

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XVIII

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1864.

NUMBER 23.

## POETICAL.



### AUTUMN SONG.

Is there no lesson in the year  
Running her little seasons out,  
No type or shadow in our thoughts,  
Whilst fading leaves are strewn about?  
Surely we have a sympathy—  
Made true by all our hearts have known,  
Of faded hopes and ended joys—  
With dying leaves and flowers blown.  
Are these not things that touch a spring—  
Where scenes, both sad and dear, are lain—  
In memory's immortal bower,  
That makes the past come back again?  
Do they not mind us of the time  
When we must also leave the light—  
When the last bloom upon our cheek  
Shall turn into a deathly white?  
When, from its watch-tower called, the soul,  
Like a leaf falling from its bough,  
Shaking and twining to its goal,  
Must draw its gaze, and trembling, go!

### WITHERED LEAVES.

BY E. H. GOULE.

One breath from Autumn's chilly lips,  
One touch from his cold, icy hand,  
And Spring's sweet beauty, Summer flowers  
Lie faded, withering o'er the land.  
But, in these faded, withered leaves,  
We may a twofold lesson read,  
The end of all our hopes and aims,  
In this poor life of pain and need,  
Still more, these have behind them left  
The choicest sweet of their best days,  
The essence of their noonday pride,  
To live and shine with richer rays.  
Ah! well for us, when death's cold hand  
Has laid us low within the dust,  
If generous acts and noble deeds  
Still live in hearts we've learned to trust.

## MISCELLANY.

### EDWARD'S TEMPTATION.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was want to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open until later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few slight duties, for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the 'boy,' but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there are some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him—circumstances with which his employers were unacquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources, and these were indeed but slender.

There was an older sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this with Frank's salary constituted the entire income of the family. Yet by means of untiring industry, they had continued thus far to live, using strict economy, of course. Yet they wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold which terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, but also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been most grateful to her.

It is hard indeed, when we are obliged to deny those we love that which would be a refreshment and benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward. 'I only wish I could buy you one, Mary,' said Edward, just as he set out for the store. 'Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we shan't have to pinch so much.'

'Never mind, Edward,' said Mary, smiling faintly. 'I ought not have asked for it, knowing how hard you and mother find it to get along without me.'

'Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary,' said Mrs. Jones soothingly, though her heart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. 'Only get well, and we shall get on well enough afterwards.'

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning. All around him were boxes of rich goods, representing thousands of dollars in money. 'Oh, thought he, if I only had the value of one of these boxes, how much good it would do poor Mary.' And Edward sighed.

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse.

But as he passed the desk of his employer his attention was drawn to a bit of paper lying on the floor.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him was, 'how much good will this do Mary. I can buy her the oranges she wants, and she shall have some every day. And perhaps she would like a chicken.'

But a moment later his countenance fell. 'Is it mine?' he sighed. 'It must be Mr. Hubbard's.' This is his desk, and he must have dropped it.

'Still,' argued the tempter, 'he will never know it. And after all what are ten dollars to him. He is worth a hundred thousand.' Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not, was not the question. It was rightfully his and must be given back to him.

'I'll go to his house and give it to him this very night,' said Edward. 'Otherwise I might be tempted to keep it.'

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard's before he went home. The sight of his sick sister might weaken his resolution, and this must never. He must preserve his integrity at all hazards.

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived. It was a large, fine looking house, on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times, and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who was able to live in such style.

Without any unnecessary delay, therefore, he went to the house, and ascending the steps, rang the bell.

A man servant came to the door.

'Well?' said he.

'Is Mr. Hubbard at home?'

'Yes, but he has only just come in, and I don't think he can see you,' was the reply.

'I am in his employ,' said Edward quietly, 'and just come from the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to him.'

'Very well, you can come in.'

Edward was left standing in the hall while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant.

He came out in a moment, and looked at Edward with a little surprise.

'Well?' he said inquiringly, 'has anything happened?'

'No sir,' said Edward, 'but I picked up this bill near your desk, and supposed you must have dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly.'

'You have done well,' said Mr. Hubbard, 'and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty.'

Edward was gratified by this assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street, the thought of his sister sick at home again intruded upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he had regretted that he had been honest. There was a satisfaction in doing right, but I think my readers will understand his feelings without any explanation.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away, 'taking the trouble to take it mother,' she said, 'but I don't think I could possibly eat it.'

'Is there anything you could relish, Mary?'

'No,' said she hesitatingly, 'nothing that we can get.'

Mrs. Jones sighed—a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started for the warehouse the next morning. He had never before felt the craving for wealth which now took possession of him.

He set about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the warehouse, Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in a short time he summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were stored.

He smiled pleasantly as Edward entered his presence.

'Tell me frankly,' he said, 'did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found last night?'

'I hope you won't be offended with me, Mr. Hubbard,' said Edward, 'if I say that I did.'

'Tell me all about it,' said Mr. Hubbard, with interest. 'What was it that withheld you? I should have never known it.'

'I knew that,' said Edward.

'Then what withheld you from taking it?'

'First I will tell you what tempted me,' said Edward. 'My mother and sisters are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, and we live very poorly at the best. But a fortnight since Mary became sick, and since then we have had a hard time. Mary's appetite is poor, and does not relish food, but we are not able to get her anything better. When I picked up that bill I couldn't help thinking how much I might buy with it for her.'

'And yet you did not take it?'

'No, sir; it would have been wrong. And I could not have looked you in the face after it.'

Edward spoke in a tone of modest confidence.

Mr. Hubbard went to the desk and wrote a cheque.

'How much do I pay you now?' he asked.

'Fifty dollars a year,' said Edward.

'Henceforth your duties will be increased, and I will pay you two hundred. Will that please you?'

'Two hundred dollars a year!' exclaimed Edward with eyes sparkling with delight.

'Yes, and at the end of the year, that will be increased, if, as I have no doubt, you continue to merit my confidence.'

'Oh, sir, how can I thank you?' said Edward, full of gratitude.

'By preserving your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a cheque for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And by the way, you may have the rest of the day to yourself.'

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market, where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste home to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the hearts of mother and daughter as they heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her a son whose good principles had brought them this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity, and gladdened a struggling family. If there were employers as considerate as he, there would be fewer dishonest clerks.

### CHASE OF A FAWN.

A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors and welcome everywhere.

One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuits, and who still kept several dogs; one of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

In a second, its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its nostrils dilated, its eyes flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn leaped wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed on its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, in vain.

The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But as if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed it in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in pursuit.

Quite a crowd collected on the bank; men, women and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to interrupt the hound before he reached his prey; but the splashing of the oars, the voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land, the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow piece of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, pointing at the same spot on the shore; his master anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the same critical moment. Would the dog listen to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the wood, in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawns that might be straying about the woods.

Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showing a collar with her name upon it, said he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died; one would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil, and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend—Miss Cooper's 'Rural Hours.'

When is a horse not a horse? When is it turned into a stable?

### The Light Gone Out.

BY EVA.

A little child lay in the house. There were black and white foldings at the door; and flowing robes of white upon the sleeper in the great parlor. It went last night when the stars were out, when the moon had set, and the winds were silent. There was no struggle—the little hands clasped, and it went upward on its heavenward journey.

After all, there is nothing strange in such a going—nothing so sad in the passing drop, in the melody of the voice now dumb forever; and we have often wondered what there was for tears when the little one was borne away from the arms of its mother. It seems to me there ought to be smiles instead of tears, and peace instead of wailing.

We lifted up the snow-white covering and saw smiles only upon the lip, and no trace of suffering and sorrow left. The summons came to it and it went out in gladness.

We saw the mother, amid tears, lay aside the forgotten toys, and fold up the little white robe, as if there was to be an eternal shadow and silence in the household, and we marvelled why this should be. For we thought of the sweet face wrinkled, when age came; the hair gray; and the man struggling in after years for mastery in the world.

Then we thought of the new life; the years of joy growing brighter through endless eyes; and we thought too, of the little child waiting in the better land for coming friends. Think of this link binding earth to heaven—held in the hands of a little child!

Oh, it is better, far better thus to go away in the first flush of life, than to be wrecked on the great ocean of the world, or go down in storm. We can be reconciled to all this; we can drop a tear upon the face of the sleeper and turn away without sorrow.

One child in heaven—an angel from our household in heaven; and we dry our tears, and pass on in life, conscious that we and it will clasp hands at the threshold of heaven. We murmur no more, and follow the little household god to the grave, thinking only of its new glory and its angel robe.

We will miss the laugh and the sound of little feet; and we will miss it at the family meetings, and we may sigh as it passes on its journey to the sky, but it is not the sorrow of one eternally dead to us. Take up the little coffin in your arms, lay it on your lap in the carriage, dress it with flowers and lay it gently down in the grave. Drop no tear, but scatter roses above it, and go home, rejoicing and not weeping—now that God has taken it, and conscious that your darling little child is waiting for you up above the stars.

Think of it! a little child waiting, in heaven, for coming friends from home!

