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BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE STOLEN BOY.

Two pretty boys, of four and six,  
Were wont to play their little tricks  
From day to day beneath the shade  
Of many a quiet rustic glade;  
Nor ever did they dream of harm,  
Nor had they ever known, as yet,  
How oft fond pleasure leaves regret.

Two evil-eyed and wicked men,  
Whom even Satan scarce would own  
Within his fiery sulphurous walls,  
Whose deep damnation of entrails  
Froth spirts, by a subtle chain,  
From which they scarce e'er freedom gain,  
Such fiends as these from lowest hell.

As some foul serpent, close concealed,  
Whose very touch the blood congeals,  
From out his noxious, secret lair,  
Steals close upon a happy pair,  
Whose nest, secluded and alone,  
Becomes to them a royal throne,  
With one fell swoop of poisoned fang,  
Changed to death's cry the song they sang.

So did these fiends in human form  
Steal on their prey without alarm,  
And soon their hellish deed was done,  
Their prize secured, their victim won;  
And Charley Ross of but four years,  
Was swiftly borne away in tears,  
To some dark spot, no knowing where,  
But grief and agony are there.

His little playmate with surprise,  
With tears of grief yet in his eyes,  
Swift paces home the news to hear,  
The news of sorrow and despair;  
From lip to lip it travels fast,  
Until the mother hears at last  
The bitter news, then breaks her heart,  
And all the world doth feel the smart.

Her boy whose eye was heaven's own blue  
Whose ruby lips were pure and true,  
Whose golden curls were netted beams  
Of glory such as come in dreams;  
Whose mellow voice and dimpled cheek,  
Forever only love could speak,  
Whose rounded form and cherub face,  
Would e'en the gate of heaven grace.

And this was he who now was gone,  
Whom evil eyes had looked upon;  
And thus has fallen, quick and fast,  
A grief so deep, a grief so last,  
On those who loved him, those he loved,  
That every heart in pity moved,  
And thousands everywhere do share  
The grief that sinks to deep despair.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### JEEMS AND LIZE ON THEIR WEDDING TOUR.

The train from Grafton, a few days since, stopped at one of the way stations to take on a couple newly married. Both were young and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia neither of them had ever been fifty miles from home. They had heard of railroads, steamboats, locomotives and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the aforementioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on their lives, to visit the city, and see the world, particularly that portion of it known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amused and delighted, when the locomotive, steaming and snorting with the beautiful, crimson cars following it, came in sight.

"Those your trunks?" said the baggage master.

"Well I sorter calculate them 'em," said Jeems.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old-fashioned valise) were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be darned if railroads ain't a nice thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage and carefully holding up the tail of his tight-waisted blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons out of the dust.

"Lize, sit here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage master, "you are in the wrong car."

"The hell I am! D'y'e 'spose I don't know what I'm 'bout? These is my traps, and I calculate to stay where they are. Keep quiet, Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through the world, any how, and if that chump with the cap on wants anything, why I'm his man. Don't want any yer foolin' round me!"

Here the captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the captain. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first-class passenger-car, into which he was ushered. His imagination had never in wildest flight, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jewillikens! what in the thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse equaling when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch fork, to make him go along," said a sleepy individual just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems. "I know you think I'm a darned fool, maybe I am; but there's one thing I know, that is, that you'll get your mouth broke if you don't keep it shut. I don't see a y' much"—just at that moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and

then was heard a scream almost equal to that of the engine from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I know it," exclaimed the sleepy individual "we are all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare to make acquaintance of the gentleman in black, who tends the big fire down below."

"Oh, Lorrel! Jeems, what will become of us? I felt skeery about gettin' on the outlandish thing at first."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin' won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer now's your time to say it, for both of us."

"What's the matter here?" said the astonished conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite captain. "How far are you going?"

"Well, I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your tickets, if you please."

"Sartinly, Lize, you got some with you. Let this gent look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and with a smile, handed it to our friend the captain, who read:

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited," etc.

"What's that?" said the captain.

"Why that's one of the tickets to our waldin'; that's what you asked for, ain't it?" said the somewhat surprised James.

"What! what! what!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy looking individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the captain, as he explained the meaning to our verdant friend. He had no ticket but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on to its destination. But wonders did not cease here—presently our pert new-boy, Billy, entered the car, and stepping up to Jeems, he asked:

"Have a Sun sir?"

"Well, if I have my way about, the first one will be a son, sartin," said Jeems, Lize blushed.

"Don't count your children before they are hatched," said Billy as he hastened to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot, in Parkersburg. Amid the confusion of strange noises, and the babble of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Bus, sah? Bus, sah! free for the United States!" said the sable porter of our up-town house. Lady, take a bus, sah?"

"Wall, I rather s'pose I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to the Swan House, sah? right across de street—best house in de city. This way, sir, any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of the comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well-ordered establishment, the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jeems had his coat and boots off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a deuced pretty tassel!" said Jeems, eyeing the bell-cord, "wonder what it's for! Look, it works up there on a sort of a thingumbob. I'd like to have that tassel to put on my horse's head next muster day, see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry of "Ring, sah?"

"Ring? ring what, you black ape? If you do not quit your looking at my wife and make yourself scarce, I'll wring your head off."

"Stop a minnit," said Lize, "what is the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Conley, marm."

"Well tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra frills on our account, for we are plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debating society," interrupted Jeems, "I'd amend that motion by saying, you can tell them the best they've got I'm able to pay for, and don't care for expenses."

"Tee-hee! Tee-hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came, and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights, until supper time, which being over, they retired to their rooms. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a bright quart for his services. Jeems was fast in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire when he thought he smelt gas. The guests (some of them) thought they smelt gas. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. The clerk concluded to knock at the door of the room.

"Who is there?" came from the inside.

"Open the door the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, open ng the door.

"Why, here, in the room. How did you put the light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played her!" Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the case, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of the burner, as follows:

"You see this little thing here? Well

when you want to put it out, give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter, you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know the darned stuff was 'escaping'?" responded Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" asked the clerk.

"Fears to me I did smell suthin'," said Jeems. "But Lize I'll be darned if I didn't think it was you, 'kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jeems I thought it was you that smelt that way, all the time. I was jest a wondering if all men smelt that way. It 'peared strange; but, then, I never slept with a man afore, in all my life, and didn't know nothin' about it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap.

The red in the clerk's face grew smilingly redder as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corner of his eyes, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and then all was still.

## SCOLDS.

Are women the only subjects of this disease, or are men similarly affected? This idea came into my mind after reading an anecdote told by Henry Ward Beecher, as an answer to the inquiry whether there was any cure for a scolding wife.

A certain deacon of mild nature and a well-balanced judgment, had lived a life of rare prosperity; even the death of his first wife was blessed to him. (I have seen other men in the same fix.) At a suitable period he offered himself and was married to a spinster, who was neither handsome nor a babe. Not long after his new wife, who was not wanting in good sense, said to him: "Now tell me what you married me for? I was poor, and you knew it. I was not of good disposition, and the whole town knows I am homely. Now what did you do it for?" He replied: "All my life has been a blessing—everything has prospered with me—I have no judgments sent upon me. And when I read, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,' I began to fear I was not a christian, and I thought that if I should marry you I should have trouble enough to secure my salvation." "Well," she replied, "if you think I am going to be your pack-horse to carry you to heaven, you'll be mistaken." And thereupon she turned about and made the best of wiles.

Now don't forget, oh, thoughtful reader, when you are perusing my pages for new thoughts, that too free rein given to your temper is only making you pack-horse to carry the ridicule of your neighbors. And let me tell you that the man or woman who says: "I can't look back to my childhood without one regret; I can't see anything pleasant there that I should like to live over," is to be pitied. Make home the brightest place on earth to husband and children, there will be less attraction to saloons, less children on the street at night, and far more love and comfort at home. And in the after life of your children, when they will look back on their youth with loving thought, and many times when they stand on the brink of ruin, the thought that mother would not like this; has turned hundreds into the true path.

THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIANITY.—An exchange remarks that this has been "a bad year for good men." While another in commenting upon this statement says, "Rather has it been good for bad men. The harvests of musks has been a prolific one, and hypocrisy has stood revealed in all its naked deformity. Religion does not suffer by these exposures. Neither the Almighty nor His cause is tied up in the base bodies of a few scoundrels who have 'sotled the liver of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in."

Only fools will charge piety and morality with the crimes of villains who have perjured themselves for their own evil purposes. An honorable business firm may as well be blamed with the rogue who counterfeits its paper and swindles innocent people. No, religion will be benefited by the purgation of the churches, by whipping out the adulterers and money-changers, and sound morality appear all the more attractive in the view of the people upon the guilty. An epidemic of fleshery seems to have penetrated to the pulpit, and while these exposures may cause men to distrust pious appearances, and regard retailers of cant with suspicion, they will only serve to exalt true morality and to enable unassuming

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Way down Connecticut River is called?"

