

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE APART.

Beneath the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass;
And winding to the elm tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass
Where we were wont to walk, alas!
The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shades of willow trees;
The sunlight waters gleam like gold,
And ripple in the gentle breeze;
But I am far from thee and these!
The sky bends o'er broad and blue,
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps knew
In former days, when days were bright;
Do these days bring such sweet delight?
And still that lane with grass is green;
With fragrant flowers the banks are fair;
In golden gloss and silver sheen
The bees still haunt the balmy air;
But you will fail to find me there.
Again, perchance, I may not see
The rustling robes of willow trees
(Which lent a ready canopy
When we strolled underneath at ease.)
For I am far from thee and these!
Our joys forsake us. Soon does spring
Pass by for the summer light;
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in autumn fall;
And winter is the end of all.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Way to Rise.

When Hannibal Hamlin was installed as Collector at Boston, he found, as collectors had found in all times before him, an avalanche of applications for office in the Custom House. The hardest thing for Han. Hamlin to do is to say "No" to a friend—a genial, fun-loving, big-hearted man, he is never so well contented as when able to make all happy and contented about him—and when he found scores of applications for every place he had to give, he was excessively fretted.
One day, John Pullman, a quiet, unobtrusive young man, with a bang-up recommendation, and who had done his share of work at primary political meetings, ventured to call upon the Collector to know if his application for an office could not be favorably considered. He was a good accountant, a ready penman, cleared-headed in business, and numerous responsible men had vouched for his honor and integrity.
"The only place possibly vacant," said the Collector, "is not a first-class office. If you thought that worth your acceptance, I might give it to you."
Pullman thankfully nodded, and signified that he would accept.
"But," said Hamlin, with a comical twinkle, "don't like to be making frequent changes. If you take this place, do you think you will stick?"
"If the duty is within the scope of my ability—yes, sir."
Hamlin wrote the oft-repeated note to the store-keeper, and the youth took it and went his way.
Now John Pullman had expected a clerkship worth at least twelve hundred dollars per annum, and he was not a little taken aback when he discovered that he had only been appointed a "Light Weight Mover," at a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars. In short his position was among those unenvied sons of toil who trundle barrows, and are yelped "laborers."
But John Pullman was not to be so easily crushed out. He scratched his head and meditated. He saw the point at once.
"Has this place been tendered to anybody before?" he asked.
"Yes," answered the Collector. "A dozen, at least, have looked at it, and let it drop within two weeks."
"Very well," said Pullman, shutting his mouth hard, "we'll see! I told the Collector I'd stick, and I will. He won't get rid of me in that way."
"Then you'll go to work?"
"Yes."
The Collector liked the young man's grit, and was inclined to favor him; yet John Pullman pulled off his coat of broadcloth and went to work. He took a barrow, and made a turn around the store-room. During the remainder of that day he made himself generally useful, and on the following morning he was at his post in due season.
At the expiration of about a month, as Jack Pullman stood at the window of the office of the Delivery Clerk, he saw the Collector coming across the street, from the Custom House.
"Good morning, Mr. Hamlin."
Hamlin stopped and beheld a young man in his shirt sleeves, with a barrow, and on the barrow a bale of goods; and the young man was nodding and smiling in a friendly, cheerful way.
"Han, Hamlin never forgets a face, nor is he apt to forget a name which he has once heard. He recognized the youth, and smiled back.
"Pullman is this you?"
"Yes, sir," said the light weight mover, dropping the barrow, and taking the Collector's extended hand. "You didn't expect to find me here?"
"Well—no—I hardly thought you would stick."
"But I have, sir; and I hope, if I stick long enough, I may take root and grow." Hamlin laughed heartily, and a few

moments later he was in close confab with the store-keeper.
That was on Wednesday. On the following Monday morning John Pullman received a note from the Collector informing him that he had been appointed to a responsible and important clerkship.

The Widow's Son.

