

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



'TIS A GLORIOUS LAND.

BY W. J. PARODIE.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land!  
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand.  
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;  
And nurtured on her ample breast,  
How many a goodly prospect lies,  
In nature's wildest grandeur drest,  
Emmelled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,  
Like emerald oceans roll afar;  
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,  
Reflecting clear each trembling star;  
And mighty rivers, mountain born,  
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,  
Through forests where the bounding lawn,  
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,  
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,  
Where love the air with music fills,  
And calm content and peace abide;  
For plenty here her fullness pours  
In rich profusion o'er the land;  
And, sent to seize her generous store,  
These prouls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—  
This bounteous birthland of the free,  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty!  
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;  
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,  
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

A correspondent in the N. Y. Tribune says: 'I take the liberty of asking for space in your columns for the accompanying remarks on the general nature of the action of alcohol on the animal system, which seem to be called for by the many erroneous ideas on that subject current in the newspapers. And as much of what I have to say is opposed to common opinion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for remarking, as a sort of voucher for such statements, that being the teacher of "materna medica and therapeutics" in one of the medical colleges of this city, I have necessarily given a good deal of attention to the study of the physiological action of all articles used in medicine, and am obliged to keep myself carefully informed of every advance in knowledge on such subjects.

In the columns of your daily of March 21, the letters to the editor discussing Archbishop Purcell's late letter on wine and beer-drinking, contain the following passages:

"A glass or two of beer" restores the wasted strength of man. A stimulus restores nothing. Alcohol excites the nervous system, and all artificial excitement is followed by reaction and exhaustion. Alcohol, in no form, adds to the vital forces; it subtracts from them. In sickness it may stimulate for the time the process of digestion, or rally temporarily the vital forces to throw off disease, but the best modern physiologists recognize no nutritious element in that much abused agent. If there is a nutritive element in beer, it is so insignificant as to deserve no consideration whatever.

The bishop would not preach that it was sinful for a "day laborer to restore his exhausted strength by a glass or two of beer." Just as if that beverage ever did restore exhausted strength. The product of the brewery, no less than that of the still, in its very nature, but only physical weakness, as is apparent on every hand among those addicted to its use. The public mind is largely imbued with the idea that there is some element of strength or virtue in the various stimulants which are swallowed with such disastrous effect by our people. Until this error has passed away we shall make no permanent advance. I may here inform the archbishop that the alcohol which the bodmen are too fond of will not give them strength, for God, in his wisdom, has so arranged the system that as soon as man, in his ignorance, drinks wine, beer or any kind of liquor containing the poison alcohol, it is ejected just as it went into the system, without any change. This being the case, I do not think there is any strength to be had from alcohol.

As no good to the temperance or any other cause can come out of misconception as to matters of fact, I am impelled to say that late researches in physiological chemistry have put the action of alcohol on the animal system in a new light, and that such sweeping statements as the foregoing can no longer be received. Without going into technical details, the following are the main facts of the matter:

Contrary to what was lately believed, and to the last statement quoted above, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that alcohol when drunk is not "ejected from the system unchanged" except in trifling amount when taken in grossly intoxicating quantity. On the contrary, in ordinary amounts it is wholly consumed, transformed, in the system, and by the nature of its chemical composition is capable, like certain elements of ordinary food, of this yielding force which can be used by the economy to do life-work,

as the heat of the burning coal drives the engine.

In this fact we have a key to the effects of alcoholic drinks on man. Thus within certain limits of dose, alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy, must be considered as a food in any philosophical sense of the word.—And an important point to know, and one little understood, is that this food-action is attended with no exciting or intoxicating influence, but the whole effect, like that of ordinary food, is seen in the maintenance or restoration, according to circumstances, of that balance of function called health.

