

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 27.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1874.

NUMBER 16.

Select Poetry.



DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

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
Alone to joy and pain,
And every memory of the past
Is sure to come again.
The youthful heart, untried 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 we have loved and lost
Will find an endless day,
When human hearts and human hands
Have crumbled to decay.
And when the years have rolled away,
When we no more are young;
While other earthly 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.

A REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

THE STORY OF A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS SEQUEL.

Not long since there was published in the *Gazette* an allusion to a romance which had for its home the village of Dundee, in Yates county. Since that time new and important developments have appeared in connection with that story, and we are not enabled to lay before our readers something of a connected narrative of the events hinted at. The story in its most barren statement of facts is one of strange and rare romance, which will be followed with the greatest interest, from the fact that the real denouement of the drama took place in this city, where resides a near relative of the lady who is the chief actor in it. Early in this relative—Mrs. Charles Rowland—who resides at No. 457 East Water street, and who is the sister of the heroine in this live romance, and partly from scraps published in relation thereto, we gather the story of Candace Talmadge, see *Bliven*, substantially as follows:

In 1855 a gentleman of high birth and great wealth in England came to this country to travel for pleasure and to study the scenery and people of the New World. A lover of nature in its most varied and picturesque character, he spent some time in Central New York, going about among our beautiful lakes and tarrying upon their highly cultivated shores. In these rambles he came to the quiet village of Dundee, where he made a home for some time with a Baptist clergyman named Currier. While there he fell into companionship with the daughter of a well-to-do gentleman by the name of Bliven. The girl was at that time 16 years of age, handsome, engaging and sensible.

The acquaintance soon ripened into a sort of romantic friendship, and at last the foreigner, whom we may well designate by his proper name and title—Sir John Gordon Talmadge—offered his hand to Candace, which was accepted. The direct narrative is to effect, that the two were united by Rev. Mr. Currier, who was pledged to secrecy concerning the marriage for the term of one year. The parents of Candace were not informed of the action of their daughter, nor did the knowledge of the secret marriage come to any of the villagers. Soon after the wedding Sir John left his young bride and returned to his home across the water, having promised to record the marriage in due form as soon as he should arrive, and having additionally promised that he would return within the year and take his wife to England.

The year went past and Sir John did not come. Meantime Rev. Mr. Currier, the only person in America besides the young wife who knew of the transaction, died and his secret died with him. Another year passed, and five, then ten, and then twenty, and still the water hand did not return to make good his promises, nor did any tidings, we understand, reach the ears of Candace concerning him. At last, in March last, we believe, through the instrumentality of a personal advertisement in one of the New York papers, the long silence was broken, and tidings for which the Dundee bride, now grown to almost middle age, had so long waited, were received.

It appears that the return of Sir John to England without his American wife was for the purpose of arranging matters satisfactorily with his parents, who he knew would be indisposed to receive his bride if she were taken to them without prior knowledge of their son's step. Shortly after his return home it happened that while out riding with his mother one day

his horses took fright and ran away threw the two out, killing his mother and very seriously injuring Sir John. From the affliction, however, he recovered partially, and in due time set out for America to reclaim his wife. As if adverse fate directed his every movement, when he reached Liverpool he was taken severely ill, and for a long time he lay vacillating, as it were, between life and death. Though recovering, his illness had so preyed on him that he became demented, in which condition he lived all these years, unable to make known the object for which he was journeying when sickness overtook him.

In the latter part of last winter sanity strangely returned to the afflicted man, but only for a short interval before death relieved him of that life which had been a burden. During this lucid interval recollection of his earlier life came back to him, and the secret wife in Dundee was uppermost in his thoughts. He made known to his brother, now Sir Alfred Talmadge, the true story of his marriage in this country, willed his immense fortune of \$4,000,000, half to the brother and a sister, and the other half to his wife in case she might be found alive. He further pledged his brother to send a special messenger to America, for the purpose of hunting up his wife.

In pursuance of these pledges a messenger was, as early as possible after the demise of Sir John, despatched to this country with instructions to find the bride by advertisement or by personal search. The advertising was done as we have seen, but the messenger, following the directions given by the husband before death, came from New York to Dundee after landing. At the latter place he found the parents of the lady, who directed him to Elmitra, where she was then visiting. This was in the latter part of May last.

