VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO: FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1862.

POBLICAL



A THEUGHT.

BY J. W. WETMORE.

As we look back through life, In our moments of sadness, How few and how brief, Are its gleaming of goodness Yet we find midst the gloom That our pathway o ershaded, A few spots of sunshine Still lingering unfaded, And memory still hoards, As her richest of treasures, Some few blissful moments. Some soul-thrilling pleasures An hour of such rapture Is a life ere it closes.

BARLY PRIENDS.

Tis one drop of fragrance

From thousands of roses.

Amil the changing scenes of life-The joys, the hopes, the fears, How pleasant 'tis to think of friends We loved in early years; To think that though we've parted long, Perhaps to meet no more, We are remembered by them still, As in the days of yore.

On memory our youthful scenes Are traced in vived lines, And round them in our after years, A glorious radience shines, The images of early friends, The friends that shared our youthful joys, They cannot be forgot.

MISCELLANY.

KITTY BRAGG'S HUSBAND.

"Mercy on usl What's happened to your father? Run out quick Charlie, and open the gate. What is the matter, John? You are as white as a sheet." "Kitty, I'm drafted!"

In the place of falling to erying and moaning as is the fashion with some of our patriotic women, Kitty Brugg laid her hand heavily on her husband's shoulder:

John, I'm ashamed of you! if you were a child, I would give you a good shaking.— Compose yourself before Charles comes in: I would not have him think his father was a

coward." "That is a hard word, Kitty." "I know it, John, but the case demands it.

I would not have you lowered in our boy's sight. Now, John Bragg, let you and I talk sense; let us reason the matter together. You are a good man, John-a good husband and a good father. You are a brave man, too, despite your trembling nerves. Who plunged into the river, just above the rapids, after poor Widow Carne's only son? Who flung himself before old Mr. Morris's mad horses, and saved the old man's life? Why just John Bragg. I know what ails you, John; you are physically nervous at either the report of fire-arms or the sight of blood: You have spent your life pouring over books, and never tried to overcome the weakness. But you can overcome it, and you must. This "must" was said smilingly.

"I must, indeea, Kitty; for the die is cast, and there is no escape. I do not think it is want of courage; and I sm sure my heart glows with love for my country. You know Kitty, I have given freely of my poor means; but whenever I think of going to battle, this strange tremor assails me, and I am reduced to the weakness of a child. I shall be d.agraced, I know. Don't you wish you had a braver husband, Kitty? I wouldn't blame you."

But Kitty did not hear. She sat by the kitchen hearth, leaning her brown head on the jamb of the huge old fashioned chimney, Her thoughts at last formed themselves into words :-

"I verily believe, John, it is a thing you cannot help—it is your misfortune, not your fault. Let us sell the place; Joe Martin will give you five hundred dollars for it, and then you can get a substitute. We can rent the little red house on Murry's farm, and then-

"Never Kitty! talk no more-I would indeed be a coward then. What I deprive my for the battle field, with the hope of finding loved ones of a home to save my own bacon? Never-never! It is not my life I am afraid of, it is just the din of battle and the dreadful carnage. I will go dear, and you must help me to be brave, and do my duty. * * * * *

The morning came that the "boys" were to join their regiment. There was many a tear shed by wives, mothers, and sisters; but Kitty Bragg shed none; she had other work

bling coming over you, John, pray; just pray Herald to God, and he will strengthen you. I know

He will." "O Kitty, how can I ever live without

you?" This almost upset the brave little woman; but she soon stilled the quivering lip, and smiled through her tears. When the order to "fall in" was given, John laid his band on her brown hair and said tenderly:

She lifted up her mouth for a kine, but she could not have spoken. The trail mov. syrup and is making wonderful cures. she could not have spoken. The first move of the shudler of a wife, said Pat, stated more done who had ever heard mounting over the loss of his better-half, every day, who at statement, but I must have is failing. I was offered and accepted a com-

Charlie came in ; bis face all & like a child. glow, and his eyes flashing. Why I think

change in her. her heart was full of prayer for her hus-

"O God, strengthen poor John, and let him not flinch in the day of battle. . . Charlie, bring me some chips; this fire won't burn. The neighbor standing on the door step,

smiled at the mingling of prayer and busi-"Have you heard the news, Kitty?"

The fear that John had deserted or done something cowardly, took all her strength away. She sank down on a chair faintly. "What is it, Mary?"

"Why, they had a riot in camp; some of John-biess me, Kitty, your milk's all billin' over! There, I sot on the back griddle."-

"What about John, Mary ?" "Why, John was the only one in his comcrasy fellows threatened to shoot him if he did not join them. He influenced our boys to be quiet and do their duty. He told them it would only be for a little while; that after a while they would have a better camp and better rations. You know some of our boys were pretty wild, Kitty, and they might 'a got in trouble. My Joseph said he shouldn't wonder if your John came home yet with gold straps on his shoulders- His bein' so brave, and havin' so much influence over his men, pleased Capt. B——all to pieces.—Ain't you glad, Kitty?"

But Kitty was crying for very joy, That the first news of John should be good. "Jake said in his letter that he said to

John after the fuss: "John, how could you be so brave and firm when there was so much confusin, and them fellows had their bay'nets pluted at you?'

"Said your John said he: "Jacob, I went there to do my duty, and I was determined to do it; and besides, how could a man go back from the right path, with such a woman as my Kitty at home praying for me?"

This made Kitty's tears flow the faster: but they were joyful tears.

John's courage stood the test of the battle field; but, knowing all the circumstances, I teel almost sure Kitty Bragg will yet be

proud of her husband. All ye young men who fear the draft, go and get a wife like Kitty Bragg.

Gave All to His Country.

An old gray headed man, upward of eighty years of age, came in from the East this morning by the train, on his way home to Michigan. He had a sad story to tell of the sorrows caused by this unholy rebellion. The old gentleman, whose name is Crane, residing in Wayne county, Michigan, had three sons. Two of them joined one of the Michigan regiments and have done good service in soveral of the battles in Eastern Virginia. The third, not much more than a lad, was also anxious to join his brothers, but was for some time dissuaded from the step by his father and mother, the latter having been for years a confirmed invalid. At last the urgent entreaties of the lad prevailed, and but a short time since he passed Cleveland on the way to join the regiment to which his brothers belonged.

The bloody struggle at Antietam followed soon after, and in that battle the three broth-

great that the mother, enfeebled by long sickness, died in a few days. As soon as she was laid in the grave the old man set out them home to rest beside that of their mother. The search was long and thorough, but was unsuccessful. They had been probably buried on the field with nothing to mark

where they lay. Mr. Crane returns home, bent down with years and with his great sorrow. He says that he has now no relatives left and nothing to live for. Yet he does not regret the sacrifices made on the altar of his country,

GENERAL DROPSY.—Make a ton of the beef ten and other very nourishing food.

CURE FOR A COUGH.—A strong decoction "God bless you, Kitty i you are the best of the leaves of pine sweetened with loaf wife ever a poor man had."

sugar. Take a wine glass, warm on going to sugar. Take a wind glass warm on going to bed, and half an hour before eating, three times a day. The above is sold as a cough

remon more somety some and ever neared mourning over the loss of land of I seen a woman who couldn't blow an analysis in a South Carolina regiment; but and all seemed like desolation. Kitty "she always struck me with the soft end of eat down in her little sewing chair and wept the man."

HE IS A GENTLEMAN!

Not long since we chanced to hear a short its a glorious thing to raise one's arm for dialogue between a mother and her daugh-one's country, a thing to die for," he said, ter the had just arrived at the age of "sweet rather dreamily.

"Yes, dear, it is glorious; but it is sad, a certain individual who was not named but too. I would not call him back; but I will whom the mother seemed anxious that her daughter should shun. From what we could be very lonely.

After that one burst of tears, Kitty was learn from the conversation, it seems the inher own calm self again. Time passed on dividual in question possessed a preposses and save that Kitty prayed oftener, and was sing exterior dressed well—was familiar graver than her wont, one could see little and affable in manners, and managed to keep up his head in what is termed "good socie-Charlie went off to school in the morning, ty," in consequence of his "winning ways," and she was left alone all day. Broken e-jaculations often escaped her lips—prayers prayed wretch—a debauche, and a notorious for the safety and "strengthening" of John; gambler. It was after these qualities of the till at last it became a habit. One Saturday man had been portrayed by the anxious she was baking and churning, and as usual mother as a warning to her inexperienced her heart was full of prayer for her hus- daughter, that the artless girl exclaimed, as though she had hit upon's reason that more than outweighed all her mother's objections: "But he is a gentleman."

The words struck our mind forcibly; nor will the honest simplicity with which they were uttered be soon effaced, "But he is a gentleman! What then? Why these cannot be vices—a gent'eman would not practice anything which is not proper is the conclusion to which the unsophistical girl at once arrived. How much misery, how much disappointment, how much overwhelming sorrow and regret has this one short sentence caused the world? How many heartless villians the men deserted and some mutined, and are there who move even in the best circles, and whose characters are known to be infamous, who yet hold up their head for no other reason than that they are gentlementhat is to say, they possess the exterior of pany, that stood firm all through. He was gentlemen, a comely person, affable manners ceived an ugly wound in the right breast, as brave as a lion, though some of the half a good suit of clothes! How few are there, I raised his head, and gave him a drink, for especially among the young, who look beyoud these accomplishments in forming their estimate of character! Let a man be ever so corrupt, let his character be what it may, if he possesses these little external accomplishments. it will not answer, under the present condition of society, to censure him, "for he is à gentleman." But let a feinale wander from the path of society—yes, let her even be suspected of it, though she may be ever so charming, this grand salvo, "But she is a lady," will not be sufficient to cover her failing. Such a certificate will not sus-tain her—she must be consigned to disgrace and infamy. In what consists the difference? fall of Sumter, at the solicitation of an uncle. What is that men can practice with impunity a merchant at Charleston S.C., I went to that will not be tolerated in the other sex? reside with him and entered his counting-That there is a false standard of gentility set room as junior clerk. I soon discovered up in society, there can be no doubt. That | that my uncle's feelings were with those who good old maxim of Pope, that "worth makes the man," has gone out of vogue, at least the Government. He seized every opporwith a large portion of society. Or else a tunity to draw me into discussion on the different standard of worth has been set up, topic that was uppermost in every mind, and which is to measure a man's worth by the vainly strove to withdraw me from my allequality of the clothes he wears, or the grace | giance to the old flag. Oh, that I had pos-

with which he bows. who can drink, gamble, swear, and commit | might now be dying for the starry banner At some future time I will tell of how any other species of vice, and still be a "gen- that waved over my childhood's happy head tleman." If these men could be stripped of and fill an honored grave! My nucle postheir false plumage: if their real character sessed a daughter, an only child. She was could be exhibited in their naked deformity about eighteen, and a more beautiful girl one to the artless youth, there would be but lit. seldom sees. I had left my heart in the tle danger to be apprehended from them. keeping of a blue eyed angel in my native But the cloud under which their baseness is town, so I anticipated no danger from the we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, disguised renders them doubly dangerous charms of my lovely relative. We often associates for youth, for it enables them first walked together over the spacious grounds to guin confidence by their easy address, of my uncle's plantation, but our behavior then allure to ruin. Every parent who has the good of his offspring at heart should not hesitate to expose the vipers, nor let the consideration that "he is a gentleman" have any weight in restraining' him from withdrawing his children from the society and influence of such men. It may be an unpleasant task, but it is a duty which you owe to your children and to yourself, and will doubtless save you many a pang of anguish, lavished on me her sweetest smiles, and apand many a vain regret-

A Beautiful Picture.

A man who stands upon his own soilwho feels that by the laws of civilized nations-he is the rightful and exclusive own. er of the land he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed by any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man who in tone. But I feigned 'want of time' for Information was sent home to the bereaved is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this not writing as formerly. My cousin Isabel parents, and the shock of the news was so great wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by was of her father's sentiments. I need not the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his and I came to think the Southerners were —his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him man, forgot all the holy vows I had made, the bodies of his three sons and bringing moved in its round of duties, and he feels all my obligations to my country and only himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last footsteps over the scenes of One from my aged, sainted mother, written his daily labors. The roof which shelters by a trembling hand, and blotted with tears, him was reared by those to whom le owes imploring me, by the memory of my father his being. Some interesting domestic trad - and grandfather-both of whom had battled tion is connected with every inclosure. The in Freedom's cause-not to turn traitor to the platform talking.

"My little Bible is in your knapsack, John: read it often: whenever you feel that trembling coming over you, John, pray; just pray

sacriness made on the altar of his country, and only laments that he has not strongth to fight hand. He sported in boyhoud besides the brook which still winds through the mead-bling coming over you, John, pray; just pray

sacriness made on the altar of his country, favorite fruit tree was planted by his fathers hand. He sported in boyhoud besides the brook which still winds through the mead-bling coming over you, John, pray; just pray

sacriness made on the altar of his country, favorite fruit tree was planted by his fathers hand. He sported in boyhoud besides the brook which still winds through the mead-brook which still winds through the fields lie the path to the land already of the hand of the from his window the voice of the Sab a h roots of wild carrot, and put a small piece of bell which called his fathers to the house of trusted he should not find his own brother sword in Jeff. Davis army. I know, and saltpetre in, and drink freely. If the water God; near at hand is the spot where his pacomes off (through the porce as well as otherrents laid down to rest, and where, when his
my conscience had not let me wholly forcest wise,) so much as to weaken the person, give time has come, he shall be laid by his chilaren -These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them, they contained the outgushings of a bloding heart flow out of the deepest fountains of the Oh, how she begged me to consider well-my heart; they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous, national character .-Ed. Everett.

Dr. Becswar, in his "Essay on Woman," I seen a woman who couldn't how un manore mission in a South Carolina regiment; but The sun rising is a pretty signt; out when but the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt out when by fore I took the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt out when by fore I took the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt; out when he would be supported by the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt; out when he would be supported by the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt; out when he would be supported by the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt; out when he we supported by the field my cousin feabel had a pretty signt; out when he was a pretty signt; ou

LOVE AND POLITICS.

Who could love a Secosh woman?
Hells devil, scarce half human—
A real rara civis.
Red, White Red poor her bonnet,
Screeching some rebellious somet— Or yelling for Jeff Davis.

If with such I were united, Or to her my vows had plighted, I would break the fetter; Never yield a tame concession, But from her I'd claim secession To the very letter.

I am certain I should harm here For like Scotia's poet farmer, I would cure the evil,
If I had to beat and bang her, Give her poison, drown, or hang her, Or whip her like the devil.

A BATTLE-FIELD INCIDENT

BY A SOLDIEB.

boom of artillery, or the sharp rattle of must tion!

ketry greeted the ear; but that was growing more and more distant and less frequent.

With thinned ranks our brave men retraced to by a strange fire, he continued—
their steps over the field so dearly won; now "Curses on the woman that bravely the strewn with dead and wounded triangle of the curses on the woman that bravely the strewn with dead and wounded triangle. strewn with dead sud wounded friends and foes. What a spectacle—the spectacle of every battle-field. Human bodies bearing every conceivable mutilation-some beyond suffering, and others imploring death.

I had become separated from my company and was passing among the wounded, giving them the contents of my canteen, when came upen a Rebel officer, grouning pitcous-ly and evidently near his end. He had rewhich he thanked me in a fceble voice. I proceeded to place him in a more comfortable position before passing on, when he look.

en pleadingly at me, and said—
'For God's sake, stay a moment! I cannot leave this world without relieving my mind of that which now weighs it down

Will you listen to my story? On my telling him that I would do as he

desired, the dying rebel began: I am a native of New York State, where my mother and two sisters now reside, or at least did when I last heard from them, a few months ago. About six months before the were plotting treason and rebellion against sessed the mind to resist the power of a dred years, according to his physiological Thus it is no uncommon thing to see men | beautiful woman's flattery and smiles! I law, for five times twenty are one hundred; toward each other was merely that of friends, I desired nothing more, for my heart's best

love was elsewhere. Time passed on, and the clouds began to thicken which were eventually to burst, and involve in civil war this once happy land. My beautiful cousin began to take a more than cousinly interest in me, I thought. Her whole aim seemed to be to please me. She peared to prefer my society to that of either the gallants who worshipped at hor shrine. Of course I felt flattered by these attentions and-must I say it ?-the sweet, fair face of my Northern betrothed began to grow dim ia my memory. Alas, for man's fickleness! Her miniature, which I had carried nearest my heart, was given a place in my trunk. remembered one object—the beautiful syren main chance.

who was leading me on to destruction. ing that to be the right! Letters came back. arrayed against bim on the battle-field! A my conscience had not let me wholly, forget. It bore the marks of tears, and every line actions and to remain steadfast to my country and to her. But all these pleadings a-vailed nothing. I became an active worker of treason, only desirous of pleasing my char-Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Wohlan, mor. When the sturry ensign came down says, "I have mede wound, my study, for a in disgrace from its position over Fort. Sum-

promised to be my bride when the South was freed. Made happy by this, I went to battle with a light heart. I flave been in many actions and twice wounded, and twice promoted for bravery. A few months after I entered the service, I received a letter from my first love, freeing me from my vows, sayto his country!' My brother, I learned; serred as a soldier in a three months' regiment and then came out, as a lieutenant in a three-years regiment. I learned the name of his regiment, and have thus been able to keep truck of him by the aid of Northern papers, which have occasionally fallen into my hands. I believe he is now a Major, and if my eyes did not decrive me, I saw him face to face to day on this field, and it was from his regiment that I received my wound. A few weeks ago my false hearted cousin was married to a man old enough to be her futher a General in the Confederate army. So, you see, I have lost not only my honor, and life, but the creative who lured me on to destruc-

upon me & Curses on the traitors whom I have served, and for whom I am now adving a dog's death, unwept and scorned by those whom I have deserted! Curses—"

The unhappy man never finished this sentence. His hands fell by his sides; a struggle and he was dead! I wrote his name and regiment on a piece of paper, and left the snot with a sad heart, for I could but pity the misguided man.

The Age of Man

But tew men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenty. The common expression choked with passion has little exageration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young-weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, the weak have none to use. The latter takes care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run: the weak burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, year. the lion about twenty; the hog ten or twelve the rabbit eight; the Gu nea pig six or seven The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man of all animals is one that seldom come: up to the average. He ought to live a hunaverage four times his grown period. The reason is obvious-man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all ani mals. He is always the most irritable of all auimals, and there is reason to believe, though that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflection.

A DEFINITION OF A YANKEE. - As the Yankees are creating no little excitement, in the commercial, political and military world I hope my definition of a real genuine male

Yankee, may not be considered a miss. A real genuine Yankee is full of animation checked by moderation, guided by de-

termination, and supported by education. He has veneration corrected by toleration with a love of self approbation and emulation, and when reduced to a state of aggravatiou, can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation. A live Yankee, just caught, will be found

not deficient in the following qualities: He is self denying, self relying, always trying, and into everything prying.

He is a lover of plety, propriety, notoriety, and temperance society.

He is a dragging, gagging, bragging, stri-

ving, thriving, swopping. bustling, wrestling, tell how she gradually drew me into her views musical, qu'zzical, astronomical, political, philosophical, and comical sort of a character, whose manifest deatiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corners of the earth, with an eye always on the lookout for the

God reigns and the world moves, and emancipation is coming. It is no use of talking politics now, we have but one politic; the rebels have got their hands on the throat of our nation, trying to choke it to death. Whoever is not for the country is for the rebels. Men must be either loyal or tories, they cannot sit on the fence and, ery, abolitionist and hide their treason. The admin istration is the only power that can do anything toward putting down traitors, and the man who holds Lincoln's hands, while he is village school of earlier days. He still hears dy prepared to take up arms for his country striking at rebellion is as much a rebel and he wrote, if his services were needed, and he tory as though he carried a gun for were a you know, many conservative old fogies, whose brains have not been disturbed by a live thought for many years, who coolly say they are for hanging Secessionists and Abolitionists on the same tree or gallows.

> Why is a certain women's tongue in Waypesboro like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it is able to stop

HARD TO RESIST.—A pile of uncovered doubloons, or a pair of rich, ripe, luscious, but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and seem no gentlement at the table.

The our rising is a pretty sight; but when

eumorofs

The children of scolding parents are hotbouse plants.

Those who are flippant in their abuse of this world must think God made a blunder. That man can have little strength who

dosen't respect woman's weakness. Why are darned stockings like dead men? Because they are men-ded.

The greatest hypocrite and dissembler never deceived his neighbors, half so often

as he deceived himself:

When were the Light soldiers all old country-men? When they were all Scott's

Why are fats better than fomatoes? ... Because tonatoes make only catsup while rats make a cal hupper-

Why is a beebive like a rotton potato? A beehive is a bee kulder and a beholder is a spectator and a spectator is a rotten potato.

A great man a one who can make his children obey dim when they are out of his sight.

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

When a man makes his wife a handsome present, it is a sign that they have bee marrelling recently.

The celebrated stone smasher, Gregorie, has been offered the contract to break a miser's "stony hear?"

Why are the young ladies of Waynesboro' like a bonnet half trimmed? Because, they are in want of the BEAUX.

"I'll take my pay in advance," said a land-lady who lodged her friends on straw beds. "No you don't," says Tom, "I always sleep

A Vermout paper defines the rights of woman as follows; a To love her lord with all her heart, baby as her self and make good broad."

A merchant once tomarked that a had some clerk behind the counter was equiva-lent to a trade of three or four thousand a

A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed, "See God's big bequet l'

There is a town in Ohio where the people have lived so long on pork that they are beginning to contract some of its habits. Whenever a neighbor dies, they lay him out as they would a bog, with a corn-cob in his mouth.

Girls. never run away from your parents until you are sure that the young man with whom you clope will not run away from you. This advice is worth a year's subscription to the RECORD, but we will give it gratis.

The Boston Post says that the last freak that happened thereabouts, is, a man ran through the streets with his hands about three feet apart, begging the passers by not to disturb him, as he had the measure of a doorway with him.

A few years since, at the celebration of our national auniversary, a poor pedlar who was present, being called upon for a toast, oficred the following:-"Here is health to poverty; it sticks to man when all his friends desert him.

There are several things that look awkward in a woman, vizz too see her undertake to whistle-to earry her dress more than knee high while crossing the streets-to throw a stone at a hog to chew "patent gum" in praying time—to smoke a long nine—to climb a garden fence, and to sing bass at a revival meeting.

A NEGRO'S OPINION.—A letter from Snicker's Gap, Va., says: "At one farm house a venerable African asked, "Is dat do army of de Norf?" "No," replied our waggish surgeon, "the last end is just coming through Bangor, Maine." Bless my soul, whar dey all grow? Massa Linkum's got de biggest pile dis time, any how."

Sammy was reading the Bible very attentively, when his father came into the room and asked him what he had found that was so interesting. The boy, looking up eagerly, exclaimed: 'I have found a place in the Bible where they were all Methodists?'— 'How so?' inquired the father. 'Because' said he, 'all the people said amen.'

THE DANDY AND THE BARKEEPER .- At a hotel the other day, a young and fully moustached dandy from a certain city, was scated at the testable at rather a late hour, when the barkeeper came in, and sat down directly opposite to him. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back his chair,

gazed at the barkeeper and exclaimed: Fellah, do the servants sup with the gentlemen in this house?
No sir, was the reply

Are you not the barkceper? Yes siz

Well, a barkeeper is a help as much as the scrub girl. True, replied the man of the toddystick.

Ahem I Rese the conversation ended. Moustache mas fized.