

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, MAY 14, 1874.

NUMBER 48.

Select Poetry.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts in mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes,
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back to our lost gain;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly father sends him here:

There's quiet in that angel glance,
There's rest in his still countenance,
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourners ear.
But, ill and woes he may not cure,
He kindly teaches to endure—

Angel of patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm
To lay with rest the storms of fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own; our Father's will.

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way
With longings for the close of day
He walks with thee, the angel kind,
And gently whispers "be resigned."
Bear up, bear on, the end will tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.

HUMAN LIFE.

After a while, a busy brain
Will rest from all its toil and pain.

After a while, Earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while, a vanished face,
An empty seat, a vacant place.

After a while, a man forgot,
A crumbling headstone, an unknown spot.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ERIC AND ALMA.

The waterfall of Sarp rushes over the steep cliffs and plunges into the depths below, proclaiming in tones of thunder, its might and majesty, and challenging the admiration of the world.

Many years ago there dwelt, on either side of the falls, a youth and maiden; both were fair and of noble birth; each was an only child, and both were the idols of their parents.

The falls was not the only barrier which divided them; a bitter feud had existed between their families for generations, and although the times was now passed for their hatred to break forth in open hostility, the fire smoldered in their breasts, and was continually fanned by pride and jealousy. Both were wealthy and powerful, and each emulous of the other.

The youth and the maiden partook of the emity of their respective families, but in a milder degree, for each had a lingering memory of having in early childhood, played on the banks of the Sarp Falls, gazing at each other across the waters, throwing shells and flowers into the stream and mingling their laughter as they saw them disappear in the white foam.

Fate seemed to have decreed that they should never meet, for years rolled on, and they were as far apart as ever.

The name of the youth was Eric. He was tall and strong; his hair was light and his eyes were blue; he was brave and hardy, and a worthy descendant of a bold Viking. His nature was noble, and he gave with a generous hand to the poor. He was beloved by all who knew him.

The name of the maiden was Alma. She, too, was greatly beloved. She was merry and bright, and her eyes and hair were as black as the cliffs, which often echoed with her laughter. Her presence shed a brightness through the gloomy halls of her fathers, and many guests gazed there attracted by her charms.

Her admirers were countless, but she had no lover, for among her train of suitors, although some were of high rank and others of vast estates, no one could awaken a response in her heart.

The fame of her wit and beauty reached the ear of Eric, and he conceived an ardent desire to meet her and, notwithstanding the dislike with which he regarded her family, and the danger to which his heart would be exposed, he determined to carry out his wish.

Eric waited long and patiently for a favorable opportunity, but as none presented itself, he was about to resort to some incautious means, when he was asked to attend a wedding to which most of the honorable families of the neighborhood were invited.

He went with the hope of meeting Alma, and was not disappointed in seeing her. But alas! the first glance of her black eyes was nearly fatal.

The proud youth, who had hitherto been almost insensible to female charms, was suddenly enthralled. He did not take part in the festivities, but stood watching the gay scene, vainly endeavoring to preserve a haughty, unconcerned air, lest his agitation should be perceived, as he was the object of much attention.

But his cheeks would flush, and his lips tremble, when his eyes met those of Alma, who seemed likewise affected, for the attraction was mutual. All that evening they were in each other's presence, but neither approached the other, and yet their eyes told volumes. The image of one was engraven on the hearts of the other, never to be erased.

The marriage festival ended, and Eric and Alma returned to their homes with heart and brain in commotion. Time passed, but it had no power to stifle the tender sentiment which had so suddenly sprung up in their hearts.

One day, while Eric wandered in the forest not far from the home of Alma, his ear was arrested by the strains of a merry song. There was something in the tone of the voice that fascinated him, and he paused to listen.

"O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
My brave lover comes to me.
I will sing a jubilee,
For my sweetheart I shall see.
Tra la la! Tra la la!

Eric did not wait for her more, but rushed eagerly forward, and the sight of her whom he sought soon met his gaze. But, ah, how lovely! Perched upon a rock, like a bird, she sat strewn leaves and flowers on the ground at her feet, and making the woods ring with her sweet voice.

He had seen her at a large assemblage, dressed in stately robes, and carrying herself with the dignity of a high-born lady. What a contrast was here! In his imagination she now resembled a graceful wood-nymph, and his eyes beamed with admiration.

