

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, JUNE 2, 1865.

NUMBER 51

POETICAL.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME!

Thank God, the sky is clearing,
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing;
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us,
Our boys are coming home!

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light lacks their faces,
The choros wait their song.
A shadowy fear has haunted,
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly doting
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love-song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet, oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall.
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the impurpled loam,
Wee! wee! for those whose waking
Who never will come home!

O, sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Weat but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fears beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

[The following beautiful dirge was sung with much feeling and effect, at President Lincoln's burial at Springfield, Illinois.]

FAREWELL, FATHER, FRIEND AND GUARDIAN.

All our land is draped in mourning,
Hearts are bowed and strong men weep;
For our loved, our noble leader,
Sleeps his last his dreamless sleep—
Gone forever, gone forever,
Fallen by a traitor's hand;
Thou' preserv'd his dearest treasure,
Our redeem'd beloved land.

Rest in peace.

Thro' our night of bloody struggle
Ever dauntless, firm and true,
Bravely, gently forth he led us,
Till the morn burst on our view—
Till he saw the day of triumph,
Saw the fields our heroes won;
Then his honored life was ended,
Then his glorious work was done.

Rest in peace.

When from mountain, hill and valley,
To their homes our brave boys come,
When with welcome notes we greet them,
Song and cheer and pealing drum;
When we miss our lov'd ones fallen,
When to weep we turn aside,
Then for him our tears shall mingle,
He has suffered—he has died.

Rest in peace.

Honor'd leader, long and fondly
Shall thy memory cherished be;
Hearts shall bless thee for their freedom,
Hearts unborn shall sigh for thee;
He who gave thee might and wisdom,
Gave thy spirit sweet release;
Farewell, father, friend and Guardian,
Rest sweeter, rest in peace.

Rest in peace.

MISCELLANY.

APALOGUE.—A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and presented himself at the gate of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had just been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn, was admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered!

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter, "when the rich man entered I heard music and singing; is there, then the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as 'od earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle; "but the poor come to heaven every day, whereas, it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

The river that "fell" is not supposed to have been much damaged.

STORY OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A gentleman of Bucks county, who speaks from personal knowledge of the circumstances, relates an interesting incident which illustrates the kindness of heart for which Mr. Lincoln was noted, as well as his careful attention to the affairs of those who appealed to his sympathy, no matter how humble might be their position. The particular case referred to by our informant was that of a man named John Hodgson—a Democrat in politics, but no connection with the newspaper publisher at West Chester. Some time after the beginning of the war, Hodgson enlisted as a soldier. His family, consisting of his wife and four children, which had been living in the lower end of Bucks county, moved to Philadelphia. After a time, Hodgson was taken sick and was sent to a hospital, and his wife and children also became sick and unable to do much for themselves. In the midst of her trouble and perplexity, the wife concluded to appeal to Lincoln, for the discharge of her husband. She said nothing to any one, but kept her own counsel. To the narrator of the incident, who visited her and inquired for her husband, said—"Why John's at home now. It's all President Lincoln's doing. When John was sick and we were all sick, I just thought I would write a letter to the President and tell him all about it. I thought most likely he would never read it, and that it would do no good, but concluded to try. So I got some paper and wrote him a letter about it; it took me all afternoon to write it, but I got through at last. I didn't exactly know how to direct it, and did not want to ask anybody, so I just endorsed it to President Lincoln, Washington. About two weeks afterward a man knocked at the door while I was washing; I opened it, and there stood an officer—he must have been a general, or a colonel at least. He asked me was my name Mrs. Hodgson, and had I a husband in the army. I told him that was so; then he asked me where any respectable neighbors lived, and where there was an alderman. He went out, and pretty soon came back with the alderman and two other neighbors; he wrote down what they said about me, and then went away. In two weeks more my husband came back safe, and discharged from the army, and it was all President Lincoln's doing. He is the best man that ever lived, and I will allow no one to speak ill of him in this house." Thus, in substance, the poor woman told her story, and gave her humble tribute to the virtues of the man who has been snatched from us by the assassin's hand. It is only a wife in the great volume of popular love and gratitude toward the beloved chief who has gone. In the hearts of the people, by his kind and thoughtful acts, Abraham Lincoln has reared a monument more enduring than anything that can be made of bronze or marble.—*Bucks County Intelligencer.*

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the Mountains of the Moon. It was not until 1769 that the hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, led his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years after that time.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people.

A hundred years ago, the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy, was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France, the three great powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal people of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggles which, within a score of years thereafter, established the great republic of the world.

