

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### SUMMER.

The gay, glad time of roses,  
The summer days have come,  
When with the daylight closes  
The honey maker's hum;  
The time when amber tresses  
Light the dewy fields,  
And when the purple clover,  
Richest fragrance yields.

When the leafy tree hands  
Weave a verdant roof,  
With golden threads of sunshine  
Running through the roof,  
When twilight sinks in darkness,  
And fits the fire fly light;  
When roses scent the zephyrs  
That murmur through the night,

When sunlight hours are jewels  
Strung on threads of time,  
When weeks are stanza'd poems;  
Versed in sweetest rhymes;  
When the nights are magic  
In the time of June,  
And fairy feet are dancing  
To music in tune.

Roll slowly, Earth, that Summer  
May linger with us long,  
We'll revel in her bounty  
And bless her in our song.  
Ye winds, O join our chorus  
Of gratitude and praise  
To Him whose mercy giveth  
The soft sweet summer days!

### THOUGHTS OF MY DEAR OLD HOME.

Oh! I give me back my early home, the home I loved  
So well;  
O how it wrung my heart to bid my dear old home  
farewell;  
O give me back the violets blue, the lily and the  
rose;  
Give to me the honeysuckle—give me, oh! give me  
those.  
Oh give me back the happy hours I spent in child-  
hood,  
As I gazed upon the lovely flowers from beneath  
some shady tree,  
And as I looked upon my friends around me bright  
and fair,  
I had no thought of sorrow then—no, not a single  
care.  
Home, friends and flowers, alas! have gone all  
mouldering to decay,  
And I am hurrying swiftly on and soon shall pass  
away.

### ACROSTIC.

A friend of country and of God,  
Brought forth to rule this world and blood;  
Runs high the ocean with his state!  
A wail for him the mourning day!  
Hope yet hopes—the President may  
A slaking country save.  
Man by Heaven unaided can no salvation bring.  
Lord God of Host, thine aid afford!  
Impart the vile rebel's sword!  
Nor let Thy myriads cease!  
Come bless the land, and loyal hosts—  
On all the States, through all our coasts,  
Let fall a lasting peace.  
No man unaided by Heaven can salvation bring.

### SENTIMENT.

As the first President of our glorious Union was  
appropriately designated Father of his Country,  
so, it is justly hoped, the present President may  
be devoutly named Saviour of his country. Hovs.

## MISCELLANY.

### Beautiful Letter of a She-Rebel.

The following polished and peppery letter  
was written by a Nashville girl, it is said, to  
her "spicy, turtle dove, etcetera," as Artemus  
W. d would say, who is a prisoner at Camp  
Morton, Ind. It ought to be published in the  
next edition of the Complete Letter Writer.  
She says:

John, I want you to write and tell me  
about the fight and how many Lincoln devils  
you killed. I would like to have been there  
and seen them Lincoln devils keel over. It  
would have done my soul good to have seen  
them fall by thousands. As you are a prisoner,  
and cannot have the pleasure of killing  
Lincoln hirelings, I believe I will take your  
place, and I tell you what I will kill five  
yankees, I will do more for them than Mor-  
gan has done for them. I tell you Morgan  
is trying up the burg for them; he is doing  
the work for them. John I wish I was a  
man, I would come there and I would soon  
get you out of that Lincoln hole. I would  
far their hearts out, and then cook them  
and make them eat them; but I will do all I  
can for you, and when they come in Shelby  
I will get some of their skulls and hang  
them up in my room for you to look at.  
I will be Jeff. Davis till the tennessee river  
freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch  
on the ice—

Jeff. Davis rides a white horse,  
Lincoln rides a mule,  
Jeff. Davis is a gentleman,  
And Lincoln is a fule.

I wish I could send Lincoln devils some  
pies, they would never want any more to eat  
in this world. May Jeff ever be with you.  
This is from a good southern rights girl—  
from your cousin.