No sooner did she become aware of his presence than her song abruptly ceased, and her cheeks crimsoned with confusion. She hastily arose and descended the rock. With great embarrassment she tended his assistance. When she had reached the ground, he detained her hand and asked, hesitatingly:

"Was that song meant for me?"
"Yes, though I did not dream you were so near."

They stood silent for a long while; she did not withdraw her hand, and he had no power to unclasp it. All at once she raised her eyes to his and asked in a solemn voice:

"Do you know who I am?"
"Yes, you are the daughter of my father's enemy."

"And you are the son of my father's enemy?"
"But Alma and I are not at enmity!"
"No, Eric."

"Then why cannot our friendship stretch over the breach which has divided our families for so long a time? The moment I set foot upon your father's domain to day, I vowed that all ill-will toward your house should be forever extinct in my bosom."

"My father has done your father no wrong, and if our ancestors have injured one another, they have no doubt settled their accounts in another world. I, too, have vowed to harbor no ill-will toward your family."

"Then, darling, let us seal our vows with a kiss."

They did so, and from that instant a new world opened before them. Hours passed, but they were unconscious of the flight of time until evening began to darken the earth, when with many sweet farewells, they parted, though not forever, for they had promised to meet on the same spot before many days.

Months passed, and they continued to meet in the woods. Their love was secret to all save themselves, and they guarded it with care, else they would have been widely separated. These stolen intercourses were the most delicious moments of their lives, but like every other delightful period, it was destined to end.

The parents of Alma had chosen a husband for her—a wealthy noble—and the day appointed for her wedding was not far distant. Eric learned the fatal news, and was attacked with a dangerous fever. In delirium he confessed his love for Alma, and declared that he would wed her or die. The family was astonished at the intelligence.

Before his serious illness took place, they perceived a change in him, but they had never suspected the cause.

The father listened with terror to the passionate appeals of his son, and tried to persuade himself that they were merely the wanderings of a disordered intellect, and that on recovery he would disavow all that he said during his illness.

But he grew no better. The fever increased until his life was despaired of.

When Alma discovered that her lover was on the point of death, she became so distracted by grief that her parents were alarmed lest she should lose her reason.

Notwithstanding the danger of their children, the parents could not be prevailed upon to meet on friendly terms; their aversion appeared to be stronger than their parental love.

Eric did not die, and in proportion as he regained his health, Alma recovered her tranquility of mind. The youth, in time, acquainted his father with his love for his rival's daughter. The father enraged at the possibility of their uniting in wedlock, declared that if such an event should occur, he would disinherited him. Eric expected an angry outburst from his father, but confident of his influence over him, he hoped to induce him to yield at last to his wishes. But he was disappointed. His father remained inexorable.

Alma was equally unsuccessful in softening the hearts of her parents; they had chosen a bridegroom for her, and they were resolved she should abide by their choice.

Her wedding was nearing rapidly, and grand preparations were begun for the event. She was constantly under the vigilance of an attendant, and was in consequence prevented from seeing Eric, who had chosen a bridegroom for her, and they were resolved she should abide by their choice.

The day arrived. The guests assembled, and everything was in readiness for the occasion. All were arrayed in festive attire; all hearts were light and merry, and eager to partake of the marriage feast, and to drink of the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

But their joy and hilarity came to an abrupt pause. The bride was missing! Confusion prevailed. No one could tell her whereabouts, for no one had seen a

tiny, little boat sail quickly across the stream, and land near the window of her chamber, nor a youth alight, and call, in a low voice, the name of Alma; no one had seen the bird appear and spring joyfully into his arms.

When they did behold her she was clasped in the last embrace of her lover, sailing down the stream toward the falls, onward to a certain death! Not all the prayers and cries of their repentant parents could save them; they vanished in the foam, and the gloomy rocks around echoed the mournful words, "Too late! too late!"

Change.

A world of change is this. Nothing is stable, nothing permanent here. Nature is always changing—never at rest, never one thing long. Perpetual motion is the great law of the universe. A ceaseless activity governs everywhere. In this active change of principle brings, in its several turns, spring in its freshness and beauty; summer with its golden grain and ripened harvest; autumn with its sighing winds and falling leaves; and winter with its chilling blasts and bleaching snows. All in the natural world is change. No object, however strong and enduring, but that yields to the corroding touch and influence of time.

