

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

The Autumn sun is shining,
Gray mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blooming still.

Still bright in wood and meadow,
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams, by rivers broad,
On every breezy down.

The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a spirit voice,
"We have not vanished yet."

"No, though the Spring be over,
Though Summer's strength be gone,
The Autumn's wealth be garnered,
And Winter cometh on.

"Still we have not departed,
We linger to the last,
And 'e'en on early Winter's brow
A cheerful ray will cast!"

Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling men grown gray!

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren
But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers Spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dearest wood;
They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care;
They only need the dew of earth,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair were driven,
That unto earth, cursed with thorns,
The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose of the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
Saw roses join the soil!

And still for anxious workers,
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOW THE WOMAN DID IT.

Peter Pennywise was in deep grief—All the hopes of a life-time were to be frustrated. The fond ambition he had so long nursed, his pet scheme to make the name of Pennywise the greatest in the land, was no more. His only son, Launcelet, was to be married, and married to a plebeian—to a girl who had wealth but no name, no family ancestry, or no coat-of-arms on the panel of her coach.

Could human misery be greater?—Could the Ossa of grief piled on the Pelion of disappointment make a heavier load of sorrow? No. The cup of Pennywise was full to the brim and he must drain it to the lees, however bitter the draught. Such was the tenor of old Pennywise's musings as he paced the velvet carpeted floor of his library on the evening when our story opens. A conversation his son had with him as they sat together sipping their wine after dinner, had been the cause of this tumult in the breast of Peter Pennywise.

Launcelet was a weak-eyed and pink-skinned youth, with thin yellow hair, which he parted in the centre, and a little whisk of saffron whisker on each side of his face, the pulling of which with his nervous little hand constituted the principal employment of the scion of the house of Pennywise.

"Father," said Launcelet, after gulping down two or three glasses of wine to give him courage. "Father."

"Well, my son, what do you want?" asked the pompous head of the house.

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do I think of what?" questioned the surprised Pennywise.

"Marriage," replied Launcelet. "Matrimony, you know. Two hearts with but a single thought, two souls that beat as one and all that."

"I think that every man should marry, and I would be glad to hear that you had fixed your affections on some lady with the proper qualifications," said Pennywise.

"What are the proper qualifications?" inquired Launcelet.

"Family," replied his father, "family—whatever else you do, be sure never to disgrace the name of Pennywise by a plebeian connection."

"Why, is our family such a very great one?" demanded the young man.

"A great one!" echoed Pennywise, "why, it's the greatest in the land. Study carefully the genealogical tree that hangs in the hall, which cost me five thousand to have properly traced and you will see that the name of Pennywise was as well known as that of William at the time of the Norman conquest, and that the coat-

of arms is one of the most respectable and ancient that ever heraldry boasted of."

"Well, of course that's all true, father; but I've heard some of the fellows at the club say that grandfather was a pawn man I have in my mind now."

"But my son will not permit it; he is fascinated by this tailor's daughter."

"I will see that he permits it," the governor said, taking the agreement Mr. Pennywise had drawn up and signed.

"My duty is to prevent the marriage of Miss Petersham."

"Yes," said the old man, "do that and I will bless you," and the interview ended.

For the week immediately following the evening of the foregoing conversation took place, Miss Amy, very much to their delight, absented herself entirely from her pupils; and she might have been seen any afternoon walking arm in arm with the lovely Miss Petersham.

During the walks, somehow, Mr. Charles Gushington invariably met the two ladies and joined them in their walk—nor did he seem to regard the meetings as at all unexpected. The fact was that the wily governor had introduced Mr. Gushington to Miss Petersham, and was unknown to them fanning the flame that they declared was consuming both their young hearts.

Three weeks had passed since the night Miss Amy had agreed to prevent the marriage of young Pennywise with Miss Petersham when one morning the governor presented himself to the clerk in the office of Mr. Pennywise, and asked to see that gentleman. She was ushered into a private office where she found the aristocratic Pennywise very much surprised at his visitor.

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, wheeling around from his desk.

"To the best fortune," answered the governess. "Please read this advertisement that I am going to insert in to-morrow morning's papers," and she handed him a slip of paper on which he read the following:

GUSHINGTON—PETERSHAM.—On the 17th inst., at Grace church, by the Rev. Jeremiah Waller, D. D., S. T. D., Mr. Charles Gushington to Miss Emeline, eldest daughter of Jacob Petersham, Esq., all of this city. No cards.

"My dear Miss Dorris," said Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "you have saved the family—you have done wonders—I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never pay."