A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America—with a combined circulation not exceeding 3000. Steam engines or cylinder presses had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events—in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other event that has happened since the creation.

A hundred years hence, who can foretell our developments and national greatness?

A newspaper article, which is going the rounds, speaks of the rebel chief General Lee, as a descendant of Washington. This is a mistake, and one that should be corrected for the sake of the memory of the great man who is thus libelled. Washington had no children and consequently he could have no descendants in this or any other generation. Mrs. Curtis, who he married was a widow with two children—Geo. Washington Parks Curtis, and Ellenor Parks Curtis. From the latter the traitor Lee descended, and his veins contain no single drop of blood that had its source in those of the Father of his country.

HOW TO MAKE A PARADISE.—Buy one acre of ground. Fence it. Build a neat cottage on it. Marry an angel in hoops, and take her home to the cottage. Go home to the cottage yourself. Abstain from all spirituous drinks. Join the church and become a good Christian, live uprightly before God and man, and you will have gained all the original happiness that has survived the fall. Those who were wedded to succession have found that they had a very mean wife. We guess the most of them are glad she is dead.

Put your Children to Bed.

There may be some mothers who feel it to be a self-denial to leave their parlors, or firesides, or work, to put their little children to bed. They think that the nurse could do it just as well—that it is of no consequence who "hears the children say their prayers." Now, getting aside the pleasure of opening the little bed and tucking the darling up there are really important reasons why the mother should not yield this privilege to any one. In the first place, it is the time of all times when a child is inclined to show its confidence and affection. All its little secrets come out with more truth and less restraint; its naughtiness through the day can be reproved and talked over with less excitement, and with the tenderness and calmness necessary to make permanent impressions. If the little one has shown a desire to do well and be obedient, its effort and success can be acknowledged and commended in a manner that need not render it vain or self-satisfied.

We must make it a habit to talk to our children, in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We cannot understand the characters of these little beings committed to our care, unless we do. And if we do not know what they are, we shall not be able to govern them wisely, or educate them as their different natures demand.

Certainly it would be unwise to excite young children by too much conversation with them, just before putting them to bed. Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children, will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured, the last words at night are of great importance, even to the babes of the flock; the very tones of the voice they last listened to, make an impression on their sensitive organization.

Mother, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl; do not neglect to teach it how to pray, and to pray for it in simple and earnest language, which it can understand. Soothe and quiet its little heart, after the experience of the day. It has had its disappointments and trials as well as its play and pleasures; it is ready to throw its arms around your neck, and take its good-night kiss.—*Mother's Magazine.*

Beware of a Prevalent Vice.

Boys, if by a few earnest heartfelt words you may be induced to keep clear of a vice now fearfully prevalent in this country, it will be worth more to you than a large present of money. We refer to the use of profane language. It is almost the only sin that has neither excuse, pleasure, or profit. Offensive alike to God and good men, it marks a vitiated taste, a want of refinement and a disregard both of virtue and the feelings of others. Instead of relieving the passion of anger as some declare, it only strengthens it by giving it expression. If it be urged that it is a habit difficult to be broken, this is a confession that disregard of right has become a settled part of the character. No boy old enough to know the meaning of words utters his first oath without a shudder; if by repetition he is able to swear without compunction, it is not that the sin is less, but because his own sense of right has been blunted; the crime and its penalties are the same. But the habit can be subdued. Scarcely a boy or man will use profanity in the presence of his mother; then, if he will, he can restrain it at other times. Let every boy respect himself too much to yield to this habit, but to rebuke profanity whenever heard, by expressive silence and a good example, if not by words.

Noble Compliments.

The municipality of Palermo (the capital of Sicily, now part of the Kingdom of Italy,) have paid a great compliment, at once eminent and unusual, to the worth of the great American martyr to Freedom. With unanimous approval of the inhabitants of that city, they have resolved that one of the principal streets of their city which GARIBOLDI has declared to be one of the finest in Southern Europe, shall be named after President LINCOLN.

The *Phare de Loire*, the leading journal of Nantes, which is the fifth port of the French Empire, appeared in mourning when it announced the cruel murder of Mr. LINCOLN, now suggests the collection of a penny subscription for the purchase of a gold medal, to be presented to Mrs. LINCOLN, bearing the inscription: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! To LINCOLN, twice elected President of the United States, French Democracy gratefully LINCOLN the honest man, abolished Slavery, re-established the Union, saved the Republic without veiling the statue of Liberty. He was assassinated on the 14th of April 1865."

Such his Christian work; but, alas, the un-Christian compensation. But he lived to see his labor consummated.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The Chicago Journal, of Friday, has the following:—Hon John Covode was in this city on his return from a Southern tour, yesterday. He had lost two sons in the war, as he supposed, two years ago, and falling in with a member of one of their regiments who had just been released from the prison at Andersonville, Ga., made inquiry preparatory to asking where his boys were buried. Judge of his surprise when he was answered: "You must be prepared to hear, Mr. Covode, that James [the youngest son] could not come with us." "Is my boy alive, then?" he inquired. "Why, yes. They couldn't kill Jim. He has too much soul. He was bound to live. He would have come with us, but he couldn't raise twenty five cents, the price demanded to release us." "Whether I could have cried more," said the patriotic old man to us, "I have heard the tidings that I had lost another son, than I did on receiving this intelligence, is doubtful." The son is now on his way home by the way of Richmond.

The Cheerful Voice.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, and vexation will add must, of course, come; but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them. They hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For as we advance in years, our life becomes more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound; it is turned inward, and listen chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook, that used to prattle gaily to us, rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitive hear them all. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns and listens! And thus with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices.—How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress, the sensitive little being whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our homes.—*Once a Month.*

The True Man.

He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to mean fraud. Invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If by action he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—a yew-where. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather tail of his rights than win them thro' dishonesty. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straight forward, open, manly, in short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

JACKSON'S MOTTO.—"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead!" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say, "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes, stop thinking."

WHOM TO MARRY.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "Look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her parents. The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her amiable, obliging, and valuable companion for life."

The most immediate, and at the same time the most satisfactory relief that has been afforded the poor of Richmond, is the cheap bread which is now being distributed by the military authorities. Thousands upon thousands of loaves have been given out at six and a quarter cents, which is the simple cost of the flour and baking added. Actual suffering in hundreds of instances has been mitigated, and a living support afforded families who did not know, from day to day, where the next repast would come from. This generous action of the authorities has done more towards softening asperities and engendering a good feeling towards the Government that could have been accomplished in the same time by ten thousand bayonets.

A man recently broke off a marriage engagement because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, commenting upon the facts, says: "He should have married her; and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk."

Striking "He."

The Narrator Herald of last week has the following:
THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.—A story has been related to us, which illustrates the changes made by the revolution of Fortune's wheel. A gentleman in Lebanon county, had in his employ a cook, a native of the Emerald Isle. Some three or four years ago she paid a visit to a sister living in Venango co., where she made the acquaintance of a resident there, and after three weeks' acquaintance they were married. Her husband owned a considerable tract of Venango county land, which was then almost worthless.—But the development of "oil" put a new face upon affairs, and made the property very valuable. From indigence, its owner sprang to opulence in the twinkling of an eye. Among the investments made, a farm was bought in Upper Dublin tp., this county, and the family made preparations to remove to it. As they were about making the change, however, the husband suddenly died, and the widow is left with two small children, sole heirs of the estate, now amounting to perhaps two or three hundred thousand dollars, her obituary, besides the farm, valuable producing oil interests in Venango, and the snug little cash balance of ninety thousand dollars in a Pittsburgh bank. The widow, who is now administering the estate, is utterly without education, and cannot read or write. Verily, such is life and "oil!"

Jeff's Frock.

There is a great demand for the dress in which the fugitive President of the Confederacy attempted to escape from his pursuers. Barnum, of course, is after it, and his agent, offers five hundred dollars for it; the managers of the Northwestern Sanitary Fair are begging for it, to place it with their other trophies; a "returned volunteer" offers \$250,000 for it, with Jeff in it, to exhibit in all the states, and he promises half the proceeds to disabled soldiers; another person proposes that the Government put him on exhibition at Washington; in "costume" at five dollars a ticket, the proceeds to be used in paying the national debt; another wants it sold and the proceeds distributed among the Confederate bond-holders in England. If the Government was short of money, which, fortunately, owing to the great popularity of the Seven-thirty loan, it is not, it might be well to put it up at auction and let these various aspirants for the honor of its possession compete for it. Probably its final resting place will be among other curiosities in the Patent Office, where in future years it will be looked upon as all that remains of the once proud and haughty and defiant Southern Confederacy.