"Bright little fellow put up his hand and you know, James?" "Yes, marm, and you connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts, and the triumphant reply."

It teaches native born American women to teach the wives of foreign gentlemen how to help their husbands in the most sorest need. Just see how the poor little Mrs. Bazaar not only got old B. out of prison, but actually killed her husband herself to row her precious little vessel to safety and a steamer.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

We are judged by the company we keep.

## THIS STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS WORLD.

This is a strange, mysterious world—  
Say, don't you think so Bill—  
Where every man his foot does raise  
To help you down life's hill?  
I love indeed to see men kind—  
But then I'm not so fat  
As to desire from their roles  
Such striking help as that.

This is a strange, mysterious world—  
So all the ladies say;  
As with bonnets trimmed with roses fair,  
They go to church to pray;  
And how provoked the dear souls are,  
While sitting in their pew,  
To be gazed upon by nice young men,  
Who've nothing else to do.

This is a strange, mysterious world,  
Where many sorrows grieve us;  
And e'en the women that we love  
Are oft the first to leave us,  
And then they say, to calm our grief,  
"We love you as a brother,"  
And lavish soft, sweet words on us,  
But kisses on another.

This is a strange, mysterious world  
In which we live and thrive,  
Where half the folks are starved to death  
To keep the rest alive;  
Some are in want, and all have ills,  
Yet seem to mind it not;  
But they grow grave when thoughts intrude  
About a grave-yard lot.

This is a strange, mysterious world—  
This rolling world of ours;  
It is—well really now, I say it is—  
"By the eternal powers,"  
We cannot meet a well-tried friend,  
And with him take a drink,  
But some stiff temperance man will say,  
We're on de construction's briak.

## Miserable Homes.

What a mistake some good people make when they maintain, within the home-circle, the rigid rule and decorum which become irksome even during a committee meeting, when parents and children assemble at the table in solemn silence, and finish the meal within the prescribed minutes; and the late arrival at the breakfast table is scolded at, reprimanded, and remarked upon by mother and father, aunt and uncle, until the more punctual juniors come to regard him as a black sheep.

Oh, horrid heir, where the little boys are never seen without their school books, or the little girl without a towel to hem; where ma no more dares to buy a rattle for the baby without mentioning the expenditure to pa, than anybody dares to throw open the parlor shutters or tuck up the curtains, or even at the table to have more of this dish or less of that.

The small boy who hates fat is not accommodated, as Jack Spratt's wife was, by anybody. The tall girl who naturally likes pudding, has her triangular wedge, and no more; while the eldest son, outgrowing his liking for the dish, is reproved for the leaving of a piece on his plate.

Order and good housekeeping are charming, but the good order of a person, and the regular supply of rations necessary in a workhouse, are not suitable for home. Home is no home unless, as far as reason will allow, the tastes and wishes of the youngest child are consulted; unless there is freedom of word and action, speech and love, and good-will without measure.

When I was a child, home was the place where the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest.

Everything was always forgiven there. There was no awful rod behind the door, no domestic dungeon under the roof. I do not think I grew up a worse woman because I was not whipped, or put to bed without my supper for dressing the bed-room in grandmother's best lace cap, or making paper dolls, against orders, in the front parlor—because life was not made a burden to me by forcing fat into my unwilling mouth, sugar candy forbidden, as though it was poison.

I could shed tears over the wretched homeless children of the house where discipline, as strict as that of the army, is maintained, though their fare is costly and the dress perfect, and their future prospects as to an inheritance final.

They are more to be pitied than the children of the poor man, who cluster about their parents' knee without any fear of punishment, and who, led away from follies; and who, when they get into their teens, remember the old man who flogged them, and the old lady who kept them in their caps for them; and who, when they get into their teens, remember the old man who flogged them, and the old lady who kept them in their caps for them; and who, when they get into their teens, remember the old man who flogged them, and the old lady who kept them in their caps for them.

Some of the prominent ladies in Morristown sent her word that they were coming to spend an afternoon with her—knowing that she was a high-born Virginian, and of large wealth, they got themselves up for a state occasion in silks, and ruffles, and jewelry. Mrs. Washington received them with great cordiality, and soon made them feel perfectly at home—But they were sorely troubled at their hostess when they found that their whole visit in knitting stockings for the General. She took occasion to say, that ladies ought to emulate their husbands and sons in the army, in making sacrifices for their country, and in working to multiply its resources. The ladies learned a lesson they never forgot.