On arriving in this city the messenger inquired for the residence of Charles Rowland, brother-in-law of the lady whom he sought. He repaired to that gentleman's residence, No. 47 East Water street, where he found the long-waiting and long-sought bride of twenty years ago. The lady happened to be alone at the time the messenger called. The commingling of astonishment, pleasure and sorrow which contended for mastery as the sadly romantic history of her long-ago bridegroom was unfolded, can be better imagined than told.

Soon after this document, Mrs. Talmadge went to Washington, where she is now living with another sister, Mrs. Rowland was at first reluctant to say much about the affair, but she finally talked freely and interestingly concerning her sister's romance. She stated that the messenger from England left with her sister a considerable package, also letters and documents from her late husband. She said Candace talked little about the strange events, and it was probable she had gone to Washington for the purpose of avoiding impertinent inquiries. Mrs. Talmadge had expressed herself entirely satisfied with the results of the strange messenger's visit, but whether or not the documents contained a conveyance of the half of Sir John's estate, as it has been said he left it, Mrs. Rowland was not prepared to say.

Candace has received a large number of communications from lawyers offering assistance in securing the fortune abroad, but she was uniformly declined all such offers, saying that she had no need of legal aid in the premises. It is understood by her friends that she will before a great while be visited by her brother-in-law, Sir Alfred Talmadge, with whom she will go to England to possess her vast estate. The sister who shares equally with Sir Alfred also married against the parent's wishes. Her husband's name is Stanley. The last known of them they were at Key West, Florida. It is understood the surviving brother has instituted a search for this sister. Should she be found it is likely a reunion of the family, including our Dundee girl, will be had.

Lady Talmadge's sister states that the clergyman who performed the secret marriage twenty years ago came to her father's house two or three times during the year of pledged secrecy, evidently determined to reveal what he had done. His manner is now remembered to have been singular, but at the time it attracted no unusual attention. He was a Baptist clergyman and the Blivens were Presbyterians, and at the time we speak of no relations socially required the singular calls from the former. It is also stated that the secrecy was maintained at the solicitation of the bride, the husband having urged her to go with him to her home and make known their new relation. This she refused to do out of respect for her wishes respecting his own family. A correspondence was maintained after Talmadge left, but Candace was always carefully to dispose of the letters, and her own heart retained the secret locked in her own breast. [From the *Etetra* (N. Y.) *Gazette*.

A Good Housewife.—A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value on the housewife's qualifications of their partners after marriage, however little they may weigh with them before; and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than carelessness or want of knowledge in the new housekeeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, and order, and system, in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyments at home, they will love their homes and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers that study the welfare of their daughters that appreciate the value of these qualifications will not fail to acquire them.

PERSEVERANCE.

[The following essay was written by one of the pupils connected with the Waynesboro' High School.]

He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought to pray, and not to faint. Luke—18, 1.

The key to the parable lies in these introductory words, and it is a great advantage that it is so plainly given to us. Christ's object here is not to prove the value or duty of prayer, but to encourage men "always to pray and not faint."

The answer may be long delayed, the continued effort may seem hopeless, but still He would have us "to pray and not faint." When pressed by anxiety or grief, we find ourselves ready enough to do the first.

Out of a full heart prayer is poured forth with more or less faith in the answer of prayer; and we find how true are the psalmist's words, "It is good for me to draw near unto God."

But if there is something we ought to do—pray—there is something we ought not to do—faint; and here we fail. It is not easy to go on persevering in prayer when no answer comes; and it is easy to faint and grow weary, and forget the subject, and turn to some other object of anxiety, and loose heart as to that which formerly occupied so much of our thoughts and prayers. But, since the art of making ourselves happy is only found in doing good and making others happy, we find it hard to persevere and push on amid so many disincitements, and so much averseness and disinterestedness on the part of those who have all the religious and educational advantages they could possibly desire.

