

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,  
A lesson worth enshrining,  
Is this—"I take no heed of time,  
Save when the sun is shining."  
These motto words a dial bore,  
And wisdom never teaches  
To humen heart a better lore,  
Than this short sentence preaches.  
As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget all pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,  
But has some bird to cheer it;  
So hope sings on in every heart,  
Although we may not hear it;  
And if to-day the heavy wing  
Of sorrow is oppressing,  
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring  
The weary heart a blessing.

For life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Then let's forget its toil and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,  
And then forget their glitter—  
We take the cup of life and taste  
No portion but the bitter;

But we should teach our hearts to deem  
Its sweetest drops the strongest;  
As pleasant hours should ever seem  
To linger round us longest.

And life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
Let us forget its toil and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night  
Are just before the morning;  
Then let us wait the coming light,  
All boding phantoms scorning;  
And while we're passing on the tide  
Of time's fast ebbing river,  
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,  
And bless the Gracious Giver.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,  
And sometimes dark and lonely,  
We shall forget its pain and care,  
And note its bright hours only.

### THE HOME CALL.

Bring home the battle-flags, all stained and torn  
With bursting shell and grimy battle smoke,  
The flags that through the fierce fight ye bore  
Amid the hissing lead and ember's stroke,  
And place them on each waiting armor wall,  
That they may speak of the great past to all.

Bring home your muskets, stand them one by one  
In the vast armens, and then leave them there,  
The glorious work which called them forth is done,  
The din of war is no more in the air;  
The battle-echoes fade and fade away,  
And peace is dawning on a broader day.

Bring back the cannon, let the spider spin  
Her thin-leed web within them where they stand,  
No more their throats shall wake with dreadful din  
The drowsy hamlets of our wide-spread land,  
Or cast them into bells that ne'er shall cease  
To fill the air with sweet-toned notes of peace.

Bring home the leathern knapsacks ye have borne  
With bending backs upon the dusky ways,  
The mounted cross-belts ye've so proudly worn;  
A new light shines from brighter, happier days,  
The cloud of war is swiftly passing by,  
And once again the sun shines in the sky.

Bring back your swords, and lay them by at home;  
Ah, is it not a proud, a noble thought  
To know your children in the years to come  
Shall point to these and say, "Our fathers fought!"  
Bring back your swords, and hang them on your walls,  
To grasp again when'er your country calls.

Come home, ye veterans; welcome, welcome home!  
"Come," say the lips of mothers and wives;  
Your children's joyous voices echo "come!"  
We thank the God of battles for your lives;  
And now the morning dawning on the night  
Breaks in the future beautiful and bright.

## MISCELLANY.

**POVERTY'S FALSE PRIDE.**—A religious contemporary says very justly: "The idea of 'respectable employment' is the rock upon which thousands split and ship-wreck themselves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gain. The laborer who is willing to turn his hands to anything, is as respectable as the clerk or draper store-tender. Indeed the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle or beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard labor, wears his friends with his complaints that he can get nothing respectable to do pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes on from day to day, a useless lazy glumbler."

Forty years Israel wandered in the wilderness, before he entered upon the promised land, and forty years transfers every fortune in our land to new owners. And if any man is grieved because of the bigness of his income tax let him wipe his eyes. Ten chances to one his children won't have any income to be taxed upon.

Why is love like a duck's foot? Because it of piten lies hidden in the breast.

## SPELLING-SCHOOLS.

Have you forgotten them? When from all the region round about, they gathered into the log-school house, with its huge fireplace, that yawned like the main entrance to Avernus. How the sleigh bells—the old fashioned bells, big in the middle of the string, and "growing small by degrees and beautifully less" towards the broad brass buckles—chimed in every direction long before night—the gathering of the clans.

Then came one to school, "the Master"—give him the capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master and all bundled into the huge, red double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie with half a score of good, large buffalorobes. There was half a dozen outters, each with a young man and maiden, they two and no more. And there again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish looking bin, heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with small collections of humanity, picked up en route, from a dozen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, red lips, that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the mufflers, and fur tips they wore then—who does not remember them? Who can ever forget them?

The school house, designated to be the arena of the conflict, has been swept and garnished; boughs of evergreen adorn the smoke stained and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pails of water have been brought from the spring, and set on a bench in the centre, with an immemorial tin cup—a wise provision indeed, for 'tis warm in that spilling room.

The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and sparks fly out at the top, like a furnace, the ori-flame of the battle.

The two "Masters" are there; the two schools are there; and such a hum and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm?

The ferule comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll-call is to armies, that "rule" is to whispering, laughing young company.

The challengers are arranged on one side of the house; the challenged on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats, all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon such an occasion, "Shoulder a crutch, and show how field's were won," occupy the bench of honor, nearest the desk.

Now the preliminaries; the reputed best spellers on each side chosen.