A terrible punishment was that inflicted upon a man in Delaware, who was found untying another man's horse at midnight, by two men who made him kneel on the barn floor and pray his level best for seven straight hours.

Delays are dangerous; remember the hottest toast will get cold by standing.

Who is she largest man? The lover; he is a fellow of tremendous sights.

## NOT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.—A good story is told of a German, by the name of Schmidt, who had taken the precaution to insure the life of his wife for \$5,000, and the stable for \$900, believing the former might die and the latter might be burned, and he could not get along without some compensation for his loss. Both policies had been taken from the same agent. In a few months after the stable had been insured, it was destroyed by fire. Schmidt quietly notified the agent, and hinted to him that he would expect the \$900 at the earliest possible moment. The agent at once sent a carpenter to ascertain the cost of erecting a new stable of the same dimensions, having found that the property had been insured for more than it was worth. The builder reported that he could replace the stable with new material for \$500. Unfortunately, there was an ordinance against the erection of frame buildings—the old stable having been made of wood. He was asked to estimate the cost of a brick stable, and reported the amount at \$750.

The agent then notified Schmidt that he would build him a new brick stable in the place of the old frame one; but Schmidt became very indignant at the proposition, saying:

"I don't understand dis insurance pizness. I buy you vor nine hundred tollars, and you mine stable burns down you make me a new von. I ton't want a new stable, I want mine nine hundred tollars."

The agent reasoned with Schmidt but to no purpose.

When the stable was about finished, Schmidt went to consult a lawyer thinking that he could still get the amount of the policy, besides having the new stable. The lawyer, however, informed him that the company had the right to make good the loss by building a new stable, and expressed surprise at his desire of bringing suit against them.

"But," said Schmidt, "I insure for nine hundred tollars, and dis feller put dem stable up for seven hundred and fifty. I don't understand dis insurance pizness!"

Finding that he could not compel the payment by law, he became disgusted with the insurance business altogether.

Calling upon the agent, Schmidt said: "Mr. Agent, I want you to stop that insurance on mine vrow. I ton't pay no more monish dat way. I ton't understand dis insurance pizness."

"Why, Mr. Schmidt," said the agent, much surprised, "you are doing a very foolish thing. You have paid a considerable portion of this policy already, and if your wife should die you would get five thousand dollars."

"Yaw, dat is vat you told me now," said Schmidt. "Ven I pays you on my stable, you say I get nine hundred tollars if it was burned down. So it was burnt, and you will not give me mine monish. You say, 'Oh, dat is no old frame stable, and you no pay nine hundred tollars. Ven mine vrow dies, den you say to me, 'Oh, she was an old Dutch woman, and she not vord anythings—I get you a new English wife, and so I don't get mine five thousand tollars. You ton't fool Schmidt a couple of dimes!"

WERE THE EGYPTIANS NEGROES?—Astounding as it may appear, there are those who make such a pretense. If it could be demonstrated, it would prove that the negro is capable of taking rank among the greatest of mankind. But demonstration is just the other way. The providentially conferred art of embalming, which the Egyptians possessed to a perfection equalled by no other people, has settled the whole question. Of all the millions of mummies taken from the pyramids, not one has the negro conformation, or any of his peculiarities. A writer who assisted in excavating the mummy of a young lady of seventeen, supposed to be the daughter of the High Priest of that Pharaoh under whom Joseph ruled, says she was in almost as perfect a condition as if she had lately died, with small hands and feet, and hair a yard long. The same author bears testimony to the fact that all the other mummies he ever saw had the distinguishing characteristics of the white race, and expresses the opinion that Providence endowed the Egyptian with the art of embalming in order to preserve an enduring testimony that they did not belong, as fanatics would afterwards assert, to the negro race.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—Mrs. Washington was a notable housekeeper, as well as an earnest patriot. During the terrible winter when the army was encamped at Morristown, she was with her husband, sharing cheerfully all his hardships, and encouraging both officers and soldiers by her hopeful words.

A number of prominent ladies in Morristown sent her word that they were coming to spend an afternoon with her—knowing that she was a high-born Virginian, and of large wealth, they got themselves up for a state occasion in silks, and ruffles, and jewelry. Mrs. Washington received them with great cordiality, and soon made them feel perfectly at home—But they were sorely troubled at their hostess when they found that their whole visit in knitting stockings for the General. She took occasion to say, that ladies ought to emulate their husbands and sons in the army, in making sacrifices for their country, and in working to multiply its resources. The ladies learned a lesson they never forgot.

