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Select Poetry.



THE MONEYLESS MAN.

[This beautiful poem was composed years ago by Henry Stanton, of Maysville, Kentucky. Such gems of poetry are often met with, written by authors whose names are never known in history.]

Is there no place on the face of the earth Where charity dwelleth, whose virtue has birth?

Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,

And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive? Is there no place on earth where a knock

from the poor Will bring a kind angel to open the door? Ah! search the wide world wherever you

There is no open door for the moneyless man!

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier

Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night: Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy

fold, Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold.

And the mirrors of silver take up and re-

In long lighted vistas the 'wildering view Go there in your patches, and find if you A welcoming smile for the moneyless man!

Go, look in you church of the cloud-reach-

ing spire, Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire:

Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within, And the walls seem as pure as a soul with-

out sin; Go down the long aisle—see the rich and

the great, In the pomp and pride of their worldly es-

tate: Walk down in your patches and find if you

Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

etly down;

on the strong,

To render a verdict they've already made: Go there in the court room, and find if you

Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has

told His hundreds and thousands of silver and

gold; Where, safe from the hands of the starving

and poor, Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore; Walk up to the counter-ah, there you may

stay Till your limbs grow old and your hairs

turn grav-And you'll find at the bank not one of the

. clan With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel-no raven has fed The wife who has suffered so long for her

bread-Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death

From the lips of the angel your poverty lost-

Then turn in your agony upward to God And bless while it smites you the chasten-

ing rod, And you'll find at the end of your life's lit-

tle span There's a welcome above for the moneyless

Miscellancous Reading.

KITTY'S FORTY. BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

the story you want.

twenty acres.

There were perhaps twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at long of his own house. But endeavoring the time my story begins and ends, for it to keep the direction of the path he heard

ed that piece of land, and the quarrel had went cautiously forward. gone so high between them that the neighbors expected them to "shoot at sight."—

He did not rem

when the fight was postponed by the un-

expected arrival of Jones' wife and child. Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the luxury of fighting his old partner, in his exertions to make wife and baby comfortable for the night. For the winter sun was surrounded by "sun-fogs." Instead of one sun. there were four, an occurrence not uncommon in this latitude, but one which always bodes a terrible storm.

and child, Jones was modified a little, and asked her what her name was. half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was determined not to back down, and he would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked whistfully at Kitty, his two years' old child, and dreaded that she should be left fatherless. Nevertheless, he wouldn't be backed down. He would shoot or be shot.

While father was busy cutting wood, believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly unand the mother was busy otherwise, little der blankets and bufialo-robes, would Kitty managed to get the shanty door o- freeze if he should let the fire subside in pen. There was no latch as yet, and her the least. prying little fingers easily swung it back.

and explore it. She pushed out through the door, caught | con and coffee. her breath again, and started away down stalks of the wild sunflower.

from restraint and paddle out into the and with much difficulty reached the world alone! So out into the world she nearest neighbor's house, suffering only went, rejoicing in her liberty, with blue a frost-bite on his nose by the way. sky above and the rusty prairie beneath. "That child," said the woman to world! What did she care if her nose yesterday." was blue with cold, and her chubby hands red as beets. Now and then she paused to turn her head away from a rude blast, a forerunner of the storm; but having gasped a moment she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great un-

The mother missed her, and supposed per out with him.

Jones, poor fellow, sure that the darling was safe within, chopped away until there was nothing left but retreat, he had Where he frowns on the weak and smiles seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make sure of And punishes right while he justifies wrong; having enough to keep his wife and Kit- do than to scream. ty from freezing in the coming awfulness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow blinded world,

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people where fro-zen to death, and Jones had fled none too

When once the wood was stacked by the stove. Jones looked around for Kitty. He had not more than inquired for her, you.' when her father and mother each read in the other's face the fact that she was lost

in the wild, dashing storm of snow.
So fast did the snow fall and so dark was the night, that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path, which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in

snow-drifts, and he soon lost himself. He stumbled through the drifts calling out to Kitty in distress, not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing, wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and having rapped at the door, he found himself face to face with

his wife. He had returned to his own house in

bewilderment. When we remember that Jones had not treme exhaustion.

wayfarer did on that fatal night!

