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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



SABBATH EVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How calmly sinks the parting Sun
Yet twilight lingers still,
And beautiful as dreams of heaven,
'Tis slumbering on the hill;
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things
Beneath the holy spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Mysterious music from the pines,
O'er yon dark rock reclined,
Falls like the whisperings of peace
Upon the heavenly mind;
And winds with pinions steeped in dew
Breathe gently, as if stealing through
From Eden's bowers, that came to bless
The spirit with their holiness.

And yonder glittering throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so sweetly glow
They seem to Fancy's eye,
Bright creatures of a better sphere
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch floating high,
The flowers, that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with Religion—deep
Their glories on the waters sleep
And mingled with the moon's pale rays
Like soft light of parted days.

The Spirit of the holy Eve
Comes through the silent air
To feelings hidden spring, and wakes
The gush of music there!
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open tracks of pathless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams
Each pulse is beating wild,
And throbbing is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled!
And holy aspirations start
From the full fountain of the heart:
Our chain—for earth's ties are riven—
Our visions to the gates of heaven.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A Romance that is Real.

Twenty-five years ago, a young man, now a resident of a fashionable part of the city, then a young lawyer in the central part of the State, wooed and won a beautiful girl whose gifts and graces were the pride of the charming village where she lived. He took his bride to what was then the far West, where he practiced his chosen profession for several years. Returning East, he opened an office in New York city, living up town. At this period nine years of married life had passed, and no child had been born to this couple.

One morning as he was about stepping into a car for his office down town, his attention was attracted by a group of children gathered about some object on the sidewalk, on the other side of the avenue. He allowed the car to pass on, and approaching the children, saw seated on the stone step in front of a store window, a little girl of some six years, bare-headed, bare-footed, and whose single, scanty garment of dirty, calico neither covered her legs, drawn up as far as possible beneath her frock for shelter and for shame, nor her bony neck and breast. She had a wonderful wealth of black hair. She sat with eyes concealed and head down, apparently unconscious or uncaring for the curious stare of the children.

It was plain she was not a lost child. Children of a great city are familiar with all phases of city life; but here was a new revelation of child life to them. They stood around her in pitying wonder. She, however, asked no sympathy by word or look. Like the tired or despairing fawn, chased by the hunter, all hope and life seemed driven out of her. Her friend is a great lover of children. Led by this powerful feeling and sympathy for the child's sad condition, he kindly engaged her in conversation, and at length persuaded her to let him lead her home to warmth and food.

He presented her to his wife. One look—"why have you brought her?" A child, do you not see? The little one looked up into her face, and the childless wife, at the appealing look of those great eyes, melted to tears. The gentleman saw that his little waif had found a resting place in the kind heart of his wife. He left them for his duties. When he returned at night the wanderer was washed and neatly dressed; her pinched face and form showed lines of beauty, and those mild, black eyes were more eloquent for pity and for help than any words.

It was ascertained that her brief life had been one of great sorrow. A drunken father, a large family, a discouraged mother, the birdling driven from the nest.—This was in 1858. Our friends had now been married nine years and were still childless. They adopted the child that Providence had placed in their way, gave her their own name and thanked the good God for the strange gift.

filled with plays and study, music, society and a wise preparation for the duties of life. The homeless, hopeless little wanderer has developed into a charming, happy woman, loving and beloved by all who know her. She, too, has been wooed and won. Her foster father and mother have been married a quarter of a century. It was but yesterday, that at their comfortable home, their friends gathered to congratulate them upon having reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of their married life, and the adopted daughter was at the same time united in marriage to a worthy young merchant of the metropolis.

Warning From Beyond the Grave.

About three miles southeast of the city of Schenectady the highway is intersected by the New York Central Railroad. At this point an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. W., well-known to all citizens, returning home from an evening drive, were struck and instantly killed by the train due in Schenectady at 6 P. M. This accident occurred at ten minutes before 6 P. M.