But if taken in greater quantities than can be utilized as a force yielding food, the excess of alcohol acts as a poison, introducing a well-known train of perturbations of function. And—again a point generally misunderstood—all signs of departure from the natural condition in the drinker, from the first flushing of the cheek, brightening of the eye, and unnatural mental excitement to the general paralysis of complete drunkenness, belong equally to the poisonous effect of alcohol. That is, if I wish strongly to insist upon this point, even the early phases of alcoholic disturbance, which are often improperly called "stimulating," are part and parcel of the injurious disturbing influence of overdoing, and must be put in the same category with the more obviously poisonous effects of pronounced intoxication.

Alcohol has thus a twofold action: First, it is capable, in proper doses, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producing, in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid, and is no more an "excitement" or "stimulation," followed by a "recoil" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soup or of a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonous influence of an excess of alcohol circulation in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance, unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once ask, What then is the limit as to the quantity within which it begins to poison by its excess? The question cannot be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been so aptly called, is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarities and habit, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work, when suffering from emotional mental work, as anxiety or fear when worn by loss of sleep, of blood, or of pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended in relieving the pre-existing malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases the poison-line often shifts to an astonishing degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life-sustaining energy which this fluid, from its swift absorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.

It can no longer be truthfully said, therefore, as in passages quoted above, that alcohol never "gives strength." For since its proper dose can be used as one of those food substances whose province is to furnish force to run the living machine, the giving of strength under such circumstances happens to be exactly what it does do as closely as words can express it. It is also plain that it is inaccurate to speak of alcohol in a sweeping way as a poison. For the poisonous effects belong only to an excess of the article swallowed above what can be used as a food; and the property of being injurious—that is, poisonous, in overdose—is a common one to most articles of diet, as tea, coffee, sugar, salt, etc., although, of course, the nature and degree of the deleterious effect differ widely with different things. Still further, some late researches make it more than probable that a certain amount of alcohol is regularly formed in the animal economy, since a substance answering all the tests of alcohol has been detected in small quantity as a regular ingredient of the blood and certain secretions, both in animals and in men who had taken no alcoholic drink for years. To speak, therefore, of alcohol unqualifiedly as a poison, is incorrect and improper from every point of view.

Such, according to the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alcohol on the animal system, and my object in this brief letter is simply to present these facts as clearly as I can before those who discuss the perplexing and moral problem of the use of alcoholic drinks as an ordinary beverage, in order that the foundations upon which their arguments must rest may be the secure basis of truth.

EDWARD CURTIS, M. D.  
The fire-cracker business on the "day we celebrate" is becoming entirely too costly. Allegheny city foams up \$300,000, Toledo \$25,000, Circleville \$25,000 and Pontiac Illinois, \$200,000—an aggregate of \$550,000, all lost by fire originating from firecrackers on the recent fourth

## A Miser Millionaire.

In a shabby wooden house, two stories in height, standing on Eighth avenue, half mile below Central Park, lives one of the millionaires of New York. He is the owner of rows of brick tenements and a half dozen brown-stone fronts, but he prefers to be sheltered by the humblest of roofs that are his. The house that he inhabits is dilapidated and bears not even the pretense of decayed gentility. Its sides, from which the paint has been worn by sun and storm, and its windows, patched with paper deftly pasted on the glass, show willful neglect on the part of the occupant. Young folks who ride past the house on their way to Central Park to dream of their future home, pray that it may never be their lot to live in such a shelter. They may well say so, since the interior of the house is even less inviting than its outside. Yet none of them would believe, except on irrefutable testimony, that the spot they despise is the home of one of the wealthy men of the great metropolis.

Visitors never find admission to the house. A turgid woman drives beggars, spies and interviewers from the door. They only get glimpses of a dirty, dark entry without a carpet and a pair of stairs that seem to go up into a region of unbroken cobwebs. Only those who come on business can get sight of the owner.—Thus it happened that a few days since a stenographer was sent to take the occupant's testimony in a law-suit. The latter had become in litigation, and as he was understood to be confined to his bed the man of hieroglyphics was sent to wait upon him. Arrived at the right number the stenographer could not believe that he was right, and that the client lived in such a hole. But having knocked on the panel, a frowsy woman in a worn calico dress assured him that it was all right, and led the way up stairs. The visitor followed with careful tread, and with an impression that he was wading through a shower of dirt. The door of the front room on the second floor admitted him to so strange a panorama as he ever witnessed.