must have perished there, within a furthe time my story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The partners had disagreed, quarreled a smothered cry, and then saw something rise up covered with snow, and fall down and divided their interests. The land was again. He raised his gun to shoot it when for burns, scalds, flesh wounds, old sores, all shared between them except one valu- the creature uttered another wailing cry piles, &c. To make small quantities the able forty acre piece. Each of them claim- so human that he put down his gun and same proportion as above is required.

on the forty acre piece, determined to ton. But he did not stop to ask questions. shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had He must, without delay, get himself and sworn to go out there and shoot Burton, child, too, to a place of safety, or both

would soon be frozen.
So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek and muttered: "Papa!"-And Burton held her closer and fought

the snow more courageously than ever. He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo-robe while he made fire. Then when he got the room warm he took the little thing upon his knee, dip-In his endeavors to care for his wife ed her aching fingers in cold water, and

"Kitty," said she. "Kitty," he said; and what else?
"Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.

"Whose Kitty are you?" "Your Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he. Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his potent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had to do with children, he firmly

As the storm prevailed with unabated A gust of cold air almost took away her fury the next day, and as he dared neithbreath, but she caught sight of the brown | er to take Kitty nor to leave her alone, he grass without, and the new world seemed stayed by her all day and stuffed the stove so big that the little feet were fain to try with wood, and laughed at her droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit and fried ba

On the morning of the second day the a path bordered by scre-grass and dead storm had subsided. It was 40 deg. cold, but knowing sombody must be mourning How often she had longed to escape Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins,

"That child," said the woman to whose She would find out where the path went house he had come, "Is Jones." I seed to, and what there was at the end of the em take her outen the wagon day before

> Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity. Then he rolled her up again and started out, "traveling like mad," the

woman said she watched him. When he reached Jones', he found Jones' and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. The were both sick from grief, and unable to move out of the that Jones, who could not get enough of house. Kitty they had given up for the child's society, had taken the little buried alive under some snow-mound.-They would find her when Spring should come and melt the snow off.

When the exhausted Burton came in Go look to your judge in dark flowing gown,

With the scales wherein law weigheth qui
Note the storm came upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by snow and last frozen with cold, in the house. When opened it and let out the little Kitty, and

"Here Jones, is this your kitten?" Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better to

tner by the hand and said, "Burton, old fellow!" and then choked up and sat down, and cried helplessly.

And Burton said, "Jones ole fellow

come mighty nigh makin' me the murderer of that little Kitty's father." "No! you shall take it yourself," cried

Jones. "If I have to go to law to make And Jones actually deeded his interest

in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

That is why this part of Newton is call-

ed to-day Kitty's Forty .- Youth's Compan-

Beauty.

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature when he hears so many new tones, all musical—sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expression of face. He perceives that nature has laid for each the foundation of a new building, if man will but build thereon. There is no face, no form, which one cannot in fanslept for two nights preceding this one, cy associate with great power of intellect on account of his mortal quarrel with or with generosity of soul. In our expe-Burton, and he had now been beating a riences, to be sure, beauty is not as it gainst an arctic hurricane, and tramping ought to be, the power of man and woman through treacherous billows of snow for as invariable as sensation. Beauty is, ean hour, we cannot wonder that he fell oven in the beautiful, occasional; or as ver his own threshold in a state of ex- one has said, culminating and perfect only a single moment, before which it is Happy for him that he did not fall be- unripe and after which it is on the wane. wildered on the prairie, as many a poor But beauty is never quite absent from our eyes. Every face, every figure, suggests As it was, his wife must needs give up its own right and sound estate. Our the vain little searches she had been mak. friends are not their own highest form .ing in the neighborhood of the shanty. But let the hearts they have agitated wit-It doesn't do men any good to live a- There was now a sick husband, with floz- ness what power has lurked in the train part from women and children. I never en hands and feet and face, to care for. of their structures of clay that pass and knew a boy's school in which there was Every minute the thermometer fell lower repass us. The secret power of form over not a tendency to rowdyism. And lum- and lower, and all the heat the little cook the imagination and affections transcends ber-men, sailors, fishermen, and all other men that live only with men, are proverbially a half-bear sort of people. Fron-Burton had stayed on that forty acre tiersmen soften down when women and lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot and that no law of line or surface can evchildren come-but I forget myself, it is his old partner Jones. He had not heard er account for the inexhaustible expresof the arrival of Jones' wife, and so he siveness of form. We see heads that turn Burton and Jones live in a shanty by concluded that his enemy had proved a on the pivot of the spine, no more; and themselves. Jones was a married man, coward and had left him in possession, or we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot themselves. Jones was a married man, coward and had left rim in possession, or but finding it hard to support his wife in else that he meant to play upon him some as deep as the axle of the world, so low, and lazily, and great they move. We see a down East village, he had emigrated to treacherous trick on his way home.