At ten minutes past 5 a lady in the city, Mrs. C., of a highly nervous organization, and intimately acquainted with the unfortunate couple, answered a ring at the front door of her house heard by both her husband and sister. She found standing at her door an elderly lady, whom she had never before seen, dressed in the fashion of years long since gone by. The stranger said nothing, when the lady of the house opened the conversation by observing:

"I do not know you; do you wish anything?"
"Nor I you," replied the old lady.—
"Send down to the 6 o'clock train; the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. W. will be on it."
The old lady then walked off. Mrs. C. immediately told her husband, who was in the house, and asked him to go down to the depot, which was not at any great distance. He, however, ridiculed his wife and her nervous apprehensions; but being again urged, went down to the depot to find that the train had not yet arrived, and no report of any accident. He returned home at 5:40—seven yet before the accident—to laugh at his wife and her fears. The train arrived a little later, and in a few minutes a messenger was sent up to say that the dead bodies of the couple were on the train, and to request Mr. C. to come down, which he did, and he helped them off. The messenger was sent up to Mr. C. in consequence of his first visit and inquiries. There were no means of telegraphic communication with the place where the accident happened. Afterward, in describing the appearance of the lady to a sister of Mr. W., she recognized it at once as a faithful portrayal of her mother who had been dead many years.—*Banner of Light.*

SOMETHING ABOUT BEER.—A correspondent writing from Vienna, says: "So far as I have been able to observe, the only occupation of the people of Vienna, between the hours of 5 and 9 p. m., in general, and on Sunday in particular, is the drinking of beer, accompanied with smoking and reading newspapers, or listening to music of the banals. There are a score of parks, and all of them swarm with smokers and beer drinkers, and down the Prater avenue, in the vicinity of the Exposition buildings, 50,000 fashionably dressed, respectable looking, quietly behaving people sit or stroll about the great park, under the huge old trees, each Sunday afternoon and evening in fine weather, drinking beer and coffee, and smoking pipes and cigars.

The Emperor and members of his family often sit down among them and do likewise. The bishops and the reverend clergy countenance the practice by taking part in it, and sharing the quiet with their flocks. If beer is 'poison,' as it is strenuously asserted to be in America, on account of the 4 or 5 per cent. of alcohol it contains, I can only say, in reply thereto, that in Germany it is a very slow poison, for the whole population have been consuming it in vast quantities for more than 2,000 years, and they are still a hearty, robust-looking people, as any one will testify who has ever traveled through the Teutonic portions of Europe.

STORY OF A PICTURE.—A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The supplicant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheeks spoke of health and his mild blue eyes were upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it on his wall, and called it 'Innocence.'

Years passed away and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of making a counterpart—the picture of 'Guilt'—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring goal. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow was his eye, vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side, for 'Innocence and Guilt.'

But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

Titusville has a young somnambulist completely cured of the 'disease' on Friday night. He went into the room where the hired girl was sleeping when she knocked him down with a chair.

What a Negro Preacher Saw.

A Selma, Alabama, preacher has, according to a Southern exchange, been telling his congregation a strange yarn. We hope he preached "to the marines"; but his audience was colored, and he himself the hue of ebony. The negro is credulous. He said that a young man, living in one of the many towns he had visited, asked a young lady to accompany him to church on the Sabbath day. She replied, pettishly, that her hair had not been curled, and that she would go to the bad place with her eyes wide open before she would venture to church with her hair uncurled. And she went not at that time; but the next Sunday, having gotten her curls adjusted, she ventured out and listened patiently to the sermon until his close. When the congregation had been dismissed she moved toward the door, but fell on reaching the portal, with her feet to the door and her head toward the pulpit. As she fell her clothing cracked like Chinese crackers exploding, and on examining her face, it was found that her eyelids were completely gone—she was dead, but it was impossible to close her eyes, because of the loss of the lids.