An exchange says: "It is not good taste for young men to stay after ten o'clock when visiting young ladies." Our devil says he never noticed any difference in the taste after ten o'clock. He says it's good any time.

## Billings' Wit and Wisdom.

Kind fortune, teach the servant humility, but let no sneak of an upstart outshine him in things that are stylish.

Give unto me morality copious; and may my shirt collars bestiffer than china and whiter than snowballs in winter.

Smile, thou goddess dear, at my mustash, and may my wisdom be grate—even like unto Solomon's.

Grant that I ma a patern be, worthy of all intashum, and that I able may be tew wear a boot number 5 on these number 10 feet of mine.

Fill up my cup to the brim's very top with honor and honesty, and make my neckties mine enemies tew smite with sorrow and confusion.

Take away from me all vanity, but grant that my Sunday pantierous ma fit me as korn sitat the kob.

Remove far from me, O gentle Fortune! all pride and vain ostentashun, but grant that my name among wimmun may ever be spoken in ackensents of gladness.

Make my heart tew glisten with charity, take my hand tew shunaker low tew wait for their munny and be happy.

Teach me to shun all deceptions, but help me to marry a big pile at last making sun maiden or young widdo happy.

Take away from me all envy, but grant, kind Fortune, that mi hat can't be beat, nor the lavender tint of my gloves be exceeded.

Fill me with courage true and raddy, but if any man offers tew smote me, give to me the fleetness of venison and mi legs the speed of a roebuck.

Above all things with modesty shower me! Yes! make me all dripping wet, but do not let me looze a good chance mi nu koat to spread before the eyes of men filled with envy.

Smile thou! upon all haters and barbers, all shirt-makers and gloviers, all perfumers and dentists, all washwinnin and shu blacks, and forgive them the debts i owe them, and kause me tew weep over man and his many misfortuns.

Bless all maids of estate, all widdo's with munny, all mothers of fashion with daughters tew marry, all good matches laying around loose, but chiefly give me a conscience full of krona.

Lengthen out, kind Fortune, the days of mi unkle, but should he happen tew slip away sudden, bow me down with sorrow bekumung.

Listen! dear Fortune, listen!—give me the virtue of heart breaking Adonis, let the virtews all seek mi acquaintance, and feed with no fires exquisit the solitaire that burns on my buzzum.

I will raise thee an altar, kind Fortune, an altar az hi az a lamp post, if these mi prayers are answered—farewell for the present—don't go back on Beau Bennett, the beautiful.

LONELINESS OF THE OCEAN.—One who has never traveled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast traffic and trade that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with its hurrying and fro of the nations. He reads of lands "where commerce whitens every sea," and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land ships begin to disappear. As he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and blended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship during the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross the horizon.—There are spaces measured by thousands of miles over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a "nation's commerce whitening every sea" is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that have ever been built were brought together in a single fleet they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is as small in extent as the hold on it by his power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe, and by far the greater part of this vast expanse is and ever has been entirely free from his presence and visitation.

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.—Had you been in Washington a short time before the adjournment of Congress you might have had a hearty laugh at the expense of Captain Codman. In the last hours of the Congress the captain came tumbling down stairs in hot search of some one to carry from the committee-room of Commerce a patent fog-horn entrusted to his care by an ingenious Yankee acquaintance. At the foot of the stairway he encountered a colored man sauntering along, pulling away at a huge cigar.

"My good fellow," cried the captain, "I'll give you a dollar to carry down my fog-horn."

"Who de debil do you take me fuh?" responded Africa, drawing himself up in dignified wrath.

An able-bodied man willing to make a dollar," he pouted Cod man.

"Den you don't know me, sah."

"No, sir, and I have no time to seek an introduction. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Mr. sah; I see de honorable Mr. Cain, member ob Congress."

"You don't say so," remarked the captain, thoughtfully. "Well, Mr. Cain, I am sorry, for you have probably lost the only opportunity you will ever have of making an honest dollar."

RATHER HOT.—A negro preacher in Virginia was lately trying to impress upon his hearers a correct idea of the general uncomformableness of the lower region.

"Brodders," said he, "you's quantied wif Massa Carpenter's furance, ain't you?"

A general chorus of "You's right! Ob course we is!" convinced him that they were not anything else.

"Well," continued he, "you know dat de iron runs out ob dat nature as water, doesn't you?"

The 'ayes' had it again, so he concluded with—

"Now I see tell you brodders, dat if a sinner was took out ob Hell and put in the middle of Massa Carpenter's furance, he's dun gwine to hab a chill and a shakin agy right off—dat's so" as you's born.

