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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

When many years have rolled away;
When we no more are young;
When other voices may repeat
The songs that we have sung.

When all thy youthful beauty pales,
Which time will not restore;
Some tender thoughts may come again
Of days that are no more.

The soul that slumbers to awake
Alike to joy and pain,
And every memory of the past
Is sure to come again.

The youthful heart, untired by care
But dreams of days before;
The old heart lives on memories
Of days that are no more.

There is another world to come,
Whose gateway is the tomb,
Where voices will be heard again
Beyond the hidden gloom;

Where friends that we have loved and
lost
Will find an endless day,
When human hearts and human hands
Have crumbled to decay.

And there, when years have rolled away,
When we no more are young;
While other earthy voices sing
The songs that we have sung;

Heaven's sunshine, on thy troubled soul,
Its beauty may restore,
And happy dreams may come again
Of days that are no more.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Paul Winship and Mary Archer sat in a small, comfortable sitting-room of an humble cottage not far from the great city.

It was late in the evening of a Spring day, and they had not long been in from a stroll in the bye ways by the glimmer of a quattering moon.

Paul had seen only a week beyond one and twenty. And Mary one year younger. And they were both of that mould and that temperament which Nature bestows upon those who are to be made thereby capable of great enjoyment. These two had been schoolmates and companions for years. They had loved each other while yet children, and their love had gone on, growing stronger and stronger from day to day.

Paul's father and mother had both died while he was yet an apprentice, and he had been left with only the love of Mary Archer to give him bright sunshine to his life. Mary had lost her father, and now labored with a hearty and healthful cheerfulness to assist her mother in gaining a livelihood. And she labored the harder, because a poor cripple brother depended upon her for support.

Paul Winship had resolved that he would go to sea. An uncle was captain of a large ship bound for the East Indies, and had offered him a good position, with promise of promotion. He thought he could do better so, than to drive at a trade which could never yield him more than a bare support.

And on the morning the ship was to sail, and this was to be their last evening together for a long, long time.

Mary had worked into a fanciful braid a slender tress of her glossy dark brown hair, and while they talked, she fixed it into a small golden locket, and shut down upon it a glass cover.

"There, Paul," she said, when the work was finished, "there is a lock of my hair, as you wished. It is a poor thing, but you will think of me when you look upon it."

Paul took the locket, and pressed it to his lips. "I shall look upon it often, darling, and think, while I look, of the dearest treasure for this earth can hold."

"Ob, Paul!" "Darling, don't weep. But a few short months, and we shall be happier than ever. I know I shall prosper. We shall suffer this separation as the seed is hidden in the ground. It is to be the germ of better things to come, dearest."

"I shall try and think so, Paul. I will think so."

Paul found a piece of blue ribbon in Mary's work basket, with which she suspended the locket about his neck, and when he had placed it once more to his lips, with a murmured blessing, he hid it away in his bosom.

And, bye and bye they stood at the door, looked in the parting embrace.

Until long past midnight Mary sat by the window and gazed out upon the stars. She knew that Paul was on his way, on foot, to the city, and that it would take him two hours to walk the distance. So she sat there until she thought he had reached his ship, and then she went up to her chamber, and sought her pillow, but not to sleep.

Her heart was too heavy and sad.—But Mary Archer was young, healthful and strong, and ere long she brought reason to the aid of hope, and was content to look and pray for the good to come.

At the end of three months a letter came to her from the sea, brought by a homeward bound ship, which Paul had met on the trackless deep. It was a letter full of love and hope and promise.—The weeks and the months passed on, and another letter came.

It was written from Calcutta, and Paul was well and in glorious spirits. From there they were going to Canton. Again at Canton he wrote, and the letter came home after many a weary month. All was hopeful still.

They were going to some of the Pacific islands for spices. And then the months dragged on heavier and more heavy. Two years had gone since Paul had written. Oh, how dark and drear.

Mary remembered the shadows and the forbodings of that first sleepless night.—Two years without a word, and then came a word that stunned her. She found it in a newspaper.

The ship "Fides," which had sailed from Canton for Borneo, had not been heard from, and fears were entertained that she had been lost in a typhoon, which swept over the Chinese Sea with terrific force shortly after she had sailed.

Weeks, months, years and no more from Paul. That the ship had been lost was now known. And could any of her crew have been saved? Old sailors, to whom the question had been put, shook their heads slyly.