When her friends crowded around to raise her up, they found themselves unable to move her. The sequel showed that it took twelve strong men to lift her from the floor, and twelve to put her in her coffin. It also required the united exertion of twelve ministers to preach her funeral sermon—an exceedingly heavy job, doubtless. When the last sad rites were being observed, the lid of the coffin suddenly raised of its own accord, and something 'about the size of a black cat' leaped out. And as the creature jumped from the coffin to the floor, it cried aloud to the petrified audience: 'Wait, wait, wait until I curl my hair!' 'As I expect to answer in the day of judgment,' said the sable divinity, 'I saw this scene with my own eyes, and it was just as I have told it.'

SEEKING THE POINT.—A boy returned from school one day, the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said his father, you've fallen behind, this month, have you?"
"Yes, sir."
"How did that happen? The father knew if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fit opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."
"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."
When half the apples were replaced the son said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."
"Put them in I tell you."
"But father, I can't put them in."
"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in."
Do you expect to fill a basket full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you—Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much, and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish—worthless cheap novels. The boy turned on his heel and whistled and said, "When I see the point," little black bugs, you can save every one of them by sprinkling them lightly with Cayenne pepper. Use an ordinary table pepper-box. This is a dead shot.—*Granby (Mo.) Miner.*

THE SADNESS OF SUICIDE.—A heart-rending history finds its ending in the story of a young wife at Fonda, N. J. There is an untold volume—a romance of a life's history full of promise and hope at the beginning, perhaps—and an ending in the suicidal death. Mrs. Anna Jefferson, a wife who had not yet budded from her girlhood—whose age was only fifteen—killed herself by taking arsenic, and domestic troubles are the alleged cause for the act. The very words of the despatch—"this was the second attempt, the cause being the refusal of her father to support her unless she should leave her husband, which she declined to do"—seem to stand out boldly in testimony of her grief, and one reads the announcement over again in doubt of its truth. Yet the sad story of the suicide seems told in the manner of her death, and the warning to girlish wives, who wed but to suffer and die, is a sad record of the suicide's refuge from her troubles.

WORTH KNOWING.—Dr. Glass, living near Granby, who is clearing up a new farm, has been troubled with a number of big oak stumps. He had heard that salt-petre was good for stumps. Accordingly, about a couple of months ago he sprinkled on the top of each stump about a table-spoonful of pulverized saltpetre. A few days ago he set fire to these stumps and says they commenced and continued to burn until every stump was totally consumed, roots and all, that he was able to plough without the least difficulty over the very ground formerly occupied by these large stumps. He says some of the stumps burned for four or five days.—*Farmers, try the Doctor's remedy; he says it will not fail. The Doctor also says, that if your cabbage plants are troubled with*

One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, and the intense contemplation of deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—*Webster.*

TWO PICTURES.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For lights shine out across the way,
And a door with craps is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Are dwelling side by side—
Perhaps the death of an early one,
And the crowning of a bride.

Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
Pale faces bend in prayer,
And hearts beside the household hearth,
Are crushed by stout despair;
Ah, sorrow, and hope, and joy,
Are parted by thinnest walls;
But on the hearts of the thoughtless ones
No shadow of sorrow falls!

No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throng;
No hope that the past will come again,
To the anguished hearts belong;
The future's a sunny sea
To the lovers of joy and mirth—
But the past alone, to those who weep
For the sundered ties of earth.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For lights are bright across the way,
And a door with craps is clad—
Sadness and gladness alike
Confront us on every side;
A wealth of smiles and a flood of tears
With hope and sorrow allied!

—LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Mr. Editor.

Having wrote the article that was published in your paper under the caption of *Mercersburg College nearly blown out*, that E. E. Higbee has pronounced a gross misrepresentation, I wish to state that if it is a misrepresentation he is the author or cause of it. For the article was reported from his appeal to class; and his letter of July 23d chimes precisely with it, where he says, "The President reported to the Class that there had been a deficit, and that some action must be taken to increase the current fund," but omits a part of his report publicly made and reiterated with special emphasis, "that it was a mere matter of time; if relief was not furnished they would have to close; and he had advised the Regents to close."

This we thought sounded very much like blowing out. But he now triumphantly exclaims *Mercersburg College is not "blown up."* We never said it was blown up. We were not aware of any assault, bombardment or undermining to blow it out. We only thought from his plain statement that it must be near blown out. And the President of a college is supposed to know the difference between blowing up and blowing out. The Rebel fortifications at Petersburg, were blown up, and, about the same time, several furnaces in Pennsylvania were blown out by exhaustion of supplies.

We like Doctors of Divinity to be accurate when they make asseverations of any kind. He says *Mercersburg College was never more prosperous than during the past year, numbering over one hundred students.* Admit, "*never more prosperous*," though not *very* prosperous after the past year. He need not take it amiss if we inspect this assertion by comparing it with his catalogue for 1873-74, which may be considered good authority. On page 23 we find the following summary:

Resident Graduates,	6
College Classes,	45
Preparatory Department,	50
	101

Here we find a sum total of just one hundred and one; not very much over one hundred; and eleven of these marked as irregular. But as it is not usual to continue graduates as students, nor to include pupils of preparatory departments with students of the college—proper—for to reckon irregular with the regular, if we subtract all these it will show the number to be considerably less, rather than "over one hundred students." The impartial reader will decide what kind of a representation this is; whether true or a gross misrepresentation.

From a further inspection of the catalogue of 26 of these students are from Mercersburg, one from London, one from St. Thomas, one from Greencastle and one from Waynesboro; making just precisely four from the county at large outside of Mercersburg, showing that the intelligent citizens of Franklin county are not generally disposed to patronize this college with their present arrangement. Not that there is an indifference to a thorough education, for by reference to the catalogues of Pennsylvania, Jefferson, La Fayette and Ursinus Colleges, besides those of several Normal Schools and Academies we find that Franklin county is fully represented. When Marshall College was located at Mercersburg, and for about 20 years the community with united church cordially united heart and hand with liberal contributions towards erecting those buildings and to endow it on a permanent basis, and it might ere this ranked with the foremost Colleges on the continent had it not been for the corruption of its Faculty. Other Protestant denominations rejoiced in our success. A new era seemed to have dawned on the German Reformed Church, and the Germans throughout the State were lauded on account of it.

Both general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church opened a friendly correspondence and annually sent Delegates to our Synod. The Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church did the same. There had likewise been a triennial convention established of delegates of the Dutch and of the German Reformed Synods with the view of cherishing amicable alliances.

But alas! These friendly ties were severed! The German Reformed Church in its Theological Seminary and therefore these higher judicatories of the more influential branches of the Protestant church simultaneously withheld their delegates and Mercersburg became a bye word and reproach throughout Christendom. The shock was so heavy that it was deemed expedient to change the Faculty and likewise the location of Mercersburg College, forming an epoch of too much consequence to be forgotten and proving exceedingly detrimental. Beginning at Mercersburg and exploring the Cumberland Valley from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, where twenty-five years ago we had forty prosperous congregations, which have all been either distracted, divided or destroyed. Instead of increasing as those of other denominations have in this valley, there has been a lamentable scattering and diminution of membership with no accession of new congregations, if we except the one that has been styled their 'youngest child,' born and begotten according to Mercersburg rules; but which can never be properly acknowledged as a legitimate offspring of the German Reformed church, unless it is born again.

The ground on which those buildings at Mercersburg were erected was deeded in 1834 for the use of the German Reformed church as it was constituted with the doctrines and forms of worship held by that denomination then at that time; and not for any new order or new sect; and if there is no return to old doctrines and old forms of worship, that lease may blow out before the expiration of the ninety-nine years. For it is not Mercersburg science, classics nor literature, but Mercersburg Theology with their College, church, and 'mechanical arrangements' adapted to their peculiar processes, by which they virtually attempt to serve the Lord mechanically, which has been the impediment to the success of that college. His application to Classis in the case of the Rev. Mr. S. betrays either arbitrary action or gross impropriety of procedure. Dr. H. can take either horn of the dilemma. He says that the Regents reappointed the Rev. Mr. S. agent, and asked classis to dissolve the pastoral relation. If an agency was tendered to Mr. S. and he disposed to accept, it was his place to make that request and not the business of the Regents. Nor would it have been proper for Classis to act until they received the expressed wish of Mr. S. But passing antecedents and disregarding preliminaries they have aimed at building castles in the air, fragile as the spider's web, and without constitutional basis.

The Doctor likewise made a pathetic appeal in behalf of a student who had sold rags, and for another who will need a new hat when he gets through his studies, from which a surmise arose that he may be like Jereboam, son of Nebat, who caused Israel to sin by making priests out of the lowest orders of the people.

ACCUMULATION.—A mathematical person writes to one of the papers to say, that "if Columbus when he first came to America had put away one cent and not disturbed it until to-day it would have amounted to the sum of \$687,039.75." If this is true it is a great pity the idea never occurred to Columbus. He might have had a nice little fortune to comfort him in his old age. But is it true? That depends, of course, where he would have put it. Old Starbuckle, of Berks county Pennsylvania, several years ago read in an almanac that money would double itself by compound interest in eleven years if it were put away and left untouched. Accordingly, Starbuckle put \$900 in a tin box and buried it in his cellar. He permitted it to remain there for eleven years, and dug it out with the confident expectation that the amount in the box would be \$1,800. But it wasn't, and Mr. Starbuckle not only considers the science of arithmetic a transparent fraud, but he don't repose any confidence in the almanac when it says Sunday comes on the first day of the week.

WHO MADE IT?—Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in a God, but declared that the world we live on came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe and asked: "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac. "It happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

The bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Must not that man be a fool indeed who can say this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or any other thing in it, but has had a maker? We might better say that this paper we are reading grew just as it is, than to say that the sun, moon, stars, and this globe upon which we live came without a creative hand.—*S. S. Visitor.*

LIFE'S PENDULUM.—At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a hairbreadth; it is a tale that is told; its rapidity is like the swift shuttle or the transitory rainbow, or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble, it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity.—*Between the rising and the setting sun 40,000 souls are summoned before their Creator.*

Uncle Jake Nobles, aged one hundred and ten years, recently married Sarah Peoples, aged eighty-five, at Hot Springs, Ark.

The Puzzled Dutchman.

A Wisconsin paper contains the following good story: "One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said some believed it necessary to go down in the water and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the proposition 'into' of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, for it does not mean 'into' at all times.—'Moses'—he said, 'we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, &c. Now we do not suppose that either went into a mountain but unto it.' So with going down into the water; it means simply going down closely by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring. He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman, of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mind some things dat I never could believe before. O I ish so glad dat into does not mean into-it at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can believe manish things vot I could not believe before. We read, Mister breacher, dat Daniel was cast into den ten of lions and came out alive. Now I never could believe dat, for the wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; put now it is fery clear to my mind. He was shust close by or near to, and did not get into den ten at all. Oh, ish so glad I vash here to-night."

"Again, we read of the Hebrew children vat was cast into den firsh furniah, and dat air waltsh look like a peag story too; for air waltsh would have been purt up; put ish all clear to my mind now, for they were shust cast near by or close to the firsh furniah. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night."

"And den, Mister breacher, it is said dat Jonah was cast into den sea taken into a whaleh pelly. Now I never could believe that. It always seemed to me to be a peeg feesh story but ish all plain to my mind now. He vash not taken into the whaleh pelly at all, but shust shumped onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night."

"And now, Mister breacher, if you will shust explain two more passages of scriptures I shall be O, so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of them is vere it saish den vicked shall be cast into a lake that burns mit fire and primstone always. O! Mister breacher, shall I be cast into that lake if I am vicked, or shust close by or near to, I shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh! I hope you tells me I shall be cast only shust by a good vash off, and I will be so glad I vash here to-night! The other passage is that vich saish, 'Blessed are they who dose the commandments, they may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates of the city, and not shust close by or near to, shust near enough to see vat I have lost, and I shall be so glad I vash here to-night!'"

COMPLIMENTS.—We have heard of a rare beauty who said, upon a certain occasion, that the only real, disinterested compliment she ever received was from a coal-heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe in the gleaming of her eyes.

Another compliment, true and genuine, was paid by a sailor who was sent by his Captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having delivered the missive, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the face of the lady, for she was very beautiful.

"Well, my good man," she said, "for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned."

"Lady, the sailor returned, "with humble deference, "I would like to know your name."

"Did you not see it on the letter?"

"Pardon, lady, I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking honestly up, "in a storm at sea, with danger or death afore me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in my life. There'd be sunshine in it even in the thickest darkness."

BEFORE AND AFTER.—A female writer for one of the sentimental papers, speaking of affluents, observes that a woman now and then meets a man to whom she can truthfully say: "On the barren shore of time, O, my soul's kinsman! I have found in thee my 'pearl of great price,' and there is nothing more precious out of heaven." I have no doubt that this is the case, and while I would not rudely mar the sweet poetic beauty of the picture thus summoned up, my experience teaches me that the women who begin by talking in this sugary manner are usually prone to throw skillets and dlatrons at "their soul's kinsman" after marriage, and to growl at the "pearl of great price" because he comes to bed with his feet cold.—*Max Adeler.*

A young lady thus describes her feelings and court's sympathy:

"My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
But, oh! the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well;
I'm not myself, I'm not the same;
I am, indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all except in name—
Oh, when shall I be changed in truth!"

Wit and Humor.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife? Her-ring.

Why is a pig a good mathematician? Because he is good on the "square root."

Why is your shadow like false friends? Because it follows you only in sunshine.

When are brokers happy? When they meet a loan.

Where are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

Why is the French word *biere* (beer) feminine? Because the men are so fond of it.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

A lady of Kansas, aged sixty-eight years, has astonished her husband by presenting him with a baby.

Mr. Sheets, of India, has twenty-four children. Twenty-four sheets make one choir.

A lady once being asked what she thought was a good remedy for bee stings, said she had never found anything better than to keep away from the bees.

"Whisker your greatest enemy."
"But," said Mr. Jones, "didn't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" (Of yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them.)

A good way to restore a man apparently drowned, says an exchange, is to first dry him thoroughly, inside and out, and then clap a speaking-trumpet to his ear and inform that his mother-in-law is dead.

An inveterate toper, in a locality where the ardent was under the ban, put some rock candy in a bottle, rubbed the neck with camphor, and then had the druggist fill it with whiskey; the wife of the purchaser was 'troubled so much with the headache.'

The Rev. Mr. G., a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face, "No; I don't like the looks of them taters."

A good old elder of a church, who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offence in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly and said: "I know how prone I am to the fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

Out West the railroads sell tickets to ministers at half price. Recently, a gentleman applied at the ticket office in Atchison for a clergyman's ticket. How am I to know you're a clergyman?" asked the agent. "I'll read one of my sermons," answered the minister. Here—here—take the ticket. I'll let you have it for nothing sooner than put you to that trouble." That agent didn't have an appreciation of eloquence.

A young telegraph operator in Hartford after repeated calls for a young lady operator in another office, at last got a response, and then he telegraphed backed to her, "I have been trying to get you for the last hour!" In a moment the following reply came tripping over the wires from the telegraphic maiden:—"That's nothing. There is a young man here been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

There is an old goat owned in Detroit which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a firecracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them; and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him.

A few days ago he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk with a friend. They happened to speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane to just the left of the goat, and said:

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town."

The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on the 'old tin, dilapidated butter keg and abandoned horse' side, and the goat turned a summerault the other way, while the slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep, who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out:

"Oh it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

It is said by some physician that the poison from hydrophobia differs from that of a rattlesnake in remaining in the immediate vicinity of the wound for a considerable length of time. Section, however, may not always be effectual in drawing out all the virus, and a little remaining might be as fatal as a large quantity. Through cauterization with nitrate of silver is believed to be effectual if done within a few hours after the wound is inflicted.