VILLAGE RECORD.

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POETICAL.

A ROW OF LITTLE COFFINS.

Six little coffins by the door,
Just finished smooth and neat,
Are waiting to receive their prize,
Twelve precious little feet.

A little pillow for the head
And dainty folds of lace,
Hung to adorn the early dead
And deck the marble face.

O can it be that each of these
Shall shield a prattler's breast?
Will they, from 'mid the flowers of life,
Find such a precious guest?

What circle, blest with childhood's song
Is doomed to be bereft?
O which of life's endearing flowers
Are taken, and which left?

What heart, unused to sorrow's night,
Shall feel its withering gloom?
What garden of earth's happiness,
Shall lose its fairest bloom?

Six shining seraphs near the throne,
Six pairs of shining wings,
Six voices, tuned to sweetest strains
Will touch angelic strings.

HOPE.

Hope is like the dawn of the morning
Breaking through the misty night,
Each of Nature's works adorning
With a pure and holy light;
Like the gentle evening shower
Scat'ring fragrance all around,
Op'ning every little flower
Germinating from the ground.

Let us, then, forever cherish
Hope, to lift our hearts on high—
That our spirit may not perish,
Or our happy dreaming die;
That, when earthly ties are riven
And we leave this world of care,
We may meet again in Heaven;
Each the other's joys to share.

ADVICE.

Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do,
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness;
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet to smile.

MISCELLANY.

PHILANDER PARDIGGLE:

—OR,—

The Victim of Misfortune.

Some years since, I was travelling on the North River, and being on the deck of the steamboat, my attention was drawn to a man leaning listlessly over the rail. Certainly, a more remarkable object I have never seen His face was one of those thin, cadaverous visages no happy man ever possesses; his figure was long, lank and bony, and his garments had long before seen their best days, and had now contracted around his ungraceful form, in a manner more picturesque than poetical. Moved by the sympathy which I always entertain for afflicted fellow-mortals, I advanced to his side; and hardly had I done so, before he started up, exclaiming in a shrill voice, 'Now don't.'

'Don't what?' I asked in surprise.

'Don't go for to comfort me; it's unpossible, *in natery rear 'em*, as our schoolmaster used to say. I spose that means they must be reared naterally; but it wouldn't have made no difference with me if I'd been brung up different; it's late, sir as does it—and I was fated to be everlastingly the most misfortunate mortal on earth.'

'I'm sorry to hear you talk so,' I replied. 'You should take courage, my friend: remember the proverb, 'better luck next time.'

'I tell you it aint no use!' and he brought his hand emphatically down on his knee.—'I knowed you would try to consolate me when I first saw your sympoythysing feetures; but I say again it's a thing as can't be did. It's a fixed fact that I am forever destinated to be an unfortunit critter; a terrible example to all persons as will come after me, to be born lucky. Don't I know? Haven't I always lived with myself, and had the opportunity to find out the nature of my complaint? Of course, but I see you don't think as I do. Well, now you listen, and if I don't convince you in ten minutes, then I'll give up the pint.'

I willingly complied with the request, and the odd character went on to give a brief history of his experience.

'My name is Philander Pardiggle,' he commenced, 'and you'll agree with me, that it's the most shockiest name that ever disgraced a human critter. I petitioned once to the Legislature to have it altered, but of course they wouldn't do it; 'twasn't natural for me to have any such good luck. That name has been the cause of a'most half of my troubles, and if I had any sponsors at baptism (of which I ain't sure), and they was alive, and I knew who they was, I'd sue 'em for damages; I would by mighty! But what use would it be? If I did I couldn't never recover anything; or if I did, they wouldn't never pay it; or, if they did, the lawyers would keep it all; or, if they didn't, I should lose it out of my pocket the next minit; so I'm as well off as I ever can be.

'As I said I was always an unlucky creature. While I was a baby I was always a fallin' out of bed and down stairs, and doin' everything but killin' myself; that unlucky creature never die till after everybody else.

'When I was big enough to walk, it was just as bad; if there was a tub of hot water anywhere within five miles of the house, I was sure of fallin' in it; and once I got into the cistern, and would have ended my unhappy existence there if the stable boy hadn't fished me out with the garden rake.

'When I got a foot higher there was no end to my grievances; my bread always fell on the buttered side, and my coffee always burned my mouth; I was sent to school, and there I got flailed for everything I did, and many things I never thought of doing. If I went a skating, I was sure to break through; if I went a fishin', I was sure to get the hook into my fingers, and drop myself into the water instead of my bait. One day the house ketched afire, and I run up with a pail of water to extinguish it. One pail was enuff and I knowed it; but just as I got to the top of the stairs, my foot slipped, and the pail of water and me fell about forty feet down two pair of stairs. The consequence was that the house burned down, and I was laid up for three months with a broken leg.