"Out upon time! it will leave no more of the things to come than the things before."

Out upon time! who forever will leave But enough of the past for the future to grieve.

O'er that which hath been; or o'er that which must be;

What we have seen our souls shall see— Remnants of things that have passed away; Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."

As in nature, so in the realm of mortals, all is change. Here, too, life is ever varying, shifting ever. In a perfectly-natural life we have four stages or seasons of being—infancy, youth, maturity, and old age. Not long an infant, not long a youth, not long in maturity, not long an old man—in fine, nothing long. This is the unchanging law of man's ever-changing life. How like a dream is existence as we look back from the present upon life's varied changings and devious windings! How little does it seem that we have lived at all, so rapid, and yet so silent, have been the transitions of our being from one stage to another! Short, indeed, though long enough then, were the sunny, glad hours of childhood. And yet, how covetable now would be those hours, were it possible for us to go back to childhood and live them over again! But, alas! the innocence, simplicity, and sunniness of those days, which now seem only to have been a pleasant illusion, are gone.

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

A school-boy's tale—the wonder of an hour. Most impressively do we realize the change, the decay of all things earthly when we call up the scenes and associations of other days—the bright faces and genial hearts that cheered and gladdened us in other years, as we journeyed along life's sunny and shaded pathways. Where are they now? Some of them are still about our walks in life, but they are changed in heart as well as in face and form. They love us not perhaps, as they did in days of yore. Some—but their number is few—still cling to us in sympathy and affection. But, alas! most of the friends of other days are strangers to that warmth of heart and glow of soul which made many an hour bright and joyous in the past. Such is life in its mutations.

"Ah, me! what is there to earth's various range Which time and absence may not sadly change?"

But where are most of the friends of our youth? Alas, where? We seek them in vain in the world of men. Here they are not. Far away from the busy throng and active pursuits in which they once took part, even in the silent, voiceless realm of death, they sleep "the sleep that knows no waking." By the deep law of change and decay they have gone before us to the land of shadows and of death; and just so truly as they fell in obedience to the operation of this inexorable law, so certainly shall we. At the appointed time, marked down on the mysterious, fatal scroll of eternity, our change shall come! The reason which so faithfully types the changes and vicissitudes of human life—the season:

"Of waiving winds, and naked woods, And meadows brown and sear,"

is in its last ministry of monitions and warnings to thousands of sons and daughters of earth, and, for ought we know, gentle reader, its moaning zephyrs and its falling leaflets are preaching to us, for the last time, about our final change. "Ere long, at farthest, we shall keep company with our friends who have gone to the grave; ere long lie as low and sleep as quietly as they. When that predestined hour arrives—and may it be a long distance off in your life-pilgrimage, reader—may we find in the grave "a subterranean passage to the skies."

A citizen of Chicago tells us that he recently traveled "two thousand miles in Ohio," and that "everybody he met called him 'father.'" "Father," except one young lady who called him "pertater." This evidence of superior culture on the part of the young lady would seem to indicate that she had recently graduated from some first-class boarding school.

TRIMMING RASPBERRIES.—Cut out the canes which have borne fruit last year, and prune the new canes, or those of last year's growth, to about four feet high. In the spring, the canes should be trained to a stake, and not be allowed to bend over or hang down.

SPARE THE HORSE.

Oh, teamster spare the horse,
How hard he tries to go,
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.
Give him a helping hand,
Or ease the load I pray,
And he your kindness will
A thousand fold repay.

How patiently he toils
All through the heat and cold,
A faithful servant still,
Though weary, worn and old,
Poor, dumb, unconscious brute!
And yet he seems to know,
Cresting of the hand
That deals the cruel blow.

What an imploring look,
And what a knowing eye,
Aid yet the powerful
To utter e'en a cry.
See how he writhes and shakes,
While smarting with the pain
Oh, cruel driver, pause!
Don't strike the brute again.

Humanity, at last,
Brought to a sense of shame,
Will punish those who give
Unnecessary pain.
Oh, driver, spare the horse,
How hard he tries to go,
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.

[Written for the VILLAGE RECORD.]

