

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



For the Record.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

By the side of the deep blue ocean,
Where the dark waves dash and roar,
And their white crests toss in anger
As they lash the sounding shore,
A strong and ancient castle,
Well founded on a rock,
Lifts high its ivied turrets,
And laughs at the tempest's shock.

But the sea is calm and slow,
And the waves are gliding stately,
And their hollow voice is dying,
For the storm has ceased to blow.
Rich clouds of gold and crimson
Are floating o'er the sky,
And gorgeous forms are painted
Where the peaceful waters lie.

Dost thou hear from those lofty chambers
That sweet flow of minstrelsy—
Those melting numbers floating
Soft o'er the dreamy sea?
Lo! see'th thou on the towers
The Prince and the queenly bride—
The flame of their purple mantles
And the flash of their crowns of pride?

They stand in the blaze of the sunset,
And their faces are glad and bright,
And into each other's spirits
Their eyes are darting light,
The brows of the bride so dainty,
Sweetest orange blossoms deck,
And cinnamon wreaths are woven
About her swan-white neck.

I see the rich gems flashing,
Like sparks in her golden hair,
As she tosses in wild rapture
Her curls on the sunset air;
I see on her upraised finger
The gleam of a diamond ring,
As she points to the clouds of crimson
Which o'er the ocean swing.

But the twilight shade is deepening,
And the turrets are hid from view,
And the stars of night are shining
High up in the dreamy blue;
The night winds, damp, are playing
On the deep with a lulling sound,
And the silver moon is setting
For the night is going round.

Now beautiful Morn is dancing
With day in the East's bright halls,
And her amber banners floating
From Aurora's saffron walls.
Her steps are light and nimble
To the notes so proud and bold,
And showers of light are raining
From her beautiful curls of gold.

The sun in his dazzling chariot
Is passing up through the sky,
And his praise the birds are singing
Where blossoming meadows lie,
As he passes o'er the castle,
The castle down by the sea,
He hears not the trip of dancing
Nor the gush of minstrelsy.

The crimson banners are weeping
Around the gay-leeked wall,
And I hear the wail of sorrow
In the beautiful bridal hall,
In the yeard and solemn stillness,
Of the night that's gone by now,
Lo! the death king left his coldness
On the royal bride's fair brow.

And the Prince is left lamenting
With despair in his brave young breast;
His love was smote in her beauty
Like a rose by the sweeping blast!
She hath gone to that blissful kingdom,
Prepared for the good and true,
Where the river of life is flowing
And the skies are ever blue.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A PRESIDENT'S WIDOW.

INCIDENTS OF A VISIT TO MRS. POLK.

On one of the cosy shady streets of Nashville, the Boston of the South, in an old-fashioned mansion of red brick, with wide, deep windows, and a mammoth-pillared piazza jutting out like the bold forehead of the famous man that once lived there, is the house of Mrs. James Knox Polk, widow of the tenth President of the U. States—one of the mothers of the Nation. A slender, graceful old lady, with a snow-white neckerchief and folds of curls that lie flat on each side of her brow. She is 70 years old, but her figure is as straight, her step as quick, and her eye as bright as the eyes of a girl; active in every benevolent enterprise, generous to an extreme, Kentucky's hospitality, and as courtly as a queen. In Nashville, a few days ago, the house was pointed out to me, and a description of the old lady given, with the remark that she liked to receive strangers. So I thought I would pay my respects to the widow of a President, and about noon-day entered the gate of "the Polk Place," and went up the long gravel walk that leads to the house. The yard is laid out in the old-fashioned style, with flower beds in different designs, borders of box, and shrubs of different sorts placed at mathematical intervals. An old-fashioned brass knocker, like the handle of a coffin, brushed as bright as a mirror, asked entrance for me, and a lean, rickety old negro woman answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Polk at home?"
"Yes sah; will you step in, sah? Missus Polk is at home, sah, but was just gwine out, sah, and she 'boun' to go thout dis time. Take a chair, sah."
She led me into an old-fashioned parlor, with shells of all sorts on the mantle, and chintz curtains with large flowery figures hung before the windows. On the wall were portraits of men in wigs and military uniforms of the old regime, and women with high powdered hair and ruffles, with a few antique prints, and half-faded landscapes. The furniture was heavy mahogany, and exquisitely carved, and the carpet half covered with canyass, was a relic of ancient elegance. I was able only to glance at things for a moment after the servant left. Mrs. Polk entered, and extending her hand cordially said:

"I see you are a stranger sir; but I am happy to see you nevertheless. People call every day to see me," said she, laughing, "or to see how a woman lives that lived in the White House once, and I value the attention very highly."
I thanked her and attempted to explain and apologize for my intrusion, but she tapped her hand impatiently with her parasol, and said:

"The apology is on my part, sir, for I must ask you to excuse me. I have an appointment at this hour it is quite imperative I should meet, or I should be pleased to entertain you. I pray you will excuse me, and make yourself as much at home in my house and on my grounds as if I were here. My servants will show you what people generally wish to see. They are accustomed to seeing strangers, sir; ha, ha! quite accustomed to it, I assure you."

It was something I had read about, this graceful, old-fashioned courtesy, but never saw before a real illustration of the manner of the Republican court; and I escorted the nimble old lady to her carriage she chatted away as cordially as if she was my grandmother, and insisted on my calling again. Her riding dress was of the shiny silken material that one sees at old folk's concerts; black, and cut long waisted, with a plain belt of corded ribbon. At her neck was a white linen kerchief, folded with artistic precision, and fastened with a large brooch, which contained a picture of her husband. Her shawl was of black lace, folded in the old-fashioned way, and on her hands were "mitts"—or whatever you call those silk knit affairs that haven't any fingers. As the carriage drove away I turned back into the yard, and went to the tomb of the President, which stands midway between the street and house, at the left of the walk. It is a plain rectangular sarcophagus, about sixteen feet in height, of smooth limestone, and inclosing a low square monument of the same stone. An effort has been made to remove it to the grounds of the State House, which stands not more than six hundred yards away, but it is Mrs. Polk's wish that it remain where it is, and she wants to be buried in the vault beneath, beside her husband. Every year the Legislature of Tennessee calls upon Mrs. Polk in a body, has a brief prayer at the tomb of the President, and are entertained for a few moments by his widow, with the assistance of a few other old-fashioned ladies that have been her life long friends.

Justice in Detroit.

THE LAST OF THE RACE.

An Indian had been picked up drunk, and though it was proposed to let him go over the river, it was desirable to have him understand that no Indian had any more rights than a white man.
"Child of the whispering forest—son of the grassy plain—it grieves my spirit to see you here," said his Honor. "Only a few more moons will come and go before you will be gathered to the happy hunting grounds of your brothers gone before. You are an aged tree; time has shorn you of your strength. You can no longer chase the wild couraguro and follow the roebuck. The buffalo grazes in front of your lodge, and your arm is not strong enough to draw the bow. The rumbling thunder and the sharp lightning make you afraid. Once you could not count the camp-fires of your tribe, so many did they number; now there is nothing left of your tribe but yourself, two old army blankets, and a shot-gun with the lock out of repair. Son of the forest, why is this thing thus? and what do you mean by coming into my trapping grounds and getting drunk?"
"The white chief has spoken many wise words," replied the Indian in measured tones, resting one foot on the edge of a spittoon. "My race has fallen like the leaves—been washed away, as water washes off the marks of chalk. I stand alone. My camp-fire has gone out, and my lodge is cold and has no mat. Kaw-nee-keekick has tears in his eyes when he looks to the west and no longer sees the smoke of many camp-fires. Our great chiefs have fallen, our warriors are dust, and the wolf utters his lonesome howl on the spot where stood our big village. I am sad."
"The red man may go," said his honor. "I cannot give you back your dead, I cannot cover the hills and meadows with forests again; the wild fox and deer have sought the deeper glens, and no power can waken the warriors whose whoop rang from hill to river. Go back to your lodge; beware of fire-water; keep in nights, vote early and often, and be virtuous and you'll be happy."—Detroit Free Press.

If in your business you are grasping, sordid, tricky, some clerk in your employ will be the same ten years hence, made so by you. If you are fretful and envious as a woman or wife, more than one girl will catch the fever of your conduct, and somewhere ahead make her home as unhappy as you are now making yours.

The Mad Man of the Blue Mountains.