In a little brown, one-story, wooden house, nestled among the trees at the foot of a hill, lived the Widow Wood. She lived all alone, save her little boy, her only child, Johnny. Her husband was a poor, hard-working man, who had contrived to pay for their little home, having one cow, and kept his garden in good order, when he was suddenly removed by death. Johnny was too young to remember his father, and his neighbors lived at a distance, and so he and his widowed mother were all in all to each other. The school-house was far off, too, but as soon as his little legs had got long enough, Johnny was found at school. Early in the morning, washed and combed, he would kiss his mother for a long day, with his little dinner basket hung on his arm, while she, charging him to be "a good boy," would turn back to her lonely home, to spin or to weave, or to do something by which to earn a pittance toward her support. Sometimes she would go out to meet him toward night when she thought it time for him to come home, and then, hand in hand, little Johnny would tell his joys and sorrows, how the boys called him a "baby," and "a milkop," because he stoutly defended his mother, and then how Miss Pierson praised him as her "model little boy."
"I don't think they ought to laugh at us if we are poor, do you mother?"
"Why, no, not if we do as well as we can."
"And it's no disgrace to eat rye pie, is it mother?"
"Certainly not, if we cannot afford to have wheat."
"They throw and pull me around, they do, because I am little and feeble. I can't fight them; but I tell you what, mother, I'll grow, and I'll be a good scholar, and be a doctor or a lawyer, and then we will live in a big house, and you shall dress like a lady, and I'll have good clothes, and we'll eat wheat, and see if they will laugh any more!"
"Well, Johnny, you are a good boy, and learn to love your books, and I will do all I can for you."
The widow wiped a tear silently from her face, and felt that this little confiding boy was dearer to her than all the wealth in the world.
So she silently toiled and denied herself everything possible, and kept her child at school. When he had learned all they could teach him in the little red school-house, she sent him to an academy. He was the poorest boy in the school, and poorest dressed and fed. People wondered why Widow Wood should "kill herself with work, just to keep that great boy at school." They said, "he had better be earning something for his mother." But the widow kept silent, and toiled on. At length the time came when Johnny was ready to go to college. Could she ever meet the expense? She had earned and saved something every year by her loom, in view of this possibility.
After he had entered college, she milked and drove her own cow to pasture, cut her own wood all winter, and one day in the week, sometimes two, went out washing. Soon it began to be whispered around that "the widow's boy was doing well;" and then "that he was a fine scholar, and the day he graduated, the first scholar in his class, the poor mother took his arm after the exercises of the day and wept, and with tears and sobs, she walked with him through the streets of the city, the happiest mother in all that city.
A few years after, she saw him taking a commanding position in his profession—one of the most honored and distinguished men in our country. She did see him in his elegant house, surrounded by a great library, and a most gifted family of children, and she did live with him, and lean upon him as a strong staff, but I am not sure that she was really happier than when chopping at the wood pile, that she might save a little to help her boy through college. They are both dead now; but I knew him well, and his invaluable writings are now on my table before me. Such is the simple but true story of "The Widow's Son."—Rev. John Todd, D. D.

How to Rise in the World.

In 1855 a young gentleman registered his name in the largest hotel in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. He had a pretty good wardrobe, such as young men usually have, including a gold watch and chain. He was in search of an occupation. At the expiration of two weeks he took an inventory of his personal effects: "Out of money and no business." He had a brief interview with the proprietor of the hotel. His trunk of clothing was left as security for his board bill; he hypothesized and having kissed the tip ends of his choral fingers to a kind and sympathetic landlord, he went diving for the bottom. He found 'bottom' on Water street, where a steamer was being discharged of cotton by Dutchmen, negroes, and yankees. Having purchased a heavy pair of boots, a blue shirt and overall, he commenced rolling and piling cotton at the rate of five cents per bale. In three weeks he was promoted to the position of "marker" with a salary of \$45 per month, and at the expiration of nine months he had a right to grow mellow over a salary of \$125 per month. To-day this gentleman is one of the largest business operators in Bay street. No moral need be given.—The story speaks its own.

Proverbs of Shakespeare.