North Minnesota, leaving his wife under So Burton resolved to keep a sharp on the lip of our companion the presence her father's roof, until he should be able lookout. But he soon found that impos- or absence of the great masters of thought to "make a start." He and Burton had sible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the ted a town site" of three hundred and path, but he could not find it. Had he been less of a frontiersman he great strides.—R. W. Emerson.

GOLDEN SALVE RECEIPTS.—Two quarts

He did not remember that there was Andes, in South America, runs several In fact it was understood that Burton was such a child among all the settlers of New- miles above the clouds.

WHY IS IT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON. Why is it that the friends we love · On death's dark pinions fly, And hopes we cherished in our youth, Do wither, droop and die? Why is it that each joy of life, Is but a passing breath; A bubble that but vanishes

Why is it that the lovely rose. That blooms in fragrance sweet, Is scattered by adverse winds Aud crushed beneath our feet?

Unto the sea of death?

And its perfume we once exhaled From midst its crimson leaves, Has disappeared—and on its stalk His web the spider weaves.

Why melts the winter's driven snow Before a summer's sun, Why are the dew drops quaffed away Ere morning has begun?

Why burst life's bubbles, which so bright Sail through the vapory air? Why do the summer flowers die, However bright and fair?

Why is it thus?—the blooming rose, And all life's magic spells. The dow drops bright—the bubbles frail The reason to us tells;

For all on earth, man-woman-child-Rose-dew drop-snow flakes-all Were framed for Time, and at his beck So each must droop and fall.

Hoarhound. A perennial; 2½ feet; stools somewhat Sow seeds in early spring thinly; a few stools will furnish a supply after the first or second season; used for flavoring expectorant candies; good in colds and coughs as a decoction made with thoroughwort or boneset and fennel seeds. Gatherwhen in bloom and dry in shade; when

dry, put up in paper bags or boxes.
Dill.—Annual, 2½ feet. Succeeds best when self-sown on same ground often.-Sow seeds thinly in drills one foot apart and thin to 12 inches. Seeds used for confections, cakes, etc. Gather when fully

matured in size and beginning to turn. LAYENDER.—A hardy, low growing sown as early as the ground can be well worked in the spring, making the seedbed soil light and smooth; cover the seed but lightly, and sow in six-inch drills; transplant when seedlings are three or four inches high, one foot apart, in twofoot rows. Slips are set in early spring, two-thirds their length in the soil, at distances In seven days a dove was sent same as seedlings plants. Roots may be

divided and reset in either spring or fall. SAGE.—The common green sage of our gardens is a hardy perennial, shrubby, lowgrowing plant, propagated from seeds on rich, mellow loam beds or ground early in ney by Laban. plants may be either reset or saved and dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts dried for use. Gathering. Cut the green and seven cars of blasted corn. shoots and leaves before the flowering shoots are developed, or if these last are cut out soon after their first appearance, days, and remained seven days in their the leaves are largely increased on the tents. plants; dry the gathered leaves, etc., in a Every seven days the land rested, and dry, airy loft of some building, or in the on every seventh year the law was read open attic of the house. A bed once start- to the people. ed and well cared for annually will serve for quite a number of years. Its uses are well known to all experienced house-keepers. Half a dozen roots will give a sup-

ply for the average of farmers' families. THYME.—T. vulgaris is the variety for garden culture, a hardy perennial plant, temple, and fasted seven days at its dediof shrubby growth; a most agreeable herb | cation. and condiment for soups, for stuffings and for sauces. Sow seeds in April or May, in shallow drills 12 inches, apart, and thin to two or four inches. Roots may be divided and reset in April. Make as many parts as the roots and tops will admit of. Cut and dry the leaves and shoots, in August or September, same as directed for sage; when dry, the leaves may be stripped off and pressed in tight paper or tin boxes. Thus preserved, they will preserve their strenght and flavoring princi-

ple very much longer than if left to hang SAVORY, known commonly as summer savory, annual, grows twelve to fifteen inches high; leaves opposite; branches in pairs; flowers flesh-colored, growing from the base of the leaves near the upper portion of the plant; seeds small, retaining germinative properties two years. Sow seeds in May, in light mellow soil, in shallow drills, sixteen inches apart, and thin the plants to six inches in the drills; gather by cutting the plants by the ground when airy, shady place. Its uses for flavoring, etc., are too well known to need mentioning here. If the dried leaves are pulver-

their aroma for a long time.

