

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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## POETICAL.



### BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My dear, if you go out to-day,  
Put on your thickest shawl;  
There is some ice upon the walks,  
Be careful not to fall.

Those rubbers you had better wear,  
They keep your feet so warm,  
And prove a safe-guard to the damp,  
In case that it should storm.

And then, my love, do not forget  
To tie around your neck,  
That scarf I bought the other day—  
I mean that long-neck check.

If it should rain, just call a coach,  
So you may not get wet;  
I cheerfully will pay the cost,  
For thee, my cherished pet.

Good morning, sweetest; you will see  
Me here again this eve;  
Dull business tears me from thy side,  
Or else I would not leave.

The day seems long from these away,  
But when night's shadows fall,  
How charming time to meet again,  
My love, my life, my all!

### AFTER MARRIAGE.

What makes you wrap yourself so close?  
It surely is not cold;  
'Tis foolish; doing this will make  
You prematurely old.

Your rubbers! nonsense—'tis not wet;  
Those shoes are thick enough;  
And then I really cannot see  
The use of that great muff.

Cold, is it? well, suppose it be,  
I guess you will not freeze;  
It will not hurt you more than me,  
To feel the wintry breeze.

Go, stop that little noisy brat,  
Before you leave the house,  
Or else I'll take him to the pond,  
And throw him in carouse.

Ride, you say? just as you please,  
But I'll not foot the bill;  
The women are such silly things,  
They prove man's bitterest pill.

First wanting this, then wanting that;  
Expense is sought to them;  
'I ever I'm a widower,  
I'll ne'er be caught again.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE MORMON WOMEN.

#### EFFECT OF POLYGAMY.

Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, who accompanies Mr. Colfax in his western trip, writes from Utah the following account of the Mormon women:

"How do the Mormon women like and bear polygamy? is often asked. The universal testimony of all but their husbands is that it is a grievous sorrow and burden; only cheerfully submitted to and embraced under a religious fanaticism and self-abnegation rare to behold and possible only to women. They are taught to believe, and many of them really do believe, that through and by it they secure a higher and more glorious reward in the future world. 'Lord Jesus has laid a heavy trial upon me,' said one poor, sweet woman, 'but I mean to bear it for His sake, and for the glory he will grant me in his kingdom.' This is the common wail, the common-solace. Such are the teachings of the church; and I have no doubt both husbands and wives alike often honestly accept this view of the odious practice, and seek and submit to polygamy as really God's holy service, calculated to make saints of themselves and all associated with them in the future world. Still a good deal of human nature is visible, both among the men in embracing polygamy and in their wives in submitting to it.

"Mr. Young's testimony on this point is significant. Other signs are not wanting in the looks and character of the men most often appointed in the holy bonds of matrimony, and in the well known disagreement of the wives and many families. In some cases they live harmoniously and lovingly together; oftener, it would seem they have separate parts of the same house, or even separate houses. The first wife is generally the recognized head of society and usually assumes contempt for the others, regarding them as concubines, and not wives. But it is a dreadful state of society to any one of free feelings and true instincts; it robs married life of all its sweet sentiment and companionship; and while it degrades woman, brutalizes man, teaching him to despise and dominate over his wives, over all women. It breeds jealousy, distrust, and tempts to infidelity; but the police system of the church and the community is so strict and constant that it is almost believed—the latter vice is very rare.

The effect upon the children cannot help being debasing, however well they may be guarded and educated. But it is a chief failing, even a scandal to the Mormons, that plentifully as they are providing children, who swarm everywhere as did the locusts of Egypt, they have organized no free school system; Schools are held in every ward of the city, and probably in every considerable village, in buildings provided for evening religious meetings under the direction of the

local bishops, but a tuition fee is exacted for all who attend, and the poor are practically shut out. The anti-polygamists should agitate at once and earnestly to reform this evil—it is a strong point against the dominant party and a weak one in the welfare of the territory. It is a good and encouraging sign to learn from intelligent sources that as the young girls, daughters of Mormons, grow up to womanhood they are indignant to polygamy, and seek husbands among the Gentiles rather than among their own faith.

