nothing about.

The hoss and fixings cost me 450 dollars gold.

I kontracted for eleven kords of hickory wood, kross grained, and as phull ov wrinkles as an old cow's horn, and saved away three months ov it, and the pile seemed to grow bigger every day.

I finally gave away the saw, and what wood there waz left, to save milfe, and sat down discouraged, a square victim to the everlasting dispepshy.

I have lived at the sea side, and gambled in the saline food, until I waz well picked as a number one salt makrel.

I have dwelt at Saratoga, and taken the water like a mill race, and still had the dispepshy.

I have walked 2 miles before breakfast, and then ett a slice ov dry toast, and half the yelk ov a pullet's eg, and felt all the time as weak ez a kitten that haz just cum out ov a fit.

I have laid down more than 2 thousand times, and rolled over once a minnit all night long, and got up in the morning like a korpse, and there didn't nothing seem to all me enny where in partiklar.

I have read whole libraries on the stummuck and liver, and when I got thru, I knu a great deal less waz the matter ov me than when I begun.

I have drank whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry off any bridge or saw-mill dam in the country.

I have worked on a farm for my vitals and board, and dieted on fried pork and ri bread until I waz as thin as the sermon ov a 7 day baptist preacher.

I have dun all these things and just 10 thousand other things just az redikilus; and I have got the old dispepshy yet, just as natral and az thik as the pimples on a four year old goose.

If you get a gold holt ov the dispepshy once you can't never loose entirely; it will cum around once in a while like a ghost and if it don't scare you so much az it did once, and make you think you are going to die to-morrow, it will make you feel just as sorry.

## Wit and Humor.

A crack invisible to the naked eye—The crack of a whip.

When a lady faints, what figure does she need? You must bring her 2.

A gentleman friend has two canaries, and has named them "Wheeler" and "Wilson." His reason for these appellations is that neither of them is a "Singer."

It is remarkable that while several feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

There is said to be an old miser in Baltimore who always gets drunk before counting his money, so that he may see double and enjoy the operation the more.

A Fop, in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that block-head of mine?" "On your shoulders, sir," said a lady.

The Danbury philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber shop cannot be counterfeited.

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady if he would not venture on an orange. "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I might tumble off."

An exchange says that a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

'Matrimony,' said a modern Benedict the other day, 'produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance in ten short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire.'

During a recent freshet in Connecticut, an editor telegraphed to another at the scene of action, "Send me full particulars of the flood." The answer came, "You'll find them in Genesis."

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

A Chicago man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassiz wrote for it, the joker said it was the apple of his eye.

A new style of boys' trousers has been invented in Brooklyn with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

"Howdo, Aunt Maria," said a Georgia lady to an old colored lady. "I ain't yer aunt," loftily replied the aged female, "and I ain't yer uncle; I es yer eka!"

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph.—Very rarely, indeed, are they at fault.—The only difficulty is to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

A cowardly fellow having kicked a newspaper, the lad wanted till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim, he can't read."

Dougllass county, Oregon, boasts of a lady who has been married nine times, has eight husbands living, and is living with none of them. More than this, she has a daughter who is now twenty-three years of age and living with her third husband.

Here's a chance for the girls. A Pottsville "patient" advertises: Fair O'Fellows to the Public—I have too many boys, and no girls. Two boys came to my house this week. They are twins. I will swap one or both of them for a girl.

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and tell me that lie! I was awake when you came, and looking at my watch it was three o'clock." "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

A sermonizer made these remarks on the following soul-saving question: "My brethren, a man cannot afford to lose his soul. He's got but one, and he can't get another. If a man loses his horse he can get another; but if he loses his soul—good-by, John."

A western minister told the young ladies of his congregation that the first step to ruin was an ostrich feather and a yard of gay-colored ribbon. One of his hearers having occasion the next day to use some ribbon, asked the clerk for "three more steps to ruin."

A debtor who owed eight hundred dollars offered his creditor eight promissory notes of a hundred dollars each, payable on the 1st day of eight consecutive months, which were accepted. The first note was protested on its becoming due; and on the creditor's asking the debtor for an explanation, the latter said, "The fact is, my friend, I can't pay you any thing, and divided the debt into small portions to save you the shock of losing it all at once."