The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. $2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 26. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1874. NUMBER 46.

Select Poetry.

THE HOME OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY PARK WILSON.

Fond fancy brings to dreaming eyes
A picture sweet and clear—
And, as I gaze, new beauties rise,
And many an image dear.
'Tis not of hoary castles gray,
Nor hamlet on the lawn,
Nor where the lingering moonbeams play
O'er ancient tower or town—
But sleeping now in Summer's light,
And now in Winter's snow,
She brings the home again to-night
Of twenty years ago.

Sweet spot! thou hadst no frowning walls
No battlement nor mere;
But in thy hospitable halls
What gladsome light and cheer!
How innocent the mirth and jest,
How fondly beamed each eye,
How kindly welcomed was the guest
Of low estate or high!
O, happy earth, if in thy round
All might such welcome know
As in that home each pilgrim found
Of twenty years ago.

And where are they? The happy band
Who gathered round their sire,
And prayed for tales of foreign land
Beside the evening fire;
The laughing girl, the bright-eyed boys,
The youth, the maid was there;
The tottering infant spread his toys
Beside his mother's chair.
But now how dear each well-known room
When fades the sunset glow?
For but one lamp lights up the home
Of twenty years ago.

One who had dwelt years afar
Found in thy shades a grave—
Some wander where the evening star
Sinks in the western wave—
Scattered, perchance, for aye are they
Once gathered 'neath thy roof;
For duty calls, and they obey
Her high but stern behoof.
Yet from each heart fond prayers will rise
When fancy does but show,
That pictured home to dreaming eyes
Of twenty years ago.

Miscellaneous Reading.

JOHN'S CHOICE.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer. The owner in fee simple of many broad and fertile acres of available land, and the proud parent of a very promising son, now near grown, who in his infancy had the unheard of name of John.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very careful and proper manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that, as he grew more mature, that he was regarded as a very exemplary young man by those who knew him intimately. He was sober and industrious in his habits, cultivated and refined in his tastes, with disposition to get along and prosper in the world, as his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was one and twenty. This is a remarkable episode in the lives of most young men, when fully freed from parental restraint by the construction of the law, they think they know so much, and subsequently learn they know so little.

"Now possibly Peter the poor regarded this event in his son's life with as great concern as did John the junior, for certain it is, that shortly thereafter he summoned the young man into his presence for a little private conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Seem! why I can't see as it seems any different from any other time."

"Can't, eh? O, well you'll see quick enough, I guess. I suppose the next thing you'll be thinking of, will be getting married."

"O, I hadn't thought of such a thing yet in earnest."

"Hadn't, eh! Well, you'd better be thinking; getting married is about as important a thing as'll ever happen to you.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so? suppose so? you'll know so by and by.

"Well, John, you're old enough to begin to think seriously about this matter. I ain't going to have you running around unsettled and unsteady in your habits and character. Now, the quicker you pick out a wife and settle down, the better, Mind you, my boy, this wasting three or four of the best years of your life in sowing your wild oats, is a very foolish principle for young men to adhere to. Now, I don't propose to have you do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of briars and thistles to gather in afterwards. Now, just so soon as you will pick out a good, prudent, and industrious little wife, I've a good farm to give to you, and enough to set you up in reasonable style, you understand!"

"Yes, sir."

"But not an acre nor a penny of mine shall you possess until you have complied with my wishes."

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more; make this matter your first business, and when you have performed your part of the contract, I will attend to mine."

"But this is rather sudden."

"That makes no difference, if you are not satisfied with my terms, the world is wide enough and bright enough to earn your own living; if you can do better by yourself than I can do by you, why, start right in the world, for you are of age. I have stated my terms, and do not propose to alter them."

"But who shall I marry?"

"There's Israel Ives's five daughters, and I'm certain you can have your pick out of the lot. They've all been well brought up, any one of them is good enough for you, so go ahead; and as soon as you report favorably the farm is yours.'

"But which one shall I take," father.

"Which one shall you take," repeated Peter Jansen; "it must be a bright man, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eyes on one already. However, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer, and prosper better in your domestic affairs generally."

With these concluding remarks, the fond father turned away, and John was left alone to his reflections.