ESCHEAT REAL ESTATE.

Along the years of 1700, 1710—20, the Catholics had lost much of the property in Germany which they held in possession in former times. The Catholics on the one hand, the Lutherans and the German Reformed on the other, after years of contention and strife, and passing through scenes of devastation and blood, had spent so much of their strength in trying to put one another into subjection, that they were ultimately satisfied to stop the fighting, just to establish some kind of peace.

Accordingly these three parties entered into a treaty, in which it was agreed that the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the German Reformed Churches be placed on equal grounds; and thus these three denominations, to a great extent became the established church of Germany. In so far as these three parties had secured protection under the government, but the dissenters, and especially the Mennonites and Baptists were still left under the weather.

Just at this point, it may not be out of place to notice, that in Europe the Mennonites, notwithstanding they baptize in their churches by pouring, are called Baptists. The dissenters sometimes fared quite well, until some kind of a disturbance would arise, then if they could not otherwise be subdued, their enemies would report them to the government as Pietists; and the probability was, that the laws would be enforced to their fullest extent. In some instances, horses and cattle would be driven away, their lands sold with orders to leave the country within a limited time. If persons proved in any way reprobate they were imprisoned. The rulers however, it seems, believed them selves to be extending some degree of toleration, and in the administration of the government, supposed themselves to be liberal. Laws were enacted as it would appear, that only a percentage of the confiscated property was taken for government purposes, and the balance restored to the owner.

At about this age of the world Pennsylvania was called the Quaker land, and the dissenters of Germany upon leaving their own country, mostly fled to the reputed land of religious liberty. About the year 1740 some Swiss settlers began to find out that there was good land in the southern portion of Franklin county, Pa. Lands were purchased from the government, log cabins erected, and homes fitted up in the wilderness. About the year 1760 quite a number of Swiss families had taken up lands, and settled in what is known as Quincy and Washington townships.

Among those early settlers was Peter Knepper, the tribe father of all the Kneppers of Quincy township, and others found in different parts of the country. Upon his death he wrote a letter of advice to his children, in which he speaks of the trials he endured in his native land; and how for the faith in which he believed he was imprisoned three years and nine months. Within the last year this letter of advice has been translated into the English language, and will be published if a sufficient amount of money can be raised to meet the expenses.

Among the early settlers also was found Johannes Snowerberger, who is the ancestor of all the Snowerbergers in Franklin county, Pa. and those scattered westward on to the State of Iowa, who emigrated the year 1760. At the time he left Switzerland his family consisted of his wife, four sons and two daughters, Julius, John, Anna, Maria, Joseph and Andrew. On reaching America, he had little or perhaps nothing but a sister named Catharine who came with the family, a single lady, had managed to save her money. With this money a tract of land now known as the Snowerberg farm was purchased from the government of Pennsylvania and called Snowerhill in the instrument of writing, made at the land office in Harrisburg. A log cabin was erected on the hill side a short distance south of the place where the buildings now stand, and became their

place of residence. It is thus found that the money paid for the grounds where Snowerhill stands, was furnished by Catharine Snowerberger, a single lady.

In the course of time, Julius came in possession of a farm near Hughes' forge, some 5 miles northeast of Waynesboro'. John was not an able bodied man and died single. Anna was married to Frederick Rohrer, of Maryland. Maria to Frederick Bell of the same State. Joseph died in his early years. Andrew became the possessor of the old estate, and Jacob, born in America, came in possession of lands bordering immediately on the north. Andrew Snowerberger had three sons and five daughters, Barbara Anna, Andrew, Maria, Susan, John, Jacob and Elizabeth.

About the year 1795 Peter Lehman of Somerset county, Pa., and who as tradition says, led the life of a hermit in the Alleghany mountains, paid a visit to the people of the Antietam; and it followed soon that he was strongly urged by a number of persons to become their pastor. "A certain very pious lady at some length of time before had a singular dream. She thought she was out in the open space, and looking around she saw in the distance a stranger walking, of rather singular appearance, with a very long coat on. Time passed on, and one day the very man she saw in the dream, came walking along, and that was Peter Lehman."