When the news of the loss became known many who had thus far held aloof came to smile upon Mary Archer, and to seek her smile in return. She was known to be as good and true as she was beautiful, and men of sense knew that she would do her part towards making an earthly heaven of the home over which fortune might lend her to preside.

Among them was John Lettrel, a man older than Mary, and a man of wealth.—He offered her a home and asked her to become his wife. But she had no heart to give him.

The months and years rolled on, and it was known that the ship "Fides" had been long at the bottom of the sea, and not a word had been heard from any of her crew.—That they had all been lost was beyond a doubt.

In time Mary's mother fell sick and died, and Mary was left alone with her crippled brother. She kept the little cottage, but it was not all her own. There was a mortgage upon it, and upon Mary the mortgage lay heavily.

Percy, the cripple, could eat but he could do no work. He was a constant care, and he repaid his sister in love when he could repay her in no other way. She found work at dress making, and so she labored on praying for strength to perform her duty to the living and to the dead.

Years, years, years, with little of sunshine, with much of gloom, and with much, very much of care and labor. Years, four and twenty since that night when Paul went so resolute and so hopeful. The freshness and the bloom were faded, but the ripeness of her true womanly nature, in faith and resignation, had come with a beauty that cannot fade. But it was growing darker within.

Percy had been very sick, with need of more care and more medicine. The interest on the mortgage was two years over due, and the man of calculating business who held it had foreclosed and sued for possession. The cottage could not be much longer her home. Of herself she thought not at all, but what would become of her helpless brother?

In this strait John Lettrel came to her once more and offered both herself and her brother a comfortable home for the rest of their days. What could she give him? Only that she had no heart to tell him. And yet he pressed his suit. He would teach her to love him in time.

And he left her weeping with the indecision that had grown from the one weak spot—duty to her brother. He told her that he would come again, for he thought he saw his way to hope.

"Mary dear," whispered Percy, as she bent over his couch, and smoothed his pillow, "why don't you accept the home he offers? Mr. Lettrel is a good man. Oh, my sister, not for my sake—not for mine, but for your own."

"Hush Percy! Not now—not now, Oh, my poor heart." And she went out to the little sitting room, and sat by the window where she had sat long, long ago, while the man whom she must ever love, either living or dead, walked on his way to the city to go forth upon the sea.

The grand words Paul Winship had then spoken sounded again in her ears; she saw him again, and then put the blue ribbon about his neck, and kissed the little locket, and then hid it away in his bosom close to his true heart.

It was her gift—her hair in that locket—and if the lifeless form had sunk in the sea, the precious memorial of her love had gone down therewith. Her hands were clasped, and her face lifted heavenward.

"No, no, John Lettrel, never! I will be true to him, as I know he would have been true to me."

She turned from the window, and saw by the clock in the corner that midnight was near. She was on the point of rising, when she heard a step of a heavy man approaching the door. A pause, and then the gate was opened, and presently a rap upon the door. She had no thought of fear. A stranger, probably, who wished direction on his way.

She took up the lamp, and went to the door, and she saw, by the flickering light, a middle aged man, large and strong, dressed in the garb of the sea.

"Does Mrs. Archer live here?" the man asked, in a voice, scarcely audible.

"Miss Archer lives here, sir?"

"It is late I know," the man said, after a pause, "but I have walked from the city, and as I came this way, I saw a light in the window, I ventured to stop, I had an errand to do."

There was something to her sacred in those habiliments, and she bade him come in. He followed her into the sitting-room, but he did not sit down in the proffered seat, nor did he remove his hat. It was a chill autumnal night and he wore his pea jacket buttoned close up.

"You said you had an errand, sir?" Mary at length ventured.

"Yes, yes, said the man, with a start. He had been looking at her from the shadow of his hat-rim. "Yes, I have an errand. It was given to me years ago."

"At one time—for a long time—I thought I should never bring it, but should never bring it, but fate has been kinder than I dared hope. You know—none should know better—that there are mortal dangers on the deep."

"I was wrecked, as others had been before and have been since. I was cast, alone on a raft upon an island, where there were savages for long years my only companions. I taught them many useful things, and they were kind to me. Of gold and precious stones I gathered a great store, useless there, but to me of value, should I ever again find my native land."

"The time came, at length, after weary years, and my feet once more tread the soil of my own country. And I have to fulfill a trust. I knew who you were before I came here, they told me of your situation."

The man unbuttoned his pea jacket, and drew something out from his bosom, and slipped something from around his neck.