Now John Jansen was not a verdant young man; he had seen considerable of the world for a person of his age and circumstances, but he was very diffident and bashful. It was this quality of his disposition that made him so adverse to ladies society and had occasioned no little anxiety to old Peter, who had already began to fear that John would be a confirmed bachelor, hence his desire to kindly assist John's matrimonial matters along.

For some moments after his fathers exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an inexpressible sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives. If not strictly beautiful, she was at least a very sensible girl, and would make a practical housekeeper.—John had but little sentiment in his composition, his tastes were more of a matter of fact. The more John thought of matrimony the more fixed became his determination of committing himself as soon as possible.

A night or two subsequent to the conversation with his father, it was noticed that he attired himself with unusual care before going out, as he insisted, to attend the "debating society." His father and mother regarded each other insignificantly, as if they knew what was uppermost in John's mind, but they gave the young man no intimation that they suspicioned his intentions.

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

He soon came to the place he intended visiting. A bright light gleamed out thro' the front windows, and he fancied he could see smiling faces there, yet his heart thumped so very singularly under his shining satin vest that it was several minuets before he could make up his mind to knock at the door; he walked up and down the road past the place several times, to calm himself, and to think over the words he proposed saying when in the presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family, by means of the friendly assistance of the heavy brass knocker.

"Israel Ives came to the door, with a flaring candle in his hand; he gave a sudden little start of surprise upon recognizing the visitor."

"Why! John," he said, "is this you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said John, nervously, forgetting in his sudden embarrassment to designate the particular Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Israel, smiling mischievously, walk right into the parlor and sit down and she will come in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming. He heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not act too silly and foolish. Then the door opened and in sailed Miss Sohprony Ives, followed by Patience, Priscilla Malvina and Lucy Ives, each simultaneously smiling and trying to look as pretty as possible. They advanced one by one and gave John a greeting, after which they arranged themselves in a graceful group about him; then began the liveliest conversation John had ever listened to. He began to grow uneasy and to lose his self-possession. This was rather more Miss Ives than he had anticipated meeting.

At last a sudden idea occurred to him.

"Girls," he said, "do any of you *play blind man's buff?*"

The young ladies all suddenly giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophrony, with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then," said John earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were simultaneously produced, and before John was aware he was in midnight darkness.

"But you must be blinded, Lucy," said Miss Malvina, "it always makes it livelier to have two, you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was temporarily obscured in the same manner that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given, and without a word of warning Sophreny, Patience, Priscilla and Malvina noiselessly glided from the room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped innocently about them, each failing to find the objects they sought, at last John spoke;

"I say, where are you all?" he said helplessly.

No answer came to his question from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy, "I believe they're all hiding."

Just at that moment the two approached each other with their hands extended, and they were each suddenly clasped in each other's arms. This was a sensation so new to John that it almost deprived him of articulation.

"O, is it you John?" said Lucy, "I do believe they're fooling us."

She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt her deft little fingers untying the knot in the hankerchief that was bound about his head.

"Look a here, John," she said in a provoked sort of a way, just see what trick they've played upon us. I might have known what they were up to. Never mind, we'll have a real pleasant visit now.'

They sat down side by side on the high-backed sofa, and Lucy talked so pleasantly and encouragingly to John that he soon felt perfectly at home. He was almost astonished at his self-possession.—The minutes lengthened into hours, and, well, he never could fully explain how it was afterwards, but the fact was that Lucy promised him that she would be Mrs. John Jansen whenever he was ready to claim her as his own, and John went home that night very proud and happy, and on the following morning he informed his astonished father that any time that farm was ready he would be ready to go to housekeeping.

Peter Jansen kept his word, and John was often subsequently heard to say that if it hadn't been for that friendly game of blind man's buff he would hardly have known how to have made a choice.

What is Trouble.

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale-looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a low voice:

"Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Grey," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents posessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovlier one or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sun-down, one of those fierce black storms came on, which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach an elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies—no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave looking boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel.—They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them, all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water arose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it until my babe was swept from my arms."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good-for-nothing.—She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference.—His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about love and devotion.

BUDDING INTO WOMANHOOD.—There is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth, commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her ardent, buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations.—But the withering heart of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-drops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noontide, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, the night.

Love makes labor light.