### MARIANNE.

### TRUTH—Every word of it. Cut it out and learn it by heart:

"We should make it a principle to extend  
the hand of fellowship to every man who  
discharges faithfully his duties, and main-  
tains good order—who manifests a deep  
interest in the welfare of general society—  
whose deportment is upright, whose  
mind is intelligent—without stopping to  
ascertain whether he swings a hammer or  
draws a thread. There is nothing so distant  
from all natural claims as the reluctant,  
backward sympathy, the forced smile, the  
checked conversation, the hesitating compli-  
ance, the well off are apt to manifest to those  
a little lower down, with whom in compar-  
ison of intellect and principles of virtue, they  
frequently sink into insignificance.

## A STORY OF OLDEN TIMES.

By a State law of the State of New York  
from April to December, all persons were  
prohibited from killing deer, under a pen-  
alty of ten dollars, the informer to get one-  
half, and in default of payment ten lashes on  
the naked back.

A Yankee passing through the State of  
New York, near Albany, in the month of  
November, observed a young Dutchman,  
from a barr door, squatting over his shovel  
at a deer about thirty paces from him, and  
soliloquising thus:

'Mine Cot—if I had mine gun here, and  
it was not for the law, I would have some  
teer for mine tinner.'

The Yankee had a rifle with him and im-  
mediately shot the deer, and threw his rifle  
into the snow, unobserved by the Dutchman  
and running up to him said—

'Ah! my good fellow, you have been kil-  
ling a deer—for I saw you—you shot him  
with the shovel.'

The Dutchman very much frightened, re-  
plied:

'Mine Cot—I did not tink mine shovel  
was loaded; I did not tink it would go off,  
I never knew it to go off before.'

'Well,' said the Yankee, 'you have killed  
the deer; and I will go to the justice and  
complain of you, and make you pay your  
fine, unless you give me the skin and two  
dollars.'

'Vell,' said the Dutchman, 'tho' I did not  
tink my tamed shovel would go off, dat is  
petter dan pay ten dollars.'

So the bargain was concluded; the Yan-  
kee receiving the skin and the two dollars  
left the Dutchman to take care of the veni-  
son.

While the Dutchman was taking care of  
his venison, and before he had put it out of  
the way, another Dutchman came up and  
threatened to complain, upon which Hans  
the Shovel Shooter, related all that had pas-  
sed between himself and the Yankee.

Vanderhausen told Hans he had been im-  
posed upon, that the Yankee killed the deer  
himself. The two Dutchmen then agreed to  
pursue the Yankee, and to bring him be-  
fore the justice and have him fined.

They soon overtook him and carried him  
before the justice; and Hans entered his  
complaint *pro bono publico*. Where-upon,  
the justice, after hearing all the testimony  
*pro and con*, and taking the subject matter  
into cool and serious deliberation, came to  
the conclusion that the Yankee killed the  
deer with a certain instrument called the  
rifle and that he pay a fine of ten dollars, or  
be whipped ten lashes. The Yankee chose  
the latter. The justice then ordered the  
Yankee to be stripped, tied to a tree and  
the whip applied. There being no officer  
present, the justice concluded to do the  
whipping himself, and at it he went. After  
he had given the Yankee five lashes, and  
was proceeding to give him the other five,  
the Yankee bawled out—

'Step!'

'Vot,' said the justice, 'there is five more  
to come.'

The Yankee informed the justice that  
half the pay went to the informer.

Justice—'Dat is te law, unite to Yankee;  
tie up te Dutchmgn; give him half te fine.'