Upon a cheap stained bedstead lay a man of about sixty years. His hair and long beard were gray almost to whiteness, and his frame was stiallow. His nose was a bad face, but rather patriarchal—set off like the patriarch Canby's by his abundant locks. The man was bed-ridden. All his wealth could not find for him the power to bid him arise and walk. But as it were not enough, it was evident that he denied himself everything except the mere necessities of existence. The only pleasure left was to float over his possessions and remember that he was able to buy up hundreds of those who lived in apparent wealth and dressed luxuriously. This pleasure seems to outlast all others. The surroundings of the man were curious.—The bed was covered with a cheap spread, and a fragmentary carpet strove to stretch itself over the floor. At the foot of the bed was a row of pigeon holes and a board that closed up against them. When it was necessary to refer to any of the papers in this receptacle, the bed-ridden millionaire raised himself up to a sitting position by pulling on a rope fastened to the bedpost. Then he let down the board upon his knees and reached out for the papers. When he needed to make calculations he took a piece of chalk out of a pigeon hole, scratched away upon the board, and rubbed the figures off when he had finished. Pencil and paper were luxuries altogether too expensive for ordinary use. Board and chalk were cheap.

The room was a curiosity shop on an extensive scale. Two or three chairs, a table and a piece of white muslin nailed to the upper half of the windows were its whole furniture. But it had a multitude of decorations. Under the bed and in the corners were baskets of crockery, kitchen utensils, mantle ornaments, bundles of clothing and other matters that evidently had been taken in pledge from tenants who had no money to pay rent. On the table was a select assortment of clocks, stuffed birds, varnished fish, shells, and nicknacks that no doubt had been highly prized by their owners. Everything evidently was fish that had come into this landlord's net. The visitor took his seat and began to take the testimony. But it was a more difficult job than he had imagined. The old man protested against his taking down every word that he said. It was "robbery to charge fifty cents a page" for what he said. He'd tell him what to put down. The stenographer, quietly remarked that he knew his business. "Very well," said the sharp millionaire, "I'll talk to this woman and then you can't write it." He was answered that the operation was quite as easy in one case as in the other, and finally the work proceeded amid many expostulations and a great deal of protestation against the robbery. During the session a workman came in to consult the "boss." Having received his directions, and being admonished not to waste his time, his employer remarked: "Some day when you have nothing else to do for half an hour—mind, I say, when you have nothing else to do—I want you to go to that house of mine on Blank street. In the back yard, under some bricks in the upper corner, dig down a foot and you will come to some lead pipe that is buried there. Dig it up and sell it and bring the money to me. I know what it is worth; it will bring a dollar and a half. Mind, though, when you've nothing else to do." The visitor finished, folded up his papers, and left amid a chorus of growls about "robbery." The last view of the old man revealed him leaning over his board figuring away at his sums in chalk. Gray hairs have not taught him wisdom and the millions he has amassed have only brought him a miser's miseries.—N. Y. Graphic.

Cholera pills—Cucumbers.

## A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip,  
The soft brow,  
The heart that beats  
So gaily now?  
O, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street?  
A hundred years to come?  
Who tread you church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age  
And fiery youth,  
And child hood with  
Its brow of truth—  
The rich, the poor, on land or sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come?  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come?  
But other men  
Our lands will till,  
And others then  
Our streets will fill;  
While other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sun shines to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

### The Praying Sailors.

A ship once sprang a leak in mid ocean, and there seemed no escape for the crew from a watery grave. The captain, with deep emotion gathered his men around him, thirty-two in number, and briefly stated to them their condition. "Are you prepared for it?" he asked, feebly. Two men stepped forward. "Captain, we believe that we are prepared for death." "Then," said he, "pray for me and your shipmates. I acknowledge that I am not prepared."