'Well, I sprouted up like a weed, and at last came to be a man. I tried various kinds of business, but could'nt succeed in anything I undertook. I was a clerk in a dry goods shop, but I was so ugly that I frightened all the gals and wimmin away, and so I was discharged short metre. Then I was a hack driver; but that business was soon broke up by the infernal hosses runnin' away, smashin' the hack, killin' themselves, and more than half killin' me. After that I went into the pottecary business"

'The what?'

'The pottecary business—dootorin' sick folks, you know. I got a box of doctor's stuff, and traveled round the country, dispensin' health on my own back. That went off very nice, until I give a man some physic one day, and the tarnel fool up and died. Folks said I killed him, but I knew better; if the drugs wan't good for sick people the confounded drug man had no business to sell 'em to me. But it made no difference; the people would have it that I poisoned him, and I was posted all over the country for a disgraceless quack—so that spoiled *that* business, and I had to stop bein' a health dispenser.

'Next I became a house painter; but that was a miserable poor go. A gentleman hired me to paint his country house, and because I painted the house green and the blinds white, he abused me like a pick pocket and refused to pay me a cent. He said he told me to do it *vicey versy*; but how was I to remember? And sposin' it was done wrong—what odds did it make? I couldn't see anything wrong about the looks of it.

'Shortly after, I was half way up a long ladder, painting a sign board. I heard something crack, which I tho't was the ladder breaking; but before I could decide about it, I suddenly lost my senses, and when I come to life again, it was in the hospital, where I had been sent with three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder.

'While I was getting well I come to the conclusion that this kind of thing wouldn't do; so I resolved to make a bold push.—Pardiggle, my boy, 'said I, 'there's a great many worse looking men than yourself married a fortune; why can't you?' I jumped at the idea and I instantly devoted my time to fortune huntin.' There was a gal I had knowed when I was small, who had a good deal of the ready; and I commenced with her.'

'And ended too' I suggested.

'Yes of course; you might know it!—Things went on well enough, until one day, when I thought it was about time to fix the matter I asked her if she would marry me, and she wanted me to excuse her. It makes me mad whenever I think of it. I like a tarnel simpleton, up *and excused her!* A while after, she married another feller. I spose she asked him to excuse her too; but he knew too much for that. I might have been in his shoes if I had played my cards right; but it couldn't be—it wasn't my luck.

'Not quite a year ago, I received a letter from an aunt whom I knew nothing about. The letter said that she was on her death bed, and was going to will all her property to me, and she wanted me to come and see her before she died. Of course, I went. I started off in such a hurry that I forgot my hat and coat. For once in my life I thought my luck had changed. I wasn't left by the cars. But my cursed fate hadn't thought of leavin me; the engine ran off the track, smashed the cars, and killed half the passengers. I wasn't hurt but I might as well have been killed for all the good the journey was going to do me. I footed more than twenty miles to where my aunt lived, and when I got there things were just as I knew they would be. The old lady was dead and buried, and a rascally cousin of mine had arrived in time, palavered with the aunt, and persuaded her to leave him her whole fortune.

So you see it aint no use to try to consolate me. I'm a poor misfortunate bein', and must submit to my fate. 'Taint no use to rave and kick in harness; I've got to trot in the traces just as I was meant to Of course I'd be better off if I was dead; but it's no use to talk of suiside—I could kill myself if I should try. If I tried to drown, the rope would break; if it was shot the pistol wouldn't go off, and if it was stabbin', the knife would turn to wood, if there wasn't no other way to get round it. You see, sir, I am fixed!'

I attempted some slight consolation, but the unfortunate Pardiggle would not hear to it. He left me with the firm belief that his destiny was not yet worked out. Multiplied sorrows, he averred, were in store for him.

Pitiable Philander Pardiggle!

At a crowded concert a young lady standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion. Said he, "Indade, Miss I should be glad to give you a seat, but the empty ones are all full."

Hints to Mothers—Speak Low.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the disease is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischevious habit. Where mothers set the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other.—Yet the discipline in such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye in law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a women," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischevous or witful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never bid the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own and your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*New York Chronicle.*

Amusing Things we Meet in mankind.