For the Village Record.

LINES

Suggested on seeing a copy of the Waynesboro' Village Record for the first time in twenty years.

BY LUMAN.

So here we meet again, old friend,
But you're not quite the same
That you were twenty years ago,
While Time has changed my name.

And other changes too, old friend,
With passing years have come;
For summer flowers and winter snows
Have strown the graves of some.

The graves of some I knew, old friend,
And loved in days of yore;
Their sparkling eyes and fresh young lips
Will greet me never more!

Your presence makes me sad, old friend,
You've opened mem'ries store,
And bid me list again for tones
That I shall hear no more.

Yes sad and glad I am, old friend,
'Tis pleasure mixed with pain
"The Record" in my hand to hold
And live the past again.

Waynesboro' April 16, '74.

Last Words of the Dying.

The last words of the dying are eagerly sought after, and enshrined in memory's bosom by loved ones. The hero, standing upon the field of battle, amid the booming of cannon and the rattling of musketry, is stricken down, and dying he utters some sentiment which tells the living he fought bravely, and died loving his country. His words thus uttered are chanted in his praise, pass immediately into history, are preserved to be handed down from generation to generation.

The mother, bending over couch of her dying child, eagerly listens for its last words. As the heart's pulsations grow feeble, the respirations become more laborious, she silently listens. Now the pale lips are parted, and she drew nearer, until her ear comes in contact with the cold breath, when she catches the last faint murmur of the dying one. Oh, how she treasures in her pure heart that last Good-by, that last token of going home to heaven.

The husband, through weary days and nights, has been watching at the bedside of his darling wife, until now the dread moment approaches when she shall be wafted beyond the river of death. Under no pretence will he now leave her, and why? Ah, he is waiting and listening for the last whisper. As she speaks, her words echo and reecho through the chamber of his soul, and remain there throughout the mystic future.

As a young lady reads over the slain in battle, and her weeping eyes rest upon the name of her lover, almost her first thought is, "Did he leave me a dying message?"

The sweet sister of a shipwrecked brother, impatiently awaits the arrival of some one rescued from the wreck, to learn if her brother as he was swept beneath the dark waves, sent her a dying word.

Yes, dying words are those most sought after and cherished by the human heart.—Amid all the cares and disappointments that may surround us in life, we never can forget the last faint whisperings of the dying.

Men Whom Women Like Best.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his bows and flattery win one.

If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not the spirit to come up to a test like this you have not that in you which most pleases a high souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl, who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any consequence to you. The truth is that before a man is twenty-five he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry.—The more of a man you become and the more manliness you are capable of exhibiting in your associations with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine year's possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of a wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slow but regularly progressive.

Have you paid for your paper?

A Slack Husband Punished.

"Mr. Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa to pick up some," said the good man, making a stride towards the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find"

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything already."

"Oh! well, then do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer, and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen spinning on the great wheel and singing a pleasant ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my garndfather, cheeringly.

"So I see," replied she, placidly; did you have a good morning in the corn field?"

"Why, yes, so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the door step. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the door step, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner—everything prepared in the nicest maner.

"Why, woman, what dose this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all?"

"Dear me, is it not? Why it has sat in the sun these four hours."

"Sat in the sun?"

"Yes you told me to try the next best thing to have a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, he said:

Come, boys, we may as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner until we have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women almost always are. And so she won the day.

The cellar stairs in the old farmhouse had become broken and so unsafe that my grandmother besieged her husband, early and late, to repair them lest some accident should happen. He always promissed to do so, and always forgot to fulfill his promises. At last one day, my grandmother fell in going down, and spilled the milk she was carrying.

"Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather, smoking his pipe beside the fire.

No matter whether I am or not!" returned the angry housewife, re-appearing with her empty can. This is the last time I will carry milk down those stairs until they are mended."

"Please yourself and find the next best way to get it down," said the husband, a little vexed at her tone.

"I will," said my grandmother, and she was good as her word. The next evening my grandfather went down to the cellar to draw some cider.

"What in the thunder!"exclaimed he—nothing worse, I assure you, for he was not a profane man—"what in the thunder is the matter down here? Why, woman, your milk is all over the cellar bottom!"

"It is," replied my grandmother, tranquilly. "Well, I think that it is likely enough, falling so far."