There is no virtue like necessity.
Courage mounts with occasion.
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
The ripest fruit falls first.
Out of this nettle danger we pluck the softer safety.
No word like 'pardon,' for kings mouths so meet.
Tell truth and shame the devil.
Liesy lies the head that wears a crown.
A man can die but once, we owe God a death.
He that dies this year is quiet for the next.
The first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office.
Grief is proud and makes his own stoop.
When law can do no right, let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Of the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.
Most any subject is the fattest for soil to weeds.
Wise hearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observing distil it out.
Nice customs curtsy to great kings.
A crafty knave does need no broker.
Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just.
It is a great sin to swear upon a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
The bird that hath been limed in a bush, with trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
Two may keep counsel, putting one away.
What must be shall be.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.
They laugh that win.
Rich gits wax poor when givers prove unkind.
A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Anger hath a license.
Love reasons without reason.
You cannot make gross sins look clear.
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.
The learned pate ducks to the golden fool.
When beggars die there are no comets seen.
Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.
The evil that men do, lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones.
Some that smile have in their hearts millions of mischief.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Every time serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Some innocents escape not the thunderbolt.
'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp than with an old one dying.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.
In the reproach of chance lies the true proof of men.
'Tis mad idolatry to make the service greater than the God.
The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
He that is proud eats up himself.
Fear makes devils of cherubims.
To fear the worst oft cures the worst.
To be wise and love exceeds man's might.
Perseverance keeps honor bright.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
The end crowns all.
Thanks, to men of noble minds, is honorable need.
The raves doth not hatch a lark.
Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.
They do not love that do not show their love.
Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
Timid is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Use doth breed a habit in a man.
Sometimes we are devils to ourselves.

Where Does Water Come From.

How natural for a child, standing by the banks of a river to inquire where all the water comes from? To inquire why grass is green? what makes it grow? how is it that birds can fly? why fishes are not drowned in the sea? or where all the sand comes from they see on the shore? They will ask also, where the rain or snow comes from? what is thunder? what are clouds? or how is it that the grass is so wet with dew? Thousands of questions like these are asked by thoughtful children, and what parent would not wish to be able to give them satisfactory answers. But to answer these questions satisfactorily requires a knowledge of natural phenomena, and the causes producing them. If any one of whom the child asked, while standing by a river's bank, "Where does all the water come from?" were to take him to his home, however humble, and show him the vapor rising from the water boiling for tea, and ask him to put a cool plate or glass in the path of the vapor for a few moments, and then look at it and notice the drops of water condensed upon it, and make him understand that these drops were formed by the vapor.
Then explain to him that a great part of the earth was covered with water from which vapor was always rising, and that, when it rose into the utmost regions of the air, it was condensed into drops of water, just as the vapor had been by the cold plate, and that when thus condensed it fell in rain. That a great part of this rain ran on the surface of the ground, forming little streams and brooks, which were gradually joined by others, till those united streams formed rivers which by the ceaseless flow, which has led to his question, gave back to the ocean the waters which had been raised from them in vapor by the heat of the sun, just as the vapor had been raised from the water boiling for tea, by the heat of the fire.
What child would readily forget such a lesson? Or what child, constantly so intelligent, could fail to grow up an intelligent observer of all the natural events occurring around him.

Maxims for Working Men.

A good advertisement for a working man is a seat in church.
The savings bank is a safe debtor.
Fifty cents for a good lecture is better than half that sum for a circus.
Dress neatly. A well clothed man commands favor and respect, while one in slovenly attire can hardly borrow his neighbor's show horse.
If you wish to personally comprehend the complete meaning of the old adage—a fool and his money are soon parted—buy a lottery ticket.
Never sacrifice money for what people will say. It is better to buy a fair piece of beef for fifteen cents a pound and leave the sirlin for some other man, who would buy your kind except for the name.
Be honest; a stove cold is better than a stove hot with stolen fuel.
The laboring man holds the same relation to the merchant, manufacturer, attorney, physician, and minister, that the locomotive does to the train of elegance and well filled cars; they would stand still forever if the engine did not move them.
There is many an honest, hard working poor man, who rises himself and calls his family before sunrise, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. In nine cases out of ten, when his children arrive at his age they will be called up by servants.
A meerschaum pipe and bank book always quarrel, and the upshot of the encounter generally is that one puts the other out of doors.
Work harder at drilling rocks, for instance, if your employer never visits you than if he frequently does. He will know of your faithfulness when he pays for drilling.
The poverty of childhood is more frequently than otherwise the stepping stone to wealth.
JUSTICE AND MERCY.—No obligation of justice does force a man to be cruel or to use the sharpest sentence. A just man does justice to everything, and then, if he be also wise, he knows there is a doubt of mercy and compassion due to the infirmities of man's nature; and that it is to be paid, and he that is cruel and ungentle to a single person, and does the worst to him dies in his debt and is unjust. Pity and forbearance, and long suffering and fair interpretation, and excusing our brother, and talking in the best sense, and passing the gentlest sentence, are as certainly our duty, and owing to every duty that does offend and can be repented, as calling to account can be owing to the law, and are first to be paid, and he that does not is an unjust person.

The Land of Palestine.

Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. Where Sodom and Gomorrah reared their doomes and towers, that solemn sea now floods the plain, in whose bitter waters no living thing exists—over whose waveless surface the blistering air hangs motionless and dead—about whose borders nothing grows but weeds and scattered tufts of cane, and that treacherous fruit that promises refreshment to parching lips, but turns to ashes at the touch. Nazareth is fallen. About the ford of Jordan, where the hosts of Israel entered the Promised Land with songs of rejoicing, one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins of the desert; Jericho, the accused, lies a mouldering ruin today, even as Joshua's miracle left it more than three thousand years ago; Bethlehem and Bethany, in their poverty and their humiliation, have nothing about them now to remind one that they once knew the high honor of the Saviour's presence; the hallowed spot where the shepherds watched their flocks, and where the angel sang "Peace on earth, good will to men," is untenanted by any living creature, save the raven, by any feature that is pleasant to the eye. Renowned Jerusalem itself, the stately name in history, has lost all its ancient grandeur, and is become a pauper village; the riches of Solomon are no longer there to compare the admiration of oriental queens; the wonderful temple, which was the pride and glory of Israel, is gone, and the Ottoman crescent is lifted above the spot where, on that most memorable day in the annals of the world, they reared the holy cross.
The noted Sea of Galilee, where Roman fleets once rode at anchor, and disciples of the Saviour sailed in their sleep, was long deserted by the devotees of war and commerce, and its borders are silent wilderness; Capernaum is a shapeless ruin; Magdala is the home of beggared Arabs; Bethesda and Chorazin have vanished from the earth, and the "desert places" round about them, where thousands of men once listened to the Saviour's voice and ate the miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inhabited only by birds of prey and skulking foxes.
Palestine is desolate and unlovely. And why should it be otherwise? Can the curse of a Deity beautify a land?

AN OHIO GIANT.—A Cleveland paper relates a number of anecdotes illustrative of the strength and size of Abner McIlrath, whom it dubs a giant. It appears that McIlrath is sixty-one years of age, and is six feet seven and a half inches standing in his boots, fairly proportioned in form, without a pound of waste flesh. He was and is a giant in muscular strength as well as physically. He has lifted 1,700 pounds of iron, and a blow with his massive fist and long arm was so powerful that on one occasion, when some twelve or fifteen sailors went out to his place to "raise a muss," he thrashed the whole lot and threw them one by one out of the door just as one could throw so many babies, and during that operation he dared not double his fist for fear his blows might prove fatal to some of the rowdies. "Abe" formerly carried on the business of a cooper, and used to come to town with his load of barrels. On one occasion, while at the "Red Tavern," lately known as the "Jackson House," and which is now torn down, a snob from town who was out there with his turnout in the shape of a livery horse and buggy, got into a difficulty with Abe, and having insulted him in some way or another, he resented it by lifting the buggy right up and straddling it across the fence, and then got on his wagon and drove off to town, whistling as though nothing was the matter, and leaving the luckless dandy to get his buggy off the fence as best he was able.

OYSTERS GROWING ON TREES.—A correspondent writing of Cuba, says: "For several years I resided in that island, and traveled there more than the ordinary number of foreigners, and have several times come across scenes which many people would consider curiosities—one in particular. No doubt the reader will open his eyes at oysters growing on trees. Often have I seen the sneer of unbelief by the ignorant when the fact had been mentioned; but grow they do, and in immense quantities, especially in the southern part of the island. I have seen miles of trees, the lower stems and branches of which were literally covered with them, and many a good meal have I enjoyed with very little trouble of procuring. I simply placed the branches over the fire, and when opened, I picked them out with a fork or pointed stick. The peculiar richness of indigenous lagoons and swamps on the coast, and as far as the tide will rise and the spray fly, will they cling to the lower parts of the mangrove trees, sometimes four or five deep, the mangrove being one of the very few trees that flourish in salt water."

AMBITION.—That is the bravest ambition which is vigorous enough to overleap the little life here. The highest aspirations seek not fame. Whatever we can do of good in this world, with our faculties or our affections, rises to God as humanity's going of praise. Amid the million tongues ever joining to swell the holy music of that song, are those which sound loudest and grandest here, the tones which travel sweetest and purest up the eternal throne, which mingle in the most perfect harmony with the anthem of the angel choir! May not the most obscure life be dignified by a lasting aspiration, and dedicated to a noble aim?

In travelling from this world to the next the road is no wider for the prince than peasant.
Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least.
The nick of time—a wrinkle.

Made to "See It"

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "Nobody reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it."
"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"
"Yes."
"And if there's anything that you particularly want you look for it?"
"Certainly."
"Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I assure you that printer's ink is the true open sesame to all the business success."
"And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read."
"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out of the way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions of only two lines. Will you try it?"
Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded in under the head of "Wants." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

Wanted—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Tower st. between 6 and 7 P. M.
Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.
That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old fashioned man, and took tea at six) when his door bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.
"Tell him I don't want one."
Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy with a small girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer bought the poodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.
To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer—"don't want any more. I've bought one."
The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer looked up and turned off the gas.
On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty-nine men and boys, each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size, and color, and growl, and howl.—Buffer addressed the motly multitude, and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

What a d'yer advertise for?
And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.
Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea that there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for that advertisement he paid. Then he went home and posted over his door—"Gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property, and then he locked up and went away with his family.
From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink; neither has he asked: "Who reads advertisements?"

THE MULLEN WEED.—The Westchester (Pa.) News comes to the defence of this much abused weed, and testifies that like all other creations in nature, it has its uses:
It is something of a wonder to find anybody saying a word in favor of this much despised weed. We have found a gentleman, however, who is willing and ready to testify to its virtues, and who has found in it a remedy for pulmonary consumption. He says, "I had commenced bleeding at the lungs, and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction I have thought that true philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullen, steeped strong and sweetened with coffee sugar and drank freely. The herb should be gathered before the 25th of July if convenient. Young or old plants are good, if dried in the shade and kept in clean paper bags."
—They are ten million women in America, and yet Tom. Hutton, of Georgia, hung himself on account of a girl fifteen years old.
Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least.
The nick of time—a wrinkle.

Wit and Humor.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.
Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.
When does the chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.
Lawyers generally sleep well, for it makes but little difference to them which side they lie on.
It is said the prettiest girl in Harrisburg is a newspaper carrier. She carries 'em in her bustle.
A Toast.—Woman: the last and best of the series—if we have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her.
A Maine woman has hair seven feet and five inches long—too long to be available for use in butter.
Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.
A French doctor says that a vapor bath, at a temperature of 144 degrees, on seven consecutive days, will cure hydrophobia. Why not boil the man at once?

Lawyer's fees.—Bowling to a client, \$5; shaking hands with him, \$10; inquiring about his health, \$20; saying good-by, \$10. Total for thirty seconds' interview, \$45.
A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."
A man may forget his business, his family, and all his sacred obligations of life, but he always remembers where he got that counterfeit bill.
Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism in London. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,348 remedies—all infallible.
An Irishman, being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the size of a small shovell.
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT CHICKEN?
—"Here's your nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man, as the ears stopped at a North Carolina railway station.
"Here's your nice roast chicken 'n' taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate and walking the platform.
"Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asked a passenger.
Uncle looked at the intruder sharply and then turned away, crying.
"Here's your nice roast chicken 'n' taters, all hot, needn't go in de house for dat."
"Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger.
"Look-a-yer," says uncle, speaking privately, "Is you from de Norf?"
"Yes."
"Is you a friend ob de cilled man?"
"I hope I am."
"Den don't you nebbber ask me where I got that chick'n agin. Here's yer nice roast chick'n, all."
The train started.

