

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



RETROSPECTION.

Listen, Listen, gentle river,
Stay one moment in thy flow!
Cease, oh! cease thy happy mournings,
While my heart pours forth its woe!
Down beside a western prairie,
Where the vine and roses blend,
Where the proud magnolia's waving,
And the stately poplars bend—
There, in early joyous childhood,
Wandered I for many a day,
Culling flowers of richest odor,
Blooming round my happy way.
There, within that fairy dwelling,
Sweet affection kept her throne;
Their in prayer loved voices mingled;
Ah! where are those treasures gone?
In that graveyard 'neath the willow,
Side by side, in dreamless sleep,
Where the mock-birds sing their requiem,
Where the low green clover creeps,
Are those loved ones sweetly resting,
Lost to sorrow and to tears,
Heedless of the tempest gathering
Round the gloom of coming years.
On my young brow care is leaving,
Traces of her cruel tread,
Pleasures roses all have withered,
Hope's sweet dreams forever fled
And I'd fain, when life is ended,
Lay me where I'm kneeling now;
Sweet I'd rest, clear, placid river,
On thy green bank's mossy brow.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation. "Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers." "But they do not suit," said Barbara, coolly tying back her curls before the mirror. "Why not?" "I want to marry a man who is brave and equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want it taken care of." "Silly child! what is the matter with big Barney the blacksmith?" "He is big, but I never heard he was brave." "And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?" "He is placid as goat's milk." "That is no sign that he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you surely!" "He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little good he can do if the house was set upon by robbers." "It is not always strength that wins a fight; it takes brains as well as brawn.—Come, now, Barbara, give these three young men a fair trial." Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another. "I will, mother," she said at last. "That evening, Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked at the door." "You sent for me, Barbara?" he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other. "Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking on what you said the other night when you were here." "Well, Barbara?" Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently. "I want to test you." "How?" "I want to see if you dare do a disagreeable thing." "What is it?" "There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells mouldy. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it, but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week; and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room that grandfather died in, and they say he does not rest easy in his grave for some reasons, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?" Ernest laughed. "Is that all? I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, do you think I have weak nerves?" "Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that wing of the house." "I shall sleep the sounder." "Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay till morning," said imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I'll marry you." "You vow it?" Ernest turned straight away and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scud before to a low chamber. He had looked scared and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait till he took a survey by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, which had been barred across. He remembered that old grandire Ferros had been insane several years before his death; so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. Ernest stretched himself out in the coffin.

"Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara it is a good fit." The lad went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the sitting-room. "Barbara," said she pulling her hand from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you before I give you an answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandire died, in the unopened wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night and let nothing drive you away from your post, you will not ask me again in vain." "You'll give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?" "Nothing." "Are these all the conditions you offer me, Barbara?" "All. And if you are frightened, you need never look me in the face again." So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad who had been instructed in the secret and whose involuntary start at Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin was attributed by Barney to the natural awe of the corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone in the darkness, the rats and the coffin. Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him. "Have you changed your mind?" he asked. "No; and I shall not until I know that you can do really a brave thing." "What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara." "I have a proposal to make to you.—My plan requires skill as well as courage." "Tell me!" "Well, in this house there is a man watching a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be." "Why nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. I furnish me with a sheet, show me the room and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning." Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step lightly to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber. Barney had been sitting at his vigil and so far all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear a low suppressed breathing not far away; persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was very lonely and not at all cheerful. The rats squeaked as if there was a famine upon them, and they smelled the dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but he put his chair with the back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been at work all day and at last grew sleepy. Fritz nodded and snored. Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure. "Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in fright, using the first word that came to his tongue. The figure held out its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into the corner. "The mischief take you!" cried Barney in his extremity. Involuntarily he stepped back, back, but still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started on Barney's head. He grew desperate, and just as the arm would have touched him, he fell on the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth. As the readers know, he was big, and Fritz was little; and while he was pummeling the little fellow terribly, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both kicking and plunging like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry: "Take one of your size, big Barney!" Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they got home in hot haste, panting like stags. It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door next morning. "It's very early; one more little nap," said he, "one more little nap," turning over in his coffin. So she married him, and though she sent Barney and Fritz invitations to the wedding they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes.