"Susan Brown!"

Out comes a round-eyed little creature, blushing like a poony. Such a little thing, and chooses first.

"Moses Jones!"

Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair shockingly harvested, surmounting his broad brow. The girls laugh at him; but what he doesn't know in the "Elementary," isn't worth knowing.

"Jane Murray!"

Out trips Jane, fluttered as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, that is John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side, would be sweeter than a victory won without her.

And so they go, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth ready to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun at last.

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and these again by words of similar pronunciation, and divers significations, until Moses and Susan alone remain.

The spelling book is exhausted, yet there they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories are ransacked for.

"Words of learned length and sound," until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, like a little leaf aloft, that the forest and the fall have forgotten.

Pollysyllables follow, and by and by, Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle.

Then they all stand in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is, to spell each other down. And down they go, like the leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is dismissed.

Then comes the hurrahing and bundling, the whispering and glancing, the pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter and hearts that ache; mittens that are not worn, hopes that are not realized, and fond looks that are not returned: "There is a jingling at the door; one after another of the sleighs dash up, receive their nesting freight, and are gone.

"Our Master" covers the fire, and puts out the candles, (don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with 'forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminous head first into the socket?) and we wait for him.

The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in the valley. They are gone. The school house is dark and tonantless, and we are here alone with the night.

Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some are dead, and all, we fear, are changed! SPELL! Ah! the "spell" that has come over that crowd of young dreamers—over you, over us, will it ever be dissolved? It is "the white radiance of ceterity!"

## Our Mistakes About Each Other.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could see ourselves as others see us our self estimates would in all probability be much more numerous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudices, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacles our eyes and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books," are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censurers who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us only now and then makes true appraisal of the virtues and defects of our closest intimates. It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point-of-one's-own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-struck on the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting house may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose mis-judgments of their fellow mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgement is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believes all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody, for when Rome was rejoicing over his death some lovely hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least, while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny. However correct, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.

## Kentucky and Slavery.

The Louisville Journal has entered the arena in favor of the constitutional amendment in Kentucky with considerable energy, and is doing most noble duty. In its issue of the 30th ult. it says:

Nobody not fit for Bedlam or any asylum for idiots suppose, that heretofore, any good can come of slavery, so called in Kentucky. Nobody thinks that anything but confusion and agitation and strife and all manner of evil can grow out of it. Any attempt of this State to remain a slave State in name and in law, the only slave State in the whole of the broad Union, a solitary slave State in the midst of thirty-five or forty free States, the scoff of the whole world, a thing of shame and odium in the eyes of all the nations, a tract of land to be scorned and shunned by every immigrant seeking a home upon our continent—any such attempt, we say, would be the very error of dross and wildest lunacy. If our people wish to make their noble State a theatre of bitterness and fierce contentions for years whilst harmony and peace shall be prevailing all around her, if they want to make her a pariah in the midst of her sisters, and an object of jealousy and disfavor with the Government and the country, they know very well how to bring these curses upon her.

**PIETY QUAINLY EXPRESSED.**—At a funeral at St. Augustine, Fla., a short time since, a colored preacher was enlarging on the gratitude that the freedmen owed to God for the marvelous deliverance that he had wrought in their behalf. His climax was somewhat in this wise:

"My brethren, Gen. Sherman has done much for us by bringing so many of our people out of bondage; Gen. Saxton has been our benefactor by defending us from being imposed on and giving us lands; brother Lynch has deserved our thanks by his care for our spiritual welfare; but remember, my brethren, that the Lord has done more for us than any other man!"

**GIRLS.**—There are two kinds of girls.—One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for balls, rides, parties, visits, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appear best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her. The other a sunbeam, diffusing life and gladness to all around her.

**PRAYER.**—In the very moment when thou prayest, a treasure is laid up for you in heaven. No Christian's prayer falls back from the closed gates of heaven; each enters there like a messenger dove; some bring back immediate visible answers; but all enrich our store of blessing there, and all return to the heart with the fragrance of peace on them, from the holy place where they have been. The Christian, even when he is walking for recreation, in his converse with others, in silence, in reading, in all rational pursuits, finds opportunity for prayer. And although he is only thinking of God in the little chamber of his soul, and calling on his Father with silent asperation, God is near him, and with him, for he is still speaking to him.—Gregory.

A General shouldn't stand too straight.—He ought to lean a little upon his staff.

## A Broadside Dialogue.

"And so, Squire you don't take a county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city paper on much better terms; I take a couple of them."

"But Squire, the county papers often prove a great convenience to us."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made more than three hundred dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained the press and kept it up and ready for the use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property."

"And your brother's death with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of our neighbor Bigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic account of the newspaper sets them all right."

"O, true, but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defense which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes, but those things are new to the reader. They cause the people to take the paper."

"No, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now, I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black cut over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for your grave as a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings, will remark of you—"Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging his obituary!" Good morning, Squire."