The two men knelt down with the company, and earnestly prayed God to save them all for His dear Son's sake. There was no jeering now at their praying shipmates. No one to scoff at their religion. Every one felt that there was comfort and safety for them only in God. While they were praying their signal of distress was seen, and a life-boat sent to their rescue. They felt as if God had sent an angel to their help, and their thanksgivings were as earnest as their prayers for assistance had been. A daily prayer-meeting was established among them, and before the port was reached each one of the thirty-two was hopelessly converted.

It is a blessing beyond every other earthly good to be associated in life with praying, Christian people. We do not know how many times the Lord wards off danger and trouble from us on this account, and how many blessings come to us in answer to their prayers. Choose such company in preference to any other, if you would enjoy the blessing God bestows in this life, and be fitted at last for such companionship in the life beyond.

### CHILDREN'S STUDIES.

It is said to be quite notorious that our youth are growing physically inferior to the youth of other nations. You may construct the most perfect steam engine in the world, but if it has not the motive power, steam, it will not work. So with man or woman.—You may train the child till it comes to maturity in all the branches of learning it is possible for him to acquire, and yet, if you neglect his physical culture, you leave him without the motive power to make use of that hard-won knowledge. Parents are undoubtedly anxious to see their children become accomplished scholars, and hence too often fail to notice that their children are overtaxing themselves. Such a lack of observation on the parents' part is the first step toward the child's ultimate physical ruin. The fault is also with the general public, who are apt to criticize too severely the teacher of a school whose scholars do not show what they consider a sufficient advancement, as a natural consequence, the teacher is, anxious, and invariably overtaxes the child. Parents should see to it that their children are not overtaxed, and they may rely upon it that when the child reaches maturity it will not be in any way inferior to its fellow-students in mental acquirements, and its physical development will be far superior.

### A TERRIBLE HISTORY.

Mr. Kyle was at a neighbor's house-raising, and Mrs. Kyle, with the smaller of her two children, went to a spring near by to do her washing. After being engaged some time she heard a scream from her little girl, which she had left in the house, and hastened to the scene, it was her horror to behold a huge rattlesnake there, with its fangs fastened in the child's arm. She succeeded in killing the snake, and then, thinking of her child which she had left at the spring, she hastened there, only to find that this one had climbed up to the tub of water, falling in, and was drowned. This nearly crazed her, and she ran with all her might to her neighbor's where the house raising was, and screamed with excitement called to her husband, who at the time was upon the building, and he through excitement in trying to get down pulled a piece of timber off upon him and fell, killing him instantly. The friends then went back to where the child and the snake were, only to find each lying on the floor dead. All happened within thirty minutes.—East Wayne Co. (Tenn.) (News.)

Now the green apple doubles the little boys into quarto form.

## A Partner for Life.

What is the aim of nine out of ten of the young ladies who have suitors visiting them? Do they have any? Certainly—most of them do, only to forget it. A little presence of mind on these occasions would save future unhappiness. The young gentleman, in many instances, gay and handsome; and this dazzles the eyes so utterly, that the young lady refuses to look farther. She should satisfy herself on such points as these: "Will those eyes, in which Cupid now dances so merrily, always find expression from the love of a true soul? Now he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future. Does he go to-morrow to work which gives promise of the fulfillment of your desires in life? Do his ambitious and achievements satisfy you? Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man? If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who would unlock the deepest depths of your mind—to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality?"

Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness, in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after years make many women weep in bitterness of soul, that they had not thought of before, they answered—'Yes.' We should look out for to-day's reputations and to-morrow's success. The witticisms and endearments lavished so freely may be, and doubtless are, indeed, very pleasant, but they will not last.—They will grow tame and spiritless; and, if nothing else comes to take their place, we to the happiness vainly invoked on the shores of the desolation opening all around. Be careful, then, in choosing a partner for life; look below the surface; for, as pearls do not float, neither are the best traits of character always the most prominent. True hearts and willing hands unite to make a happy home.