I say it is really discouraging, when we notice the fact, that after a whole year's attending divine service and prayer meetings, after a whole year's advantages of receiving thorough culture and discipline of mind and heart, at the hands of No. 1 instructors, there are so few inclinations on the part of those to become study, gentle, quiet, and self-sacrificing—to become nearer what they well know they ought to be. Some, having heard and understood many fine sermons and good talks, very clearly see that they should pray to be delivered from Pharaoh, the hard task masters—Hated, Malice, Envy, Pride, Frivolity—and cultivate self-sacrificing dispositions, charity towards all, and daily strive, by divine assistance, to attain to a state of cultivation of mind and heart, and do every thing with an eye single to the glory of God. But these things persons manifest such an averseness, disinclination, and disinterestedness, that to row against the tide appears equally hard every day. But what a dark cloud appears to hang over us when, after having obtained faithful promises to try and do better, all are dashed to the ground and fashion and frivolity reign supreme. I think sometimes that some live without a thought of ought, save the present; and waste the precious years of life, not knowing what they are living for—not realizing that this state of existence is but the antechamber to the great audience hall above. Men and women are brought into this world, receive shallow educations, marry for fancy, convenience, or pleasure, live a few years for self, die and go they know not whither. Such thoughts crowd upon us. We can't deny them; hence we feel the necessity of asking help with renewed perseverance. If people instead of becoming intoxicated with worldly pleasures, and pursuing the giddy rounds of gaiety and fashion, would occasionally look in upon themselves—if they would not permit themselves to become so absorbed with worldly affairs, as never to look beyond the present, they could add much to their happiness; for they would know then what life really is—they would have better and clearer conceptions of life's duties and ends. Let us then persevere and strive to know ourselves, and be what God designed us to be, happy and content, knowing that all of earth must soon pass away.

Sept. 28, 1874. "GRATES."

A Strong Witness.

Some years ago a lawsuit occurred out of the destruction of a quantity of corn, belonging to a M. Wilson by hogs owned by Mr. Brown. Lotte owned eight hogs, and Wilson declared that they were all, in his field, and that, consequently, the havoc was immense. Brown protested that he did not believe any of his hogs were in Wilson's field, but if any at all certainly not more than one or two, and therefore the damages could not have been so great as represented.

Wilson had a witness on his side named Jerry Parker, not a very bright young man but noted for having a wonderful imagination. He came in late, and had not a very distinct idea as to how the case stood, but he had a very vague notion that it was for Wilson's interest to make the number of hogs appear as large as possible.

When he took the witness-stand he was questioned by Wilson's lawyer, who asked, "Jerry, did you see the hogs in Mr. Wilson's corn-field, on the day in question?" "Yes, I did," replied Jerry.

"Do you know exactly how many there were?" "No, I didn't count 'em but I'll take my oath there warn't less than thirty."

The consternation of Wilson and his lawyer at this unexpected reply, may be imagined; and it was not lessened when Brown's lawyer arose and said, "Your honor as my client has only eight hogs, it is very evident that those which destroyed Mr. Wilson's corn belonged to some one else, and I therefore ask judgment for the defendant." The court granted this request, and poor Wilson by having too strong a witness, lost the case.

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the hay was mown, May,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, May,
Your wavy hair was brown,
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moistured sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, May,
And all its hopes were ours,
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.
Aye! Life was like a Summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, May,
Has touched you in his flight;
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Drops of Spray.

Wishes never made tools.
Proverbs are pickled truths.
Nature is ever true to herself.
After darkness cometh light.
A slight debt makes a debtor.
Avoid the danger of idleness.
It is the lot of humanity to err.
Rats will desert a sinking ship.
A cat in gloves catches no mice.
An empty stomach has no cars.
Birds of feather flock together.
Liberty never ruined anybody.
Crooked legs make straight fires.
Riches rarely bring contentment.
Let every dog shake his own paw.
The liberal soul shall be made fat.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
Eagles do not bring forth pigeons.
A hungry man calls the cook lazy.
After every tempest comes a calm.
Next to no wife a good wife is best.
It is a long road that has no turn.
Necessity is the mother of invention.
Keep working if you would keep rising.
A man when angry, is beside himself.
Cowardly dogs bark the most loudly.
As you have sown, so shall you reap.
A personal action dies with the person.
Wisdom is better than weapons of war.
Go backward in order to leap the better.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.
Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.
Self preservation is the first law of nature.
He who would be free must strike the blow.
He that chastiseth one, amendeth many.
People will go their own way up love's ladder.
To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.
An act done against man's will is not his act.
It is better to have a great soul than a great fist.
A grain of prudence is worth a lb. of craft.
The house of the wicked shall be overthrown.
It is fair to derive instruction even from an enemy.
Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone.
Everything in nature tends to the good of mankind.
If you sow the wind you will reap the whirlwind.
If you would prosper, encourage your home paper.
After a bad crop you should instantly begin to sow.
Honorable peace can only come from successful war.
To have the best wife, you must have the best husband.
Do not let your honest convictions be laughed down.
He conquers twice who restraineth himself in victory.
It moves a squeamish stomach to taste of many things.
There is a greater desire to live long than to live well.
Do not live for your own comfort and enjoyment alone.
Regulate your expenditures according to your resources.
Liberty distinguishes itself in the manner of giving.

Talkers.

Did you ever see one young lady in a company try to do all the talking? I have seen this, and I must say that I did not admire the lady very much. You have perhaps witnessed the same thing in some body's parlor, and perhaps you were well pleased with the lady and considered her an excellent talker, and a very agreeable person. I am not a good conversationalist—I cannot talk easily and fluently—but I do not condemn good talkers on that account. But haven't you seen talkers who tried to attract all the attention? Haven't you seen ladies who wanted to be "queens of the evening," and make all other ladies sink into insignificance? I am sure I have, and I have thought that the young lady talkers might have been engaged in a more laudable kind of way.

A young lady who does all the talking and endeavors to attract the attention of the young men, almost invariably succeeds for a short time. But some young men are sensible—and I rejoice greatly thereat—and they cannot always be beguiled and beguiled into matrimony by a fluent talker.

I was talking to one of my gentleman friends on this matter, a few days ago—Said I: "You like smart people. Why don't you make yourself agreeable to Miss So-and-so? Perhaps you could win her?" "Oh," said he, "I couldn't think of it—I don't want to win her. She is 'all talk and no cider.'"

Now, gentlemen and ladies, just here let me ask you to forgive me for using the above slang phrase. My friend used it, and I was obliged to use it, too, if I reported him correctly. Don't scold, and probably I will write a little sermon some day on "Slang Phrases."

My friend is a sensible man, and can see as far into a brick wall as any other person. He could see that Miss So-and-so was more of a talker than a worker, and he didn't want to marry that sort of person. He said it was all very well to be a talker, very attractive, and to cut a figure generally, but after marriage romance is dropped, and we come down to stern reality.

My friend is a poor man and he wants a wife that can keep a house, cook a dinner, and wash dishes. Wouldn't a man think "the times were sadly out of joint" if he should come in for his dinner some day, and his wife should sit down and give him fifteen minutes' graceful, easy silvery talk, instead of bread, coffee, meat and potatoes? As Thompson says, "Talk would fill up." The husband would relish the dish on an occasion of that kind; and with a frown on his brow he would probably retire to a restaurant, where something more substantial could be obtained.

Now any young man can go and marry a talker if he wants to—one who endeavors to do all the talking and attract all the attention—but if he gets into trouble, and finds that the house is not kept in order, the dinner not cooked, and the cobwebs left swinging, he cannot say that he did not receive a word of warning.

Life's Bright Phase.

Life's Bright Phase is here represented as an ideal being: This being vivified all under her influence by the sunshine of her nature, radiating from the inner recesses of her soul, which bask continually in the rays of Divine love, depending for endurance on the goodness of its Creator. In city, town and obscure hamlet, she dispels the gloom, substituting joy and light. She visits the home-circle, and submeams play around the innocent faces of children, and the visages of parents, often wrinkled with care. When she appears a transformation is accomplished; hearts beat free; while all wonder why they do not always look upon life's bright side, never wasting time and energy in needless apprehensions. She visits the business-man; hope gladdens every heart, and prosperity is obtained on account of renewed energetic exertions. The schools, seminaries, and universities of the world are electrified by her presence; under her inspiration, minds otherwise slow of comprehension grasp with ease difficult problems and complicated theories. Intelligent visitors are greeted with loud cheers by every student. They learn from her patience, economy of resources and virtue; while her image and character are impressed unconsciously upon the pure, untarnished pages of their intellect. She floats before the vision of the artist, the musician, and the writer. Her enlivening and beautifying characteristics are interwoven in their varied compositions and creations, to be reflected thence upon thousands of other minds. She bends over the festival prepared by the hand of Charity for the orphans and the usually neglected ones of earth. Callous visages relax their painful expressions as the light of joy quietly glides among wrinkles and speaks from sunken eyes. The burden of trouble seems to fall temporarily, as by magic, from the afflicted, while long forgotten youth reappears in beat and aged humanity.

ORIGIN OF HYMNS.—The following traditions are full of interest. Herber wrote his missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," on a Saturday night after he had retired to his chamber. It was sung the next morning at Hodnet to a popular sailor air, known as "Twas when the sea was roaring." Watts complained to his father that the psalmody of the church was not good. "Make it better, my son," was the reply. The next morning the young man produced, "Behold the glories of the Lamb." Kirke White's "When marshaled on the nightly plain" was composed when rowing, from headland to headland on a dark and stormy night.

The leaves are falling.

A Significant Catechism.

Who built all our cities, or villages, every hamlet and cottage in the land? Mechanics.

Who built every ship, steamer, vessel and water craft that floats on every ocean and plows on the surface of every river? Mechanics.

Who printed every Bible, hymn book and newspaper printed, and bound every printed volume on the face of the globe? Mechanics.

Who construct all the factories and work shops on the earth, and who runs them? Mechanics.

Who construct all our lines of rail-roads, their locomotives and cars, the Pullman cars? Mechanics.

Who make every instrument of music from the organ down to the jewsharp? Mechanics.

Who make all agricultural implements for cultivating the soil, and all nautical instruments for navigation of the ocean? Mechanics.

Who makes all their magnificent furniture that ornament the mansions of the rich—carpets, mantle ornaments, silver and china table service? Mechanics.

Who make all the jewelry that adorn the persons of the ladies? Mechanics.

What would the civilized world be with out mechanics? A howling wilderness and man a barbarian.

We never think of this brave class of men, and their great work, without a sense of profound gratitude pervading our whole nature. We honor and revere them for their great achievements.

"SEND HIM TO COLLEGE."—A story is told of Gov. Chittenden, who was one of the early Governors of Vermont. He was quite an extensive farmer, and in those days to be a Governor did not greatly interfere with the incumbent's ordinary vocation. He had two sons. One of them was a boy of bright intellect, and the other decidedly dull. The old gentleman thought that Nature had done enough for the youngest, and that he would make his way in the world without more than a common school education, but that the eldest one would need all the aid of a liberal education to make up the natural deficiency, and he was accordingly sent to college, while his brother was kept on the farm. It happened one spring that among the fruit of the Governor's was a very stupid calf. It would not suck or drink, and no amount of effort on the part of the farmer, son, or "hired man" could induce him to take his sustenance. After repeated trials, the good man's patience gave out, and he said to his son: "Freeman, what on earth shall we do with this stupid fool?" "I don't know father," was the ready response, "unless we send him to college with Martin."

A revenge fitting noble minds was lately accomplished near Pequot, California, by two forlorn vagrants who had been put off a western bound freight train for attempting to steal a ride. The luckless fellows were wearily tramping their way along the road-bed when there occurred a "cloud-burst," which swept through the embankment of the track at a certain point, and left the rails to give way at the first pressure. Tired and indignant as the peniless wayfarers were, they forthwith retraced their steps as rapidly as possible, and, by flagging an approaching passenger train, averted what must otherwise have caused fearful loss of life. The conductor of the rescued train displayed commendable alacrity in giving the men free passes to the end of his route.

A LIVE LANTERN.—You think, perhaps, that there is no such thing. Look at the little glow-worms and sparkling fireflies. Doesn't each one of them carry a bulb with him a tiny lantern to light his path. But that is not all.

In the West Indies, and some other hot countries, as I've been told, there are distant relations of our glow-worms and fireflies that carry much larger sparks. These insects give so much light that they are caught by the natives, and sometimes a dozen at a time are put into a gourd pierced with many holes, each too small for the insects to escape through. The opening by which they are put into the gourd is then stopped up, and the live lantern is ready to be carried about on dark nights, as you sometimes carry a glass one. A very convenient lantern the insects make, for the flame never burns anything, and never goes out.

By the way, I wonder whether the flame can be of the same sort with that that burns on the ocean? The flame with the long name—the phosphorescent, that I told you about last month?

I shouldn't wonder if it were so. Who will find out?—St. Nicholas for September.

Every condition in life has its advantages and its peculiar source of happiness. It is not the houses and the streets which make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the fields which make the country, but those who cultivate them.—He is wisest who best utilizes his circumstances, or, to translate it, his surroundings; and happiness, if we deserve it will find us wherever our lot may be cast.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

In the hour of prosperity forget not the lesson of adversity.

Wit and Humor.

A Maine husband wanted to bet his wife that she could whip a panther, but she saw the joke and refused to try.

An ingenious American journalist reminds his patrons that the word "advertiser" rhymes with "realise."

Susan Liberty, of La Crosse, has thirteen lovers, and one of them exclaims "Give me Liberty or give me death!" And she's a red hulled girl at that.

They say that the fellow who committed suicide in the New York Times the other day could speak six dead languages. He ought to make a sociable corpse.

"Dolly Varden," "Grecian Bend," "Kangaroo Limp," and other oddities and eccentricities of fashion have departed and are being succeeded by the "Straightening-up-Mary-Jane-and-show-your-breast-pin" attitude. The girls are delighted with it.

"I don't believe it rained forty days and forty nights," said an unbelieving boy to his mother, "and that story about Noah and his ark, how could Noah bring all the animals and birds from the four quarters of the earth; and not a railroad or steamboat in the whole world?"

"If you think," said a high school boy to his mother when she asked him to go out and get the kerosene can filled, "if you think they haven't crammed enough Science of Government into me to teach me that this is a land where the free American heart cannot tolerate despotism in any form, why you're laboring under a baleful error. That's the kind of hair pin I am."

An Irish girl, on applying for a situation, was asked by the lady if she was used to early rising. "Arrah," exclaimed Biddy, "is it airy-risin'-ye wants? Faith, I always gets up, an' has the breakfast ready, an' iver bed in the house made, before there's a soul in the house awake. An' is that airy enough for you?"

A Mississippi boatman, with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a bootjack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: "No jack here big 'nuff for dem feet. Jacks couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout frakting the leg." Yess better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dere.

There is a story of a Welshman who exhibited a genealogical chart thirty yards in length, with a reference figure half way down, and at the bottom a note as follows: "N. B. About this time the world was created." But two Irishmen beat this on pedigree. "My ancestor," said one, "was an invited guest with Noah in the Ark." "Away with yer ark," rejoined his brother Hibernian. "I'd've ye to understand that me father had a botle of his own."

An exchange says: "Old Skinfint, with a speckled hen, was down to O'Brien's show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of his office."

Pulling an old ten-pounds salt sack from under the seat, he proceeded to feed the horses. When on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until just before hitching up to return, he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved—he had brought along the hen to pick up the oats left by the horses, that nothing might be lost.

A Scotch peddler, without the remotest intention on his part of getting into a quarrel or fight with any man, had put up (with his pack) for the night, at a country ale-house bordering on Wales, where, as the fates have it, he found a motley assemblage in the kitchen of the inn, of not the most desirable individuals; and among the rest, a Welshman, whose aim, from the very first, it seemed to be to get into hot water with poor Sawney. The latter, sagaciously appreciating the true character of his tormentor, and determined to get rid of him in the quietest way possible, told him that he "did not want to fight."

This only excited to a still higher pitch the bravado of the Welshman, and he told the Scotchman that he would make him fight. "Well," says Sawney, "I must fight, let me say my prayers before I fight which the Welshman conceding, the offer fell upon his knees, imploring his Maker to pardon him for the "two men he had already killed, and for the one that was about to die." The Scotchman slowly rose from his knees, but not before the Welshman had made a precipitate retreat from the room.

The accumulation of money as an inheritance for children is often worse than nothing in their hands.

An attorney about to finish a bill of costs was requested by his client, a baker, to make it light as possible.

"Ah," replied the lawyer, "that's not the way I bake my bread."

A facetious young American lady wittily remarks that the reason the peculiar equipages seen at watering-places are called dog-carts is that puppies always ride in them.

Why is a man who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

Apollo must have had a reputation for veracity—he is always associated with a lyre.