Don't Kill Time.
"Spare a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night. Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you." Struck with the fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied: "You look as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay your lodging." "I am afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered, with a mournful smile. "Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure you speak the truth." The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said: "To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change which was in store for me.—In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was to be one continued holiday. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me." "I believe your story," replied the gentleman; "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you, indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me try to inspire you with fresh courage." And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away. "Never kill time, boys. He is your best friend. Use him well. Don't let him slip through your fingers when you are young, as the beggar did. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see. The habits you get into will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure, and above all a success.—I mean a true success. You may not grow rich, but your life will be a real success, nevertheless." "If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find after a while that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be as rich as Croesus." One of the saddest things is, to meet a man who has left golden opportunities by him, just entering the battle of life, yet entirely unfitted for his position. He is to be pitied and yet blamed. In this favored land every one can learn to read and write, for instance. But how often we meet young men unable to write a dozen lines without making mistakes!—Be assured, my young friends, it will be a source of shame to you as men, if you do not pay attention to education as boys. The world is full of good books to read. You are surrounded with friends and relatives. Be warned in time, and coin happiness and honor in the future from the industry of the present, and you will not have read this in vain.—*Reformed Messenger.*

A TOUCHING ROMANCE.—There is a touching romance in connection with Ellsworth's death, which became public for the first time on the day of the dedication of his monument. This beautiful little incident illustrates woman's devotion.—When Ellsworth died he was affianced to a beautiful young lady, and she vowed ever afterward to lead a life of celibacy. Years passed over her young head, and she has not been mercifully called to resign that other self whom she loved better than life, without whose life is death. One who knew her attended the dedication of the monument, and inquired first and eagerly for the beautiful bride of Ellsworth's hovering spirit. She was not there. Surely she must be dead; nothing else could keep her from such a tribute to her spirit-love. He ascertained that it was not death that detained her. It was not convenient for her to leave her husband and children. She had "weakness" on her own several years since. Oh, woman in our hours of ease how you stick! after!—*Ec.*

TABLE ETIQUETS.—See that those about you are helped before you commence eating yourself. Do not eat soup from the tip, but from the side of the spoon. On passing your plate to be replenished, retain the knife and fork. Wipe the mouth before drinking. Remove the teaspoon from the cup before drinking tea or coffee. Use the knife only in cutting food; do not raise it to the mouth. Eat slowly, as eating rapidly is unhealthy. If you find anything unpleasant in your food avoid calling the attention of others to it. Close the lips when chewing your food. Keep your elbows off the table always. Do not speak with food in your mouth. When asked to help your neighbor, do not shove, but hand the plate to him: Do not turn your head and stare about the room. If any one at the table makes a mistake, take the least possible notice of it. Advertisers and make money.