It is amusing to hear a grayheaded old man, who amassed a fortune in his younger days by keeping a tipling shop, now say he would, had he the power, imprison any man on whose premises a drop of the poison could be found.—It is amusing to hear an old deacon, who has the faculty to pile up his wood for market, so that seven feet will measure a cord, propose to expel a young grocer from the church because he sold him thirty-one ounces of sugar for two pounds.—It is amusing to hear a member of the church, who, in youth, sowed his wild oats by the bushel, propose that the church investigate the circumstances under which brother Jones calls on sister Smith so often, innocently forgetting all the while that "it takes a rouge to catch a rogue."—It is amusing to hear a man who made his first ten thousand by a mere accident in speculation, sow whine over the wants of business tact in the young men of the present day.—It is amusing to hear a hardened politician, whose political conscience is so tough that you can make no impression upon it with the sharpest axe of honor that can be found, sigh with pious horror over the want of principal in those who oppose his political creed.—It is amusing to hear a man who has just brains enough to believe his wisdom and intelligence is actually needed to help society along, often prate about the weakness of women's mind. You can see at once how strong his own must be, but cannot help wishing he had a little more power of discernment, that would enable him "to see himself as others see him."

Popular Delusions.—It is not to be wondered at after all, that Jeff. Davis and his followers have their admirers, even in the loyal States. In the heart of mankind their is a leaning to untruth, and a falsehood is not believed. Mahomet died as king; Christ as malefactor. Nor is their a criminal sentenced who has not his admirers. So it is not strange that the arch-conspirator should be idolized by some morbid dispositions, even while, like Samson, he has taken hold of the pillars of our liberties only to hurl down the temple of freedom.—Thanks to a loyal people, he is being foiled, and in a few years his name will be classed with that of Iscariot and of Arnold.

A Long Name.—Sidney Smith once warned a friend not to "Nicodemus his child into nothing." Unmindful of this, a lady of Kentucky by the name of Adams has sacrificed to her patriotism the comfort of her infant child by naming him George D. Prentice James B. Grant Orlando H. Rose crans Stanley Berryman Burnside Adams. The little fellow is only five weeks old, and cannot remonstrate. If he lives to grow up, and be so unfortunate as to learn to write, he will be compelled to sign his name Geo. D. P. J. B. G. O. H. B. S. B. B. Adams.—Life under such circumstances would be a doubtful blessing.

The Weed of Dissatisfaction.—Try a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in easy and cheerful frame of mind. But for one day, instead of fire-worshipper of passion, the sun-worshipper of clear self possession, and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction; with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and [illegible] find your heart open to every [illegible] your life strengthened; and you [illegible] with a panoply against every trial [illegible]; truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

A gentleman ordered his servant to call him up at six o' clock; but he awaked him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied that he came *to tell him* that he had two hours longer to sleep.

A PAGE OF IMPARTIAL HISTORY.

When the red hand of rebellion was raised against the emblem of civil and religious liberty the people were appalled. The nation, so to speak, was apparently powerless for a time. Our big ships of war had been sent to distant waters! Our arsenals and forts in the North had either been robbed or relieved of their little garrisons. The small army of 2,500 United States Regulars had been sent South under the command of the meanest of traitors, General Twiggs, by the order of the band of conspirators, who, though solemnly sworn to support the Constitution, were plotting to overthrow it.—The country then was impalled in gloom.—President Lincoln had very recently been sworn into his high and responsible position, surrounded, as he was then, by a few armed soldiers and patriotic citizens, who sprang to such arms as they could readily obtain. Treason flaunted its red flag all over Washington at that period. It was then that President Lincoln called around him the Governors of the loyal States, to advise with them on the desperate nature of the emergency.

They met in the White House. It was a sort of premature mental Valley Forge.

"Gentlemen," said the President to that little party of patriotic men, "the machinery of the nation is out of order. We must run it as we find it. Its intelligent wheels, its rods, belts, are separated, but the boiler seems to be perfect We must repair the work with such skill and ingenuity as we possess. There is wisdom in council, and therefore I have called you that we may reason together. What shall we do to crush out this foul rebellion and preserve the country from wreck? I have made up my mind with implicit confidence in an over-ruling Providence, to meet all the emergencies that may arise. *It is time for work," continued the President. "What shall I do about issuing a proclamation to the people?"*

The President with his hands folded behind his back, paced up and down the apartment. The six or seven Governors, who formed his auditors, were wrapped in the mantle of deep meditation. Each expressed his opinion, but their sentences were punctuated with too many "if's or ands."

While all this was going on, Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, from his Blue mountain home, was standing at the window looking through the panes, upon which he was drumming with his fingers, at the same time he was humming Hail Columbia. He was an attentive listener to all that was going on. He had not yet been approached by the President. Presently there was profound silence in that small but thoughtful party of distinguished gentlemen.

Mr. Lincoln finally broke the silent spell, and standing erect in all the pride of a Western gentleman, turned to Mr. Curtin, and said, "Andy, what will Pennsylvania do if I issue my proclamation?"