### Rejoice Evermore.

Oh, wonderful and marvellous is the way in which God, day by day surrounds us—His fallen creatures—with mercies and joys. Oh, grievously sad and strange that we should be so little glad and grateful that, unacknowledged and unthankful for, we should receive blessing upon blessing, accepting them as matters of course, perhaps never heeding them at all till we lament their loss.

I should like to take the sunflower for my emblem, and to have strength and grace given me to turn my face towards the sunshine with which our heavenly Father ever illumines the lot of each one of us. I would not ask freedom from care and trial, but pray that—no matter how heavy and overwhelming my trouble be—I might always have faith to see that God's tender mercies of joys and blessings far outweigh every earthly suffering. He, in His almighty wisdom, deems good for me to bear.

Alas! it is upon the dark and shady paths we are so apt to fix our attention. We will persistently turn our eyes to the very deepest, dreariest part of the wood of affliction, and then complain that we can see no clear sky no ray of sunshine! Let us look beyond, to the smiling fields gleaming in golden floods of light and canopyed by heaven's bright blue arch; or climb some hill till we stand above the gloom (our having passed through it will make our after course appear brighter), and the very leaves and branches which from below looked so sombre and dreary, from above will show brilliant in sunshine.

Oh, believe me, my readers, there is a sunny as well as a shady side to every lot in life. Let it be our aim to trace it out, patiently and prayerfully; and where we cannot see it when we first gaze, let us have faith that it is there—present though hidden.

And so let us go on our way rejoicing and thankful, ever remembering that there is one mercy for which the hymn of praise may be at all times ascended—one joy which always endures—one unseparable gift, the greatness of which, in its height and depth, no one of us can fathom—the promise of eternal life purchased for us by the death and passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

KEEP BUSY.—Men who have a half dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes or pines, and thinks himself into the mad house or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing or something, only if they feel like it—the very sign that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age!

### An Old Murderer.

The Cairo correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells this story:

'At one point on the Tennessee river there is a place that has become a terror to steamboat men, and in passing it they always find some place to secure themselves until the boat passes. At this point an old man, sixty odd years of age, has made his headquarters for a long time, and the peculiar creak of his gun is familiar to the river men, and sends a thrill of terror wherever it is heard. He has a long, heavy barreled gun, originally a squirrel rifle, which has been bored out three different times, until now the largest thumb can easily be turned in the muzzle, and the aim of the old man is one of deadly certainty. The murderous sentinel is always faithfully upon his watch, and his retreat has so far baffled all attempts to catch him, from the fact that he is surrounded with very dense swamps and deep ravines. Well informed river men estimate that this old man has murdered in this way not less than sixty persons; and yet he performs his murderous work with as much earnestness and vigor as when he first commenced.

DREADFUL DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.—The Keithsburg (Illinois) Observer says:—On Thursday evening last, Miss Lydia Elliott, a young lady, seventeen years of age, lost her life by falling into a kettle of boiling sorghum molasses, at the residence of Mr. Alexander York, about three miles east of the town. She was at play with some companions at the time, and, carelessly running against the kettle, fell into it. Her burns were severe upon one leg and one arm, but probably not enough to have killed her had they been properly treated, as, after receiving them, she walked to a neighbor's, Mr. Tyler's. But after arriving there she was placed in a trough, and bucketful after bucketful of water thrown on her, which produced convulsions. In these she lingered from about seven in the evening until half-past four in the morning, when death came to her relief. She was buried on Friday, in the wedding dress in which she would have been married had she lived a few days longer.

Forty years.—Forty years seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have washed into ashes; footprints sacred under the drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years and with chastening steps and reasonable hopes, push on towards the evening whose signal lights will be seen where the waters are still and the storms never beat.

It is a curious fact, that while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer and sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under the "shadow of a great affliction," it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow, and sends up to God the purest tones of music, and loftiest strains of praise from a chastened spirit. It was thus with David whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from the "depths" of his sorrow.

The following are the dying words of some of our country's most eminent men:—  
'I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country.'—Thomas Jefferson.  
'It is well.'—Washington.  
'Independence forever.'—Adams.  
'It is the last of earth.'—J. Q. Adams.  
'I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.'—Harrison.  
'I have endeavored to do my duty.'—Taylor.  
'I still live.'—Daniel Webster.

Two of them.—Dr. H. is one of those genial souls who can tell a good story, and who loves a good joke, even though it is at his own expense. At one time he had employed an Irishman to cut some wood at his door; and it being a very cold day, he invited him into the house to warm him, and to drink a glass of cider with himself (the Doctor never takes anything stronger.) After Pat had become sufficiently warmed, the Dr. turned him out a glass, which he drank off with great relish. 'Pat,' asked the Dr., still holding the pitcher in his hand 'what is better on a cold day like this than a good glass of cider?'

'Two of them, to be sure!' was the ready reply. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that Pat got his two glasses.

Old Gruber.—One of the most outspoken of Methodist ministers was 'Old Gruber.' Once, at a camp-meeting, a rather flashy dressed lady entered the altar-gate while the old man was preaching, and walked back and forth seemingly afraid to sit on the rude benches for fear of spoiling her finery. She had an ostrich feather in her head-dress, which was a sore abomination in the old man's eyes, and stopping in the midst of a pathetic passage, he exclaimed: 'Brethren, open the gate, and let that goose out.'

At a plunging match, some laborers were standing behind a party of ladies whose bonnets and crinolines hindered them from seeing what was going forward. One of them complained that he could not see the steam plough. 'Of course not,' retorted one of his companions, and added, significantly, 'who can see through a woman.'

The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower pot on the portico roof, which is as much to say, 'A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.'

### How to Keep Beef.

In response to an inquiry for practical directions how to cure beef, so that it will keep until June, and yet not be too salt for the table, W. B. Dyer, Douglas county, Iowa, writes to *The American Agriculturist*: 'For every one hundred pounds of beef, use seven pounds of salt, well rubbed on; allow the beef to stand in the salt for twenty-four hours; take it from the vessel and pour off the drippings; then pack closely, and cover with brine made as follows: For every 100 pounds of beef, 4 ounces salt-peter, 4 ounces bicarbonate soda, 1 quart of molasses.

E. A. Leonard, DeFiance county, Ohio, says: 'I allow the beef to cool sufficiently after killing, then cut it into convenient sized pieces for use, and pack it loosely into a barrel in which I have previously placed a quantity of weak brine. When the meat is all in, or the barrel full, see that the brine covers it. Let it stand two or three days, then take out the meat, throw away the brine, rinse out the barrel and repack the meat snugly. Make a quantity of brine sufficient to cover the meat and strong enough to bear up an egg. Add 2 ounces of salt-peter for every 100 pounds of meat, pour it on the meat, and it will keep until hot weather.

A subscriber in Greene Co., Ill., writes: To 8 gallons of rain water, add two pounds brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 4 ounces of salt-peter, add enough of common salt to make brine sufficiently strong to float an egg. Rub the beef well with salt before placing it in the barrel. Then pour over it the prepared brine, and put on it a weight sufficient to keep the beef covered with the pickle.

Each of the above contributors says that the method recommended has been tried by him for several years, and the result was every way satisfactory. Where a considerable quantity of beef is to be cured, it might be well to try all the above ways on different parcels. We should like to hear which produces the best article next May or June.

### A Male "Topsy."

Here is a very good anecdote, reminding one somewhat of Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy."

During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the office of the day, to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

'What's your name?'

'My name's Sam.'

'Sam what?'

'No sah; not Sam Watt. I se jist Sam.'

'What's your other name?'

'I hasn't got no other name, sah. I se Sam—dat's all.'

'What's your mother's name?'

'I se got no massa now; massa run'd away—yah! yah! I se free nigger now.'

'Well, what's your father's and mother's name?'

'I se got noose, sah—neber had none, I se jist Sam—ain't nobody else.'

'Haven't you any brothers and sisters?'

'No, sah; nober had none. No brudder, no sister, no fadder, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.'

A man named Blake has been arrested at Milan, Me., charged with having murdered Mr. Parker, the Collector of Manchester, N. H., about twenty years ago, and for which crime the Wentworths of Saco, Me., were tried, but acquitted. The arrest was made in consequence of the death bed revelations of a woman who recently died in Manchester. Blake formerly lived in Manchester.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked not long since, to unite herself to a lover who named May in his proposals. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. 'Well make it June, then,' replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, and with a blush, she rejoined, 'Would not April do as well?'

Last Sunday, little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then went to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

It is stated that in Chester County, Pa., not less than thirty mills are now at work, manufacturing sorghum syrup. The price charged is 25 to 30 cents per gallon.

If a woman can no longer weep, she may expect to die of dry rot.

A man is often hated by the many without occasion, than loved by them without it.

Time has made life too long for our hopes but too brief for our deeds.

In man, the bad resolutions always rise up sooner than the good ones—the devil sooner than the angel.

For the coffin we must pay whatever is demanded. It is the last building-grant of this life, the last cheat of the carpenter.

What three vowels spell one of the United States?—I O A.

Three may keep counsel if two be away.

Do you endorse a second rail when you make your mark upon his back?

Why is a thief on a garret an honest man? Because he is above doing a bad action.

Play or gaining bath the devil at the bottom.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one. Peace with heaven is the best friendship.