### The Mother.

The following is from the pen of a distin-  
guished officer. The sentiments are true  
and excellent, and beautifully expressed:

Around the idea of one's mother the mind  
of man clings with fond affection. It is the  
first deep thought stamped on our infant  
hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiv-  
ing the most profound impressions, and all  
the after feelings of the world are more or  
less light in comparison. I do not know  
that even in old age we do not look back to  
that feeling as the sweetest we have through  
life. Our passion and our willfulness may  
lead us far from the object of our filial love;  
we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose  
her wishes, to violate her commands, we may  
become wild or angry or head-strong at her  
counsels or oppositions; but when death has  
stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but  
calm memory remains to recapitulate her  
virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower  
beaten to the ground by a past storm,  
raises up her head and smiles amongst her  
tears. Round that idea, as we have said,  
the mind clings with fond affection; and even  
when the early period of our loss forces  
memory to be silent, fancy takes the place  
of remembrance, and twines the image of  
our dear parent with a garland of graces  
and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt  
not she possessed.

### Curiosities of the Earth.

At the city of Madina, in Italy, and about  
four miles around it wherever the earth is  
dug, when the workmen arrive at the dis-  
tance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed  
of chalk which they bore with an auger, five  
feet deep. They then withdraw from the  
pit before the auger is removed, and upon  
its extrication the water bursts up through  
the aperture with great violence, and quick-  
ly fills the newly made well, which continues  
full, and is affected neither by rains nor  
drought. But what is most remarkable in  
this operation is the layers of the earth as  
we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet  
is found the ruins of an ancient city, paved  
streets, houses, floors and different pieces of  
massive work. Under this is found a soft  
oily earth, made up of vegetables, and at  
twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as  
walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking  
to the stem, and the leaves and branches in  
a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-  
eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed  
with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed  
is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables  
are found again.

CONVICTION.—None are so near heaven,  
as those that are convicted; none are so near  
hell as those who quench conviction.

### The Printer's Estate.

The printer's dollars—where are they?—A  
dollar here and a dollar there scattered over  
numerous small towns, all over the country,  
miles and miles a part—how shall they be  
gathered together? The paper maker, the  
building owner, the journeyman compositor,  
the grocer, the tailor, and assistants to him  
in carrying on his business, have their de-  
mands, hardly ever so small as a single dol-  
lar. But the mites from here and there  
must be diligently gathered and patiently  
hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the  
liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky.  
We imagine the printer will have to get  
up an address to his widely scattered dollars  
something like the following:

'Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all  
manner of fractions into which ye are divid-  
ed, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye  
are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men  
that help the printer to become a proprietor,  
gather such force, and demand, with such  
good reasons, your appearance at his counter  
that nothing short of a sight of you will ap-  
pease them. Collect yourselves, for value  
as you are in the aggregate, single you  
will never pay the cost of gathering. Come  
in here, in single file, that the printer may  
form you into a battalion, and send you forth  
again to battle for him; and vindicate his  
feeble credit.'

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple  
of the printer's dollars sticking about your  
clothes?

### A Mother's Love.

Writes a pious matron from one of our  
hospitals—the solitary disciple of Christ at-  
tending all the physicians and attendants  
there—

'In the next bed is a young man who has  
been delirious for a week; he is very happy,  
and thinks I am his mother, as he is only 18  
and very sick. He is a splendid boy; and  
another mother's heart will ache also.'

Others, she adds, have died calling aloud  
for their mother. Oh, what a wealth of  
maternal affection has been taken to the bat-  
tle field; illustrating the tremendous power  
and responsibility of the mother. Her  
voice is heard above the roar of combat, and  
floats on the air of the quiet hospital. Her  
counsel and prayers subdue the wayward  
heart, and lead to Christ when no other  
means can reach and save the soul.

Let pious mothers pray for the soldier-  
boy with faith, and all Christians especially  
remember the wounded and sick in our great  
host of young men who have left our homes  
for the field of carnage.