A few months since a man who called himself a conjurer entered a tavern in a country town, and asked the company assembled in the bar-room if they would like to witness one of his tricks. The fellow looked odd and hungry, so the landlord gave assent and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen many wonderful ones. The conjurer then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he directed the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut three pieces (nearly half a pound each) and placed one upon each hat. He then stated he could do the trick much more comfortably if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, he cut three good-sized pieces and placed one by each piece of bread.
Now for the grand trick. The conjurer turned up the cuff of his coat, took off his neckerchief and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and stated that he would now proceed to eat the three pieces of bread and cheese, and afterward bring all under one hat. He commenced the bread and cheese, and after eating two pieces, declared he could not proceed with the trick unless he had something to drink. The landlord wishing the wonderful trick should be proceeded with for the amusement of his customers, immediately gave the fellow a quart of ale, and the third piece of cheese soon followed the first two pieces.
Now the grand trick was to be disclosed, and the landlord and his companions waited to see it. The conjurer then said: "Now, gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?"
The landlord pointed out his own hat, wishing it to take part in the trick as well as his bread and cheese. It being so arranged the conjurer again said: "Gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese, and now I will bring it under the landlord's hat." And he immediately placed the hat upon his head, and continued: "Now you will perceive it is under the hat without any deception."
There were shouts of laughter from all the company except the landlord, who was minding three pieces of bread and cheese and a quart of ale.
The fellow left the house without making a collection, he being well satisfied with the landlord's generosity.
A boy returning to his work after dinner was asked by his employer if he had no other motion than that. "Yes," said the boy, "but it's a slower one."

Wit and Humor.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.
Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.
When does the chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.
Lawyers generally sleep well, for it makes but little difference to them which side they lie on.
It is said the prettiest girl in Harrisburg is a newspaper carrier. She carries 'em in her bustle.
A Toast.—Woman: the last and best of the series—if we have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her.
A Maine woman has hair seven feet and five inches long—too long to be available for use in butter.
Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.
A French doctor says that a vapor bath, at a temperature of 144 degrees, on seven consecutive days, will cure hydrophobia. Why not boil the man at once?

Lawyer's fees.—Bowling to a client, \$5; shaking hands with him, \$10; inquiring about his health, \$20; saying good-by, \$10. Total for thirty seconds' interview, \$45.
A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."
A man may forget his business, his family, and all his sacred obligations of life, but he always remembers where he got that counterfeit bill.
Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism in London. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,348 remedies—all infallible.
An Irishman, being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the size of a small shovell.
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT CHICKEN?
—"Here's your nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man, as the ears stopped at a North Carolina railway station.
"Here's your nice roast chicken 'n' taters, all nice and hot," holding up his plate and walking the platform.
"Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asked a passenger.
Uncle looked at the intruder sharply and then turned away, crying.
"Here's your nice roast chicken 'n' taters, all hot, needn't go in de house for dat."
"Where did you get that chicken?" repeated the inquisitive passenger.
"Look-a-yer," says uncle, speaking privately, "Is you from de Norf?"
"Yes."
"Is you a friend ob de cilled man?"
"I hope I am."
"Den don't you nebbber ask me where I got that chick'n agin. Here's yer nice roast chick'n, all."
The train started.

A few months since a man who called himself a conjurer entered a tavern in a country town, and asked the company assembled in the bar-room if they would like to witness one of his tricks. The fellow looked odd and hungry, so the landlord gave assent and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen many wonderful ones. The conjurer then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he directed the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut three pieces (nearly half a pound each) and placed one upon each hat. He then stated he could do the trick much more comfortably if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, he cut three good-sized pieces and placed one by each piece of bread.
Now for the grand trick. The conjurer turned up the cuff of his coat, took off his neckerchief and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and stated that he would now proceed to eat the three pieces of bread and cheese, and afterward bring all under one hat. He commenced the bread and cheese, and after eating two pieces, declared he could not proceed with the trick unless he had something to drink. The landlord wishing the wonderful trick should be proceeded with for the amusement of his customers, immediately gave the fellow a quart of ale, and the third piece of cheese soon followed the first two pieces.
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Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least.
The nick of time—a wrinkle.