The former was a golden locket, scarred and worn and blackened and the latter was soiled and frayed and noted remnant of dingy ribbon. In the locket, beneath the glass, was just discernible, a braid of brown hair. He handed it to Mary.

"Do you know that?"

The words were spoken huskily, and with an effort.

She caught the precious memento, and clasped it to her bosom. The man seemed to be growing weak.

He sat down and removed his hat, and the wealth of nut brown curls, with just a touch of silver here and there, fell over his temples and clustered upon his broad, frank, and manly brow.

Mary saw, and her heart leaped. The long dark years were gone, by the touch of that magic wand, and the old evening of that far gone time lifted its blessed light upon her.

That cry told to the man from over the sea all he would know. He again stood upon his feet, with his arms outstretched, and in a moment more the faithfully loved and the faithfully loving one was clasped to his bosom.

"Yes, Mary, after all these years. Oh, thank God, it is light at last. No mortal, darling, no more sorrowing. We can forget the darkness and the agony of this blessed hour for joy and re-union after many years."

Sandwich Island Women.

A lady writing from Honolulu, thus discourses upon the native women and their free and easy manners: "The women are erect, wide in the shoulders, and carry their heads like queens. Many of them are truly handsome, wearing their hair falling over their shoulders in curls, and surmounted with wreaths of lovely native flowers. They clothe themselves modestly and prettily, wearing the dress to cover neck and arms, and falling loosely from the shoulders to the top of the feet, which are often bare. Not being civilized like us, they have not been enlightened into compressing their ribs with iron and whalebone corsets; nor to disturb and torture their feet with over-tight shoes; nor to put bonnets upon their heads running up into turrets of silk and artificial flowers and leaving the ears at the mercy of bitter winds; nor to make up forty-five yards of steel wire into cages and fasten themselves within them; nor to carry an extra half yard of dress stuff bravely after their yard of payment through thick and thin. Yes, these women have the advantage of us, for we are not forced by the exigencies of custom, when we come with our long garments upon any impurities of the pathway, to shut our eyes and clench our teeth and rush blindly over them, whereas those Kanaka women, at the sight even of a spot of water, lift their light garments gingerly, and pass over, clean and unsoiled from its contact I can this be barbarism.

Those who have vigorous health, a house however humble, to shelter them, and food, drink, and apparel enough to render them comfortable, and yet go about complaining of their hard lot, may find some consolation in the following short but inspiring paragraph, which we had in one of our exchanges:

"Many a man is rich with money.—Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles, better than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy in every function are better than houses or land. The man is rich, who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful and hopeful.

A "Big Indian" strayed away from his camp and got lost. "No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost!" striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

Wisdom rides upon the ruins of folly.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—Bayard Taylor gets off the following beautiful expressions:—"In, from under the clear blue sky of heaven, with its glad bushes of sunlight, we come to an humble chamber, guileless of ornament. Therein is a man, and he bends over a canvas.—The light of the setting sun plays in a halo around his head, and falls upon a picture. 'Tis of a dwelling, an humble dwelling, surrounded by old trees, and a hill rising in the distance and a stream now murmuring in the foreground. His pencil deepens that shadow and that tint.—The landscape is almost finished. What do you hear? we ask. A light is kindled in the eye; a glow on his pale cheek; he dashes his pencil upon the palette as he exultantly exclaims: I have recalled it all. There is the very tree from whose pendant limbs I swung years ago; and there is the window through whose little blue panes day was wont to break upon my childish eyes; and there the stream upon which floated my mimic sail; and the roof—aye, with the very moss up the northern eaves—beneath which I loved my first love and thought my first thought.—All there! A transcript from memory! The old house—or, so they tell me—is dismantled; the roof lets in the stars; weeds have sprang up on the earth, and the graveyard is more furrowed than ever.—Let it crumble; let its dust be strewn to the winds, but its image shall not fade.—Time, do thy work; I have thee now! Efface the picture of that house from memory! It shall not be 'lost to sight.' And ere thy fingers shall dim that canvas, I shall have gone beyond that potent touch."

WHO IS THE GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is a person not merely acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of every Christian Virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how to avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from all allusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation in the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, advantages—such as is implied in habits or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others.