## A Vermont Anecdote.

The Rev. Zeb Twitchell was the most noted Methodist minister in Vermont for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable amount of gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun.

Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer into a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. It was he who originated the story of the great mosquitoes.

Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and digressed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the suffering of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of those regions are enormous. A great many of them will weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit.

"There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," said he.

"But I didn't say one of ~~them~~ would weigh a pound; I said a great many of them would weigh a pound, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said they barked at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother. I said they would get on logs and bark."

**A REMINISCENCE OF MR. LINCOLN.**—On the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for the time, to give utterance to his feelings. At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln, all dropped on their knees and offered, in silence and in tears, their humble and heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph he had granted to the national cause. The same day, in the afternoon, the President was in a frame of mind peculiarly happy. To his wife he said: "The war is now about over; we have had a long and wearisome four years' siege, and we must travel a little this summer and recruit. It must be without fuss or display. You must write Bob that he must come home and resign his captaincy and go to his books. Let him prepare to earn his living as I did, depending on his own hands and brains." On the morning of the day of his death kindred conversations were held as to the manner of spending the summer, and what disposition should be made of "Bob" and "Dad," as he called his two sons, Robert and Thaddeus.—Western Christian Advocate.

**ASKING FOR PARDON.**—Gen. Longstreet recently took at Lynchburg, the preliminary amnesty oath, and is now permitted to come hither by the Government for the purpose of making special application for pardon and restoration to full civil rights. Even should he not succeed, his example must have a powerful effect on the minds of the South who have been most active in the rebellion.

New York city is said to contain 150,000 Germans. Of these 43,000 are Roman Catholics, and 61,000 are Protestants.

President Lincoln was a member of a Masonic Lodge in Springfield a master mason.

A Mrs. Bacon, of Virginia City, who attended the ball recently given by General McDowell, in San Francisco, wore jewels worth \$100,000. Well dressed bacon, that it is enchanting to see a soft tear in a lovely woman's eye. We cannot imagine a more beautiful water in such a diamond.

## Something for Everybody.

When you walk in the street with a lady keep your hands out of your pockets, and your cigar out of your mouth. We would sooner be caught stealing than in the act of smoking while walking with a lady. Don't change sides with her on crossing the street; it is quite as proper that you should fall through cellar doors and other traps set by careless people, as that she should. Always take the right hand when you meet another person, and don't stop. At table take the dish the host offers you, and don't pass it to the nearest neighbor, even if a lady; it is ungenerous to reprove your host or hostess to his or her face. There is a point where self-abnegation becomes rudeness, and this is precisely that point. The person who gives the entertainment has a perfect right to say which shall be served first. Don't offer your chair to a new comer, unless it is the only one of the kind and the best in the room. Rise when another guest leaves the house where you are entertained, but do not follow to the door. You may thus spoil a more cordial leave-taking. Don't sit cross-legged in presence of ladies, or in company of ceremony. Keep your fingers out of your button holes, and your hands from off your lap. Make yourself as comfortable as you can without incommencing any one. Your host, if a gentleman, always likes to see his guests comfortable and contented.—Be neither a pump nor a pumper, but alternately resume both conditions. Ask and answer questions with diplomatic propriety. Speak well of people, or speak not at all.—Nothing indicates greater defect of colloquial ability than vituperation, or angry declamation. Maintain repose if the earth quakes. Don't squeeze a lady's hand, for, besides being a vulgar demonstration of affection, ladies often wear rings. The slightest possible pressure is in good taste. But there is a difference between the respectful and the kindly, scarcely perceptible, pressure of the whole hand and a persistent grip that leaves the fingers white for an hour, and a lady disgusted with you for a week. Always wear a clean shirt and collar, and do not fail to use a tooth-brush.—All of which is respectfully submitted to those who would be recognized as persons of good breeding.

## Poisoning of Andrew Johnson.

Our theory of the poisoning of Andrew Johnson on the day of inauguration, when it was the original intention of the assassins to have slain the President, has received a singular confirmation in the testimony of one of the late witnesses on the assassination trial before the military court at Washington. Marcus P. Norton, of Troy, in this State, testified on Saturday week that he had seen Atzerodt, to whom had been confided the murder of the Vice President elect, and O'Laughlin, who was to have killed Gen. Grant, in company with Booth at the National Hotel in Washington, on the 2d or 3d of March, and overheard a conversation among these parties, in which it was said that "if the matter succeeded as well with Johnson as with Old Buchanan, they would be pretty well sold." It will be borne in mind that Buchanan was poisoned at the National Hotel at the time of his inauguration in 1856; and this allusion by the assassins to that circumstance, taken together with Mr. Johnson's singular illness at the time of his inauguration, and the proofs that Booth had stood posted at the Capitol to shoot Mr. Lincoln on that very morning, seem to be conclusive that the singular condition of the Vice President on that occasion was to be attributed to the influence of poison. His powerful physical nature triumphed over the insidious drug, and hence the allusion in the subsequent circular which gave directions to the assassins that each of them must bear in mind that "the cup once had failed."—Wilkes Spirit of the Times.