The hardest thing to deal with, An old pack of cards.

## Wit and Humor.

To remove dandruff—Go out on the plains and insult an Indian.

What is it that makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave and the other has shavers to raise.

The two things that a woman will "go wild" over are, usually, a new dress pattern and a tooth-ache.

A Vermont debating club is now struggling with the question, "which eats the most chickens—minsters or owls."

Why is a young lady dependent on the letter Y? Because without it she would be a young lal.

A youthful Pennsylvania Granger, about to be chastised by his father, the other day, called for his grand-father to protect him from the scold—sah.

A Western paper chronicles a marriage in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number."

Sing Sing Official—"If you have any trade, prisoner, state it and we will put you to work at it." Prisoner (just entered)—"Well, boss, I was brung up a butcher, and I'd like to go to work at that."

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, and don't I know it, to be sure! There's hole on the other side, there is."

A perplexed German tailor, who had made a garment for a youth and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on, declared vociferously that "De coat is goot. Is no fault of the coat. De boy is too slim."

Your Honor, said prisoner to a judge, "my lawyer is not here and I request a delay of the case for eight days." "But," said the judge, "you were caught in the act of theft; what can any lawyer say for you?" "That's just what I should like to hear," said the prisoner.

William, said one Quaker to another, "these names I never call anybody names, but William, if the Governor of the State should come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest lion in the State of New York,' I would come to thee and say, 'William, the Governor wants to see thee particularly.'"

Pitman's woodpile has suffered a good deal lately from the ravages of thieves, so the old gentleman the other day loaded his gun with coarse salt, and expressed his determination to bombard the first man who should be observed to haunt the timber. On Wednesday morning he had to attend court, and as he did not expect to reach home until late in the evening, Mrs. Pitman felt it her duty to keep an eye on the woodpile. But Pitman returned about dusk, and as he walked up the yard he thought he might as well carry in enough wood to last all night. He had just placed the fourth stick upon his arm when an explosion occurred, and the same instant he felt as if a million red-hot burning needles were dancing up and down his legs. He had heard from Mrs. Pitman. He yelled with pain, and dropping the wood, most of it upon his toes, he fell to the ground. Just as he did so, he saw Mrs. Pitman standing in the kitchen doorway with his firearm at "parade rest," and contemplating her victory and her victim with serenity. Pitman's first thought was that she had suddenly been animated by an insane but judicious desire to realize upon his life-insurance policy. But when he screamed to her, she dropped her artillery and flew to the scene with expressions of alarm and grief at the discovery that she had perforated Pitman. She called the servant girl, and as they carried him into the house, she explained that she mistook him for a thief, and then she apologized. Pitman said it was all very well to apologize, but what good was that to a man with two quarts of salt and half a pound of gun-wads in his legs. Mrs. Pitman insisted that he ought to mind a little salt, it would do him good. She urged that salt was better than anything else for preserving meat, and that his legs would probably be alive and well and prancing around the universe when the rest of him was dead and spoiled. That made him mad, and after splitting up his gun with the axe, he went to bed, and he hasn't spoke to Mrs. Pitman since; but he has hinted gloomily to the doctor that if a divorce can be had he will obtain one.

"My good fellow," cried the captain, "I'll give you a dollar to carry down my fog-horn."

"Who de debil do you take me fuh?" responded Africa, drawing himself up in dignified wrath.

An able-bodied man willing to make a dollar," he pouted Cod man.

"Den you don't know me, sah."

"No, sir, and I have no time to seek an introduction. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Mr. sah; I see de honorable Mr. Cain, member ob Congress."

"You don't say so," remarked the captain, thoughtfully. "Well, Mr. Cain, I am sorry, for you have probably lost the only opportunity you will ever have of making an honest dollar."

RATHER HOT.—A negro preacher in Virginia was lately trying to impress upon his hearers a correct idea of the general uncomformableness of the lower region.

"Brodders," said he, "you's quantied wif Massa Carpenter's furance, ain't you?"

A general chorus of "You's right! Ob course we is!" convinced him that they were not anything else.

"Well," continued he, "you know dat de iron runs out ob dat nature as water, doesn't you?"

The 'ayes' had it again, so he concluded with—

"Now I see tell you brodders, dat if a sinner was took out ob Hell and put in the middle of Massa Carpenter's furance, he's dun gwine to hab a chill and a shakin agy right off—dat's so" as you's born.

The hardest thing to deal with, An old pack of cards.