The Reading and Allentown papers are filled with accounts of the terrible cruelties to an insane man in the neighborhood of Lalorsville, Lehigh county. His condition was recently discovered by one Edward Powell, while out hunting, who found up on the Blue Mountains in this section a man imprisoned within four brick walls about 7 or 8 feet high, brick over the top and inclosing a space of 6 feet square, without either door or window. He says the men picked up in that monumental coffin, and who suffer death in life, is named Levi Handwerk, and that he has been imprisoned at that place for twelve years. It seems that the father of Handwerk died and left his son \$4,000. He was a lunatic, subject to fits of the most ungovernable rage, thereby endangering the lives of those about him. The mother of Handwerk married a second time and it was then that Levi was consigned to this violent raving madman. Here he has wallowed in filth, his food passed thro' the small aperture made by leaving out brick in the wall, exposed to the severity of the winter weather, crying, shrieking and yelling, when the storms have swept over the mountain, and making night hideous with his frantic cries.

Since the matter has been given publicity by Mr. Powell the coroner has visited the spot accompanied by a number of the citizens of Allentown. When the party arrived at the dungeon, situated about 100 yards from the house of the man's parents they found the Constable of Slatington and another gentleman already making preparations for the deranged man's removal. The strong iron bars guarding the entrance were taken down by the Constable when the party arrived. The sight that met their eyes is simply indescribable. Lying on a patch of fine straw, in a nude state, covered with a thick crust of dirt from head to foot, was a human being, the stench arising from the bed of filth being almost intolerable. The pen in which he is confined is four square, of brick, lined with rough pine boards. When the gentlemen entered they found him lying in a crouched position, and it was only by assistance that he could stand on his feet, his limbs being paralyzed and unable to bear the emaciated form. Together they carried him to his mother's house and applied soap and water, after which he was clothed, and in charge of the officer, taken to Slatington. A permit will be procured for his admittance into the county almshouse.

When brought to the light of day, he looked wistfully around and occasionally muttered incoherently. He rubbed his eyes vigorously which were almost concealed by dirt, and although his sayings were unintelligible, it was noticed that his countenance beamed with joy at having secured liberty after so long confinement. It is alleged that years ago he was in his right mind, as records kept where he sold game to other parties testify of business transactions which were by no means conducted by an insane person. The affair has created great excitement in the neighborhood, and the matter is to be investigated thoroughly.

PHYSIC AND MORALS.—These are a few cases out of the thousand forms of insanity which take possession of many a man who little expects that his disease is physical, and passes for a sane and healthy person. He says to himself: "I am troubled; I read my follow-creatures because I have become a prey to bad thoughts; things I never dreamed of haunt me; my soul is full of noisome reptiles and poisonous things." So he says his prayers, but does not find any comfort from that. Why, of course, he does not; because he has neglected other things. He has not gone to a doctor. He has not gone out of town to change the atmosphere of his mind. No! He has shut himself up, and praying has made him worse. Of course it has. My dear brethren, if you neglect the natural laws of God, the supernatural laws will drive you mad. You can see this every day among religious fanatics. An emotionally overwrought mind requires physical rest and change, and that prayer, or prayer with the other natural remedies; "these ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone."

KEEPING TO ONE THING.—We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work to be performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productivity; in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be:—"Perseverance and industry."

A man is so much more polite in church, He is on dress parade, as it were. Nobody was surprised to see that young man last Sunday dive suddenly into the bottom of the pew to pick up her parasol. While he was at the bottom he saw the embroidered edge of her pocket handkerchief sticking from under the edge of her dress. He would pick up that too. He commenced tugging at it when there was a fierce scuffle and a little hand darted down. He came up without it. There were two red faces in the Sanctuary to which the calm of the Blessed Sabbath seemed to bring no relief. But he was a young man that meant well.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

For the Record.

SUNSHINE.
BY JAMES C. WEST.
I love the beautiful sunlight—
That drives the darkness out of my heart,
And leaves its darkness there;
It gives to the soul new courage
To battle with strife and sin,
And keep the temple holy,
That God has made within.
I love the beautiful sunlight—
The pearl of the briny deep,
That rolls its waves o'er the ocean caves
Where the 'shark and sword fish sleep;
It gives to the mind new vigor,
It makes the heart so free,
To see the golden sunlight
Shine on the resting sea.
I love the beautiful sunlight,
As it shines on the path of youth,
Guiding the wayward footsteps
On through the valley of truth.
Down by the tranquil river,
Where the flowers of life will bloom
To a beautiful chaplet
Around their lonely tomb.
Come, then, beautiful sunlight,
And dwell in my lonely breast;
Chase the wrinkles from off my brow,
And soothe my spirit to rest.

COMMUNICATED.