### KEEPIN' THEM AWAKE.

Near Newark, N. J., lived a pious family who had taken  
an orphan to raise, who, by the way, was  
rather underwitted. He had imbibed very  
strict views on religious matters, however,  
and once asked his adopted mother if she  
didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to  
come to church and fall asleep, paying no  
better regard to the service. She replied she  
did. Accordingly, before going to  
church the next Sunday he filled his pocket  
with apples. One bald-headed old man,  
who invariably went to sleep during the ser-  
mon, particularly attracted his attention.—  
Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal  
evidence of being in the 'land of dreams,'  
he hauled off and took the astounded sleep-  
er, with an apple, square on the top of his  
bald pate. The minister and aroused con-  
gregation at once turned around and indig-  
nantly gazed at the boy, who merely said in  
his hand, with a sober, honest impression of  
countenance, 'You preach on; I'll keep 'em  
awake.'

### EFFECT OF RIDICULE.

A pious lady of  
the City of Richmond, Virginia, once left a  
church in company with her husband, who  
was an impenitent man. She was a woman  
of unusual vivacity, with a keen perception  
of the ludicrous, and often playfully saras-  
tic. As they walked along towards their  
dwelling, she began to make some amusing  
and spicy comments on the sermon, which a  
stranger, a man of very ordinary talents and  
awkward manner, had preached that morn-  
ing in the absence of the pastor. After run-  
ning on in this vein of sportive criticism to  
her husband, she turned and looked up in  
his face. He was in tears. That sermon  
had sent an arrow of conviction to his heart!  
What must have been the anguish of the  
conscience stricken wife, thus arrested in the  
act of ridiculing a discourse which had been  
the means of awakening the anxiety of her  
unconverted husband.—*Religious Herald.*

### SWEET OLD AGE.

God sometimes gives to  
a man a guileless and holy second childhood,  
not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit  
and ripeness, are mellow, without a sign of  
decay. This is that sought for land of Bea-  
lah, where they who have travelled manfully  
the Christian way abide awhile, to show the  
world a perfect manhood. Life, with its  
battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them;  
the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in  
an evening undress of calm and holy leisure.  
Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood  
that numbers among it one of those not yet  
ascended saints! Gentle are they and toler-  
ant, and apt to play with little children, eas-  
y to be pleased with little pleasures.

### A KEEN REPLY.

John Wesley, in a con-  
siderable party, had been maintaining, with  
great earnestness, the doctrine of Vox populi  
vox Dei against his sister, whose talents  
were not unworthy the family to which she  
belonged. At last the preacher to put an  
end to the controversy, put his argument in  
the shape of a dictum, and said:

'I tell you, sister, the voice of the people  
is the voice of God.'

'Yes,' she replied, mildly, 'it cried 'Cru-  
cify him, crucify him!'

A more admirable answer was, perhaps,  
never given.

## TO MARY.

The rosy smiling face of sunny June,  
Flashed with the tints of the opening flowers  
Stole on our sight, as on our ear, a tune  
That long forgotten breathes of happy hours.

The roses nodded to the passing breeze,  
Their pale pink petals strewed the moisture  
ground;  
Through honeysuckles sweet, the belted bees  
Their chestnut-laden bugles hummed around.

The lofty chestnuts shook their feathery bloom;  
The robin warbled from the pendant spray;  
The breeze was scented with the faint perfume  
Of clover buds, in fields across the way.

The sky-lark fluttered in the dewy grass,  
Exhilarated by the dazling scene:  
The grass along its margin grew a brighter green  
Alone I wandered on that lovely morn.

And gazed upon that broad expanse of sky,  
And listened to the hum of voices, borne  
By transient zephyrs o'er the blooming rye.

I thought upon the glorious works of God,  
The mystery of all His works and ways,  
Who paints the lily and the verdant sod,  
And tunes our stubborn hearts to sing His praise

I thought of joys vanished in the Past,  
The Present, and of ages yet to be,  
Of dreams too bright, too beautiful to last,  
And then I thought—MARRY, I thought of THEE.

Though far away from home and kindred dear,  
Still, still thy love, sweet voice and sweeter smile,  
Dim memory haunting, comes our hearts to cheer.  
As rain drops cheer the lonely, barren isle

Years have elapsed since last thou saw the rose,  
Or trailing woodbine twine around thy home;  
The myriad blossoms of the apple-boughs,  
Or the rich purple of the lilac's cone.

O, if a wish of mine could make it so,  
Thy path through life would be a path of peace,  
Crowned with bright flowers, safe, luscious and to blow,  
And every year thy happiness increase.

May He who makes the Summer's balmy breath  
To fan thy cheek and kiss thy sunny hair,  
In tender mercy stay the hand of death,  
And for years of usefulness, thy young life spare.

And when thy days on earth are at an end,  
And from its prison house thy soul set free,  
Mayst thou glide tranquilly into that better land,  
As streams glide to the bosom of the sea.

"NORMA."

### WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING.

—Such was the exclamation of a dying  
child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed  
on him through the casement. "Good by,  
good by! Maamma has come for me to-night  
don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the  
morning!" It was as if an angel had spoken  
to that father; and his heart grew lighter  
under his burden; for something assured  
him that his little one had gone to Him who  
said, "Suffer little children to come unto me,  
for such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheerful to all who  
are in trouble, in this, "We'll all meet again  
in the morning!" It rouses up the fainting  
soul, and frightens away fear. Clouds may  
gather upon our path; disappointments may  
come; but all this cannot destroy the hope  
within us, if we can say truly, "All will be  
right in the morning!"

If you were to die to-night, would it be  
well with you in the morning?

If an editor omits anything, he is inatten-  
tive or lazy. If he speaks of things as they  
are, he is mad. If he glosses over, smooths  
down the rough points, he is bribed. If he  
does not furnish his readers with jokes, he  
is a mullah. If he does he is a rattled head,  
lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong  
he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If  
he lets wrong and injury go unmentioned,  
he is a coward. If he upholds a public man,  
he does it to gratify spite—is a tool of a  
clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he in-  
dulges in personalities, he is a blackguard.—  
If he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

### ANOTHER OLD REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER GONE.

Died, on Friday, May 30, 1862, at  
the residence of his son, Solomon File, in  
Jefferson township, Dauphin county, Pa.,  
John Wile, at the advanced age of 112 years.  
He was interred in the cemetery at Bower-  
man church, in the township aforesaid. It  
was stated from the pulpit that he never  
was known to make use of glasses either to  
read or write, and that until within two  
weeks of his death he was a German by des-  
cent, American born, and for many years  
past had resided in Dauphin county.

### ADVICE GRATIS.

—Keep out of debt—  
out of quarrels—out of law—out of politics  
—out of thin soled shoes—out of damp  
clothes—out of reach of brandy—out of to-  
bacco out of matrimony, unless you are in  
love—out of the doctor's hands—out of cred-  
it—out of charity shows—out of reach of  
your enemies and the devil—and avoid the  
monstrous sin of swindling the printer out of  
his just dues.

"When a man takes more pleasure in  
earning money than in spending it," says a  
popular writer on economy, "he has taken  
the first step towards wealth." This is good  
in a place, but it may well be misused,  
that when a man takes more pleasure in  
hoarding money than in doing good with it,  
he has taken a long step towards perdition.

### MONASTRY.

The choicest buildings have  
the lowest foundations; the best balsam sinks  
to the bottom; those ears of corn and boughs  
of trees that are most filled and best laden,  
bend lowest; so do those souls that are most  
adorned with fruits of Paradise.

An ill-tempered man carries his own smoke,  
and makes not only his own eyes smart; but  
those of other people.

Death is but the burning out of a match  
which lights an immortal hair; the extin-  
guishing of a light on earth, to be relumed  
in Heaven.

All faults are pardonable when one has  
courage to avow them.

The slave of custom is the sport of time.

Why is the letter J like the end of spring?  
Because it is the beginning of June.

Why are darned stockings like dead men?  
Because they are men-dead.

Why is the letter W like a dying Chris-  
tian? Because it is the end of sorrow.

Why is the letter X like a scolding wife?  
Because it is "cross."

Why is the letter Y like sight? Because  
it is in the middle of the "eye."

Why are an elephant's nostrils like clothes  
not in daily use?  
Because he keeps them in his trunk.

When is a draft not acceptable? When  
it gives one the rheumatism.

Many a rascal is like a bell; he was made  
on purpose to be hanged.

It is easier to suppress the first desire,  
than it is to satisfy all that follows it.

Who minds his own business well, lets a-  
lone the business of others.

Creditors have better memories than debt-  
ors.

There is healing in a smile, and laughing  
is medicine to the mind.

One of the severest struggles in life is that  
between a proud spirit and an empty purse.

What word is there of five letters which, if  
you take away two, six still remains? Sixty.

Why is the letter M like the first glass of  
rum? Because it is the beginning of mis-  
ery.

Life may be merry, as well as useful.—  
Every person that owns a mouth has always a  
good opening for a laugh.

The selfish man cannot see the miseries  
of the world—he cannot feel the pangs and  
throats of hunger.

Beecher says there are many persons who  
think Sunday is a sponge with which to  
wipe out the sins of the week.

To expect and not to come; to be in bed  
and not to sleep; to serve and not to please;  
are three things enough to kill a man.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you  
want friends, let them excel you—or at least  
let them think so.

The old man looks down, and thinks of  
the past; the young man looks up, and thinks  
of the future; the child looks everywhere,  
and thinks of nothing.

The ornament and beauty of this lower  
world, next to God and his wonders, are  
the men that spangle and shine in godliness.

What is the difference between a blind  
man and a sailor in prison? The one can't  
see to go, and the other cannot go to sea.

Why is a handsome girl like an excellent  
mirror? Because she is a good looking-  
lass.

Why is the caterpillar like hot cakes?  
Because it's the grub that makes the butter-  
fly.

LOWLINESS is a sign of blessedness. He  
whom the Lord most weighs down with  
spiritual blessing stoops the most meekly  
under the weight.

The side which is beautiful is often the  
side which is true; if the eyes of Love are  
bandaged, there is a triple bandage over the  
eyes of Hate.

It has been observed that ill-natured old maids  
seldom or never use sugar at the tea-table.  
The reason probably is that scandal is a suf-  
ficient sweetener of the dish.

Hearing a physician remark that a small  
blow would break the nose, our John exclaim-  
ed, "well I dunno bout that. I've blowed  
my nose a great many times and I've never  
broke it yet."

By the mistake of an apothecary, at  
Winchester, Illinois, a quantity of antimonial  
wine was sold to the Methodists for com-  
munion. It was quarterly meeting day when  
it was taken, and the effect was frightful.

The following paragraph we clip from the  
regular report of the Connecticut Legislature:  
"Bill to tax geese, cats and bachelors." Mr.  
Harrison was opposed to the bill taxing  
bachelors. There was a tax already laid up  
on geese, and any man who had lived twenty-  
five years without getting married could be  
taken under that section.

"Who can paint like nature?" exclaimed a  
young lady, as she held a copy of Thompson's  
Seasons in one hand, while the other was  
clasped by her ear-pinned lover. "Ah! what  
soul there is in that passage! who indeed can  
paint like nature?" "You can!" shouted her  
brother, who had been peeping in at the win-  
dow; "you're just the girl that can; you're  
painted like all nature now!"

A young fellow of our acquaintance, whose  
better half had just presented him with a  
pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev. M-  
-'s church on last Sunday evening. Dur-  
ing the discourse the clergyman looked right  
at our innocent friend, said, in a tone of  
thrilling eloquence:

"Young man, you have an important re-  
sponsibility thrust upon you."  
The new daddies-dad-dab, supposing that  
the new preacher alluded to his peculiar  
home event considerably startled the audi-  
ence, by replying: "Yes, sir; I have two of  
them."

"Has it come to this? Did our fathers fight  
for freedom in vain? Is there anything like  
constitutional freedom left? Then how comes  
it that I, John Jones, of the Pennsylvania  
Ninety-seventh, who have enlisted for a  
patriotic Pennsylvania, should ever be kick-  
ed by a Dutchman?"

## HUMOROUS.

Why is one apple as good as two? Be-  
cause one apple is as good as a pear.

'I blush for you,' as the rogue-pot said to  
the old maid.

A bad husband beats his wife, and a bad  
wife beats the devil.

No man was ever known to be drowned,  
with a receipt from the printer in his pocket.

There are two cures for love—an extrava-  
gant wife and a sixpence worth of arsenic.  
The former however is the most certain.

Polish girls are said to wear little bells on  
their person, so that their mothers may know  
what they are doing.

Why is a lemon like an old maid who has  
been pretty? Because it was made to be  
squeezed and was't.

There is always a heart—(seat of amiable  
weakness)—under the tightest silk bodice  
ever held by hooks and eyes.

An old lady down east recently slept so  
sound, that when she awoke in the morning  
she didn't know who she was.

An editor down east boasts of having a con-  
troversy with a woman and got the last word!  
The report lacks confirmation.

There are three dangerous institutions in  
the world, viz.—Kicking coals, pretty calico  
and gun powder.

The best time for a lady to marry is, when  
she gets a good chance. The best age from  
14 to 40.

A justice of the peace in Lafayette, Ind.,  
refuses to perform the marriage ceremony  
when the thermometer is about 90, on the  
grounds of unconstitutionality.

A wicked cotemporary says no ladies visit  
him because they cannot get through the  
door without undressing.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the  
hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for  
this country; I've bled for it, and I shall soon  
be able to say I've died for it."

John asked Julia if she would have him.  
"No," said she, "I will not have you, but be-  
fore John could recover from the shock she  
archly put in, "but you can have me."

Jerry Diggs remembered his miserly uncle  
in this will, for he bequeathed "to my moth-  
er's brother a gun flint, and a knife to skin  
it with."

FIXING.—Waiting to get things fixed be-  
fore getting married, is like waiting until  
you get ready to die. 'Tis a chance wheth-  
er people get ready in either case.

Politeness goes a great ways. Henry  
Ward Beecher says an impudent clerk can  
do almost as much injury to a store as the  
neglect of the proprietor to advertise his  
goods.

By a recent marriage, the mother became  
a sister, and the grandmother the mother  
of the bride, and the sister became the mother  
of the bridegroom. How did this happen?

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will  
be good."  
"No my child, you must not be good for  
pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

As a good mother was repeating the Lord's  
prayer to her little three year old boy, as he  
retired, when she came to the words "give  
us this day our daily bread" the little fellow  
said "ask for pie, too, mamma."

A sixty-nine pounder shell burst near an  
Irishman in one of the trenches. Pat coolly  
surveyed the ruins the fragments had made,  
and exclaimed, "Be jabber! them's the fellows  
to soften the wax in a man's ear!"

A friend from California tells us a story  
which we don't know whether to believe or  
not. He says the bees grow so large in that  
country that they take a beet and jam  
it into a barrel, and out the green part-off  
and send it to market.

BENT OEF.—A portly young friend of mine  
the other day contemplated for some minutes  
the ponderous dimensions of a bystander's  
feet, and then in a tone of utter wonder,  
said, as he surveyed the man's upper works;  
"You'd have been a devilish tall man if they  
hadn't bent you off so far up!"

When Madge was a very little girl, her  
father found her chubby hand full of the  
blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose on which he  
had bestowed great care. "My dear," said  
he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of  
these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa,"  
said Madge, innocently, "but all these had  
leaves."

TIME FOR ALL THINGS.—"Mrs. Smith,"  
said a neighbor who stepped into the house  
of the former, just as she was in the act of  
seating herself at the table, "have you heard  
of that dreadful accident?"  
"Why, no—what is it?"  
"Mr. Smith has fallen from his wagon and  
is killed."  
"Is it possible? Well, just wait till I have  
finished my dinner, and then you'll hear cry-  
ing."