HOW SOME OF US WORK.—A writer in the Providence Journal says: "This is the way we are hurried through the world, and some of us out of it. A man's pulse is at eighty, the blood is leaping to the brain from excitement or pressure of business or duty; he rushes through the day, the constant calls upon his attention give him no respite; the time flies, night comes the day is over; he retires to his home, calls hurriedly, with brain whirling he goes to bed, tosses all night in feverish dreams, awakes in the morning weary and worn; the old stimulus is applied, the calls upon his time and attention come in troops; he does not pause to think of the strain; and thus goes on, day after day, month after month, year after year, until there comes a flash, something snaps, then a sudden darkness; the lamp is gone out, the end has come, and it is only noon.—This is the way we live, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors, ministers editors, students, all; we heed no warning; comrades in the ranks fall by our side and in front of us, we march on over them,—to fall ourselves."

THE HAT SYMPTOM.—A good deal can be told of the working of the mind of the average human male by observing the manner in which he wears his hat. He who draws his hat far down upon his head is resolving a desperate idea in his mind; he who pitches his hat forward, low upon the forehead and high upon the back, is indulging in self-conceit and over estimating his importance; conceit is thereby fairly touched his coat collar is indifferent to the opinion of others; he who cocks his hat upon one side of his head is bursting with vanity and wants to be taken down a trifle. The man of good common sense seldom wears his hat in either of these positions, but carries it lightly upon the head in a horizontal position. The close student of human nature can read this man by these signs and not fail to arrive at a pretty correct estimate of his individuality.

The St. Paul Free Press states that young gentlemen, when they take their "luxuries" buggy-riding, should pay every attention possible to their safety and welfare. The editor says, he noticed a young man on Saturday that seemed to understand the art of protecting his lady love to perfection. As they passed down Fifth street, she was doing the driving, while he had both arms around her, and we could tell by the wild look in his eye that he was determined she shouldn't fall out.

Josh Billings says "there are two things in this life for which we are ever prepared, and that is twins."

THE LONG AGO.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

Every heart has its long ago.

To which it will wander back,
To breathe the sweets of the flowers that
blow

On its almost worn out track;
And the waves of time with their ebb and
flow.

Will cast on the lonely heart,
Some broken wrecks of the "Long Ago,"
In which our fates owned part.

Beautiful, sweet, and gentle words,
Life's first hopes, and love's first glow;
Thoughts that folded their wings like buds,
And fell on the breast like snow;

Tracks of little bare feet in the sand,
Tresses of sunlight, and tresses of jet.
The last fond wave of a pure white hand,
And a whisper of "Do not forget."

Smiles as bright as an angel's dream,
Tears that were pure as the morning's dew,
Eyes that for us, had loving beams,
And prayers that were warm and true;

Oh! who has not hid afar in the heart
Some dream of the long ago,
Which causes the tear unbidden to start,
As life's waves make their ebb and flow.

WAVERLY HOTEL, KING ST.

"I left Glasgow the last of July taking the north British Railway to Edinburgh and from thence to Granton where the Steamer "Stork" was to sail from, for London. It usually requires over 48 hours to complete the journey between these two points. The weather was so mild during our trip that scarcely a ripple was noticeable upon the smooth waters. The moon was shining brightly that night and the lights of other vessels glimmering in every direction made it so attractive upon the deck, that altogether it surpassed any night scene I ever witnessed upon the Ocean. I never retired to rest during the whole trip, in fact the commotion on board would not permit any one desiring to do so, to take any rest. There was a squad of soldiers on board which was landed at Gravesend which is 20 miles from London. They put ashore in boats at 1 o'clock in the morning. We arrived safely in the river Thames at 3 o'clock A. M. and remained on board until daybreak when we were sent ashore in Tug boats as the Pier was crowded to such an extent with vessels that the Captain of the "Stork" was obliged to remain at the head of the river until morning. My first destination was the Waverly Hotel on King St. Cheapside, as I felt quite weary from my journey. I find the Hotel here well conducted and the proprietors an obliging set of fellows. The waiters in this country on previous occasions, invariably expect a handsome gratuity from the traveling public, but their expectations are frequently doomed to disappointment. This feature was particularly well marked among a class in London who wear the standing collar, with white necktie, black cloth suits, with swallow tail coats. I have to be wide awake whilst in such a place as London in order to prevent becoming bewildered and one can easily imagine what a trifling matter it would be to go astray in a place containing more inhabitants than all Scotland combined. It almost seems incredible that the city of London alone has a few thousand more inhabitants than all Scotland, for when I look at Glasgow which is said to contain a population of 900,000 I think (so to speak) into London, and never be seen. I soon discovered that if any one visited London for the sole purpose of seeing what could be seen, it soon would prove more laborious than pleasant, of course this depends upon the amount of time allotted to those visiting London for such a purpose. As I only had about a fortnight allotted to me every hour was precious. From early in the morning until late in the night it was nothing but riding on Trainsway cars, omnibuses, hansom cabs, and the train and steamers and part of the time on foot, so you may imagine it was tiresome. As usual, on these occasions I had college companions with me with some of whom I remained for several days after receiving cordial invitations. The first sabbath we visited the principal parks and Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen, Westminster Abbey, where most of Britains illustrious dead are interred, among which is the late and lamented African Explorer, Dr. Livingstone. I was greatly disappointed in not getting there at the hour of services. The House of Lords and Commons is just adjoining the Abbey and is built with stone of the finest architectural style. A splendid statue of the late Earle of Derby has lately been erected which stands immediately in front of the Abbey. It was lately unveiled by the Hon. Mr. Disraeli Prime Minister of Great Britain. I was unable to obtain permission to interior of the House of Lords and Commons as Parliament is not in session. The next day I went by rail from Kings Cross to Windsor a small town some 20 miles distant from London and famous for containing the Castle, and another residence of the royal family. Although somewhat depressing from the subject I may mention that the Queen has 4 places of residence, 1st, Balmoral in Scotland, 2d, Buckingham Palace in London, 3d, Osborne at the Isle of Wight in England, and 4th, the Windsor Castle in the town of Windsor. There were some 25 or 30 carriages on the train to Windsor, as it was the day upon which the Castle was open to public curiosity, and such a rush for the train at every station, and the number of passengers left behind, was rather amusing to lookers on whilst it was equally vexing to those disappointed. This is the route over which the Queen travels