From Dubuque, Iowa, a friend writes: A well known lawyer of this city being sent for to counsel some men accused of horse-stealing, in the jail at Waverly, Bremer county, in that State, was sent for also by an Irishman in another room in the same prison.

"Well, Pat, what do you want with me?"

"Your Honor, I just heard there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"An' what should I want wid you but to get me out of this?"

"And what are you here for?"

"Just for burglary I believe they call it."

"And what is the testimony against you?"

"And never a bit at all. Only I told the Justice of the Peace myself that I did it."

"Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here."

"An' is it that you say? Sure, now, and in the country I came from niver a bit would they kepe anybody in jail on such a thrifling evidence as that!"

**WHERE DID THAT MAN GO TO.**—In a certain hotel in this village, there is employed a bar tender, who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the bar room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, and casting his eyes around with a look of surprise, exclaimed:

"Where in thunder did the man that ordered that drink go to?"

If we find that we are not much to him whose hospitality we have been enjoying, that he does not need us; that we are in no way essential to his pleasure, then do we feel ourselves thrust out of doors, no matter what he proffers us.

"HAVE YOU PACKED UP?"—We once went, upon invitation, to dine with a very clever and intelligent gentleman of the city, who professed to be a Universalist, but whose wife was a devoted Christian. While seated around the table laden with life's luxuries, the conversation turned upon the subject of the necessity of personal religion, when the husband related the following beautiful incident, which, he said, had given him much serious thought: On one occasion, when the pious mother had been instructing her children in the truths of her religion, and telling them that she expected to go to heaven, a thoughtful little girl said, after musing in silence for some moments:

"Ma, have you packed up?"

"Why do you ask such a question, my child?" said the mother.

"Because you said you were going to heaven," said the little innocent.

"And I sometimes think," confessed the Universalist, "that there is some packing up necessary, before we can go to heaven."

How many poor sinners are hoping that they will at last go to heaven, and yet have never set about the needful preparations!—The summons to appear before God will find them wholly unprepared, and in that hour all their hopes will die.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

**A BOY'S LAWSUIT.**—Under a great tree, close to the village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was the first to see it."

"No, it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was the first to pick it up," and so they began to quarrel in earnest.

"I will settle the dispute," said an older boy, who had just come up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said:

"The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut, and the other piece of the shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common-end-of-most-lawsuits."

During the visit of President Lincoln to the bloody field of Gettysburg, he entered a hospital near by, and heard a wounded and dying soldier taking final leave of his wife. "Good bye, Carrie," said the soldier, "Meet me in Heaven." President Lincoln paused a moment gave \$50 to Carrie, dropped a tear and advanced to other scenes of anguish.—As President Lincoln was as good as goodness could be, we trust and we believe that he is now in Heaven, where so many brave soldiers have gone before him.

**EFFACING THE TRACKS OF WAR.**—It is a curious fact that the track of the march of Sherman's army is already nearly effaced, and on the very forts taken by Grant vegetation is already luxuriant. The soil viulicates its fertility even among the lines of battle. The people—or rather the secess—are very clamorous for the United States Government to rebuild the bridges and railways at his own expense, and would like to see it reconstruct Richmond. This is very much in the vein of the Frenchmen, who, according to Dr. Franklin, having failed in making a deadly assault on his enemy with a red-hot poker, asked him if he would not at least pay him for heating it.

An Irishman, who was once on a journey said he never liked to see tables full of books and newspapers where he stopped at night. "For," said he, "I can never find any whiskey at such places."

The Chicago Times think that as Washington was known as the father of his country; Jeff Davis ought hereafter to be known as mother of the Confederacy.

An elderly maiden, meeting a newly married man, who had once been her servant, carrying home a cradle, exclaimed, "Ah, John, these are the fruits of marriage."—"No, Madam," replied John, "this be only the fruit basket."

Small debts are like small shot; they rattle on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound, great debts are like cannon, of loud noise, but little danger.

Harry Turn married a cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied "that it had always been a maxim of his, that one good turn deserves another."

A Western chap, in describing a gale of wind, says, "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth wide open, and turned completely inside out."

A tall, thin, square-built gentleman was seen walking down the street a few days ago, when all of a sudden he was observed to turn round.

Why is a blazing fire like a generous heart? Because it exhibits a grateful warmth.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has she can say with truth there is no end to them.

If a man marries a sensible woman, it is probably after a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a door.

Why is it absurd to expect a pretty girl to be caudil? Because she cannot be plain.

Bigger than the Mammoth Cave—the cave in the rebels.