THE BIRD'S SIRENA.
BY LILLIE E. BARR.
The farmer grumbled on his way,
"What is it Nature needs,
That wild flowers spring among my corn,
And in my garden weeds,
That grasses grow on every hand
Simply to ripe and die?
There is no cause that I can see,"
The little birds knew why.
A sad-eyed woman with slow steps,
When musing on her way,
"How shall I find, with patient toil,
My bread from day to day?"
A merry robin, overhead,
Sat singing on a bough,
"We do not sow nor reap," but yet
The little birds know how.
"Alas! alas!" the exile said,
"In doubt and fear I roam;
Dark and unknown the dreary way
That takes me from my home.
But overhead the swallows flew
Without a doubt or care;
To sing, and build, and make a home,
The little birds knew where.
So why my Father crosseth me
Hath reason good, I know,
And how my daily bread shall come
Each day shall surely show;
And where my willing feet must walk
Until they rest above,
The great, good God knows best of all.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.
QUEEN'S HOTEL, GARDINER ST.,
Dublin, Ireland, June 17, 1874.
I left Glasgow on Monday the 8th inst. on the steamer Llama for Belfast and was 9 hours on the voyage, arriving Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock A. M. The weather was mild, consequently I had a pleasant trip and no sea-sickness as is generally the case on the voyage between Scotland and Ireland. As I had never been out of the Scotch Dominion since my first arrival I found somewhat of a change in the land of "Paddy's birth" from that of Scotland. Belfast is the emporium of the linen trade at the head of the Belfast Lough, northward and 92 miles distant from Dublin, has a population of 100,000. This is the chief seat of the cotton manufacture of Ireland. It has many large linen and cotton mills; extensive distilleries, breweries, foundries, ship yards, sail cloth and tobacco factories. The regular value of imports is over £4,500,000; of exports about £5,600,000; tonnage 624,113.—Belfast sends two members to Parliament. I had but little time to spend at any place since I left Glasgow, consequently the demands upon my time were constant. I only remained in Belfast two days but during that time had an opportunity of visiting most places of importance and having a chum there, an old acquaintance, it made it all the more pleasant. What makes Belfast the more famous in my mind was the recollection of those terrible riots between the Protestants and Papists which you no doubt remember of reading. Happily these disturbances are all quieted and judging from the present tranquillity of the place one would never suspect that it was ever given to such events. It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street. It is bad manners to say 'yes' or 'no' to strangers, or to your parents or to aged people; let it be 'yes sir' or 'no sir.' It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company. It is bad manners to comb your hair or brush your coat in the eating room. It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage. It is bad manners to boast of your wealth and prosperity or good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are. It is vulgar to talk much about your self and it is very low and vulgar to your friends, or to your parents or to aged people; let it be 'yes sir' or 'no sir.' It is bad manners to stand with your side to or turn away your face from the person you are talking to—look him in the face. It is bad manners to stand in the middle of the pavement when people are passing, or make remarks about those who pass. It is bad manners to spit on the floor or carpet, or to spit at meals, and yet many people who think they are genteel do it. If you must spit at meals get up and go out. A LOOK AROUND THE WORLD.—The latest and best authority gives the population of the globe at 1,350,300,000. In America, 72,800,000. In Europe, 587,000,000. In Asia, 798,000,000. In Africa, 188,000,000. In Australia and Polynesia, 5,300,000. These people speak about 3,800 different languages, and are out up into 1,000 different religious sects. The adherents of the principal sects, recounting the whole population, are supposed to be nearly thus: The six other oriental churches, 6,500,000. Roman Catholics, 195,000,000. Protestants, 57,130,000. Mahomedans, 460,000,000. Buddhists, 340,000,000. Other Asiatic religions, 260,000,000. Pagans, 200,000,000. Jews, 6,000,000. RED PEPPER FOR INSECTS.—Those who have tried it say that cayenne pepper will destroy cabbage lice, the cabbage worm, and all other insects that prey upon the leaf of either the cabbage or turnip. Scatter over the leaves while wet with dew in the morning. A very small quantity will suffice.

all other countries. The principle part of her trouble is that she is not paid the proper respect by the members of the Royal family, by not visiting their country as frequently as Scotland, England and other portions of the United Kingdom. It is a well known fact that the question of 'home rule' is one of the chief bones of contention and has been agitating the public mind for years, but whether it will ever succeed or not is a point yet to be settled. Dublin, the capital city of Ireland, where I am now stopping, has a population of nearly 300,000. The city proper is nearly surrounded by the circular road, 9 miles in length and which, accompanied by a branch of the grand canal on the South and South-east, encloses an area of 1,264 acres, intersected from West to East by the Liffey. The river is here crossed by 7 stone and 2 iron bridges and bordered on each side by noble granite quays 2 1/2 m. in length. Nearly in the centre of the S. half of the city, is Dublin Castle. The Liffey, with a line of streets, divides the city into 4 quarters, differing greatly in their appearance and character. Its University chartered in 1591, is situated in Trinity College, is attended by about 2,000 students; possesses a landed revenue of 15,000 l. a year; a library of over 150,000 volumes; a park, printing-house, anatomical and chemical department, a botanic garden and an observatory. Dublin had formerly important manufacturers of woolen, silk and cotton fabrics, and at present its chief trade is in export of linens, poplins, porters, provisions, &c. Registered shipping of post 417 vessels. Aggregate burden 37,210 tons. Steamers 46. Yesterday I visited the Zoological gardens, where I had an opportunity of seeing a collection of animals from all parts of the world. I was also through Phoenix Park and many other places of interest. The weather is much warmer here than in Scotland, and the crops are beginning to suffer for want of rain. It is very unpleasant on the street on account of the clouds of flying dust. The streets are not well sprinkled, and in fact, I notice that the sanitary affairs of Dublin are not very well managed. I will remain here a few days longer when I will go to Cork. H. C. BARR.