Bethlehem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns in Palestine. It lies about six miles from Jerusalem. Its original name was Ephrath, which means abundance, but after the Israelites conquered the country, they called it Bethlehem. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain. Rich fields encircle it where fat flocks crop the green pastures. It arose to no political or military distinction, while Hebron and Jerusalem, with no special associations in their favor, were fixed on as capitals. But a higher glory awaited it. It became famous for the nativity of Jesus. Here Rachel the tender-eyed wife of Jacob and mother of Joseph and Benjamin, was buried. The book of Ruth is a page from its domestic history. Here Boaz married the Moabitess which brought her within the direct line of the Saviour's ancestry; introduced Gentile blood into His holy veins, and gave right for other sheep than those of the Jewish flock to enter His heavenly fold. Here David, the ideal King and poet of the Jews, was born, spent his youth and ascended his throne. Here Christ, David's distinguished Son and Lord, entered our world and was laid in a manger. Here the star rested which guided the wise men of the East, who came to worship him. Here the angels, arrayed in beautiful order along the sky, sang the natal song; Glory to God in the highest on earth, peace and good will toward men, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Here a union was struck between the Divine and human natures. God and man met in Christ. His name is Emmanuel—God with us.

Bethlehem signifies house of war, and may have reference to that bloody massacre of the infant martyrs subsequent to the birth of the holy Redeemer. Herod, that monster of cruelty, like a bloody dragon, waged war against the infant Saviour and to make sure of his victim, killed all the babes of Bethlehem. Cursed be his wrath for it was cruel; and his anger for it was fierce. But Herod was not the only enemy arrayed against the Lord and his annointed. All men by nature, are in arms against Him as the only way of salvation and life. Jesus is born into the world a man of contention and strife unto the whole earth; every man's hand is against Him notwithstanding the beneficence of his disposition and holiness of his whole conduct. Here in a special manner, the war against satan's kingdom began which shall result in the complete victory of the heavenly chieftain and the utter overthrow of the house of darkness. From this mountain the little stone, which destroys the image, was cut out without hands and upon whose top the handful of corn was sown, the fruit of which has shook like Lebanon.

Bethlehem signifies also the house of bread. Here Christ, the bread of God, the true manna which came down from heaven for the sustenance and life of the world, was revealed. In this city of Jesus the Lord of Hosts hath prepared for all people, a feast of fat things; a feast of wine on the lees; of fat things full of marrow and kindly invites, Eat O friends! Drink O beloved! Now the soul has its appetences as well as the body its appetences. It hungers and thirsts, but after something different and higher than all the gifts and riches of earth. It may have these in greatest abundance but still is dissatisfied and laments with the prodigal; "I perish with hunger." These are the chaff and the husks in a strange country—unfit for the immortal mind and apt to gender disease. Christ is the true, real bread in our Father's house, which can feed our spiritual natures and nourish up the human soul to eternal life. Without Him we are like a weaned child, which though it may have neat and milk and almost every dainty, still frets and cries and wants. Christ is a necessity for man. But the food must be taken and digested, before it can support natural life. To only hear of it or to sit down and look at it will not satisfy the appetite nor nourish the body. We must take and eat. So we must receive Christ by faith. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood ye have no life in you. This sublime provision, prepared in the house of Bread sets off the goodness of God. His other gifts, though many indeed, are nothing compared to this. He meets every want and satisfies every holy desire.

Christ is all in all. Reader! leave this vain empty world, and go to Bethlehem and ask for the bread of life, which the son of man shall give unto you for him hath God the Father sealed. K.

The Walking Cure.

He has passed Atlanta, Ga., and gone to Topeka, Kansas—De Mahler—a man who has traveled around the world and all over it on foot. He walks for pleasure. Sometimes a wagoner on the road accosts him with, "Stranger want a lift?" He always replies, "No, rather walk," and some miles on he passes the home of the wagoner, who by this time has his wife and children out to look at the man who had rather walk than ride. De Mahler goes trudging on, like the Wandering Jew. He has put 40,000 miles behind him since 1862, and has acquired such a momentum now that he can't stop. He must walk to be happy. Of course he stops, sometimes for rest and refreshment and sleep, but 'tis only a halt. An Atlanta editor took De Mahler to his house and got some particulars of his walks in life out of him.

De Mahler is a Virginian. He has estates that yield him such an income as enable him to go where he pleases and enjoy himself in his own way. He was wounded in the beginning of our war, and when his wounds healed he was bent nearly double, rolled up almost like that being which turns itself into a ball and wheels from place to place. He went to Paris to get straightened out. The surgeons operated upon him; but after a fair trial, they couldn't make his head and feet stay at their respective ends of the man. At length they told him that nothing could effectually cure him but walking, persistent walking. He resolved to try it. He told his doctor that he was going to walk out of Paris and leave France on foot. His doctor told him he was crazy. He, however, commenced the journey, and made only 104 yards from his lodgings the first day with the aid of a stick.

The doctor tended him two weeks on his trip, that is, until he got out of Paris. He had then begun to improve, and was filled with a glorious hope. He put his whole soul into his walk. In a month he was on the sunny slopes of the Pyrenees and had begun to straighten up like a man. He walked on, and on, and on. At length he was entirely cured and strode with a firm tread. Thus he walked along the world and across it, and became intensely interested in his travels. He sailed across the seas, but walked the decks of vessels in order to keep his foot in. On land he seems to walk as naturally as the winds blow and the streams flow, and now he can't stop. He makes pencil sketches of the best scenes and remembers every place he has been in and the name of somebody he met and talked to. He is thoroughly cured of his war wounds, but many lazy people think that the cure is worse than the original infliction.—St. Louis Democrat.

A YOUNG MAN DRUNK.—The other night we observed a young man reeling along the street as indifferent as if he were doing something highly respectable and honorable. He was drunk, and a young man, too. Tell that young man that he is not a gentleman, and he would feel indignant. Tell him he is unworthy of confidence, and that he is building up a black and degrading reputation, and he will point you to instances in which society winks at drunkenness and pets and fawns upon the favored votary of the cup! False and fatal excuse, young man!

You will find it so, and when the world turns a cold shoulder on you, and you find yourself a poor, friendless vagabond, you will find out when you stand upon the verge of a dishonored grave and behold the fancied orgies of a thousand demons in the cursed cup! Young man, be careful how you tamper with liquor; you have a life record to make; you have a destiny to fill; determine at once how these all important matters are to be met.

A HAPPY HOME.—Donald G. Mitchell who is equally gifted in indulging in "Reveries," as a bachelor, and in suggesting home decorations, writes: "If I have no coaches and horses, I can at least hang a tracery of vine-leaves along my porch, so exquisitely delicate that no sculpture can match it; if I have no conservatories to bring their wonders, yet the sun and I together can build up a tangled coppice of blooming things in my door-yard of which every tiny leaflet shall be a miracle. Nay, I may make my home, however small it may be, so complete in its simplicity, so fitted to its offices, so governed by neatness, so empowered by wealth of leaves and flowers, that no riches in the world can add to it without damaging its rural grace; and my gardeners—sunshine, frost and flowers, are their names—shall work for me with no crusty reluctance, but with an abandon and zeal that ask only gratitude for pay."

A Bangor washerwoman, who went to California some years ago, had two or three thousand dollars deposited in Meigs' "Frisco California bank" before he "burst up." After he went to South America this woman heard of his success in speculation, shipped to Chili, and one day turned up in Mr. Meigs' office. The result of the interview was that he not only paid her the principal and interest of her account, but also paid the entire expense of her trip.

After the prosecuting attorney had heaped vituperation upon the poor prisoner without counsel, the judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself. "Your honor," replied the prisoner, "I ask for a postponement of eighteen days in order that I may find a blackbird for to answer that one there."

The Watch and the Turkey.

As a certain learned Judge in Mexico walked one morning into court, he thought he would see whether he was in time for business; and feeling for his repeater, he found that it was not in his pocket.
"As usual," said he to a friend who was with him, as he passed through the crowd near the door; "as usual, I have left my watch at home under my pillow."
He went on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his watch, and turning to his wife he asked her to send for it.
"But," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!"
"Send it to me?"
"Certainly," replied the lady; "and by the person you sent for it!"
"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge.

"The very person you sent for it! You had not left home more than an hour, when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the very finest turkeys I ever saw; and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls, and having bought this one for quite a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home; with the request that I would have it killed, picked, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to dine with you to-morrow. And 'Oh! by the way, Senorita,' said he, 'this excellency, the judge, requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me.' And of course I did so."

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you is, that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. The man was a thief; I never sent for my watch. You've been imposed on, and the watch is lost forever."
The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and to have his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel. Accordingly, after the adjournment of court the next day, they all repaired to his dwelling. Scarcely had they entered, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch.

"How happy am I!" exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!"
"Apprehended!" said the judge with surprise.
"Yes, and doublets convicted, too by this time," said the wife.
"You are always talking riddles," replied he; "explain yourself. I know nothing of thief, watch, or conviction."
"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived!" said the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock to-day, a pale, young gentleman, dressed in a sordid suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said he was just come from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and that all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"
"Of course I did! Who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"
"Watch—and turkey—both gone! Pray, what are we to do for dinner?"
But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity; and the party enjoyed both the joke and their dinner.

BIG LEAF AND FLOWER.—I suppose many of my young friends read in the December number of St. Nicholas an account of the Talipot Palm. A knowing bird tells facts about the Talipot. He says a single leaf of this wonderful tree sometimes measures forty feet around the edge. Think of that! He insisted that on the Malabar coast, where storms are fierce and sudden, one may often see ten or fifteen men finding shelter in a boat, over which is spread a single palm leaf, that effectually protects them all from wind and rain. And when the storm is over, the precious leaf can be folded up like a lady's fan, and so light as to be easily carried by a man under one arm. The tree often reaches the height of two hundred feet. It lives from eighty to a hundred years, but blossoms only once during the whole period of its existence. The flower, thirty feet in length, bursts at maturity with a loud explosion that may be heard miles away, and in dying scatters the seeds that are to produce the next generation of trees. Jack don't ask you to believe this without looking into the matter. The books do say that it is true, but the best way is to go, and measure this big flower for yourselves; but you needn't bring it back for Jack to wear in his button-hole.

Eternity is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure-loving who tread so near its dark shores, how soon they must laugh away on that untrod ocean!

Six and a half feet of bride stood before the altar in a Paris church the other day, and promised to love, cherish and obey three feet and a half of bridegroom; and that's the long and short of it.

A suspicious wife on being asked where her husband was, replied that she was very much afraid he was Missing.

Wit and Humor.

Judging by Experience.
When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his own land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice, fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.
"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.
The ladies tittered.
"And what do you think of our city?"
"It's a poopy thick-skulled place, anyhow. It's got the sweepin's sight of hous'n in it."

"And a good many people too."
"Ya-as, I should guess so."
"Many people where you come from?"
"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"
"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."
"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."
"Ya-as, I beatus'em home—tew meetin' and singin' schewl'."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will have a glass of wine?"
"Thankee. Don't keef if I do."
The wine was brought.
"You must drink a toast."
"Oh, git out! I eat toast—never heard of such a thing as drinking it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows:
"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that the outer appearances are often deceitful. You mistake me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.
"Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumb-founded company:
"I wish you a very good evening."

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.—Our young friend Parker went round the other evening to visit the two Miss Smiths. After conversing with them for awhile, Miss S. excused herself for awhile, and went upstairs. Presently Parker thought he'd r her joining, and slipped behind the door, and suggested that the other Miss Smith should tell Miss Susan he had gone. But it wasn't Susan; it was old Mr. Smith in his slipper. As he entered he looked around and said to his daughter:
"Ah, ha! So Parker's gone. Good riddance. I was just comin' down to keep my eye on him. I hope he hasn't proposed to me, or wote he hasn't proposed. I've seen none of my daughters. I'll shake the life out of him if I catch him here again, mind me."

Just as he concluded, Susan came down, and not perceiving Parker, she said:
"Thank goodness, he's gone. That man is enough to provoke a saint. I was awfully afraid he was going to stay and spend the evening. Mary Jane, I hope you didn't ask him to come again?"

Then Parker didn't know whether to stay there or bolt, while Mary Jane looked as if she would like to drop into the cellar. But Parker, finally, walked out, and rushed to the entry, seized his hat, shot down the front steps, and went home meditating upon the emptiness of human happiness, and the uncertainty of Smiths. He has not called since, and his life thus far has been unmolested by the head of the Smith family.

According to a Cincinnati paper, John Thomas was recently sued by Hester Prim for breach of promise. "John Thomas, come into court," shouted the constable. "John Thomas needn't come in to court me any more," said Hester, primly.

A fond husband boasted to a friend:
"Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night."
"Did she, Bill? What did she say?"
"She said, 'Well, old Boeswax, come to supper.'"

"Do you keep matches?" asked a wag of a country grocer. "Oh, yes; all kinds," was the reply. "Well, I'll take a 'troutin' match," said the wag. The grocer immediately handed him a box of pills.

A Chicago man wants the thief who stole his well-boiled and rope to come back and take the well, as it is of no use now.

No girl should take music lessons or be allowed to wear a stick-out behind until she knows how to stick bread.