"Falling so far?" What do you mean?'

"Why, you know I said I shouldn't carry milk over those broken stairs again, and you told me to try the next best way of getting it down, and so I took up a board in the kitchen floor, threw down the pans and then strained the milk down into them."

The cellar stairs were mended the next day.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—That knowledge is power was happily illustrated by an incident that happened in Edinburg some years ago. A crowd had gathered around two dogs. The larger one, a big and powerful mastiff, had the smaller one in his relentless grip. Every effort had been made to loosen his hold, such as slitting his ears and pinching his tail, but all in vain. At length a quiet, scholarly looking gentleman came up, and asked to be allowed to separate the combatants.—Assent was given amid laughing and jeers when drawing a snuff box from his pocket, he applied a pinch of the tiltilating power to the mastiff's nose, which caused him not only to release his hold, but to make off as fast as his legs would carry him. The scholar was greeted with cheers to which he only replied.

"Gentlemen, I have given you proof that knowledge is power."

A WAR CRY.—A man who is addicted to practical jokes, stepped into a popular saloon at New Albany, Indiana, the other day, and excitedly exclaimed, "The women are coming!" The effect on the crowd of card-players and liquor-drinkers was instantaneous. The cards were shoved down into pockets without a murmer, except from one worthy, who held "four-queens" in his band. The drinking was suspended and the crowd of revelers stood not on the order of their going, but went out of windows, backdoor and down the cellar steps, and the saloon in a moment was as quiet as a graveyard.

Be always at liberty to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

Crusade Against Trailing Skirts.

Perhaps among all the foolish and absurd requirements of fashion there is nothing, if we make the one single exception of tight lacing, which is so ridiculous, so disgusting and so contrary to all ideas of appropriateness and delicacy, as that of sweeping the streets with the skirt of the dress, and gathering upon it all mud and filth with which it comes in contact. Yet many women do this because they hardly dare set themselves in opposition to prevailing custom. They would gladly assert their independence if they really knew how to do so.

Several ladies of Vineland, New Jersey, wishing to gauge popular sentiment in this matter, and find really how many women would prefer being sensible to being ultra-fashionable, drew up a paper to which they appended their own names, and then circulated for signatures. The paper read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to shorten the skirts of our dresses to four inches from the ground provided twenty-five ladies can be found who will sign this pledge."

Within two days the pledge had twenty-two names appended, and, no doubt, by this time, the full number required is obtained. But the ladies, pleased with their success, do not purpose to stop at the twenty-five names. They desire to see how many women there are throughout the country who are willing to go with them in this very mild crusade against fashion, a crusade which involves no startling change of dress, but which will allow a lady to walk the streets unnoticed save by those who may remark her good sense in refusing to be a scavenger. They therefore make the request that all women throughout the country who are willing to take this slight step toward dress reform, will send their names to Mrs. E. E. Duffey, Vineland, New Jersey, and they shall be recorded in a book which shall bear the title "The Sensible Women of America;" and, in time, if the facts justify, a report shall be made of the number of names recorded.

Pat and the Lawyer.

An Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay back upon a certain time. But month after month passed away and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him:

"Has your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him the fifty dollars?"

"Devil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you haven't the money, you can take your own time; at all events he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fat for?" asked Tom in astonishment.

"You owe me two dollars."

"Fat for?"

"Why, for my advice to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At length a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any paper to show that I owe yees two dollars?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why no, of course not, but what does that signify?"

"Thin I'll be after takin' your own advice, an' pay nather you nor my neighbor!" saying which he left the office and its accupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

SETTING OUT CURRANT BEDS.—In reply to a corresondent who inquires where he shall set out a currant bed, and the distances, &c., we answer that we prefer a rather shady location where the bushes can get the sun an hour or two a day. In such a situation we have had our own bed for more twenty-five years, and not in a single year have we failed in securing a full crop. Some of the stems of the bushes are now as thick as a man's wrist. We have no less than four varieties and they have all done equally well. The rows should be four feet apart, and the bushes three feet apart in the rows. Where rooted bushes are not to be obtained, cuttings of last year's growth can be used. They grow easily and often produce fruit the second year. Take cuttings eight to ten inches in length, and plant them at least five inches firmly in the ground in which you want them to grow, pressing the soil around them with the foot, and this is all there is to do, except when you wish for a single stem to your bush, then you must cut out all the eyes on the cutting that goes beneath the surface.

