

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 15, 1874.

NUMBER 17.

Select Poetry.



SEA DREAMS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,
The rocks are ringed with foam;
I walked once more a haunted shore,
A stranger, yet at home—
A land of dreams I roam!

Is this the wind, the soft sea wind
That stirred thy locks of brown?
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
The trail of thy light gown?
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
The boat that rocks below;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago,
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky—
The change is ours alone;
The saddest is my own!

A stranger now, a world-worn man
Is he who bears my name;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became,
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
Thy place I cannot see;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years
Have left on me their sign;
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
The many stains of mine
In tears of love divine!

Oh, turn to me that dearest face
Of all thy sea-born town,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
The loose hair rippling down
In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more thro' space and time
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall,
A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!
Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the crowd city streets,
Or by the brown sea foam,
The thought of thee is none!

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT CAME OF MAKING PICKLES.

"Well, love, my poor child," said a dignified old gentleman. "I have looked your matters all over, and I must say I see nothing but starvation before you and your family."

"Well, father," replied a bright little woman of twenty-five years, in a trembling voice, "I've not the least idea of starving, nor of letting my family starve—not if God spares my health."

"You were always a brave child, Love, but this is a terrible crisis. It would be cruel in any one to taunt you now, but remember that I told you and George that it was very imprudent for a man to marry till he had something ahead for an emergency."

"I remember, father, that you thought I should be wise to marry a man with a house and store for whom I did not care, than to marry George, with two thousand a year. But if I had the choice to make over again to-day, I should do just as I did then. I wouldn't change places with any woman on earth, even now."

"You are a faithful wife and a brave little woman, Love, but—"

"But what, father?"

"You can't live on in this way child."

"But I will live, father and live well, too, and take care of George and the babies."

"How?"

"Ay, that was the word that had been ringing in the heart of this brave little woman ever since the day that her husband failed at his desk, and was brought home apparently dying. She knew that she could rear the pillars of her domestic structure herself, but how?

"Well, Love I will do what I can for you," said the old gentleman, "and—and—if it were only for you and the babies, I should say at once come home, and be as welcome there as you were four years ago; but you know the house is so small we haven't room in it."

Love smiled a sad smile, and then said, perhaps a little provokingly, "Four of us would occupy no more chambers than three; the babies are too little to be away from us at night. But if your house were twice as large, father, I could not take my husband's gentle home away from him, now that he is sick. I shall have to decide soon, and will let you know my plans."

The respectable old gentleman rose up, and with his handkerchief polished his already shining beard, kissed Love, patted the heads of the babies, and turned to go, saying, "Keep up a good heart, child, and remember that the ravens feed Elijah."

"Well, I don't want them to feed me; I prefer to feed myself," replied the spry little woman, who felt that it was rather hard in her father to discourage her, and then exhorted her to "keep up a good heart."

She loved the old man, although he was stiff and narrow in his views, and never forgot any slight offered his judgment.

She followed him to the door, and said, "Good-bye, father; give my love to mother," although the real mother, who would have found room enough in her heart and home for them all, had been for years in the grave.

It was twilight, and as the old gentleman was going down the steps a young man came up.

"Ah, good evening, good evening," said the stout, good-natured hotel-keeper to both, and then added to Love, "Here I am on the old borrowing business. My wife says she can't please the lawyers in court time since you and she changed pickles and honey. Old Squire Watts called out the minute he saw you to supper. 'Come, Bruce, borrow some of that neighbor's pickles for us.' Them pickles is a standin' joke among them. Why can't nobody in town make pickles and chow chow like yours? My wife's a cook that can't be beaten bread and meats and pastry and cake, but she ought to 'prentice herself to you on some things."

Love, who had known Bruce all her life, smiled, and said:

"I will give you a jar with all my heart, Mr. Bruce, and that won't half pay you for the nice things she has sent in to poor George. I have my cucumbers all ready now to make next year's pickles, and I yet have two or three jars left."

"Suppose we make a bargain, Mrs. Bart. I'll buy two barrels at the best Boston price, if you'll make them for me, and chow-chow and catsup too."

Love laughed, and the hotel-keeper went down with her to get the jar. The old man went down the street, whispering with a sigh, "The Lord knows what's going to feed that family. I can't do it, for wife says I can't; and she knows everything most; and Love is terribly obstinate."

Well, the hotel-keeper ran back the next moment with his pickle jar, as happy as some men would have been to find a nugget of gold that size, for he had a rival who kept the old tavern, and he wanted to keep all the lawyers who came there to hold court with his customers.

Love had a long talk with her husband that night. The next day an old school friend, who had always been like a sister, came to stop with the sick man and to look after the babies, and she went to Boston, ten miles away, in an early train, with a neat little basket in her hands. If anyone had been near enough, who she put her little basket on the platform of the depot with such spirit, he might have heard her whisper:

"See if my family starves while I'm alive and in my health!"

The day was lovely, and everybody on the cars and on the street looked cheerful and happy. Of course there were sick, and lame, and blind, and deaf people, and beggars plenty in the world, but Heaven was keeping them out of her sight that day, and bringing before her only happy grown folks and merry little ones.

The streets looked so clean and the air seemed so pure that she charged herself with having often borne false witness against the beautiful, as she ran with light heart through Washington, Tremont and Court streets, and Bowdoin square first, to a store and then to the hotel. In each place she asked for the proprietor or the steward, and opening her basket, drew out three little glass jars of what the hotel-keeper at home had called "sour things."

In one minute she told her business and the necessity that brought her out on it. Her cheerful face, her prompt manner, and her well-chosen words gained the victory for her. She went back to her night plodded to supply home-made pickles, chow-chow and catsup for three hotels and five large groceries, and she whispered as she mounted the steps of her little home.

"I'll show father whether or not we are going to starve."

Her cheerful story of success did more for her poor, disheartened young husband than a peck of Old School pills or four tiny New School ones could have done. The very story of an old woman's poke-bonnet, which was worn one-sided in the ears to blind one eye, and of the silly airs of a silly bride, and of a boy with two guinea buttons buttoned into his jacket for safe transportation, really brightened the hope of life in his heart, and after partaking of a nice supper prepared by their pretty friend he said:

"Now, girls, I feel as if I was going to get about again, and this is the first time I have had any hope!"

Love kept away from her father till she had visited a market garden in the outskirts of the town and engaged a great supply of cucumbers, onions, peppers and tomatoes, and had brought back the strong girl she had first felt obliged to dismiss, to help her in her new work.

But if you only could have seen the size of the old gentleman's eyes, and the style of mouth he got up, and heard his exclamation, "Why, Love, you are crazy! What will your mother say? You surely forgot that her first husband was the President of the L.——National Bank, and that I am cashier of it! Whoever heard of a bank officer's daughter making pickles for taverns and groceries?"

"Who ever heard of a bank officer's daughter sitting down and starving from trouble comes," replied the little lady.

"Why don't you teach music?"

"Because I don't know enough."

"You might keep a few very genteel—well, not just boarders, but friends who don't care to keep house, and would pay largely."

"Where are they, and where's the house and furniture for them?"

"O, that's true. But you might—oh, or might—oh!" and here his wife called him, and there were great things that people can do in the hope of cheating others into the belief that they are working for fun rather than necessity. But soon the old gentleman added—"I declare, I'm

afraid to go home, lest it had reached your mother's ears!"

The proud woman soon heard of it, and she talked angrily about what Mrs. Adam and Mrs. Col. West, and purse-proud Miss Allen would say, and she almost inclined to think it would be better to give Love five hundred dollars than to be disgraced in society.

"Love wouldn't take any money," replied the old man, whose attitude during the conversation was that of one caught out in a cutting hail-storm without any umbrella.

"Dreadful independent for any body that's penniless," cried the old lady. Love and her stout helper went to work at once, and very soon the china closet, and next the neat little dining room, were filled with glass jars through which tiny green cucumbers and onions, and every thing else nice in that line, was peeping, or, as Love said, "smiling on the family."

The business went on bravely, and in one year Love's husband, who was partially restored to health, forsook the bed and took charge of it, and she went back to the nursery, every good mother's place when Providence doesn't call her out of it.

This is no pretty fiction to teach young folks that "where there's a will there's a way." It is a true story of a brave little woman, and we can tell you the street and number of a large store in a certain city, far away, where her enterprising husband has built up a large business, and made not a little money.

He says that if Love had never learned to make pickles, or had been too proud to make them for others, in his dark time, he should have been in his grave five years ago.

Who thinks less of her for doing it?

Life's Autumn.

Life, like the leaf, has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainty of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all the uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the warning of faith and duty wears.

It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so we feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops are blighted and the mid-dew blasts the early green, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripening year sinks amid the fragrance of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, rejoicing that earth is capable of so much gladness, and is permitted so much virtue.

FRESH AIR.—A neat, clean, fresh aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged and well-situated house exercises a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, makes the members of a family more useful and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a squally, filthy, noxious dwelling rendered still more wretched by its noisome spite and in which none of the de-conicities of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such fashions renders them reckless, brutal, and the tradition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others, or for the law.

THE OLD RED CENT.—As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on the one side and thirteen links on the other. The French ideas in America, which put on the head of the Goddess of Liberty, a French Liberty, with rock thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was displaced by an olive wreath of peace, but the French Liberty was short-lived, as was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure that succeeded this—the staid, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but lightly altered by the lapse of time.

Vice causes many to waste the talents given them by their Heavenly Father. That dissolute and intemperate habits injure the body is well known; that they injure the mind is a fact as well established. Thousands of promising young men have all their hopes blighted by allowing themselves to become addicted to vice.

A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the Preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.
BY E. NELSON.

My childhood's prayer! my childhood's prayer!
"Tis ringing ever in mine ear,
With memories of sweet days that were
When earth was new and hope was dear;
When not a cloud, or sigh, or tear
Seemed traced within my horoscope;
Nor bitter pang, nor burning fear—
But all things whispered good, sweet hope!
Alas! there hath been sin and care
Between me and my childhood's prayer.

My childhood's prayer! Oh, not one flower
But 'minds me of its purity;
The lowliest daisy in the bower
Brings back the gentle prayer to me,
With all the joys of infancy:—
I never look upon a star,
But that its radiance seems to be
A beacon from the days afar—
A memory of joys that were
All fleeting—but my childhood's prayer.
My childhood's prayer! Oh, infant tone
Was hushed beside my mother's knee:
Alas! my heart hath harder grown.
Beneath a chilling destiny;
Yet never from my memory
Shall fade the beautiful, the true
Sweet guardian of my infancy,
This heart still fondly clings to you;
Each snowy thread, mid thy dark hair,
Reminds me of my childhood's prayer.

There have been hours of deep distress,
There have been years of grief and care,
There hath been utter wretchedness—
A darkness that could think no prayer;
Yet, in the darkest days that were,
A gentle voice from by-gone years
Thrilled to the brink of black despair,
And gave the sinner words and tears;
Yes, I have wept, and pleaded there,
My childhood's prayer! my childhood's prayer!

THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.—He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of this aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot?—You will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand of hope when all others refuse, and a heart to fill your sorrows as if they were her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive sorrow from your care-brown brow, and enclose in it the wreaths of domestic bliss. No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there it is yet a home. A cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and worldly honors. The home of a temperate, industrious, and honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it weary and worn, but the music of the merry laugh and happy voices of the children cheer. A plain, but a healthy meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place there, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's Friend.

THE LOST CHILD.—The whole country has been aroused about the theft of Charles Ross from the home of his parents in Germantown. We see the picture of the unfortunate lad in all the depots. Every father and mother feels the thrill of that dreadful story of crime and anguish. May the great effort for his rescue be successful. But there are villainous influences awaiting around every door-step for the taking off of our children. There are tens of thousands of little ones being, as to moral character, kidnapped in our cities. Let parents be on the watch lest unclean pictures and bad companionships do a destructive work upon their families. If we could appreciate the baleful work being done upon the morals of the young, there would be bell-men on every street, crying: "A lost child! a lost child! a lost child!" What we want is more schools, better parental discipline, more of his parents in Germantown. We see the picture of the more positive religious instruction and more prayer. Keep the children more around the home fireside, and less in the alleys, the by-ways, and streets of a busy city, where scoundrels can get hold of them. We cannot be too careful of these household treasures.—*Christian at Work.*

A Christian man was dying in Scotland. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the Scotch kirk was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream thought that he was on his way to church in his sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said: "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said: "Pull the robe up closer my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said: "Just there now!" No wonder he smiled. The good old man had gone to church.—Not to the old Scotch kirk, but to the temple in the skies. Just across the river.

Father Taylor, a clergyman recently located at Bishop Creek, California, was so impressed with a dream that the whole Owens Valley country in that State would soon be destroyed by earthquakes and floods, that he has sold out all his possessions and started for Arkansas. Before leaving he publicly warned his congregation of the impending danger, and advised them to follow his example and depart from the fated region before it was too late.

A Mustache.
By all means raise one!
My young masculine friends, if you have hitherto neglected it, attend to it at once. "Delays are dangerous." "Procrastination is the thief of time." "Now-a-days, to succeed in life, it is necessary that a man should have a mustache! Witness the following advertisement copied verbatim from one of our city dailies:—
"WANTED—A young gentleman to act as clerk in a dry goods store. Must be experienced in the business, of good address and possessing appearance. One with a mustache preferred."
Brains, you see, are at a discount, but hair on the upper lip is at a premium.—Everybody appreciates a mustache; but few people have wit enough to appreciate brains, even when they come in the vicinity of them—which, by the way, is not often.

A mustache makes itself evident at once, unless it be a pale yellow kind, which requires the observer to use a microscope in order to be visible, and indications of them are not always surface-indications.

Blonde mustaches are all the go with novels. Tawny they are sometimes designated, but never red.

Somewhat, now-a-days, everybody seems to avoid correctness in everything, and it would be dreadful to describe a hero with a red mustache. So, young man, if you desire to be in style, raise a tawny mustache. Let it grow long, so that your mouth will be submerged—so that nobody will know for certain that you have got a mouth. It will teach lookers-on a lesson of faith in things unseen.

Young ladies like mustaches. Of course they do. A hero with chin whiskers or mutton chops would be nowhere. So, young gentleman, go back to the first principles, and raise one! Oil it; perfume it; comb it; wax it; curl it; twist it; twirl it. If necessary lye it, and on no account stop stroking it for if you do you will show to the observing world that you are thinking of something else, and what fashionable young man ever forgets the existence of his mustache?

Don't Do It.
Don't imagine that every "sound is a delight." A sound whipping never delights the recipient.

Don't ruin your neighbor's reputation to build up your own. A structure built on ruins will not stand.

Don't make your boy "smoke" for a slight offense. It is wrong to teach children bad habits.

Don't buy pools at a race track.—Betting is immoral, especially when you bet on the wrong horse.

Don't learn to "keep books." The man who forgets to return a borrowed book is worse than an infidel.

Don't respect a man for his title only. General loafers are sometimes excellent judges of whisky.

Don't dream that you can work incessantly. The most vigorous marksman needs a rest.

Don't advocate the doctrine of Christian perfection. Give a man a right to criticize his wife's millinery bills.

Don't forget to pay the printer. No man can make a good impression without money.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don't say, "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable.

Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in the desert.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrows will come.

Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is still strong in this market.

Don't publish your acts of charity. Lord will keep all your accounts straight.

Don't linger where your "lovelies" dream." Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don't put on airs in your new clothing. Remember that your tailor is suffering.

Don't stand still and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guide boards save but few sinners.

BAD LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter is only the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use only vulgar or profane words, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that one word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue so that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it or preventing bad thoughts bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you are ashamed to speak in the presence of the refined female or the most religious man.

A Chicago reporter went to a party the other day and was good enough to remark the next morning that a certain young lady had the smallest waist in the room. There is no sense in getting wrathful with the young man; the other girl killed him the next day, and they made him a grave where the sublimis rest.

Pig or Pup.
An old darkey was once sent by his master with a covered basket to bring a small pig from a neighbor's. Having deposited it safely beneath the lid, he started for home, stopping occasionally at the groceries that he passed to take a drink and hear the news. Two mischievous boys observed that the old man was going intoxicated and they planned to have some sport.

They procured a puppy and at the next stopping place, they secretly removed the pig and made an exchange.

On coming out the old man lifted the lid to see that all was right, and was amazed to find that in the place of his pig he had a pup. He studied a moment, and then took his new charge along, shaking his head gravely. At the next stopping place the pig was returned and the pup taken out again, and when the old man again examined the basket to see if the pup was safe, his amazement was again doubled as he recognized his pig once more.

At the next stopping place another transformation took place and the mystified darkey came at last utterly bewildered. When he reached home, he threw down the basket in disgust, exclaiming: "Dar be is! Take him quick fo' he's a pup agin." 'Bout half de time he's been pig an' half de time pup all de way from de fust grocery."

During the progress of the trial of the case of widow Mathews against the Elevator Company, in the Circuit Court of St. Louis, Col. Slayback, counsel for the defendant, conceived the idea that one Murphy, a witness for the plaintiff, was a suitor for the hand of the widow, and on the eve of leading her to the altar. Getting Murphy on the stand, the lawyer endeavored to bring this fact before the jury, and this was the upshot of his effort.—Mr. Murphy was any relation to the plaintiff?

"No, sir, I am not."

"Don't you expect to be?"

"Such a thing might happen."

"Now, are you going to marry her?"

"I'm afraid not."

"You are afraid you won't eh? Well, now don't you expect to marry her?"

"If my wife should die, and the widow remain single till then, such a thing might happen."

The jurors and spectators burst into roars of laughter, and Murphy chuckled at the cunning manner in which he had drawn the lawyer on. The Colonel had nothing more to say on the matrimonial question.

STANDING FIRE.—A young soldier going to his barrackroom to sleep for the first time, quickly knelt down to pray in the presence of his comrades. This act was the signal for a storm. Hisses, shouts and whistles filled the room with hideous noise. Belts were thrown at the kneeling soldier, and one leaped upon the bed and shouted in his ear. But he was unmoved to the end of the prayer, when he arose and silently went to his repose. The next night his comrades eagerly watched to see if he would dare to pray a second time. To their surprise he again dropped on his knees and they saluted him with the same noises as on the previous evening. He did not flinch, however. The third evening he knelt down and prayed regardless of their continued mocking and noise. On the fourth evening the noise was less. On the fifth it was still less, and on the sixth one of the soldiers exclaimed:

"He stands fire; he stands fire. He is genuine."

After that no one disturbed him. He had overcome opposition; he had won respect.

THE "GREAT CLOCK OF ETERNITY."
—A Washington lecturer says that the earth's orbit has been widening out for 20,000 years past, and will continue to do so for 20,000 years to come. It will then begin to contract, and will continue to do so for 50,000 years. The eccentricity of Mercury has been steadily increasing for the last 100,000 years, but has nearly attained its limit. In about 5,000 years it will begin to diminish and will continue to do so for more than 100,000. The orbits of the planets must go on oscillating in this manner as long as the laws of nature remain unchanged, forming what a French writer has called "great clocks of eternity," which beat ages as hours beat seconds.

Many a wife goes down to her grave a dulled and despoiled woman, simply because her good and faithful husband has lived by her side without talking to her. There have been days when one word of praise, or one word of simple good cheer would have guided her with new strength. She did not know, very likely, what she needed, or that she needed anything; but there is a foul spot upon her mind, but by the appearance of that one word she extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue so that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it or preventing bad thoughts bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you are ashamed to speak in the presence of the refined female or the most religious man.

WORKING CHEAP.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a man of a swearing boy.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Well," said the man, "you work cheap. To lay off the character of a gentleman, to give so much pain to your friends and all civil folks, to wound conscience and risk your soul, and all for nothing, you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

No man can read about all these burglaries without a determination to have his wife sleep on the front side of the bed.

Wit and Humor.

Now the Sultan of Turkey 'wishes he were dead.' Dr. Mary Walker is there.

Ho that knoweth knowledge spareth his words; but a woman keepeth still only when she can't help it.

A New York doctor figures it out that an average woman will shed a barrel of tears in forty years.

When he calls her My juggy, my puggy, my honey, my coo, my deary, my love, my dove, he's got it pretty bad.

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper has "gone West" to marry the woman who never looked into the looking-glass.

The Louisville Courier-Journal hazards the assertion that the man who plants a shade tree is nobler than the founder of four-base ball clubs.

Mrs. Austin, of Alexandria, Virginia, has lived in one neighborhood thirty-eight years, and never borrowed her neighbor's hat pins or a cup of sugar.

We never stand by when a woman enters a hardware store, shuts her teeth together, and inquires the price of "them ore iron-handled rolling-pins," without feeling there is rest beyond the grave for her husband.

At the latest accounts the young man who says "Septembah" was asking his physician if it was safe to eat oysters, in months which have no "r" in their names.

A lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid of all work, when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour 'narrow with alacrity?" "No, ma'am, I always scour it with sand."

A young man from the country going into a shoe-shop for a pair of boots, the shop-man blandly asked, "What number do you wear?"

"Why, two, of course, you fool!" exclaimed the indignant countryman.

"Pap," observed a young urchin of tender years, to his fond parent, "does God know everything?" "Yes my son," replied he, "but why do you ask?" "Because our preacher when he prays so long is telling him everything, I thought he was not posted!"

The Detroit Free Press man has just returned from Saratoga. He says: "The Saratoga belles merely taste foot at the table, but fee the waters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful the cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but tie them together and then see how the fur will fly."

When a young lady notices your shirt button hanging by a single thread on the "ragged edge" of the button hole, she calls your attention to it, don't wait for another hint like that, as you may never get it.

Of all declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who asked him to show her the picture of the one she loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of spectacles." "Go to your seats."

"In the 'dark days' of '64 there lived 'Down East' two well-to-do Irish neighbors, each of whom had a son who had gone west to seek their fortunes. The old boys meeting one day, mutual inquiries were made about the youngsters.

"Well, Pat, how is Mickey making out wid his chirp out West?"

"Illigantly! tin dollars a week, and bossin' himself. And how's your boy gettin' on, Dinis?"

"Teddy, ye mane? He's doin' splendid, the darlint! Why, his lush lether was bustin' wid greenbacks, and so say, too."

"And what's he doin'?"

"Faix, I hardly know, but it's in the government employ he is."

"The devil ye say! the government! What's he doin' for the government?"

"Faix, I hardly know what it is, but I think it's what he calls laapin' the bounty!"

A SHARP BOY.—Freddy Warner is a child of some five summer's growth, and his mother, like all good mothers, never lets slip an opportunity, to impress upon her offspring's mind some good practical or moral lesson.

She had given little Freddy a fine apple and said to him:

"Now, Freddy, you must give half of the apple to your brother George, and when you divide anything with another person, you must always be sure to give the other person the larger half."

"Yes, mamma," replied the little philosopher, looking sharply at the big apple in his hand, then suddenly looking up to his mother's face, he added: "Dear mamma you take the apple and give it to George, and let him divide it with me!"

Eight Connecticut young ladies have just taken the veil. They were collectively fuddled.

The minister of the interior has a mouth.