to and from London. As her Majesty is at present at Osborne all who visited Windsor that day had an opportunity of going through the State apartments. I secured a guide who was of great service to me and after viewing the grounds and exterior of the building—which is built chiefly of granite stone with a circular tower and adjoining buildings and barracks for soldiers. I proceeded to the chapel where some 2 or 300 people had assembled. In the chapel where the Queen attends divine services during her stay at Windsor are to be seen the flags and emblems of all nations and statues of all Princes and Princesses. As I entered my ears were greeted with sacred music from one of the finest organs I ever heard. The State apartments, most especially the grand Reception Room where all the nobility of the land are received by the Royal Family, for grandeur may be better imagined than described. In fact I cannot describe it in these limited pages. I have quite a collection of stereoscopic views of London, the Castle and all the places of importance, with photographs of all the members of the Royal Family. I was wishing for you when I was taken through the Queens stables in connection with the Castle where I was shown the horses and carriages used by the Royal Family. The stables may almost be compared to Palaces and the horses are kept clothed continually whilst in the stables, and the grooms in attendance are forbidden to unclench them for the public. One of the Queens own grooms accompanied me and when he learned I was an American and a veterinary surgeon, he spared no pains to give me any information. The first stable I entered contained 30 of the finest carriage horses and all greys none exceeding your "Missouri". In the second stable were all iron greys some fifteen in number and intended as saddle animals. The third stable contained all bays expressly for harness. In all there were 75 horses and some of them aged 20 years, and yet as brisk and active as any animal at 3 years, showing what careful attention has to do in preserving this faithful animal. Each animal has his name nicely painted in his stall.

I visited Woolich one of the principal headquarters of the army of Great Britain. I passed through the barracks where I had an acquaintance who is a veterinary Surgeon in the British army. He took me through the army Infirmary for sick animals of which he has 200 under treatment. I also visited Greenwich, situated midway between Woolich and London on the banks of the Thames. This place is noted for containing the clock which regulates the time of Great Britain. My visit to the Crystal Palace and Zoological and Cremorne gardens was alike interesting. The latter being the great centre for the swells of London. It is beautifully illuminated at night and there is music from the military band and orchestra in the open air. No one has ever realized life in true sense of the term until he has seen London. The passenger traffic necessitates the street cars and omnibuses etc., to run on Sunday as well as through the week and I never saw a better class of horses than were used for this purpose. The restaurants, dining rooms etc. are all licensed to sell on Sundays at all hours except those of divine service. My attention was directed to what I never witnessed in Scotland and Ireland, but seems to be an established practice by the cockneys, as they may be seen on Sunday, from the youth to the old man carrying their favorite beverages home at dinner hours from a pint to a gallon. Of course this is only practiced by the lower classes, but what would it be thought of in Scotland. Bad as it is in this respect they care for no one. There is no indulging in such practices on the sly in London. They let the world see what they are doing. Beer gardens are very numerous where it is disposed of in the open air and along the public thoroughfares and passers by take no notice whatever of a custom permanently established.