About the year 1800 Peter Lehman and his friends had arrived at the conclusion to found a religious retreat, where persons might become christians, like we read of who lived in ancient times, and in the days of the apostles; who did not pass round the other way when some unfortunate person happened to be in want. The place fixed upon to locate the institution, was the mansion farm, Hindrance—more or less presented themselves in the way, but finally a plan was decided upon in about the following manner. All the children agreed to release all their right, title and claim to the old home land for the sum of one thousand dollars each, and Andrew and his wife to be the sole possessors of the property and real estate; with the understanding that they make the proper instrument of writing, transferring all their right, title and claim to a board of trustees.

In all these transactions, Peter Lehman appears to have been the leading mind. Under his superintendence the mill was built in 1807; and in the course of some twenty-five years—in money, labor and energy; probably paid into the Society some two or three thousand dollars.

Andrew Snowerberger died in 1825 aged 81 years, at which time the estate was a about settled up. Barbara and Elizabeth remained at home all their lives and died single on the premises. John died without children. Anna married Daniel Burger, Maria married Jacob Wertz, Susan married Abraham Ely. Andrew came in possession of a tract of land 23 miles northwest of Waynesboro'. Jacob came in possession of a tract of land near Quincy.

Among the possessions of the whole family of children, one estate has fallen into escheat. Susan Ely received real estate for her share out of the estate of her father Andrew Snowerberger, and was survived by two daughters who died without children; one of which died in possession said real estate.

May 7, 1874. OBSERVER.

The Slanderous Tongue.

The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey, and sometimes gall. It is bitter now and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it loves a shining mark. And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can soil the reputation of the pure, and break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see; and yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse of tendency towards chaos, and depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue; increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

HAVE COURAGE.—It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous; that, by the representation of the better, the worst may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet home is left me still, and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, hopeful children, kind friends, and good hopes. If I have lost one child, I may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whenever it may be, and do not be over-solicitous for the future, for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want to drink the next day; if to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten to meet it. Let your trouble tarry till the day is over. Enjoy the blessings of the day, if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

Delightful—the weather.

Not all over with Him.

A young man was fishing from a raft which was floating in deep water. It happened that one of the logs, which should have been fastened with a staple to the chain, that bound them all together, was loose; and as he stepped upon it, it rolled over, opened a passage between the logs, and the slime on their surface caused them to slip from his grasp, and he fell through,—the logs closing above him.

There were but few persons about, but, providentially, one man saw the accident. Seizing the boat-hook, he ran to the raft, wedged the logs apart, and watching when the body should rise, drew out the frightened angler, and placed him in safety. The whole affair happened so quickly, that little damage was done. After shaking himself, and resting a little, the young fellow was able to walk home without help.

On the following day, feeling far from well, he stayed at home, and then sent a polite note to his preserver, asking that he would visit him at his house. The man readily went. Shaking hands with him, the young man said, "I have sent for you Mr. —, to tell you plainly the very great obligation I am under to you, and to beg that you will let me know what way most agreeably to yourself I can show my sense of it. You see I do not want to shirk the matter. I am quite sure that but for your prompt help all would have been over with me."

"I cannot agree to that," said the other. "Nonsense; I tell you I should have been a dead man in three minutes more."

"Most likely."

"Well then, my good friend, what do you mean by not agreeing with me?"

"I mean that it would not have been all over with you. After death comes judgment."

The young man was silent, and turned away his face. At length he said, without looking around,—

"Are you a preacher?"

"Yes and so are you."

"I am anything but that."

"Pardon me; all men preach by their lives and conduct; a good life preaches life, and an evil life preaches death; and thousands who may never hear sermons may be led by the preaching of our lives."

"Ah, that is all very true, of course but the question now is what can I do for you? Let us come to business."

"I am coming to it. I have but one wish in respect to the life I have saved through God's providence—it is that henceforth this life may be given to his service."

If you would reward me for the trifling pains I have taken, do so by earnestly seeking your own salvation. Can you promise me that?"

"Well," said the youth, "you are really most unselfish; and I will promise you one thing, at any rate, with all my heart,—I will think seriously about it."

"Be it so I accept that for my reward. Good morning."

"Well," said the youth to himself, when the good man was gone, "since I am pledged to think of this matter seriously, I may as well begin at once. He took down his Bible, and read, and read, and thought day after day. The reading of God's word brought him to his knees. From praying for repentance and faith, he grew in time to bring forth the fruits of the one, and to do the works of the other; and he lived not only to profess the religion of Christ, but to commend it to others by his example.—N. Y. Observer.

"Farm for Sale."

A sweet home place, and I turned to look again. An old farm cottage among the trees, the hazy hush of summer over all; the gleaming sunlight drifting through the leaves resting on golden patches on the grass and blossoming clover, tossing the shadows hither and thither. A sweet voicebird chirped in the maple by the gate as we passed and the pale lips of locust blossom, peeped forth from leafy nests. In the distance springing grain waved in tiny seas, and the dancing footsteps of a little stream left a gleaming line across the low green meadow. A beautiful home farm.

"FARM FOR SALE."

Yes, these were the words in rough chalk letters above the gate, "Farm for sale." Why sell the farm? Have hands, groggy tired of plough and sickle and hoe, hearts wearied with oft returning seed-time and harvest? Has ambition cast her apple of discord in the midst of your sweet content, whispering of riches and honors and splendors jarred in upon the heart music? Have visions of yellow gold and the world's proud shows shadowed with their delusive wings the simple hopes, the every-day happiness which blesses the little farm? Ah! is there a grave death, that has cut deep down through the blossoming end, plunging up a grave so deep, so chill, so dark, that from its shadows your heart can be lifted never more? Has she—the dearest, most blessed—even the home mother laid down to rest? Has the light gone out from those gentle eyes—the light of that soil, the embodiment of love and peace, and faith and patience—has it passed on to the awaiting glory? Is it by desolation, oh death, that has compelled the "Farm for sale?"

Ah! how many "Farms for sale," and with what longings will hearts go out from these farm homes, crowned with joy, turn back from the summit of many years to look upon the dead face of that old-time joyousness, wondering: as the strange happenings of the farm-child, wondering that never more is likely to see, never as sublime so gorgeous, never earth so full of music as before that "Farm for sale."

How will time feet pause, 'mid the dust of life's highways, aching to press the whispering grass beneath the locusts, and hands

hard with counting gold pine to pull again, the violets down by the valley spring. How will hands girdled by thorns of care, sweep again in dreams on the soft moss, rest again so oft by childish curls in the long ago, and hearts, and longing souls will pass in the great world strife to catch again the far-off laughter of those waters in the meadows, and the singing of the birdlings in the maples! And how will eyes grow tear-dimmed in this far-seeing as a vision sweep by, revealing above the little gate, "Farm for sale."—Hearth and Home.

Two heads are better than one—Especially in a barrel.

What is that which increases the more you take from it? Why a hole, of course.

Why is it right B should come before C? Because we must B before we C.

A New York dentist gives a premium chromo for every tooth he draws.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.

A German professor has undertaken the task of counting the hairs of a buffalo robe one by one.

What is it we frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done? Stop a moment.

"The human fiend in plum colored kids who spit tobacco on my hat is marked for death," says John Lane in an advertisement in a Memphis paper.

Twenty-one freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor couldn't find out who placed a ten-ounce tack in his chair. He knew very well who sat down on it.

A gentleman, visiting an Irishman, noticed a monster pig strutting about the house, and asked how they got such a brute up those two stairs. "May it please yer honor," said Paddy, "it was niver down to be tuk up."

The champion forgiver lives in Terra Haute, Ind. He has taken his wife back after five elopements with as many different men. But he has confidentially suggested to a friend that the thing is becoming slightly stale.

Customer.—"I say, tailor, these pants don't fit."

Tailor.—"They don't, eh?"

Customer.—"No; my wife wants to know why you can't make them like Jones's. Make me a pair now as neat as his."

Tailor.—"Well, then give me Jones's legs."

A German saloon-keeper says, "Ven I goes in mine bet I sleeps 'till god, I dreams. An mine head dat I hears 'em wimen brayin' and singin' in mine ears dat I says I love 'em. Dat boddy's de I got right straight up and walked on de floor."

The West is a great country. A Minnesota farmer let a gimlet three feet high. The other day he cut down a tree near his barn, found in it a three-quarter-inch auger. This is not as good as the Irishman who boasted that he had the best gun in America, for he'd owned it ever since it was a little pistol.

At a prayer meeting of colored people in Erie, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a