All garden or other herbs should be dried in the shade—best in the airy loft of some building where the sun will not shine on them, and they will not be mo-

FROSTED FEET REMEDY.-It is recommended to paint the feet a few nights with tincture iodine. Another remedy, said to be sure, is: Take mutton suct and resin, equal parts; stew together and anoint the feet before going to bed.

are the flowers of heaven. All laws are but as waste paper, unless sustained by the sentiment of the people.

Slaughtering Cattle in Texas. In former times they killed cattle in high. A plank is placed across the top of the pen. On this plank over the cat-tle, stands the killer. In his hands is a piece of gas pipe an inch in diameter, about eight feet long. In one end of this hollow iron or pipe is fixed something that looks like a dull chisel or screw-driver blade, about two inches wide and three or four inches long. The man on the plank strikes down with this heavy jabbing arrangement, hitting the animal in the "curl" or where the spine connects

with-the-head. At one blow the spinal vertebrae is broken and the animal drops dead. Very seldom does the striker miss. One blow and he kills as he goes along from pen to

box is lifted. A chain is thrown over the horns of the animal which is by steam power drawn out as the shaft revolves and

entrails fall out, the meat is rinsed with ers, sisters, where are they?' water from a hose, and there hangs the beef, clean and dressed in from two to three minutes from the time the blow was

struck in the killing box.

When the meat has cooled a little, the carcass is taken down, placed on marble tables and cut up with marvelous dexterity. It is hurried away to a cooking room where it is roasted by steam, put up in air tight cans and made ready for a grow-

ing market for it in all parts of the world.
The hides are salted and dried. The horns are preserved and sold. The bones herb very fragrant, most largely used for are used for various purposes, and before distilling, obtaining the oil; and as lay- the Texas steer could think out his pediendar water, often used in medicine; the gree, he is turned into money, even to his herb sometimes used as a pot herb. It is tail, the hair on which is sold and curled propagated from seeds, slips or cuttings, by steam to be used for stuffing the sofa and by division of roots. Seeds may be cushions on which sits some person as he reads this article.

> Number Seven in the Bible. On the seventh day God ended his

On the seventh month Noah's ark

Abraham plead seven times for Sodom. Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph Jacob served seven years for Rachael And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven days' jourspring; thin or transplant in June to 12 | A plenty of seven years and a famine inches, in 18 inch rows; if thinned, the of seven years was foretold in Pharoah's

On the seventh day of the seventh month, the children of Israel rested seven

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days;

seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell. Solomon was seven years building the

on the seventh they surrounded the walls

In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candle-stick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Joab's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bulocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven

THE SEWING MACHINE AGENT.—The nost tenacious flea upon the bare back of not know;-That the small, round eggs the body politic is the sewing machine agent. There is no shaking him off. No specific has ever been invented that has proved effectual in eradicating him from society. You may chain him under a piledriver; throw a load of stone on the top of him; fire him out of 24-inch columbiad lock him up in a powder magazine and blow up the institution with a fuse; drop him out of a balloon; consign him to they begin to show flowers, and dry in an Oshkosh; compel him to subsist on boarding-house hash and fish balls; administer to him a barrel of flea-bane a month, or poison him, but it's no use; you can't kill ized and put in junk bottles corked tight, him. He never was born to die; for, no or in sealed tin cans, they will preserve matter what treatment you subject him to, he invariably turns up in front of your door, with his horse tied to the hitching post, and a machine on the stoop, and before you have any settled opinion as to whether you are yourself or somebody else, lested by insects, mice, dust, etc. W. H. he has dragged that machine into your WHITE, in Country Gentleman. sittingroom, worked up the "old lady" into the belief that she is totally incapable of surviving another day without this greatest of all labor-saving, health-preserving, back-action, selfoiling, nonexplosive, noiseless-running, patent spool-pin, selfadjusting, lock stitching, love-promoting and indispensable household utensil—a sewing machine. Flowers are the stars of earth-stars

The worst men often give the hest ad-

The Cricket in the Wall.