"Well, here is a debt you owe me you can pay," said Amy, producing the agreement.

"I will thank you for ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. I don't want a check I want the money."

"My dear Miss Dorris," said the banker, "if it took my last dollar I would not repudiate your claim."

And, drawing a check for the amount, he called a messenger, and bade him go to the bank and get ten thousand dollar notes. After the messenger had departed on his errand, Pennywise turned to the governess and said:

"How did my son bear the news that Miss Petersham was false to him? Thank heaven, my family will not be disgraced."

"When he first discovered that Miss P. was receiving attentions from Mr. Gushington he threatened to commit suicide; but I finally induced him to listen to reason, and he attended the ceremony last night."

"But how did you effect this alteration in him? You are a witch or I should say a good fairy. How did you do it?"

"Will the boy be long at the bank?" asked the governess.

"No, he is here now. I see you want your money before you give your information; quite right. Well there it is," and he handed her the money.

Miss Amy walked to the other end of the room and placed the money safely in her bosom. Then turning to Mr. Pennywise she said:

"Mr. Pennywise, you asked me how I obtained your son's consent to the marriage between Mr. Gushington and Miss Petersham."

"And saved my son from an alliance to a woman socially beneath him," interrupted Mr. Pennywise. "You marvel among women, will you tell me?"

"I will."

"How did you do it?"

"I married him myself. Good morning, sir."

POWER OF MEMORY.—A little negro girl living in a distant city has a truly wonderful memory. It is said that a gentleman who had read aloud in her presence accidentally heard her repeat word for word what he had read from the paper, though twenty-four hours had intervened. After this he tested her memory frequently and has found it capable of repeating thirty or forty lines from a book after hearing it read over once. Her intellect in other respects does not seem at all above, if equal to, the average. Such instances of memory are not very unusual. Mary Somerville tells of an idiot in Edinburgh who never failed to repeat the sermon, word for word, after attending the kirk each Sunday, saying: "Here the minister coughed," "Here he drank some water," &c. She also tells of another whom she met in the Highlands, who knew the Bible so perfectly that if he was asked where such a verse was to be found, he told without hesitation, and repeated the chapter. We remember, also, to have read a year or two ago an account of a man in New York who could read one side of the "New York Herald," and then repeat it, word for word, advertisements and all.

TO PURIFY CIDER.—A few slices of the red beet, put in a barrel of starchy cider, will deprive it of its disagreeable taste and smell, as well as prevent it from becoming vapid or acid.

The fall season is here.

LABOR: AN ODE.

BY G. W. B.

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom.
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom,
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout Labor lights its beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lung of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And bends angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sun-browned toil, with shining spade
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

A Vivid Description.

The following, says the St. Louis Republican, is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. S. D. Barrett, formerly of Cambridge, Illinois, but now residing in Nemaha county, Kansas. Her home is in the track of the northern column of the devastating grasshoppers and we presume her vivid description of the scene will give our readers a clearer idea of the magnitude of the pest than they have hitherto been able to form:

"It looks very sad and dreary to me today. The sun is quite hidden by the clouds of grasshoppers flying all around and alighting on everything. They are pelting against my doors and windows as fast as hailstones ever came. I can scarcely see through my screen door for them, and to look out as far as eye can see, it looks like a snow storm; as they fly their wings look white flakes of snow in the air. They devour everything they alight on. They have destroyed acres and acres of corn, and now they are going in our cornfield by clouds, and will destroy it all in a day. Every shrub and tree is covered with them. You know we have read of Pharaoh's plague, where the insects got into the kneading troughs. I think this is one of them. I went out by the door to try and drive them off, and they flew all over me and I had to change my dress to get rid of them. Instead of rain we are having showers of grasshoppers. Our six windows are completely covered with them and as I write they are pouring down the chimney and coming down the stovepipe. Father has just come in. He cannot work out doors for they blind him; and they are coming faster, and are now eating the netting off my doors and windows, and the heat and close air are stifling—I never saw anything so terrible in my life. The ground is now completely covered and they cause such an offensive smell that but for an occasional breeze to carry it off, I know not what we should do.

Please excuse mistakes, as I feel so bad and nervous under this awful scourge and desolation."

Josh Billings in Good English.

Time is money and many people pay their debts with it.

Ignorance is the wet nurse of prejudice.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint.

Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

There are people who expect to escape hell because of the crowd going there.

Most people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

A mule is a bad pun on a horse.

Health is a loan at call.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the father of it.

Beware of the man with half-shut eyes. He's not dreaming.

Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good.—If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job.

Mice fatten slowly in a church. They can't live on religion any more than ministers can.

OYSTERS EIGHTY YEARS OLD.—The Portland Press says: "Mr. G. W. Burnham, of Libby's Corner, who has been engaged in dredging Fore River to widen the channel, has found a large bed of oyster shells about three or four feet under the bed of the river. The shells are of a very large size, some of them being eight inches long and four or five wide. The marks upon them show the oysters to have been eighty years old at the time they died. The layers of earth upon the bed show that it must have existed in its prime about five hundred years ago.—From the size of its bed it must have been as large as the large beds in the South are to-day."

Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. One lemon squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of chills and fever if used properly.

A Traveler's Revenge.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on one of the trains from Boston to this city. The cars were very crowded. An elegantly dressed woman occupied an entire seat. Her bundles, hand box and bag, were piled artistically. She was oblivious to the fact that passengers were rushing back and forth to obtain sittings. More than one gentleman paused before the imperious dame and silently plead for the vacant spot. She fanned herself leisurely, looked in the seat, and evidently thought that things were very comfortable as they were. "Is that seat occupied, madam?" said a well dressed gentleman, very politely. "Yes it is," was the snappish reply. The man walked on. In half an hour the door opened and in walked a tall, rough fellow, coarse as a polar bear. His huge beard was uncombed and stained with tobacco juice. His clothes were ill put on and smelt of the stable. He was unengaged, and brawny, and weighed 200. He ran his eye along the car, and caught sight of the seat on which our lady was sitting. He made for it. With great deliberation he seized bundle, handbox, and bag, put them plump into the lap of the lady, and sat down in the vacant spot like one who intended to stay. If looks could have annihilated a man, there would have been a collapse in the car about that time. The man seemed very much at home. He whistled; he spit; he stroked his beard; he threw around his huge arms, and chuckled inwardly at the evident rage of the woman. She left the cars at New Haven, and had hardly gone before the gentleman who was refused the seat reappeared. To some gentlemen who seemed to take a great interest in the proceeding, he said: "Did you see how that woman treated me?" "Yes," said "Did you see how she came up with?" "Yes," said "That man is a horse doctor that sat down by her. He belongs to Bull's Head. I gave him a dollar to ride with that woman as far as she went." The car roared.

Taking Things Without Asking.

When I was a boy, I was playing out in the street one winter's day, catching rides out sleighs, and it was great fun. Boys would rather catch rides any day than go out regularly and properly to take a drive. As I was catching on to one sleigh and another, sometimes having a nice time, and oft times getting a cut from a big black whip, I at last fastened like a barnacle to the side of a countryman's cutter.

An old gentleman sat alone on the seat, and he looked at me rather benignantly, as I thought, and neither said anything to me nor swung his old whip over me; so I ventured to climb up on the side of his cutter. Another benignant look from the countryman, but not a word. Emboldened by his supposed goodness, I ventured into the cutter and took a seat under his warm buffalo-robe beside him, and then he spoke. The colloquy was as follows: "Young man, do you like to ride?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you own a cutter, young man?" "No, sir."

"It's a pretty nice cutter, isn't it?" "Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse drawing it."

"Did I ask you to get in?" "No, sir."

"Well, then, why did you get in?" "Well, sir, I-I thought you looked good and kind, and that you would not object."

"And so, young man, because you thought I was good and kind, you took advantage of that kindness, and took a favor without asking for it?" "Yes, sir."

"Is that ride worth having?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, now, young man, I want to tell you two things: You should never take a mean advantage of kindness of others; and what is worth having is worth asking for: I shall tumble you out into that snow-drift without asking you."

And out I went, like a shot off a shovel, and he didn't make much fuss about either. I picked myself up in a slightly bewildered state, but I never forgot that lesson.

Industry prolongs life. It cannot conquer death, but can defer his hour, and spreads over the interval a thousand enjoyments that makes it pleasure to live.—As rust and decay rapidly consume the machine that is not in use, so disease and sickness accumulate on the frame of indolence, until existence becomes a burden, and the grave a bed of rest. Industry is the friend of virtue, and indolence the handmaid of vice. The active are seldom criminal; but the most of those who yield to guilty enticements, might date their lapse from rectitude to habits of idleness, which leaving the heart vacant, gave full opportunity for the evil passions to exert their power.

FRUIT STEALING.—People who are troubled with having their fruit stolen should know that the law provides an effective remedy for such offences. It imposes a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$100 upon every person who shall willfully enter any orchard or garden, and club or otherwise injure any fruit trees, or shall tramp upon or break down grass, grain, vegetables or vines of any kind. The stealing of fruit is declared a misdemeanor, and any person convicted shall be fined not exceeding \$50, and be imprisoned not more than sixty days. The same penalty is declared against the stealing or removal of vegetables, plants, or ornamental trees and shrubbery.

A Minnesotan has made a drink from ground up grasshoppers, a half-pint of which makes a man hopping drunk. It is much cheaper than corn whisky.

ORRSTOWN CAMPMEETING.
August 27, 1874.

The church ground of the United Brethren camp of Franklin county, Pa. is situated about 7 miles North of Chambersburg and 3 South of Orrstown. A few years ago, twenty acres of timber land, one-fourth acre less, were contracted for at one hundred dollars per acre for camping purposes. At the camping meeting held last year, security was obtained for the full amount of money and the ground dedicated for church purposes for ever.

The ground is well set with white oak, black oak, hickory and other kinds of trees, and is found upon an elevated part of country with smooth and mostly level roads, the land in quality inclining to slate.

The inhabitants of this section of country yet maintain more of the old Pennsylvania traits of character than they do in the Southern portion of Franklin county, owing probably to the influence of old Mennonites, who are said to reside here in considerable numbers. The plainness of dress seen among the people will readily lead the traveller to believe this statement correct.

There is something striking, especially in these days, in the appearance of a group of plainly dressed little girls seated in the congregation. Their wear is nearly all of the same shade, varying from drab to brown or some other simple color.—The goods are of very substantial texture, and it is easily seen that it is not because they could not afford anything better, that they do not have more style about them; but it is inferred that it is believed that the relation between the outward and the inward is always closely connected and it is not likely that a person who is humble inwardly will consult the world about his wear outwardly.

Campmeeting commenced on the afternoon of the 20th and closed at about midnight on the 27th. There were 78 tents on the ground, about three-fourths of which were put up of rough white pine boards and the balance of sheeting.

For the use of the camping meeting 28,000 feet of white pine boards were brought some distance above Harrisburg at a price that no loss would be incurred by selling them after the camping meeting is over.—Tents are put up and rented to all persons who do not wish to put any up themselves. The amount paid for the use of one tent is said to be from \$3.50 to \$4.00.

Close of the camping meeting. It is now past 10 o'clock in the evening and the Presiding Elder gives notice that the meeting will soon be brought to a close. The 1st Chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter is selected and read. This part of the ceremonies being concluded, he names brother H. who will pass out to the left and the brethren will file after. Sister M. will pass out to the right and the sisters will file after. The brethren on the left and the sisters on the right move on till they meet at the head of the ground. The Presiding Elder now passes out to the right and gives notice for all of the clergy to follow. He commences shaking hands with the sisters and the others follow.

After the last preacher has shaken hands with the first sister, she follows after and shakes hands with the sisters and they slowly pass off the ground upon which they stood. In this way every preacher and every brother and sister shakes hands with every brother and every sister and sister. Singing was kept up on the side of the brethren, while weeping was most heard on the side of the sisters.

All large meetings seem to have a tendency to concentrate power. There are persons who will meet who have not met for years and there are those who will part never to meet again on a similar occasion. By the preachers, the camping meeting was considered a success. One of them took occasion to explain from the stand that he was so glad that they still were in possession of the old kind religion and what he more especially rejoiced in was that they have not got to be too very nice and refined to say glory.

The following story is told by the New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury: "Not many years ago, a physician who lives not a thousand miles off, was summoned in haste to attend a patient at Naushon. On arrival at the island and inquiring for a conveyance to the house he wished to visit, he was directed to a farm-house near by.—Here the doctor found a man, whom he requested to harness a horse, at the same time, in the interest of his patient, desiring him to be lively. The man pleasantly and promptly complied, harnessed the team and was speedily driving over the road at a good rate. The doctor en route discussed farming, and was struck with the general information and conversational powers of his driver. On arriving at the house a half-dollar was tendered to the man but was gratefully declined. "What is the name of your intelligent farmer?" said the doctor, after he had finished his professional visit. "What, the gentleman that brought you to the house? That was President Elliot, of Cambridge."

After seven years incarceration in the State prison of Wisconsin, a man has been pardoned out on the ground that he never committed the murder for which he was sentenced. This may seem strange to many; but the conviction of innocent men is not so rare as most people imagine. One of the officers of the Eastern Penitentiary of this State, is authority for the assertion that the statistics of that institution show that three per cent. of its inmates were innocent when convicted and sentenced.

"Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?" "Because there are more of them."

Wit and Humor.

If the enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

To get things out of a child's head—comb it.

When a well known Omaha thief meets a policeman and hands him \$5 it is the duty of the officer to go and sit down in an alley and see nothing for the next hour—nothing but the \$5.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way it's on the right; if you go the other way it's on the left."

A new game called "granger seven-up" is announced. Three persons play for a can of oysters. The first man out gets the oysters, the last man out gets the oyster can, and the "middle man" doesn't get anything.

A Brooklyn girl has just rejected a suitor because his arm wasn't long enough to go around her. She says if she's going to have a lover at all she means to have a good one.

When rain falls, does it ever get up?—Of course it does—in dew time. Where are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

The newspaper editor who knows everything, and only publishes that which ought to be known, has never yet been found. The man or woman who never reads a paper in which they do not find something to condemn, is too amiable for this beautiful world.

An old lady in Massachusetts being informed that a dam above the village where she lived was likely to give away, immediately wished for a pair of clean white stockings, saying in explanation that she once saw a woman struggling in water, and that she floated along feet upward.

On Saturday a confidence man approached a stranger in New York, addressing him as Mr. Wardell. "My name is not Wardell," said the other in anger. "Is it possible I am mistaken? Are you not Mr. Wardell of New Haven?" "I am not," answered the stranger; "I am Tom Collins."

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 can 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.

"John" says: I met a man in California who would tell me a story. He said: "I knew a fellow in the States once, old Bill Smith; he was the worst old beat you ever saw. He'd take a mosquito eight miles with a pair of lemon squeezers if he thought he could get one cent for the oil. He got married once and has been sleeping ever since. He was so mean that once when he had a cent in his pocket, to keep his wife from getting it, he made his oldest boy swallow it, and the boy was a copperhead all through the war. Bill was going down the Mississippi on a steamboat. When the collection was being taken up, he got on the guard to hide, and fell overboard. The water was a hundred feet deep and two miles wide, and the best water to drown a man in I ever saw. Bill couldn't swim a stroke, but stranger, he got out."

"How?"

"He just took and walked straight ashore."

"How could he walk ashore in water a hundred feet deep?"

"Stranger, do you want to know very bad?"

"Yes, real bad."

"Well, stranger, that Bill Smith was such a big sumpson he just soaked all the water up and then walked right ashore."

GRANT.—A newspaper man lately interviewed Gen. Hillier, and asked him what he thought of Gen. Grant. "I never thought much of him," said Hillier, "until at the battle of Fort Donelson, where he came up late, after Lew Wallace had been demoralized, and he asked me if there were any prisoners. Taking a prisoner, he examined his haversack, and finding several days' rations there, he said, 'Just as I thought they are endeavoring to escape.' He then ordered the rebels were the weakest, and they gave up after being worsted and summoned before a-sult. The trick of looking at the rations struck me as acute."

"Now gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer to a somewhat noisy crowd that had gathered to one of their scenes in an eastern village, "how would you like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine-tenths of the dexter paws present instantly went up and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes when some incautious individual broke out with, "Say, where's that story?" "Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards were present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture after that.

A man in Stark county, Ind., pays his boy ten cents a quart for potato bugs, and the boy says that if next year is as good as this he can buy the old man out.

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"He just took and walked straight ashore."

"How could he walk ashore in water a hundred feet deep?"

"Stranger, do you want to know very bad?"

"Yes, real bad."

"Well, stranger, that Bill Smith was such a big sumpson he just soaked all the water up and then walked right ashore."

GRANT.—A newspaper man lately interviewed Gen. Hillier, and asked him what he thought of Gen. Grant. "I never thought much of him," said Hillier, "until at the battle of Fort Donelson, where he came up late, after Lew Wallace had been demoralized, and he asked me if there were any prisoners. Taking a prisoner, he examined his haversack, and finding several days' rations there, he said, 'Just as I thought they are endeavoring to escape.' He then ordered the rebels were the weakest, and they gave up after being worsted and summoned before a-sult. The trick of looking at the rations struck me as acute."

"Now gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer to a somewhat noisy crowd that had gathered to one of their scenes in an eastern village, "how would you like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine-tenths of the dexter paws present instantly went up and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes when some incautious individual broke out with, "Say, where's that story?" "Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards were present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture after that.

A man in Stark county, Ind., pays his boy ten cents a quart for potato bugs, and the boy says that if next year is as good as this he can buy the old man out.