I should like to have gone to Paris from here which requires only 16 hours by rail and steamers but the weather was very warm, so much so that I had to provide myself with a straw hat, something I never wore on any occasion in this country before. I am turned quite brown in my face and reduced more in weight than I ever was before. After taking a little rest I may go with an excursion to Paris before starting for home which I hope to do this fall unless I may change my plans for the future.

H. C. BARR.

August 11th, 1874.

A TRUTHFUL SAYING.—Noble L. Prentiss, editor of the Junction City (Kansas) Union, in response to the toast, "The Press," at the commencement exercises of the State University not long since, said many good things, one of which we copy, as follows:

"With all its faults and follies the press keeps abreast with all moving things. The condition of the local press is the index of the character and prosperity of the locality. Flourishing towns have flourishing newspapers, and vice versa. A rusty church, a windowless school house and a shabby newspaper are the sure and certain evidences of decay; a half starved preacher, an unpaid and illiterate school teacher and a haggard and hollow eyed editor are the three ravens that creak over the corpse of a dead town."

Some crusty old bachelor says.—I have noticed that when there is only one daughter in a family, and her parents are very anxious to keep her at home as long as possible, some chap coaxes her off before she is seventeen. I have also noticed that when there is a house full of girls, and the parents are praying daily for husbands for the same, the whole lot are apt to live and die old maids.

THE RISING SUN.

Oh! thou lovely and glorious sun,
That rises in the morning so lovely and grand,
That makes everything look happy and free.

Thou lovely and adorning sun,
Who fillest the earth with beaming light,
Who goeth to rest when even comes,
And hideth thyself quite out of sight.

How beautiful the sun doth rise
Among the mountains green;
How good God hath been to us,
By giving us such a beautiful scene.

When standing on hill or deck,
Watching the sun rising far away,
And coming nearer and nearer to make it
light of day;

Rising brighter and yet more brighter o'er
the sky,
Oh! how beautiful the rising sun.
By four little girls of Waynesboro'.

GOLDEN WORDS.—Dispose not thyself of much rest, but for great patience. No man doth safely rule, but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. We would willingly have others perfect and yet we amend not our faults.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.—Our duties would seldom be disagreeable if we did not perversely resolve to think them so.

Every-day cheerfulness is a fortune in itself. Sunshine does have a more marked effect on all around.

The habit of being always employed, a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

The following colloquy actually placed at an eastern post office:
Pat.—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is a letter for me?"

"Who are you, my good sir?"
"I'm meself, that's who I am."
"Well, what is your name?"

"And what do ye want wid me?"
"Isn't it on the letter?"

"I want to find the letter, if there is one."
"Well, Pa: Byrne, thin, if ye must have it."

"Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?"
"No sir."

"It's well for ye there isn't! Pa: tache ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name! Even we didn't get it after all, so I am ever wid yeorra a bit in me name Byrne!"

A LEADING QUESTION.—Who owns this house? Inquired one of the sanitary police force of Detroit, as he entered a house in the Sixth ward to serve a notice lately. The woman had a black eye, the man a blood-spit, and both were panting as if exhausted. "Who owns this house?" I say, demanded the blue-coat. "A gent on Lafayette street owns it," replied the woman; "but if you want to know who runs it, just sit down a few minutes until we have one more clinch to decide that question."

The Irish traveler, Planche, tells of a fellow-traveler whom he met in Germany, and who was himself an Irishman:

He was on the box of an Irish mail-coach, on a very cold day, observing the driver enveloping his neck in the voluminous folds of an ample comfort, he remarked—

"You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend."

"Och, to be shure I am sir," answered the driver; "what's all the world to a to a man when his wife's a widy?"

Detroit Free Press:—An old man and his wife, who came in by the Central road yesterday morning, saw about thirty hacks at the door of the depot, and about thirty hackmen shouting "Hack!" at them. The man took it all as a high compliment, and turning to the old lady he said, "I tell you, mother, they think we are something great, or they'd never had all these carriages down here to meet us. I wonder how they knew we was coming!"

Potato bugs must be immortal. A man has kept some worked up in bottle without air, food or drink for a year, and they are as lively as ever. He proposes, if he lives long enough, to see how long they can stand it.

If you think your neighbor is too conceited just put a small piece of melon rind where he is bound to step on it. There is nothing really so disastrous to conceit as to sit down suddenly and unexpectedly on the back of your head.