Hark! 'Tis the small voice of the cric-Texas for their hides and tallow. But ket in the crevices of the wall. How they do not waste beef in this way now. cheerful is his low song. What is the The animals to be killed are driven into subject of his lay? Is he chanting melopens, a row of which are at one end of a dy in the ear of his lady love, or is he long building in which is a steam engine pouring out his soul in an evening hymn? and machinery. Four animals are driv- Is he singing the praise of some mighty en into a pen into which they are crowded insect warrior, or lauding the name of one heads all one way, toward a revolving who has gathered wisdom beyond that of shaft about which is a chain. These pens fellows? Have insects their heroes, their are built of solid planks, about eight feet | tyrants, their poets, and their orators?-Who can tell?

But why is it that all living things have glad voices given them? Why is it, that when the sun has gone down and the hum of business is still—when a man has withdrawn from the cares and bustle of the day, and the winds retired to their caves, that the voice of the insect tribes, low and solemn, comes abroad upon the air?-Why does not silence come down with the curtain of night, and brood with the darkness over us? It is that we may not forget the great teachings of nature. The heavens may be darkened by clouds, the cow's tail? Because it was never seen stars may not look out to remind us, the before. face of the moon may be veiled, and the sound of the winds hushed, but the voice of the insect world tells us the works of Soon as the four animals are killed, the God. We remember the cricket that like going against the grain to be cradling door or gate in front of the pen or killing chirped in the corner when we sat by our wheat at this time of year. father's fireside. His voice was cheerful, and it was a pleasant thing to listen to his power drawn out as the shaft revolves and happy song. Father, mother, brothers, the chain is wound up. The throat is then sisters, were beside us then, and we talked cut, the skin ripped and started, then of the little warbler as a thing we all lovpealed off by the same machinery. ed. But the corner and the cricket and the carcass is then hoisted as the chair the home of our childhood are all gone ed. But the corner and the cricket and holds on to the skin, till the meat is pull- swept by time into the returnless abyss ed up and out of it. Then comes a man of the past. Those who listened with us with a knife who opens the body. The where are they? Father, mother, broth-

tain and wave,
And some are in the cold silent womb of the
grave." "They are scattered and parted by moun

Compulsory Education.

If it is true, as recently stated on good authority, that ten-elevenths of the Eriminals in this country are illiterates, is it not time that the question of compulsory education should be agitated?

Ask yourself this simple question: 'What would my character now be if I had never learned to read? What would it be if I had been deprived of the counsels, the ideals, the aspirations and hopes that have dropped into my mind from the books and papers and bible I have read? What would my character be, if, besides lacking these, I had been born and reared among the ignorant and vicious?" Is not education one of man's rights? Is not good government bound to protect him in this right as much as it is in any other?

In the three states, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, one-tenth of the illiterates are paupers, while only one three hundredth of eling snow, from which he caught a bad those who can read and write are so. Can such facts as this, as stated above, mean ver settled Jim's mundane affairs and otherwise than that education is one of local paper says, most affectingly, in his the essential conditions to both morality obituary, "He won't shovel any more and thrift? Morality and thrift never grow in any soil but that of education.— They are never possessed by man or wosome means or other, from the feebleness of its childhood. There can be neither virtue nor economy without thought; and there can be no thought without something to feed it and exercise it.

Throw aside every philanthropic consideration and still may you not reasonably demand that, if your property is taxed to educate the children of him who has not property, his children shall actually receive the education, and enough of it to give them a fair chance of being citizens whom you shall not again be taxed to support and from whose crimes you shall not to her, "I have been trying to get you for be endangered.—Christian Union.

SEX IN EGGS .- A writer in the Rural

ence have sufficiently demonstrated that trying to do the same thing for the last everything that bears must possess both the male and the female qualifications; but perhaps it is not generally known that such is the case with eggs. I have tlemen, do not get into the habit of betfound by experience that it is, and by the following rules. I raise as many pullets among my chickens as I wish to, while some of my neighbors complain that their Have nothing to do, young gentlemen chicks are nearly all roosters and they with a bet of any kind." cannot see why there should be a differance. I will tell here what I have told them and for the benefit of those who do are female eggs and the long slender ones are male. This rule holds good among in Greek. all kinds of birds. So if you wish to raise pullets set the small, round eggs: and if you wish to raise roosters, set the long, abled to raise whichever sex you wish to.