RELICS.—The rage for relics in this country is something astounding. A respectably dressed man was noticed the other day putting in his pocket a brick from the wall in front of Mr. Lincoln's house, and this is but one of the ten thousand follies. The entire stairway upon which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, in Alexandria, has been cut into chips and carried away. The tree at the foot of which Sickles shot Key, in Washington, has been barked and cut until it is dead. The oak tree under which General Grant talked with Pemberton, and arranged the terms of surrender of Vicksburg, has been annihilated, and recently a party dug into the ground ten feet for the roots of the historic oak.—An elm tree which Abraham Lincoln planted stands in front of his old house in Springfield. Of course, it will be torn in pieces and destroyed.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Conundrums.

Why is a cunning man like a shoemaker? He'll pump you.
Why is a dull book "like eternity"? You read it to no end.
Why is handsome woman like bread? She is often toasted.
How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel.
Why is a widow like growing potatoes?—Because her better half is under ground.
Why is a beggar like a lawyer? He pleads for his daily bread.
Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.
Why is a husband like a Mississippi steamboat? Because he never knows when he may get a blowing up.
When is a quarrelsome woman like a ship? When she anchors (ANKERS) after a storm.
What was one of the earliest business transactions mentioned in sacred history?—When Pharaoh received a check on the bank of the Red Sea, and Moses passed it.

Recently we heard a good story of an occurrence which took place in Newburyport, Mass. A servant girl in that town went to Dr. Spofford for advice, declaring her ailment to be a pain in the bowels. The doctor gave her a cathartic, and requested her call again in a few days, which she did.—He asked her if she had taken the medicine, to which she replied in the affirmative. He then asked—"Did anything pass you after taking it?" "Yes, sir, said she, 'a horse and wagon, and a drove of Pigs.' The doctor collapsed, remarking; "I think you must be better."

The direst poverty prevails among the Southern people. A prominent Southerner in Richmond, said the other day that the soil has been desolated by contending armies, till there are no crops in the ground, few houses fit to live in, no fences, and no timber to make any, no cattle, no horses, no railroads, no locomotives or rolling stock, no steamboats, no flour mills, no cotton, no tobacco, and no food that is available, save as got from the United States Commissariat.—He added, "I know families—yes; families heretofore comfortable, and even rich—who would thank you for a supper of corn meal."

The Wonders of our Country.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the waters from the great Upper Lakes forms a river three quarters of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 170 feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles in length.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The largest number of whale ships in the world are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. Its length is 40 1/2 miles, and it cost twelve and a half millions of dollars.

The largest deposits of Anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania—the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

All these it will be observed, are American "institutions." In contemplation of them, who will not acknowledge that ours is a great country?

Getting Off Railroad Cars.

So many accidents continually result from people trying to get off railroad cars while in motion, that a few words of advice may not be out of place. We do not hope to stop the practice, but only to instruct those who try it—and particularly ladies—how to get on terra firma in the safest manner. When a person finds it necessary to leave a train in motion they should face the forward part of the train; look ahead and see if the coast is clear, and jump clear off the cars, but in the direction in which the train is moving. On striking, make the very best time to overtake the locomotive, and you will in a few seconds lose the impetus given by the train and yourself safely and gracefully landed. This is the only way to avoid being rudely jarred, if not pitched heels over head. To jump straight out from, or in opposite direction to that in which the train is moving, is absurd as well as dangerous.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Two young men waited upon the late Peter Cate, Esq., to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced:
"Mr. Cate, our father died, and made a will."
"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Cate.
"I thought it happened every day said the young man.
"It's the first case of the kind," answered Mr. Cate.
"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."
The fee was given, and then Mr. Cate observed:
"O, I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes, that must be it! that must be it!"
But he took the fee nevertheless.

SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.—A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watched with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining room of fashionable hotels. "If," said she, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the Oh no we never mention-ems. If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead in everything else." This idea to us is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular hereafter in satisfying ourselves of such significant signs.

What is the difference between a person transfigured with amazement and a leopard's tail? The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

A sensitive wife has sent the following lines to an exchange to publish:
"My husband slept—he dreamed a pleasing dream
For sunny smiles across his face did beam;
He dreamed of me, for oft he murmured Peat;
I pressed him to my heart—closer, closer yet,
To drink into my ear—the precious word—
Alas, it was *PER-ro-lem*, I heard."

"Fortune knocks once at every man's door." If she ever knocked at ours it was when we were out.

Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.—The doctor feels her pulse. There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest.
"Now Doctor, just look at my tongue; just look at it; look at it! Now say, what does that mean?" "I think that needs rest too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

THE LOVER'S PUZZLE.—To learn to read the following, so as to make good sense, is a mystery.
I there read see that me
Love is down will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you if.