A Chapter on Bad Manners.
It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing, to see what is written. It is the height of bad manners to blow one's nose with the fingers in the streets or in company; your handkerchief, and if you have none, borrow one. It is bad manners for a man to walk the streets with a lady, and at the same time smoke a cigar. It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking off your hat. It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of decent company. It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes. It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church. It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject, while the others present do not understand. It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street. It is bad manners to say 'yes' or 'no' to strangers, or to your parents or to aged people; let it be 'yes sir' or 'no sir.' It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company. It is bad manners to comb your hair or brush your coat in the eating room. It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage. It is bad manners to boast of your wealth and prosperity or good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are. It is vulgar to talk much about your self and it is very low and vulgar to your friends, or to your parents or to aged people; let it be 'yes sir' or 'no sir.' It is bad manners to stand with your side to or turn away your face from the person you are talking to—look him in the face. It is bad manners to stand in the middle of the pavement when people are passing, or make remarks about those who pass. It is bad manners to spit on the floor or carpet, or to spit at meals, and yet many people who think they are genteel do it. If you must spit at meals get up and go out.

Why He Couldn't Shut Up.
One day last week a band of crusaders stopped in front of a beer saloon in the West End, a man stepped outside the door with uncovered head while the women took at once to be the proprietor. He bowed to the ladies and smiled blandly, which encouraged them to gather around and urge him to discontinue his nefarious traffic. They asked him if he had any objections to praying in front of the place. He said he hadn't in the least. After a prayer a crusader said they would like to sing a hymn. He remarked, "Sing away for all I care," and they sang. The man seemed affected. Once or twice he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The services over, the ladies feeling that they had indeed touched his heart, renewed their entreaties. They spoke of the evils wrought by saloons and depicted the suffering of the drunkard's family.—The man listened and bowed his head in apparent contrition. His conscience was evidently at work. There was a struggle going on within his breast between the sordid love of gain and the spirit of goodness, which is said to never wholly desert a man. At least so thought the ladies. So they pressed upon him and renewed their entreaties. "Won't you," said one of the most earnest and importunate among the good women, "won't you listen to our appeals and shut?" Then the man raised up his head. His voice trembled as he essayed to speak, and there were the traces of tears on his cheeks. Said he: "Ladies; you have moved me deeply. I know as well as any one the evils of the traffic and most gladly would I shut up this saloon, but—'But what?' cried all the ladies at once. 'I could do it if it was not for one thing.' 'What's that?' 'Taint my saloon?' The ladies moved on without any policeman telling them to.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The Life School.
That this life is a stage on which to develop the soul is scarcely to be doubted. All our good things are evolved from the conditions of human life. The evolution of faculty into conduct and into character; the fixing of principles in a man's life, so that they become powers in him—these things are accompanied by the schoolings of life itself. No man inherits activity, enterprise, foresight, justice, benevolence, the finer feelings. They are developed in him by training; and it is a training for which this world is peculiarly adapted. It is a good grinding world. It is a good sharpening world. It is a good stimulating world. It is a world that wakes men up, and by ten thousand necessities on every side compels them to think, and to think far ahead; to forbear and deny themselves, to restrain self-indulgence; to consider others as well as themselves; to combine thoughts and sympathizing men into practical philosophy and economy. The world by its very necessities, engenders in men these various traits; and it is fair, since it does so universally, to say that it is designed to do so.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE SECRET TO THEIR POWER.—A gentleman one day earnestly requested Mr. Webster to speak in the Senate on an important subject. "I have no time," was the reply; "I have no time to muster the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster," urged the applicant, "a few words from you would do so much to awaken public attention to it." "If there be such weight in my words as you represent," rejoined the great statesman, "it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it." "Men give me credit for genius," said Alexander Hamilton; "all the genius I have lies just in this—when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explain it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people please to call the fruit of genius. It is the first fruit of labor and thought."