### If I Had Leisure.

"If I had leisure I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure, then, to repair his fence, but it did not bring back his corn.

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sunrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours on the street, talking nonsense with an idler.

"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I would pay more attention to my accounts and try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter than you do now. The thing lacking with hundreds of farmers who till the soil is, not more leisure, but more resolution. The spirit to do—to do now. If the farmer who sees his fence in a poor condition would only act at once, how much might be saved. It would prevent breechy cattle creating quarrels among neighbors, that in many cases terminate in law suits which takes nearly all they are worth to pay the lawyers.

The fact is, farmers and mechanics have more leisure than they are aware of, for study and the improvement of their minds. They have the long evenings of winter, in which they can post themselves upon all the improvements of the day, if they will take ably conducted agricultural journals, and read them with care. The farmer who fails to study the report of the market and then gets shaved, has none but himself to blame.—N. Y. Farmer.

### A MOST WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A correspondent, writing on the Mill River disaster, tells the story of the marvelous escape of a man and his wife.

They were taken entirely by surprise, and were washed away with roaring flood; they knew not whither. The woman fainted, but her husband was fully conscious to the horror of the situation. The shanty broke into pieces, and left the couple bruised in the flood.

Suddenly a mass of water swept them into a scolding sea, and he expected each moment to be their last. His strength was nearly gone, and he was about to drop his loved burden involuntarily, when another rush of water took them as if they had been wisps of straw, and lifted them on some rocky land which was high and comparatively dry. Here they remained until a boat put off to their assistance and they were saved. Their gratitude to Heaven knew no bounds. The husband declared that he believed nothing short of a miracle could save them and that miracle has been wrought.

### NEWSPAPERS.

Hostile newspaper are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets.—Bonaparte.

A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment.—De Toqueville.

I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers.—Jefferson.

In the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper and owns the paper he reads. \* \* \* A good newspaper will keep a sensible man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an ever-unfolding encyclopedia—an unbound book forever issuing and never finished.—Becher.

## A Salary-Grabber Flanked.

Col. O. J. Dodds, late member of Congress from the First district of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off from about a six week's spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart and the other extending a badly-used plug hat, he exclaimed, with a dramatic air:

"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orza J. Dodds?"  
"My name is Dodds, but I am no longer an honorable," said the Colonel.  
"Not an honorable? Dodds not an honorable? Now, by St. Paul, when I can scan that honest face, on which all the gods do seem to set their seal."  
"Green seal," murmured Dodds to himself. "I read nothing dishonorable."  
"That's right," said Dodds; "never read anything dishonorable. But to business." "Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer—I might say, with no unbecoming blush, an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansas, the only State, by the way, able and willing to support two governments at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed through the ire of cruel Juno, and—"  
"Juno how it is yourself," broke in the Colonel.  
"Buffeted by the world's rude storms, you see me here a stranded wreck.—Scarcely three moons past I left my office in charge of my worthy foreman, and sought the peaceful vales and calm retreats of the Muskingum valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinnati. I fell in evil company, and—why dwell on details? Enough that I am what I am—disheartened, ruined, broke! A mark for scorn to point her slow, unerring finger at. As I was about to give up in despair, having given everything else I had, I thought of you, Sir, I am here. You have not sent for me but I have come! Your name, sir, is known and honored from one end of this great republic to the other. It

"Gloves in the stars,  
Refreshes in the breeze,  
Warns in the sun,  
And blossoms on the trees."  
When the national treasury was threatened by a horde of greedy congressmen, you stood like a wall of adamant between the people and those infamous salary-grabbers. Lend me a dollar!"  
"My dear sir," the Colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was one of the grabbers."  
"You were?" grasping the Colonel's hand warmly. "So much the better! Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. *Makes it two dollars!*"  
And the Colonel did. It was the only clean thing left for him to do.

### How LONG AND HOW MANY.

How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to St. John, who wrote Revelations, it was that long, long time.

How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul and Peter. There were Moses, Ezra, David, Daniel, and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some tent makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned, and some were unlearned; and yet they all agree in what they write. There is not so much as a word of disagreement in the whole book. How could that be? Because God did the thinking of the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.

Those thirty men only did the writing. They wrote just what God told them.—How many different sections of books are there in the Bible? Sixty-six, all bound together, making one beautiful whole.—It is a blessed book. Prize it above all the books in the wide, wide world. Make it the man of your counsel and the guide of your life. Your life can never be a failure if you follow its instructions.—You will live for a purpose, and save your soul, and not thyself only shall be saved, but others through thee.

### DO NOT CRITICIZE.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper but in private life, in domestic circle, in society. It will not do any good, and will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not made to suit one taste; recollect that.

Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, can't be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, the dress of the other, and the opinion of 't'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

### THE DUTIES OF YOUTH.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He who never thinks, never can be wise. Perpetual levity ends in ignorance, and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

## Wit and Humor.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

An Iowa editor had branded his contemporary as "manly dog"—a disgrace to his own ideas.

Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What's de use of lim' laying treasures up dar? He never see um again."

A returning emigrant wagon passed through Cedar Falls, Iowa, last week, bearing the expressive and euphonious label, "D—n the grasshoppers."

An Irishman, having the rheumatism being asked where it troubled him, replied, "Be me sowl! I believe I have it in ivery howl and corner uv me!"

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

It is said that a boy down in Virginia has feet so large that when he wants a new pair of boots he just kicks a calf out of its hide and slips the skin right on.

A young man in Lancaster sent a dollar to a firm in New York, who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams.—He received a small slip of paper on which was printed, "don't go to sleep."

An Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some permissions, reported thus: "Ye may grin, you mutton-headed idiot; but I can lather the sowl out of the man that spilt vinegar over thim plums."

The Schenectady Star is responsible for the statement that a June bug, buzzing around in a dark Waterbury parlor, blew against a young lady's face with such force as to become hopelessly entangled in her beau's moustache.

"I say, Sambo," said one Virginia dandy to another, "can you answer this conundrum; s'pos'n I git you a bottle of whiskey corked shut with a cork how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push de cork in."

People who are not otherwise much exact to pay for their whims as the Iowa man did. He went back on his true love because she ate onions, and the jury gave her \$3,200 damages. How much better for him if he had offset her by eating Limburger cheese.

Two men, strangers to one another, met one day, and spoke to each other in mistake. One of them happening to be an Irishman, made his apology in this manner:

"Oh, Gorrah, it's all a mistake! I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, but it's nather of us."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How, sir?" cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes? pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

"You know, Madam, that you cannot make a purse of a sow's ear."  
"Oh, sir, please fan me. I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again, clothe it in refined phraseology! You should say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus hog."

A worthy gentleman, whose wife, though an excellent woman, is slightly inclined to the practice of feminine virtue called loquacity, lost the other day a black pointer, and was speaking to us yesterday of his misfortune. We advised him to advertise his loss. He replied, "Oh, I did that immediately." "Why," we answered, "we have not noticed it. What paper was it in?" "None—I told my wife."

A wedding took place recently at Gouldtown, Mich., in which the parties to the transaction are aged thirteen and twelve years, and named respectively Joseph Monroe and Janie Naris. What makes the matter "more binding" the father of the groom and the mother of the bride were married about a week previous so that the father-in-law and mother-in-law are all in the family.

Two officers were traveling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road-side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests if they chose long or short sweetening. The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of the article, chose it accordingly. What was his disaster when he saw the hostess dip her finger into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir her finger around in the coffee. His companion seeing this, preferred "short sweetening," upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper in the floor beside her, and "stirring off" a piece, put it into the cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening.