

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



FORGET ME NOT.

When in the hall of splendor,
Thy heart is filled with mirth,
Or when thy eyes are gazing
On the pageantry of earth,
Or when thy plumes are waving
In the dancer's merry dance,
Where young hearts beat with joyousness
And feral wreaths are twined;
Or when bright spring-time putteth on
Her perfumed robes of flowers,
And wand'ring zephyrs kiss the leaves
In green and sunny bowers;
Or when proud forms are bending down
With honeyed tongue to thee,
And earthly hopes are thringing
Nay, think not then of me.

But when the bright and beautiful
From earth shall pass away,
And the withered leaves of Autumn
Are whispering of decay;
When the last pale rose of Summer
Drops on its stem forlorn,
And the breath of dying flowers
On the sighing breeze is borne;
Or when, at dawn evening,
While musing sad and lone,
Low whispering winds shall waft to thee
Some well-remembered tone;
Or when the waning moonbeams sleep
Upon the deep blue sea;
Then, sometimes, let thy gentle thoughts
Recall kindly upon me.

I would that this might be to thee,
In days to come, a token
Of bright and joyous hours past,
And words of love once spoken!

Surely thou wilt remember all—
The once-loved—the departed—
The friends that gathered round thee,
The fond and the true-hearted;

When thoughts of other days shall steal
Thy gentle spirit o'er,
Like strains of wafted music
From some fair but fading shore,
And Memory's light shall linger round
Each once familiar spot,
Full well I know, deep-cherished one,
Thou wilt forget me not.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOUSEHOLD IDOLATRY.

When George Dunkly was married he thought he had attained the summit of human felicity; and his mother and sisters said, "If George is not happy it will be his own fault."

George Dunkly was the village carpenter. He had a good business; a pleasant house of his own; sober habits; youth, health and strength in his favor. Moreover, being fond of reading, he had a respectable library already, and meant to have a larger one before he had done.

"Ah!" said he to himself, rubbing his hand gleefully, "what pleasant winter evenings we shall have—Margaret and I—when we both have done work, and have nothing else to do, she to listen and I to read aloud!" And George really laughed, he was so brimful with the pleasures of anticipation.

Margaret was young, too, and healthy and strong. She was pretty, moreover, and faithful and affectionate. She really loved George for himself and she had worldly wisdom enough to like him none the less for his pleasant house and his good business.

So George and Margaret were married, and the honeymoon passed away blissfully. George was happier than ever.

But time wore on, and George began to wonder; according to his notions he had ample cause for wondering.

For one thing he wondered that he had not found out before he was married that his house, instead of being, as in his simplicity he had always considered to be, respectable for its external neatness and internal cleanliness, was, in fact, a very pig-sty (or something near it) for dirt and dust. That it was so, he had Margaret's word for it; and he had, besides, the evidence of more senses than one, in the entire purification of every "stick and straw" that this house contained. He had before known his pretty young wife to be a famous cleaner, and he had pleased himself with the thought of her superior abilities in this way; but now he found that he had not known half the reality.

At first, George was pleased to find that Margaret's good qualities were not dimmed by marriage; and, week after week, he wore with exemplary fortitude the infection of mops, pails, brooms and brushes, the strong odor of soap and soap-suds daily renewed, and the inconvenience of countless windows and damp floors. By and by, however, he began to wonder how it was his wife never got tired of scrubbing and scouring, and how soon or how long it would be before his house would be to rights.

Vain were the expectations he formed. The house was never to rights. Every day had its appointed duties; and of these, the first and foremost was to scrub and clean. If the dinner was ill-cooked, or not cooked at all, or kept back half an hour, what of that? Was there not the washhouse to whitewash? and could anybody do two things at once? If the house was "turned out at the window," and the once comfortable sitting room had no chair for George to sit upon when he came in from work, what of that? Had not Margaret been hard at work all day? Hadn't she been varnishing all the chairs

and tables, and making them shine like looking-glasses? Hadn't she been window-cleaning? Hadn't she been clearing out the corner cupboards and the closets? And hadn't she got two hours work yet to get through before her task would be done? How could George be so selfish and unfeeling as to talk about discomfort? But there! it was just like all the men—

see what a lot of dirt you are carrying in!

"No such thing, Margaret; I scraped them well and rubbed them on the mat. Besides, where is the dirt to come from such dry weather as this?"

"They are dirty, George; and Tony swept the parlor yesterday. And then, that filthy pipe!"

"Why, Margaret, replied Dunkly good-naturedly, 'you didn't used to object to my smoking now, and then? you didn't say 'filthy pipe' before we were married."

"Well, I do now, then. I declare it makes everything smell of tobacco. The parlor isn't fit to go into after you have been smoking there."

George was good-natured and forbearing; but it was hard work for him to swallow the rising anger; nevertheless he did it.

"Well, Margaret, said he, 'I won't go into the parlor then, if you will just make the kitchen comfortable and come and sit with me. I am sure you must have finished cleaning for the day at least. Come, I'll put my pipe down and read to you for many a long day.'

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret, what evil spirit it was that prompted you to say 'then! hold your tongue! Just like you men! Think women have nothing to do but wait upon you. Don't you see I have two hours work to do yet before I, (with strong emphasis on that I) before I can sit down?"

George Dunkly darted from the house. It was eleven o'clock when he returned. He had been setting in the tavern drinking, for there was comfort there—of a sort. This was scarcely four months after marriage.

Two years passed away, and still the great object of Margaret's life was to "bustle about" and to clean. Her house was, indeed, a picture of good housewifery; when it was to rights, which was one day in seven; and her children (she had three) were orderly, and clean, and well-behaved, and healthy, and strong in his favor. Moreover, Dunkly himself was not greatly changed externally; but his dreams of domestic happiness had passed away like dreams. He never, after that one slip, again degraded himself by excess; for his principles were sound. But his home—alas!

Well, ten years passed away, and Margaret, careworn and weakened by her constant exertions, fell ill. She was very ill. Her recovery was despaired of. With returning, or rather with a awakened affection George nursed her, and watched by her bed. At length the crisis was over; danger had passed; and very slowly Margaret recovered strength.

One evening it was a fine summer evening—she ventured, leaning on her husband's arm, to quit her wary couch and totter to the window. It was partly open, and shielded by the curtain she sat, still supported by her husband, watching the setting sun. Presently childish voices were heard below, and Margaret listened. They were the voices of her two elder children.

"George," said little Margaret to her brother, "father says that mother is getting well again."

"Is she really?" said the boy in a tone that seemed to tremble.

"Ah, that she is; so father says; and I say, George, you take care; you know it wasn't I that made those scratches on the wash house wall."

No, Margaret, no," replied little George, with agitation and fear in every tone; "but don't tell mother! O, Margaret, dear, pray don't tell mother!"

It was a hard and painful lesson, but a most blessed one. There is not now a happier home than George Dunkly's; for Margaret, his wife, has learned that the excess of some kinds of excellence is a vice, and has had the magnanimity to sacrifice her house idolatry at the shrine of family love.

Do wild birds and beasts know when Sunday comes? In thickly peopled regions it is easily conceivable that hawks, crows and wood-chucks should come to know the day of bells as the day of safety. There are no men in the meadows; the horses stroll the hill-side; the noise of the axe and the voice of the ox-driver are not heard. These shy and vigilant vermin that frequent farms know Sunday. I have verified it so often that I've not a shadow of doubt left.—*Thomas K. Beecher.*

Like a bell that rung for fire, like a careless auctioneer, like, oftentimes, a graceless liar, mischief-making tattlers go; stopping you with quacking fear, whispering as you lend an ear—"Mercy on us, did you hear?" "Betsey Bean got a bean!"

No man was ever so deceived by another as by himself.

A Strange Story.

Thirteen years ago a young man wooed and won a young lady in a village not far from Davenport. The parents of the girl objected, and there was a deal of trouble; but finally the couple were married at the home of the bride. Three months after the bridegroom desired to move to California, but the family of his wife opposed his migration, and the result was that the husband started for the Pacific coast without her. After the first six months no tidings from the husband were received—and in less than a year news came that he was dead. In 1863 the widow married a young man who had recently arrived from Germany; and her second husband was entirely ignorant of the fact that his bride was a widow. But where "ignorance is bliss," 'tis folly to be wise. Shortly after the marriage the husband purchased a farm in Scott county, and on that farm the couple have lived ever since, and several children have blessed their union.

Four weeks ago the first husband of this woman arrived in Davenport, and on making inquiries learned the history of his wife's marriage. Then he rode out to see her. It was fortunate for her that her "lord" was away from home for she was very much affected. She told him that she supposed his dead, and so married another, and chided him for neglecting her as he did. He had a long story to tell, the real gist of it being that he had determined never to return until he became rich. And here, he was rich. But his wife was miserable in his presence—and he was miserable, too.

The end of the conference was, that the first husband returned to Davenport to consult a lawyer—and the end of the consultation was, that the husband went to the wife and had another long talk with her, and then the two separated, never to meet again, for the man determined to cross the ocean and spend the balance of his days in Germany.

The day that he left the wife entered her suit for divorce on the ground of desertion; the notice was forthwith served on the defendant, and he accepted service. At the next term of the Circuit Court the defendant's name will be called, and there will be no response. There will be default, and decree of divorce granted. And may be the wife will be married a second time to the father of her children, and so remain contented in the delightful home in which she now lives in elegance and comfort.—*Davenport Gazette.*

We all have Faults.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in his folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal-sack, nor perfection out of human nature, he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. Of dead saying is, "Lifeless, faithless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are larded more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles; and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. No body is so well but he has fully enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beards are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and its quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's faults may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the knees may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitchen. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and we'll see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*John Ploughman.*

INCIDENT OF OVERLAND TRAVEL.
Among the passengers by the westward-bound immigrant train was a Mrs. W. S. Creedford, an aged lady from Albert, Me. Poor, feeble and alone, she had left her home to cross the continent on an immigrant train to see her children residing in this State. Two grown daughters awaited her at San Jose, and her son had gone up the road to meet her. He found her worn out with the fatigues of the protracted journey in a comfortable immigrant car, and very weak. About 6 o'clock in the evening she reclined her head on his shoulder and fell asleep there. Just after the train left San Leandro a gentleman who had got on the train at that place, noticing something peculiar in the attitude and appearance of the old lady, approached her and inquired, "What is the matter with that lady?" "Hush," replied the young man, "don't wake my mother." "No fear," said the gentleman, "she will never wake again in this world." He was right. Quietly leaning on the breast of her son the poor old lady had yielded to fatigue and peacefully fallen into a slumber from which she passed into that deeper sleep that knows neither waking nor weariness. The immigrants composed her limbs to rest, and brought the body to this city for the bereaved children.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

RECEIPT.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

He offered a kiss in the morning,
I coldly turned away.
For an idle word that I overheard
Had rankled a night and a day.
I knew, in truth, it was nothing
He would have blushed to own,
That point and sting of the trifling thing
Grey out of my heart alone.

But a vexed, inquiet spirit
Weighs no matter, aigh,
And the sore smart of a jealous heart
Pots reason out of sight.
I let him go in the morning
Without the kiss he sought,
And the day was long, but I nursed my wrong
With many a bitter thought.

One bitter thought, God help me!
Did not enter my brain,
That kiss of mine, by word or sign,
He would never seek again.
But as the evening shadows gathered,
My heart began to beat
With a quickened sense of his influence,
And I longed for his return.

Leaning against the window
That overlooked the street,
I strolled my ear his step
In the crowd of hurrying feet;
Far off in the dimmest distance,
I should have known it well,
But there came instead a muffled tread,
And the sharp alarm of the bell.

Some griefs, though deep and bitter,
Find at last their cures,
But some retain the old, old pain
As long as life endures.
I did not know it in the morning
When I coldly turned away,
That I should miss and mourn that kiss
Down to my dying day!

A Story of Life and Death.

In Lawrence, Susie M. Smith a young lady about seventeen years of age, daughter of Dr. Greylock Smith, after a short illness, died, on Wednesday, September 9, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and from that time until Friday, at 12 o'clock, the body was apparently possessed in part by other spirits.

On Wednesday the day of her death, she said, "Father I have attended my own funeral." She described it as very real, declared herself perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and also spoke of singing and gave the names of hymns she had heard. She continued rational during the day, when finally, about six o'clock, she passed to violent spasms; a gradual paleness overspread her face from the forehead; she became speechless, closed her eyes, and in the spaces of those about her bedside life was extinct. The body had the unmistakable death-damp.

The WIDOWS VS. WIDOWERS.—We have never been able to comprehend why so much sympathy should be manifested in behalf of poor widows and so little for widowers. Of the two, the latter in most instances, are the most pitiable, helpless and despondent.

When the man dies, the woman seems to accept the situation; she gathers her resources, much or little, together, and transfers all of the deep and holy love she had lavished upon her husband, to her children. Thus pampered, trusting in God, she moves on in the even tenor of life, breasting all the storms, and overcoming all difficulties, until she has reached a useful and happy family.

On the other hand, when a man loses his wife, in most cases he seems to lose his reason. His home is broken up—his children scattered. He becomes a sort of matrimonial market, a kind of second-hand man, or commodity, which must be disposed of on some terms immediately. He falls head over ears in love with everything that we take compared to his frenzied devotion to any and all who will listen to him. His only cure is death or matrimony. We really pity and sympathize with the widower, and as we have several now residing in our city, we might as well state, in this connection, that we know of a large number of respectable ladies who join us in our condolence, and who would be willing to sacrifice themselves on the hymeneal altar for their relief.

THE SACKFUL OF EARTH.—A rich man had by an unrighteous lawsuit obtained from a poor widow a small field, by the produce of which she was just able to maintain herself. The inconvertible woman came to the merciless man with the humble request that he would allow her to take away a sackful of earth from her former possession. The rich man consented with a contemptuous smile; so the widow went with a large sack, and dug and shoveled till it was quite full from the bottom to the top. When she had finished, she asked her plunderer, who had been looking on, to help her to lift the sack upon her shoulders. To this he also consented, and exerted all his strength in order to lift the load; but it was of no use—it was too heavy.

As he was about to go away to fetch a strong laborer to lift it, the widow held him back, and said, "Friend I stay here; as I am obliged to give up the whole field to you, therefore I will leave you the sackful of earth also. But can you answer me the following question, 'As this sack is already too heavy for you, will not the whole field weigh still more heavily on you before God's judgment-seat, and crush you to the ground?'

The man's conscience was touched by this reproof, and he gave the field up again to the widow.

Terrible Fate of a Family.

The following are the details of a terrible calamity that overtook the family of Mr. William S. Herndon, a farmer, of Gage county, Nebraska. On November 10 he noticed that the prairie, several miles from his dwelling, was on fire. A heavy wind sprang up about seven next day, blowing directly from the fire toward his house, warning him that danger was growing imminent. His children were now crying through fear, and his wife was imploring him to make the best of time. Arrangements were soon made for the journey, and in a two-horse wagon they started, more than ten miles in advance of the fire, with every probability of being able to get out of its reach. Good time was made by the team, and not until late in the evening, when the wind increased in fury, was there any apprehension of danger. About dusk the wind increased to a hurricane, and the flames began to approach them with terrible speed and awful grandeur. Faster and faster they came, and Mr. Herndon says that it was evident the fire would overtake them in a few moments. What was to be done under the circumstances was a question that had to be decided quickly. The horses had now become unmanageable, and were as likely to overturn the wagon and start for the flames as any other way. A maddish piece of ground was some two miles distant, and near this was a small branch of water, from which he remembered he had frequently watered his horses. This was the only chance for life, and hastily leaving his wagon and team to their fate, he started with his child, a lad of eight years, in his arms. It was a struggle for life. Death was coming, and they made one grand effort to get out of its reach; but alas, it was unavailing. The little daughter was the first that was overtaken, and the mother was not to stay and give up her life with her darling, but she kept on, while the flames were yet more than a hundred yards behind, and little Mary was left upon her knees, praying that her Heavenly Father might take her to His bosom and save her mother and father and little brother from perishing. Death soon came for her, and not long did it wait for the little brother and mother. In a few moments the mother's clothes were on fire, and she was unable to proceed. The father, with desperate determination to save his little son, pushed on, but already his clothes were on fire, and the little boy's pride of his heart, was struggling to free himself from the tortures, and soon he was at rest in death. His body but hindered the progress of the father, and to save himself he determined to abandon it. Thus freed of all incumbrances he succeeded in reaching the stream. After the fire had passed by he retraced his steps and gathered in one place the blackened and charred remains of his late household.

DREAMING.—What wondrous consolation comes to us in those blessed hours when the body lies resting. The spirit roams at will, nor distance, space, or time can separate us from our loved. The treasures snatched away by death, are ours again. Forms only dust to-day, are with us in by-gone years. The same tint of hair and shade of eye; the same rich coloring of lip, and expanse of brow; the same expression. The little peculiarities which endeared them to our hearts, make dreaming a blessed reality.

How apt we are to exclaim, when waking, "Oh, could I dream the same again?" Bereaved mother, you are comforted when your baby nestles in your arms again, the little fingers thrill you when wandering as of old. The wee face breaks into smiles at your caress! You would hold baby thus forever. Alas! you must awake—awake to find an empty cradle, empty arms, and a longing heart.

There is more pleasure in dreams than in realities. The awakening embitters both. Brother, sister, have you awakened from the sunny dreams of youth? Are the hopes you cherished dead? Have friends forsaken you? Has disease eluded you for his prey? Because that was so bright, and this so dark, will you allow your life to be a failure? If you cannot be what you would, will you not be what you can? Can you kindle ashes? Will you live aright?

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—A short time ago a young man, about twenty years of age, arrived in Baltimore from England, and commenced to look for work at his trade. After several days' fruitless search, the *Gazette* says he entered a large factory on Lombard street and inquired for work of the superintendent. The latter questioned him, asking him his name and where he was from and other particulars about his family. He told the superintendent that his mother resides in England and had reared him, his father having quarrelled with her when he was an infant; and had abandoned them, and it was supposed that he had come to America, but no tidings had been received from him. When the young man had concluded, the superintendent, who for many years had been employed by the firm with whom he is at present engaged, said to the astonished youth, "I am your father." They discussed family matters at length, and the father, hearing from his son that his mother had never ceased to mourn their unfortunate difference and his absence, determined to proceed at once to Europe and bring her to this country and endeavor in the future years to atone for the mistakes and errors of the past. He secured employment for his son, and obtaining the necessary leave of absence from his employers, he sailed last week for England, intending to bring back with him on his return the wife from whom he had been so long separated.

THAT FLOUR TROCK.—Yesterday morning, says the *Detroit Free Press*, an innocent-looking young man was loafing around the Central Depot with one of those small lung-testers, which throw a handful of flour into a man's face just as he imagines he is going to blow up to one hundred and fifty pounds. There was an old man waiting around for the train to go, and he was at once attracted to the machine. He saw others blow, and when told it would not cost him a cent he pitched in. He was allowed to blow two or three times; and then the young man told him to put in a regular hurricane, and beat everybody by five pounds. The old fellow threw back his coat, got the pipe in his mouth, and then his eyes opened like traps as he sucked in all the air he could. After a second or two he let go, and the flour struck him. He didn't say a word for a moment. He slowly laid down the pipe; winked his eyes; and spit flour, and as the roar of laughter increased, he backed up against the wall and said: "You kin laf, and laf, but I swan to gum I'll lick somebody for that, even if I don't never lead another class meeting!" And he did.

A ROUTE IDLENESS.—Many young people think an idle life must be a pleasant one, but there are none who enjoy it so little and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day gain their short periods of rest and recreation so much, that they are not to think if their life were spent in rest and recreation it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies relief from previous labors; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbinds us; the idle can know nothing of it. Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and are often glad to return to their old occupations to escape the miseries of idleness.

It is impossible to blunt the fine edge of some people's fastidiousness. An instance at hand is that of a lady in this city who got up and went out of church, last Sunday, because she considered the minister's remark that we all wanted to get into Abraham's bosom, as both malicious and indelicate.

"What shall we do with our daughters?" inquires Mrs. Livermore, and a Western editor in an inhuman wretch, replies; "If they are like their mothers—wear false hair, corsets, and high-heeled shoes, powder and paint—bring their necks at once, contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty."

Wit and Humor.

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

Wolves are so thick in some portions of Michigan that they come out of the woods and stare at people passing by with as much impudence as a sewing machine or lightning rod agent.

A somewhat simple woman was asked whether her husband feared God, and replied, I guess he does, for he never goes out on Sunday's without taking his gun with him.

The name of the Sheriff of White county, Ill, is Hail Storm. His father was an eccentric gentleman, and he had three sons whom he named respectively, Hail Storms, Rain Storms and Snow Storms.

Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a day.

An illiterate negro preacher, said to his congregation: "My brethren, when de first man Adam was made, he was made ob wet clay and den set up agin de paining to dry."

"Do you say," said one of de congregation, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay-an, set up agin de paining to dry?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Den who made de paining?"

"Sit down; ear," said de preacher sternly, "such questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

ANXIOUS TO MAKE A SALE.—Bruce no longer since kept a general store in the northern part of the State. A tall countryman stalked into his establishment one day with his feet encased in moccasins, and planting one of them on a barrel, asked Bruce if he could fit him with a pair of boots.

"Certainly!" said the latter, and after glancing at the foot proceeded to pull down a box labeled "assorted brogans; 11 to 13." selected a pair of the former size and handed it to the countryman with the polite request, "Try that one."

The elbows were tried, but to no purpose the combined pulling of a dozen brogans wouldn't get those boots on his feet. Twelve were next tried, but with no better success. With an air of assurance Bruce handed him the thirteenth, but they ch rd the same fate of the others.—Bruce puzzled—but he was equal to the emergency. Quietly turning the brog over as was to empty its contents on the floor, he smilingly handed the case to the astonished customer, with the request:

"Here, put on a pair of thin socks and try on the box."

A Yankee out west who recently wrote home to his mother that he had seen a live Hoster, has sent her another epistle on Western etiquette. Here it is: "Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a 'pretty large story.' Says I, 'stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'lay there, stranger, and in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in a ditch, a perfect quagmire, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'that isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'you are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?' Very much, says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols, which he held in his hand, shall cure you of the disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger.' I knelt down and apologized. I admire the country much, but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me upwars."

A SIBYREAN IRISHMAN.—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: "O, Father O'Leary, how is your reverence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! who'd put out your reverence?"

"Ah! you don't understand; that is just it; I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

O, is that all? Was the cry; just now be asy, your reverence, I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired:

"Is F O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right your reverence; you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O, Pat!" said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your reverence! I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure."

Wolves are so thick in some portions of Michigan that they come out of the woods and stare at people passing by with as much impudence as a sewing machine or lightning rod agent.

The name of the Sheriff of White county, Ill, is Hail Storm. His father was an eccentric gentleman, and he had three sons whom he named respectively, Hail Storms, Rain Storms and Snow Storms.

An illiterate negro preacher, said to his congregation: "My brethren, when de first man Adam was made, he was made ob wet clay and den set up agin de paining to dry."

A Yankee out west who recently wrote home to his mother that he had seen a live Hoster, has sent her another epistle on Western etiquette. Here it is: "Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a 'pretty large story.' Says I, 'stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'lay there, stranger, and in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in a ditch, a perfect quagmire, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'that isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'you are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?' Very much, says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols, which he held in his hand, shall cure you of the disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger.' I knelt down and apologized. I admire the country much, but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me upwars."

A SIBYREAN IRISHMAN.—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: "O, Father O'Leary, how is your reverence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! who'd put out your reverence?"

"Ah! you don't understand; that is just it; I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

O, is that all? Was the cry; just now be asy, your reverence, I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired:

"Is F O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right your reverence; you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O, Pat!" said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your reverence! I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure."