

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$1.50 Per Year

VOLUME XVII.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1863.

NUMBER 1

## POETICAL.



### THE BASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The month of violets has come!  
Its wealth of smiles and tears;  
It showers o'er every home,  
And o'er those whose footsteps roam  
In far off foreign spheres.

The coy wind, yet so bleak and chill,  
From Winter's hidden cave,  
Comes whistling 'er the rippling rill  
To woo the lilacs on the hill,  
The lilies by the wave.

Its white arms on the amber air  
Are bared toward the south;  
The daffodils and daisies share  
Their glories in her flaxen hair,  
And roses tint her mouth!

O month of sunshine and of showers,  
Of pleasant thoughts and things,  
Of honey-suckle wreathed bowers,  
Of trailing vines, of blooming flowers,  
Of tinted blossoming!

I mind an April when my heart  
Than now, was lighter far;  
Before Death's snow-venomed dart  
Touched one whose years of mine were part,  
Whose love was my life's star!

But now alas, for April days,  
A lengthened shadow lies  
For me, across its pleasant ways;  
And ever, where my footsteps stray,  
It meets my saddened eyes.

## MORNING.

Hark! the matin notes are ringing  
O'er the plain the balmy air  
Hark! the village bells are chiming,  
See the modest vernal flowers,  
Dew-drops, bright and gay;  
Now their azure petals grow  
In the light of early day.

Hear! the early birds are singing,  
Sweetly swinging on the air,  
While the village bells are ringing,  
Calling to the house of prayer;  
Nature's thousand tongues are hymning  
Lays of gratitude and love;  
To the great I AM who reigneth  
In the blissful courts above.

O, how holy are those moments,  
How sweetly floats upon the air  
Those dear village chimes that calleth  
To the holy house of prayer;  
On the soul they fall, recalling  
The great Founder's high behest,  
"For six days shalt thou labor,"  
"On the seventh thou shalt rest."

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## MISCELLANY.

### A Penitent Confederate.

A frank, intelligent, and plain-spoken man, apparently about eighteen years of age, who had been in the rebel army at Murfreesboro, and had voluntarily surrendered himself to our troops, came into the Governor's room at the Capitol, yesterday, and expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance. Something like the following colloquy took place between the Governor and the young soldier:

**Soldier**—I am sick and tired of the war, and want to take the oath of allegiance and North.

**Governor**—Do you think you have got your rights?

**Soldier**—Yes, (pointing to a scar in his forehead) here is one of them.

**Governor**—What do your soldiers generally think of this war?

**Soldier**—They are mighty tired of it. There are plenty of them who would be glad to go home and stay, if they could. They wouldn't stay a day longer in the army, if they weren't made to.

**Governor**—Did you ever hear them say anything about this law of Jeff Davis, which allows a man to remain at home if he owns twenty negroes?

**Soldier**—Oh yes; lots of times they talk of it often. They are all down on it, and think it very hard on the poor men. They say it isn't right.

**Governor**—But do you think that the soldiers understand this law properly? Do they really know what it means?

**Soldier**—They understand it mighty well. They say it is nothing but a law for the benefit of big slaveholders, and to keep the poor man under.

**Governor**—The heaven is at work. Let it work. The rotten edifice of Richmond aristocracy is shaking and will soon topple headlong to hell.—Nashville Union.

**AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS**—In a car on a railroad which runs into New York, a few mornings ago, a scene occurred which will not soon be forgotten by the witnesses of it. A person dressed as a gentleman, speaking to a friend across the car, said: "Well, I hope the war may last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough to retire from business. In the last six months I have made a hundred thousand dollars—six months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker and necessarily heard his remark; but when he was alone she tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him: "Sir, I had two sons—one of them was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro."

She was silent a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, over come by indignation, she suddenly slapped the speaker, first on one cheek, then on the other, and before the fellow could say a word the passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, seized him, and pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.

A pretty female artist can draw the moon equally with a brush and a blush.

### Another Voice from the Army.

The 125th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers to its Loyal Friends, Sends Greeting.

We, your fellow citizens, composing the 125th Reg. Pennsylvania volunteers, here assembled in arms, not from love of war, but to gratify any selfish motives of ambition, but prompted solely by our love of country, and sense of duty, in obedience to the Almighty's will, for the furtherance of his benevolent purposes, concerning not only our nation but the human race, having smothered all partisan feelings, are now, in common with the hosts of other loyal men, grappling with this satanic rebellion, and by the blessings of God hope so effectually to crush it, that it will never again raise its serpent head to desolate our inheritance, and bring the wail of sorrow to the household of posterity.

While engaged in this holy cause, the 125th learns that there are traitors in the north. For such the only meet recompense is hemp. There is another class, however, claiming to be loyal citizens, who, by ill-timed efforts of peace, not appreciating the nature and magnitude of the struggle in which we are involved, do much to aid and encourage our deluded countrymen of the South to hope for a success, which would plunge us all into a gulf of common ruin. For the enlightenment of this class, and to remove all misapprehensions as regards their sentiments, men and officers of the 125th, at a meeting convened for the purpose, whereas Col. Jacob Higgins was chosen President; Lieut. Col. Sank, Major John J. Lawrence and Captain William C. Bayley, A. C. S., Vice Presidents; Surgeon L. C. Cummins, Chaplain John D. Stewart and Captain William W. Wallace, Secretaries.

(Captains Francis M. Bell and John McKeage and the Secretaries of the meeting constituted a committee of five to draft resolutions.)

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, We view with contempt the silly and traitorous attempts of the so called peace party in our glorious old Commonwealth, whose object is to destroy that for which man lives, namely, Liberty and the pursuit of human happiness; and whereas, while fighting our enemies in front, we look with abhorrence on the cowardly assassins at home who arduous throwing impediments in our way to destroy all for which we are now risking our lives and honor; and whereas, on the result of this contest the existence of our happy country depends; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we look with unutterable contempt on the propositions of the copperheads at home to compromise with armed traitors, and scornfully reject as unworthy the land that gave us birth, all propositions coming from such a source.

Resolved, That the only compromise we can make with traitors is, that they lay down their arms and return to their former allegiance.

Resolved, That the only way to secure this result lies in a determined and vigorous prosecution of the war, until the supremacy of the Government is fully established.

Resolved, That we condemn, with regret, the course taken by the enemies of the Union in our front; we execrate without pity the pusillanimity of the more contemptible foe in our rear.

Resolved, That the reports at home, that the army of the Potomac is in a demoralized condition, are false, without the least foundation in fact, and that we look on the circulation of reports of this kind, as being enemies to their country who should be carefully watched, they being either cowards who are afraid to face their country's foes, or designing traitors, seeking to shake the faith of credulous Union men in the strength of the Government.

Resolved, That we call upon all good and loyal citizens at home to organize at once, with a view to counteract all plans or conspiracies of the enemies of the Government that countenance or aid this rebellion.

Resolved, That, as the President of the United States is the constitutional representative of our Government, his administration must and shall be sustained by all true patriots, and that those who are denouncing his administration are laboring, to the extent of their power, to throw hindrances in the way of a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, and that they deserve the unmitigated scorn of patriots, and the hemp that is due to traitors.

Resolved, That in Maj. Gen. Hooker we have the utmost confidence, and as we fight for principles, not men, we regard his appointment to his present position as wise and prudent on the part of the President.

Resolved, That Gov. A. G. Curtin is deserving of our highest respect and esteem, (aside from his efforts to preserve the Union,) for his eminently patriotic labors in behalf of Pennsylvania's sick and wounded soldiers, by which he has endeared himself to us and whom in a manner not to be forgotten.

Resolved, That in Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Kane we have a commander, vigorous, in whom we can rely in case of emergency, and that under his leadership we anticipate a glorious victory in our next engagement with our country's foes, (his cry will be to "Victory or Death.")

Resolved, That these be our mottoes henceforth and forever while life shall last:—The Union one and inseparable; "Drew it man draw it;" Liberty and Union now and forever.

Resolved, That these proceedings, signed by the officers of the regiment, be published in the Philadelphia Inquirer, Harrisburg Telegraph, Washington Chronicle and all loyal papers published in counties represented in this regiment.

Life is a constant struggle for riches which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as the curse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

### The Memory of the Dead.

In almost every household there is an unshrined memory, a sacred casket, where a lock of shining hair, a ring, or faded picture, of some one long since gone. The younger children, as they grow up, learn to look upon the picture of the dead brother or sister as on the face of an angel. They wonder if they shall ever be as good as they were. They look with tender awe upon various relics of a sister never known—the broken plaything, the unfinished piece of work with the rusted needle just where she left it; and seeing their mother's tears and hearing her talk of the child that was or would have been more lovely or intelligent than any of the rest, they wearily wonder if they deserve to be loved as much as she who is now in heaven.

The orphan, longing for a mother dimly remembered, is sure if she had lived he never could have dishonored her, never could have been ungrateful or disobedient. Yet our daily life together is subject to many disturbances. Parents forget to be patient with their children; the noisy, trying little ones are often roughly treated, their feelings wounded, and their gaiety checked; children of a family quarrel and overbear; friends grow critical and cold. To look upon the surface of general domestic and social life it sometimes seems as if there were a few only who would not be happier separated. But when by death some one is removed, then only can we measure the real depth of affection that was cherished for them.

One beautiful trait of humanity is the tenderness with which we cherish the memory of the departed. Let death take from the household the troublesome and ungovernable child, and all that is remembered is his sweet and gentle words, his rare qualities, his loving ways, his beauty and manliness. The child stands before his parents' eyes, not as what he was, but what he might have been had all God put in him been perfected by love and grace.

He is now always "dear child" in their thought, and no longer selfish and unlovely. The children long for their dead companion with real and tender grief—they would be pleased were he back again. They are surprised to find how much they loved him. Friends long to have the opportunity, now lost, to show their love. Why did I not prize him more—why did I not serve him better, is the one universal feeling.

Our memories, carefully kept and richly ornamented, may sometimes betray the harsh ostentation of wealth, but usually the polished and elaborate marble speaks the tenderness of grief, striving to do here what it feels has been undone before. Absence perfects to a less degree, the same halo of perfectness. So soon as we are separated from those we really love, they seem more than ever desirable and necessary to us, and we send back messages of regret for past selfishness and unfriendliness.

### Old People.

"Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore." A peculiar interest attaches to old people. They have come down to us from a former generation. Their days are spent. Only a few sands remain in the glass. Many years of intercourse with the world have made them rich in experience. They well know what hope and fear, what joy and sorrow are. They have laughed with the living and wept for the dying. Disappointment and grief have tamed their spirits. And now at the close of life a new and great world opens up, solemn and unknown.

Much of their past is far back, and the years lie close together like distant street-lamps that seem to meet. They have passed through the several stages of life; they have been children, and wept, they have been lads and lassies, and sowed their wild oats; they have wooed and been won; they have rowed their bark in sunshine and in storm; they have been over plains and through deeps. But now their journey is almost ended the work done.

The day far spent. Their early companions and co-laborers have already nearly all gone. They stand alone, as it were, among a new people, and look anxiously around like belated birds left behind by mates that long have taken their homeward passage. The shadows of evening have gathered around them, and the night has come. Blessed are they that can lie down to pleasant dreams, for they shall rise to a glorious waking.

A peculiar interest attaches to these old pilgrims whose feet have trod so many years. Not only do they interest us in their past, but also in the future. They walk along the border-land of a great and untried world, and they sometimes seem to speak from the other side—so deep and prophetic are their words. When our eyes look upon these passing pilgrims, we cannot help feeling the solemnity of the sight; for very soon will these aged eyes open upon new scenes, and these neglected feet walk new plains.

Reverence old age. Consider its advice. Deal gently with its infirmities. Prepare thyself to become old.

**GOLD IN DIXIE**—The copperheads were in ecstasies a little while ago at every advance here of gold, as an evidence of the declining credit of our Government. For their consolation and comfort, we would inform them that whilst foreign capitalists are now offering Mr. Chase a hundred millions at the present reduced rate, the propositions offered in the rebel Congress, by Conrad, empowering Jeff. Davis to make peace with Mr. Lincoln, or with any of the States, or for some other cause, has sent gold up to 400 percent. in Richmond; and private transactions are said, on what is deemed as good authority, to have been made at 600 percent. Let those who hold rebel securities stand firm under!—Balt. Clipper.

### The Battle-field of Murfreesboro.

A PICTURE BY PARSON BROWLOW.

Parson Browlow writes to the Philadelphia Press from Nashville, Tennessee, 6th instant, as follows: "I have just returned from Murfreesboro, where I spent two days in riding through the vast encampment of our troops, and over the late battle-ground. I traversed about five miles in extent of the battle-ground, first in the fields and then in the woods, among the cedars and timbers where much hard fighting was done. No man at a distance, and only receiving the newspaper accounts, can form any idea of the number of dead horses and mules upon the ground. Their names are legion. They are often piled up, one upon another—some shot thro' the body, some through the neck, others with head and legs shot off. But all are in a wonderful state of preservation, though lying on the field more than two months.

"The trees are peppered with bullets for miles, the twigs are cut off, and many trees are cut off at points ranging from five to thirty feet from the ground. Large trees of sufficient size to make saw-logs, where the cannon balls struck them fairly, they passed clear through, and day light can be seen through as one rides along. Cannon balls are to be seen all along the lines, and shells that failed to explode. In other instances pieces of shells are upon the ground, among the cedars I handled them.

"The graves of the dead are to be seen everywhere in untold numbers. The head-boards of single graves indicate how many of them are, giving names, regiments and residences. Among the Rebel graves I found the name of a relative of my wife, a Captain of artillery from Alabama, killed in the fight on the 30th of December. In many instances ditches were dug, and from seventy-five to one hundred men packed into a ditch. The dirt upon many of these is only a few inches deep and in some instances hands and feet are sticking out. The greatest sight to be seen is that in front of where General Rosecrans massed his artillery, say one hundred and twenty guns. Dead horses and mules and an innumerable number of graves, tell the effect of these guns. I could but feel sad as I passed over this terrible battle ground, and yet I felt that there, thousands of Southern soldiers in rebellion against the Government of the United States had villainously sought and righteously found their rights—not in the territories, but in their cotton-fields and cedar thickets of a State they had forced out of the Union at the point of the bayonet, and in opposition to the known wishes of a majority of the real people."

### The Dunkers.

The Rev. Emanuel Stifer, a minister of this sect (which is sometimes designated as Dunkers and Tunkers) wrote sometime since to the New York Observer in a recitation of some misstatements as to their doctrines and practices as follows: "You may be desirous to know what we do believe. Well, in brevity, we baptize none but believers, by a true immersion, by a plunging way, the candidate in a kneeling posture. And while we believe baptism is initiatory to the church, we also believe it washes away sin previously committed, when preceded by true penitence and faith. We believe that when we commune, or have the emblems, bread and wine, distributed among us, representing the sufferings of our Savior, it should be done in the evening, preceded first by the washing of the members' feet; next in order, the partaking of a meal by all of the members, we denigrate the Lord's Supper, then follows the Communion. These are perhaps, all the distinctive features of our faith.

We hold much in common with other professing christians; our habits are generally plain, in many respects resembling the Friends, particularly as regards dress; opposed to all superfluity in everything, yet we are not always successful in our opposition. Our people are generally industrious, and frugal, as a consequence, wealth accumulates, pride follows almost as a necessary consequence. Then is verified the danger of riches, as the Savior declared. History assigns our origin in Schwarzenau, Germany, to the year 1708. Our first minister's name, the same authority says, was Alexander Mack. The word "Tunker," or "Dunker," by which we are known in history; we assume by way of convenience, yet we call ourselves "German Baptists," or "Brethren."

**SINGULAR STORY**—The Fredericksburg correspondent of the Tallahassee Floridian tells the following strange story: "While speaking of peace, there is a legend connected with a spring near Fredericksburg which I will relate for the benefit of the curious: According to tradition, this spring was discovered running three months before the Revolutionary war. Three months before a treaty of peace it dried up and ceased to run. It commenced running again three months before the war of 1812, and three months before its close, as in the Revolutionary war, it again dried up, and so with the Mexican war. Three months before the fall of Fort Sumpter it again commenced running, and a short time since, dried up. I give as my author for this an aged man who was born and is living near the spring, and who has considerable property, and offers to bet it all that we will have peace in three months from the drying up of the spring.

Life is only a battle—we should be foolish not to expect that those around us must fall. We have only time to shed a tear over them as we rest them drop. It is a cruel sight; if almost arrests one in the midst of the conflict, but a soldier must not shrink at anything; away with the soft of feminine feeling—live into the contest—have spirit—have hope—you may have cheerfulness, for faith will support, and the God of battles will shield you.

### Rebel Views of the War.

The Richmond Whip of the 18th instant gives the "painful history" of the Confederate arms in Tennessee and Kentucky, and adds:

"If we cross the Mississippi and inquire the result of our efforts in Arkansas and Missouri, the record is too humiliating to be recorded at length. No man cares to hear the story of the Confederate cause after the fall of McCulloch and the joining of Price's force to that of Beauregard. The chronicle is not more sad than it is shameful. It may be summed up in the disheartening announcement made in our latest exchanges that the armies of Holmes and Hindman have dwindled from thirty-five thousand down to a mere brigade. In Texas and in the Indian Territory the story is much the same—large armies raised, and nothing accomplished. Concerning Arizona and New Mexico we have ceased to have anything whatever. Perhaps they are no longer considered a part of the Confederacy. When the fortunes of war have been so uniformly adverse it is not surprising that a people, who see in its prolongation not subjugation, but the further ravaging of their fields, the loss of their slaves, and the burning of their houses, should desire its cessation at the earliest moment, and perhaps be willing to make concessions which others more fortunate would reject.

The Jackson (Mississippi) Appeal has the following remarks on the war in the Southwest:

"From all accounts that reach us, we are led to the conclusion that ere a great while Gen. Bragg will be forced either to engage Rosecrans in battle or fall back upon Chattanooga. The country would deplore the necessity which may force him to the adoption of the latter alternative. It is all important that we continue to hold Middle Tennessee and North Alabama, otherwise we shall find ourselves in straitened circumstances for army supplies another year hence. The Federals are devastating the country as they advance, rendering it impossible for the farmers to raise a crop this season and to blot out Middle Tennessee, Kentucky, North Alabama and North Mississippi from the producing sections of the Confederacy would be more seriously felt than the loss of Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, or Vicksburg. It would prove a long step in the direction of our subjugation by starvation. We sincerely hope that our Generals are fully alive to the necessity and importance of holding Middle Tennessee, and that the hands of Gen. Bragg will be strengthened with a force sufficient for this purpose.

**WAYS AND MEANS**—On this subject, the Enquirer confesses the extremities of the Rebels when it says:

"The horses that draw our artillery, and baggage trains and ambulances are dropping their hoofs off and eating one another's tails off for want of proper food."

It observes with frankness: "Cotton is not king now. Corn is king; potatoes, hogs, hay, oats and cattle are sovereign. But the people must not only produce—they must save. Many a man drinks more corn in spirits than he could eat in bread. Millions of bushels of grain are melted down into mean whiskey, while the cavalry horses and draught horses are starving.

**A SELF DENYING BOY**—A Sabbath-school teacher tells this story of his boy:

"I taught a class in the Sabbath-school at composed of eight boys. One of the boys was a widow's son, a factory worker. He put into the missionary-box each Sabbath six cents. I asked him how, in his poverty, he dared do so much. 'My mother,' was his reply, gives me six cents a day for my dinner, and one day I fast, and save six cents; or, rather, I take a piece of bread and butter from home as a sort of lunch and so save my six cents.' I felt like upbraiding him for his self-imposed stint, but when I thought how much more of a man he would make, for all his right and resolute spirit, I patted him on the head and said, 'Go on Johnny. God will care for you and your mother, and in time to come will make you, I trust, a light in his church.

**OUR HOME**—Our home, our country, is heaven, where there are no sorrows, nor fears, nor troubles; this world is the place of our travail and pilgrimage, and, at the best, our inn.

In my father's house there are many mansions, many mansions, instead of an inn; and my Savior himself hath not disdained to be my habinger. He is gone before me to prepare a place for me. I will, therefore, content myself with the inconveniences of a very short journey, for my accommodations will be admirable when I come to my home, that heavenly Jerusalem, which is the place of my rest and happiness.—St. Matthew 10:14.

**A GOOD MAN'S WIFE**—I freely confess to you that I would wish, when I am laid down in my grave, to have some one in his manhood stand over me and say: 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him.' (Or else to have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and name.'

Many years ago in the village of Grand Isle, situated upon the beautiful island, of that name in Lake Champlain, lived a man of atheistic principles who, on one occasion while in conversation with a Scottish Presbyterian neighbor, avowed his belief that there was no God, whereupon the non-conformist leveled him to the earth with a blow from his stalwart fist. Being remonstrated with for his remarkable action, he replied: 'If a man will not fight for his God, who will he fight for?'

### The Army of the Potomac.

A correspondent writing from the Army of the Potomac adds:

I have just returned to my camp from a two days' tour through the grand army of the Potomac, and I assure you I returned with different feelings from those I entertained before starting. I had read so many accounts of dissatisfaction and demoralization; and by many writings of Northern editors and letter writers, that I was prepared to find sad countenances and hear gloomy and malicious words. But I confess, it made my heart beat high with hope to find it all otherwise. I visited many regiments, and saw and talked with many officers and men, and I found them, without exception, cheerful, contented and hopeful. They express entire confidence in General Hooker, and are deeply impressed with the magnitude and importance of the work which the army of the Potomac has before it. To say they will not fight and fight bravely, is to slander the noblest army—in patriotism, in intelligence and in physical condition—ever marshalled to fight for a nation's existence. The truth is, this army will fight against traitors, not only in the South, but wherever found; and Northern doughfaces and cowards will find this a fact to their sorrow if cowardice does not prevent them from putting forth their Tory doctrines and contemptible threats into practice. I have heard many rejoice over the conscription act, and say, 'the time of my enlistment will expire by such a time, but if I am then needed to enforce the conscription act at the North, I am in for another term.' Others say, 'Southern traitors are bad, but those in the North, who prolong the war by giving aid and comfort to them, and by embarrassing and opposing the efforts of the Administration to crush the rebellion, are three guilty of treason of the meanest and most contemptible character.' And how can they say otherwise?

General Sickles, in a recent order, told the truth very pointedly when he said, 'the army of the Potomac, was never so formidable as it is to-day, proud in its loyalty, its fortitude, and in the memory of its heroic sacrifices, scorning the craven cry of peace when peace is impossible without dishonor, awaits with impatience for the coming hour, when new victories will grace its standards and complete its noble mission.'

Would it not be humiliating and disgraceful if some of its veteran troops would have to be sent North to put down treason and rebellion among the very men from whose heartiest they have kept a savage and relentless foe for many long weary months? But I earnestly hope this may never be necessary. I believe whenever the roads and weather permit, this army will strike; and when it does strike, it will be with an irresistible force and unobquerable determination which will rout the armed rebels of the South, and cause their more cowardly brethren of the North to hide their heads in shame, as did the cowboys of the Revolution.

**ONLY ONE**—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate, all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruled animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self-government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble.

"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch, now?" "What's the price?" "Ten shillings; and a natchkin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure, and I've had it twenty years, and it never once deceived me!" "Well here's your tin; now tell me, does it go well?" "Sure, it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster or Leinster, not barring Dublin!" "Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in!" "Didn't you say it never deceived you?" "Sure, and I did—nor did it—for I never depended on it."

**FUEL CONSUMED BY AN ARMY**—A Fallmouth correspondent writes:—In order to convey some idea of the amount of fuel consumed by the army since it has been located at this point, we will merely state that our command has, at intervals, occupied something like thirty-two square miles, at least twenty-four of which was, when we camped here, covered with dense woods, mostly oak and cedar. Where this forest stood, there is now but one vast field, covered with stumps.

**MAKING OUT A SUPPER**—Mr. Brown called in at a neighbor's and was urged to take supper, which he did; the old lady all the while saying:—'I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing—do eat some more.' After he had stopped out, she heard the old lady say to her husband, 'Why, I do declare, I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month.'

**BE OUGHT TO KNOW**—An exchange in puffing soap says: "It is the best ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have used it, and therefore we know."

A Physician of Cincinnati, who had lost his morning's milk from the front area, recently put a domestic in the kitchen and the next morning discovered a policeman, a little distance from his house, making his returns.

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake!" "You told me, sir, I was always to eat her share with Tommy."