NATURAL COMPASS.—It is a well known fact that in the vast prairies of Texas a little plant is always to be found which under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves to the north. If a cross those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him. It is not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

General Sherman went to the circus the other day in Washington—he is considerable on the prance—and with him a number of children, whom he had gathered from the 'by-ways and hedges.' He looked down, and hauled from under the seat a ragged little darkey, who had crept in under the tent, and then put him at his feet, where, by crowding, a place was made for the little rascal. "Now, said the general, 'sit there, my boy, and see everything. Bless me! many a time I have done just the same thing, and many a thrashing I have had.' He seemed like a child, and enjoyed the whole thing just as much as the brief negro did.

Early to bed and early to rise, Will be in vain if you don't advertise. Mind your own business.

Wit and Humor.
The quickest way for a man to forget all common miseries is to wear tight boots. When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them watery. Why is your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? They correspond but never meet. A sewing-machine agent was shot half a dozen times, but his cheek was left intact. Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it. Tight lacing is again coming into fashion. This is good news for short-armed lovers. A man who traveled through New Jersey says he saw some land so poor that you could not raise a disturbance on it. The Peoria woman who wanted to throw herself into her husband's grave a few months ago has just married a lightning-rod man. In the United States there are twenty-six counties and two hundred and forty-five towns named after the great and good father of his country. Among the candidates for admission to West Point is one named Guvernich from this State. Should he graduate he may do for frontier service, but he can never represent the cream of the army. "What can I do for you, Auntie?" said a Richmond shopkeeper to a venerable colored dame. "Auntie who? I isn't yer sister's mother," was the indignant rejoinder "as she sailed out of the shop under a full press of canvas. A farmer sold a small load of hay in Erie recently for \$10; on his way to unload it, another man offered him \$11, which he accepted and went home. The first party prosecuted him, and it cost him just forty dollars to pay the damages and costs. A Hartford man keeps a spade close by his kitchen door, and whenever a tramp comes about and begs for a dinner, he is requested to earn it by digging four feet square in the garden, but the tramp invariably refuses to pay this price. A Dakota sheriff attached a show, and while taking up a sale notice on the elephant's hindquarters, which the official mistook for a small barn, the animal swung his tail around. There were eight backs at the funeral. In court young Ketchum, a limb of the law, trying to break down a female witness's evidence one day, said: "Gentlemen, the witness on the stand has brass enough in her face to make a kettle. She curtly replied, 'And you've enough sap in your head to fill it. A little boy from Chicago, on going to the seaside, saw a turtle in the backyard of a hotel, when his astonishment knew no bounds. "Oh, mother mother," said the child, "come right away quick, for here's the queerest thing—a great black frog, with a hat on his back, creeping on his knees. Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after the sermon had begun with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late can't come early," and decidedly self possessed was the man thus addressed, in the presence of an astonished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text? It is announced that a man who last season had \$200 worth of trunks destroyed by the baggage smashers has had five new ones made to order and supplied with compartments containing five pounds each of nitro glycerine. He proposes to travel from Maine to Texas, covering all the watering places, and will have a coroner along to hold inquests on the victims. An observing person advises: "Never marry a man who scents his whiskers." This is good advice. We cannot conceive of a more consummate scoundrel, a deeper dyed villain, a blood-thirstier wretch, a vile compound of Judas Iscariot and the Bender family combined, than the man who scents his whiskers unless we except the young man who illuminates his mustache with sticky pomatum before going to see his girl on Sunday night. A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and one of his clients went to see it. Every body said: "Oh, how much it is like him! It is the very picture of him!" One old farmer, who happened to be present thought differently. "Taint a bit like him!" "Taint, eh! said a half dozen at once." "Just show us now wherein it is not a capital likeness." "Well, taint—no use talkin'—I tell you taint." "Well, why? Can't you tell us why it ain't a good likeness?" "Yes—easy enough. Don't you see he has got his hand in his pocket? 'Twould be as good again if he had in somebody else's!" Beware of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an itch to tell it again.