Silence still more profound prevailed. It seemed as if the fate of the country depended upon the reply about to be made. Manifest destiny trembled in the balance.

Gov. Curtin, drumming on the panes with his fingers as aforesaid turned, faced the President, and with uplifted hands, said: *What will Pennsylvania do?"* Here he paused.

"Do!" another pause.

"*Why, sir,* (with emphasis,) *if you issue your proclamation, Pennsylvania will furnish you a hundred thousand men, in a week."*

"Give me your hand, Andy," said the President, and as he convulsively grasped the same and then throwing his arms around him, he ejaculated: *I thank God for that noble reply. I will at once issue my proclamation.*

The President of the great American nation shed tears—they were tears of joy which mingled with those that suffused the cheeks of the patriotic Governor of the Keystone State. The gloom that enshrouded that conclave of men now passed away like the morning mist before the power of the summer sun; hope revived the drooping spirits; joy took the place of sorrow; the Governors sprang to their feet and with one accord congratulated Mr. Curtin.

The Governor of Pennsylvania telegraphed the fact of the forecoming proclamation to the capital of the State, from which it radiated to all parts. It was announced on the newspaper bulletin boards in Philadelphia, before the ink of the immortal document was dry, and thus the yeomen population of the old Keystone of the Federal Arch were aroused to the wholesome enthusiasm.

Two battery companies of Reading and Pottsville, on the receipt of Governor Curtin's despatch, "called the roll" at once and the next train bore them to the defence of capital of the nation. We well remember when those hardy men from the interior, some even in their shirt sleeves, passed through Philadelphia, and took the cars at Broad and Prime streets.

They arrived in Washington so quickly that the red-mouthed, bloody minded traitors that surrounded the patriotic President and had Washington within their grasp, were struck with astonishment upon the sudden appearance of the batteries. They thought they had been deceived They were seized with the idea that Pennsylvania was at once ready for the emergency; the foul conspirators were paralized from their own fear.

The next day the famous Massachusetts 6th, and the Washington Brigade of Philadelphia, passed through Baltimore, when a murderous outrage was committed, and the first loyal blood was spilled; then followed the New York 7th; then came the Massachusetts 8th. The capital of the nation was saved, much to the surprise of the conspirators, and to the gratification of the loyal people of the country.

Truly Andrew G. Curtin was the right man in the right place. Noble, brave patriotic, daring, honest, he alone fired the spark of patriotism in the bosom of President Lincoln, and roused the nation to enthusiasm and deeds of valor. He is the Richelieu that thwarted the conspirators of the great American Rebellion.

Had he equivocated, had he put in on if or an and; had he said, "Well I don't know—Pennsylvania is the Keystone of the arch—a brave and trusty people within its borders—they may likely respond, I suppose—can't say, but guess (they will)—the deep gloom that shrouded the White House that moment would have been made blacker; indeed, and the capital of the nation would have been lost.—*Press.*

Andrew Johnston an Abolitionist.

In a speech delivered in Nashville on Saturday evening last, at a meeting called to rejoice over the national successes before Charleston, Governor Andrew Johnson declared himself a thorough going emancipationist, and urged the immediate and entire abolition of slavery in Tennessee and elsewhere. The *Nashville Union* gives the following sketch of his remarks:

"Slavery was a cancer on our society, and the scalpel of the statesman should be used not simply to pare away the exterior and leave the roots to propogate the disease anew, but to remove it altogether. Let us destroy the cause of our domestic dissentions and this bloody civil war. It is neither wise nor just to compromise with an evil so gigantic. He avowed himself unequivocally for the removal of slavery: the sooner the better Some inconvenience might and most likely would follow, temporarily, but these would be more than compensated by the grand impulse given to all our interests, by the substitution of free for slave labor.—He was for immediate emancipation, if he could get it; if this could not be obtained he was for gradual emancipation; *but emancipation at all events.*

"He invoked the people to cast off the slavish fear which had hitherto sealed their lips on this question, and speak and act henceforth as freemen should. The slave aristocracy had long held its foot upon their necks and exacted heavy tribute from them even to robbing them of free speech. Let the era of freedom be henceforth proclaimed to the non-slaveholders of Tennessee!"

The Best You Can.

Never faint, halt or despair because you cannot realize your ideal and to do the thing you *would.* Only do the best you can, and no authoritative judgement shall condemn you. Your will may be equal to your ideal, while circumstances may raise and insuperable bar, for the time being, at least. How many persons made wreck of talent, in sighing for opportunities to do other and more than their circumstances warrent. They disdain the low rounds of ladder, which must surely lead to the higher. They have a notion of what is perfect accomplishment, and are unwilling to take any half away, preliminary steps. They have no faith in a proverb, "half a loaf is better than no bread." If they would study the record, they would soon learn that the most famous winners of whole loaves were at the start willing and ready to take any slice they could get. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and oportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we can not have large ones. By cultivating the little, we make it easier to compass the greatest.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of this city, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family. 'You are in the employ of the railroad?' inquired the gentleman alluded to.

'Yes"

'You receive your pay regularly?'

'Yes.'

'Well. Now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly. "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride." Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for twelve months.

Faith—Should trials with an incessant vehemence sift thee as wheat, should tribulation with a weight of woes almost grind thee to powder: should pleasure with her bewitching smiles solicit thee to delicious ruin, yet hold thee fast to God and lean on Him who is omnipotent. Thou canst not be involved in such calamitous circumstances or be exposed to such imminent peril but thy God whom thou servest is able to deliver thee from one and to support thee under the other.

A Young man in a highly elaborat sermon which he preached while supplying an absent minister's pulpit, said several times, when giving some new exposition of a passage: "The critics and commentators do not agree with me here." The next morning as he was ruminating on his performances, a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "*the common taters did not agree with him here,*" he had sent him some of the best *Jersey blues!*

There is no doubt, that, of all the states, the one in which the most earnest heart-prayers are offered up for the Union is the state of single blessedness.

Riches hide vice, and poverty conceals virtue.

I don't care if I do.

In olden time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished accommodations to man and beast.

He was a good man, but most terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was also afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter, waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and kindly treat.

A traveller from the south, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up; yes, sir, I have some; and the same time handing down the decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," said the stranger, I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar in it?" remarking as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish and said:

"The landlord seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

A Race between a steam carriage and some horses at the Vermont State Fair, resulted in favor of the horses. The machine is a curiosity. It cost two thousand dollars, is two horse power, and weighs five hundred pounds. A hodful of coal will make steam enough to propel the carriage twenty-five miles making the expense of running it less than a cent a mile. It can go up or down any hill a horse can, but it cannot make time any where but on a straight course.

Human Toil.—The sentence of toil and the promise of glory had issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumscription of the earth. All are agents in the restorative mercy of the Great Disposer; all turn into discipline. The obstacles to knowledge, of the heart, the thousand roughnesses of the common path of man, are converted into muscular force of the mind. We are but sowing in the winter of our nature the seed which shall flourish in immortality.—*Dr. Croly.*

Man goes forth like the day, and straight way arises the roar of busy toil, the sound of human voices, and the rush tumult of active life—the ministrations of woman are like those of the quiet night, when the dews fall upon the drooping leaves and flowers, and in holy stillness the stars come out to watch the tired slumbering earth.—*Chapin.*

An exchange paper says: "There's nothing like nature as developed in feminines; for no sooner does a female juvenile begin to walk and notice things, than it takes after its mother, and wants a baby It is almost incredible how much of matter and feeling is wasted on rag-babies and squint-eyed Dutch dolls."

Friendship.—In every man's life there sooner or later comes a time when the services of a friend are invaluable. And when the want of them works disaster and sometimes ruin. No man, be he high or low, rich or poor, from the monarch to the beggar, can afford to loose a friend; for no greater loss can befall a man to loose, and no greater folly can a man commit than to throw off or neglect one whose friendship he has no reason to doubt.

The bed of Og was 27 feet long and 7 feet broad The height of Goliath was 11 feet; his coat weighed 150, and his spear 19 pounds. The body of Orestes, son of Agamemnon, leader of the Grecian expedition against Troy, was 11½ feet high. Maximus, a native of Spain, the Roman Emperor, was 8½ feet high; his wife's bracelets served for finger rings. Mons Bikin, the Belgian giant, is nearly 8 feet high.

Two friends meeting, one remarked, 'I have just met a man who told me I looked like you.' 'Tell me who it was that I may knock him down,' replied the friend. 'Don't trouble yourself, said he,' I did that myself immediately.'

A milkman was awakened by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of Brunnie, when Lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

Judy Brulegan having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed, "upon my conscience, then, but they are mighty hard to *peel.*"

Death has consigned many a man to fame, when a longer life would have consigned him to infamy.

Grandmother used to say to grandfather, it is no use of quarreling, my dear, when we know we must make it up again.

He can hardly be prepared to enter the world of spirits who trembles at the thought of encountering a solitary ghost.

Why is a cat's tail like a swan's breast? Because it grows down.

Why is life the riddle of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

Better have rough hands than dyspepsia