CURIOUS MATTERS .-- If a tallow can-A musket ball may be fired thro' a pain of glass, making the hole the size of a ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. In the arctic regions, when the pardon me. but this not the right flea." thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a still day has two qualities independent of its efficaacross water a mile wide.

The inspiring sunshine of the season has touched the heart of an Indianapolis girl, ring is round the dish, is square, and we'll be married the next State fair. The bell

Wit and Anmor.

What is that which has eyes yet never sees?—A potato.

Why is a coachman like the clouds?-Because he holds the reins.

A "heavy weight"-For a woman to "wait" until she is thirty-six, and not get married after all.

What trees are those which, when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they

The Congregationalist explains what it means by "lightning bug piety" bright while it lasts, but cold and soon out.

Mark Twain believes in the Women's Movement if it is soufined to the wash-Why is a chicken just hatched like a

Mrs. Wheat, of Alabama, had three little Wheats a few days ago. It looks

When a devoted wife holds her husband out at arm's length by his sore ear, and says she wouldn't crush a worm, he realizes, all at once, how tearfully and wonderfully women are made.

ANYTHING you see, hear, or fancy; all persons, places and things; and whatever has happened since the foundation of the world, can all be expressed by a liquid in general use. What is it? Ink.

A COXCOMB, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in the head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it." There are young men in Wayneshoro', who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their

mothers without wincing, but will hold

125 pounds of a neighboring family for

the best part of a night, with a patience and docility that are certainly phenome-"Hi! where did yez get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to have a remarkably short pair of trousers on. "I got them where they graw." was the indignant reply. Then by my conscience, said Paldy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

The epitaphs of Dakota papers are most pathetic. Jim Barret had been shovcold, which turned into a fever. The fesnow in the country he has gone to."

Ben Zine asked O'Shea, "How is it man whose mind has not been led out, by that the most reliable account of the Deluge makes no mention of Irishmen have ing been taken into the ark?"
"Divil the one was there," said O'Shea.

"How, then, was the race perpetuated?" queried Ben. "Faith," said O'Shea, "in those days the Irish were wealthy, and had a boat

A voung telegraph operator in Hartford, after repeated calls for a young lady operator in another office, at last got a esponse, and then he telegraphed back the last half hour! In a moment the following spicy reply came tripping over the wires from the telegraphic maiden: That's, New Yorker, say that science and experi- nothing. There is a young man here been two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

> THE DEAR OID "BET."-"Young genting," said a professor to his class. "No kind of bet is excusable—in fact, every bet is a sin as well as a mark of vulgarity.

> "That, I suppose, puts a finisher upon our dear old friend the alpha-bet," exclaimed one of the students. The professor smiled blandly upon the

> young man, and gave him fifty extra lines A performance of educated fleas are at

the present time attracting much attenslender ones; in this way you will be en- tion in Berlin. At a recent exhibition, one of the most accomplished of the insects, obeying a sudden impulse of its nature, sprung from the table and took refuge on the person of an illustrious lady. The exdle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, the person of an illustrious lady. The ex-it will go through without sustaining an hibitor was in despair, as the truent was injury; and if a musket ball be fired in- his best performer, and said he would be to water, it will not only rebound, but be ruined unless it could be recovered. The flattened as if fired against a substance. lady good-naturedly, retirred to another A musket ball may be fired thro' a pain room, and, after a few minutes' absence, returned with the flea between her forefinger. The exhibitor took it cagerly, gave suspended by a thread, it will make no one look at it, and then with visible embarrassment, said, "Your highness will

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—The following receipt for the cure of quinsy, was handed to us by a friend residing in this place. The remedy is a simple one, and cy, viz: cheapness and harmlessness. Our friend informed us it was recommended to him to be used in a case of quinsy in his family recently, and upon its use, the who concludes a love-letter thus: "The cure immediately followed:-Take the nest of a harn sawllow; heat or roast it as you would brown coffee; then put it in a shall ring, the drum shall play, and we'll cloth and place it on the outside of the go dancing all the way. Answer soon. - place effected, and leave it on till cold, and the cure is evident. Hanover Chizen.