A number of highly respectable and strictly moral young gentleman of St. Louis have organized an association whose object is to furnish young ladies who have no regular beau or escort to church, concerts, lectures and places of amusement. All members have to undergo a rigid examination as to character, &c., before they are admitted, and they obligate themselves to obey all the orders of the Executive Committee. Any lady wishing an escort has only to apply to the President of the society, naming the evening, and a young man is detailed for the purpose. As soon as a young man becomes engaged he must withdraw from the organization.

He that swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

Wit and Humor.

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, no toes, or claws? A yard measure.

Why ought superstitious people to be necessarily temperate? Because they are afraid of spirits.

You can take it to be a fact that butter is old when a gray hair is to be found in it.

A "mysterious" trunk arrived in St. Louis last week. The detectives seized it, and found in it a half dozen Limberger cheeses. No arrests.

It took two persons to marry a Maryland couple a short time since—a justice of the peace and his wife. He performed the ceremony—while she held the baby.

A Brooklyn sewing society fines any member who talks scandal, $1.00 for each offence; only the wealthy are able to attend.

Milwaukee thought she had a case wherein a young girl died of a broken heart, but it turned out that her corset strings were too tight, and one stroke of a jack-knife revived her.

A man played dead with laudanum, etc., at his side, in order to test his wife's affections. She, to test his vitality, ran a cambric needle into his leg and brought him to.

A Minnesota Granger protests that if dancing is to be allowed in Granges after business, it will kill the order in one year. He calls dancing the flowery entrance gate to hell.

A Norristown youth sent his girl a lot of grapes, one afternoon lately; and the next day a fellow met him on the street and said: Those grapes were jolly good last night; send some up every Wednesday evening; that's my night you know."

An old chap, whose wife is as ugly as sin, was recently reading an elopement case which seemed to affect him. Said he: "I should be tempted to shoot a man if he was after my wife." "Well," said a hearer, "a man ought to be shot if he ran off with your wife." Verdict for the hearer.

An old bachelor says that he has known ladies in whom the instinct of decoration was so strong that if they were told they must be hanged in the presence of twenty-thousand persons tomorrow, their first thought would be: "Oh, dear! and I haven't a dress fit to be hanged in!"

A Nebraska Journal invitingly says: "Who says farmers cannot get rich in this State? Fifteen years ago a young man came to this State without a dollar in the world. Last week he went out of the State, carrying with him the sum of one dollar and thirty-eight cents, the savings of fifteen years of frugal life. Come West, young man, come West."

A good wife is like a snail. Why? Because she keeps in her own house. A good wife is not like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her all on her back. A good wife is like a clock. Why? Because she keeps good time. A good wife is not like a town clock Why? Because she does not speak so loud that all the town can hear her.

A modest young husband sent the following message over the wires to friends the other day: "See ninth chapter of Isaiah, sixth verse. The dusty old Bible was hauled down in an instant, and the above chapter and verse were hunted out and found to explain all. The verse reads, "For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

John was thought to be very stupid; he was sent to the mill one day, and the miller said, "John, some people say you are a fool; now tell me what you do know, and what you don't know."

"Well," replied John, "I know millers hogs are fat."

"Yes, that is well, John; now what don't you know?"

"I don't know whose corn fattens them."

AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION.—A highly respectable gentleman, rejoicing in the sounding name of George Edward Fitz-Augustus, visiting the Washington Market, a few days since, thus delivered himself to a fat countryman, whose stock of vegetables he had been busily investigating;—

"Are these good taters?"

"Yes, sir!" responded the countryman.

"A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inevitably bad unless it is invariably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of a tater. The exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while the interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends the article ob your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, I, widout any furder circumlocutions, takes a bushel ob dat superior wegetable!"

An exchange says that at a revival in Jamestown a short time ago, one of the brethern got the "power and made a very impressive prayer; a part of which was the following: "O, Lord, I feel like giving every poor man in this place a barrel of flour, and a barrel of pork, a barrel of salt, and a barrel of pepper—oh, but that's too much pepper!"