"The soldiers at Camp Douglas, near this city, are illustrating one of the ways in which polygamy will fade away before the popular principle. Two companies who went home to California last fall took about twenty-five wives with them, recruited from the Mormon flocks. There are now some fifty or more women in the camp who have fled thither from town for protection, or been seduced away from unhappy homes and fractional husbands; and all or nearly all find new husbands among the soldiers. Only to-day a man with three daughters, living in the city, applied to Col. George for leave to move up to the camp for a residence, in order, as he said, to save his children from polygamy, in to which the bishops and elders of the church were urging him. The camp authorities tell many like stories; also of sadder applications if possible, for relief from actual poverty and from persecution in town. The Mormons have no poor house, and say they have no poor, permitting none by relieving all through works or gifts. But the last winter was so long and so severe, with wood at thirty and forty dollars a cord, that there was much real suffering, and the soldiers yielded to extensive demands upon the charity that the church authorities had neglected to fulfill or absolutely denied."

### Don't Judge by Appearances.

Some years ago their arrival at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls, an odd looking man, whose appearances and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned the celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of lether, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needlewoman for many a month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulder, a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom; as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick, dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half civilized, half savage, had a quick, glancing eye, and elastic firm movement, that would, no doubt, win its way through the breakers, both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among so many of the genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ears speedily satisfied his doubts; the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he said; he was a genuine son of nature, yet had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes; learned societies to which the like of Cuvier belonged, bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionable who laugh at him and many much greater than they shall be utterly perished. From every hill-top and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with his matin hymn about our house, the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forest; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the temple and the stars. He was the late John J. Audobon, ornithologist.

A NEGRO CLASS MEETING.—We find the following in the Western Christian Advocate:

In a negro class-meeting at Richmond Sam Johnson was called on to pray, and before he had closed his prayer, the leader called out: "Sam Johnson, you may take your seat, and let Cuffee Sugan pray—kase he am better quanted wid de Lord dan you am."

Another was called upon to speak, and after speaking about five minutes, was called to order, and told if he could not speak "more to de pint dan dat he might take his seat."

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a farm house the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing. "Would you like for me to examine the heads of your children?" I will do it cheap. "Well," said the farmer, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman combs them with a fine tooth comb, once a week."

The Pittsburg Bar sent seventy two, or more than one-half its members, into the army during the war to crush the slave holder's rebellion.

### A Romance of the War.

The Poukepsie (N. Y.) Eagle tells the following story:

"In the year 1861, when the first call for troops was made, James Hendrick, a young man of 18, resolved to leave his father's roof in Wisconsin and go forth to battle for the flag. At the time mentioned he was attached to a young girl of nearly the same age as himself, whose parents were rated among the 'rich ones' in that section of country. Her name was Ellen Goodridge. Previous to leaving for the seat of war, he informed her of his intentions, promising to return in a few months. After the first battle Bull Run, his regiment went to Washington, and receiving a Lieutenant's commission, Hendrick resolved to enter the service for three years, and wrote to his parents and sweetheart to that effect. The news was received by the girl with forebodings, and she resolved to accompany him. She immediately acquainted her parents with her resolve, who, in reply, turned her from the house, and bade her never come back.

"She went, and finding out her lover's regiment, obtained permission to do the cooking at the Colonel's headquarters. She followed the regiment through the battles of Gettysburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Richmond, and in the intervening time went out with young Hendrick in many skirmishes and raids, in one of which she was wounded in the left arm, the ball making a very bad flesh wound. After Lee surrendered, the object of her choice was taken deathly sick, and he was forwarded in an ambulance to Washington, where he was placed in the hospital. Here again her noble heart showed itself. She watched over him, bathed his fevered brow, read to him, wrote home letters for him, and shortly thereafter, with a broken heart, closed his eyes in death. The day before an Episcopal minister joined the two in holy wedlock—he dying with a painful disease and she nearly crazed with the thought that after four long years of suffering, he for whom she had given up home, and friends, everything dear on earth, and for whom she had braved every danger, had gone to another world.

"The poor girl passed up on the Hudson River Railroad on Thursday, for her home in the far West, not knowing or caring what sort of a reception awaited her there."

### A Happy Home.

A pleasant and sensible writer says that in a happy home there will be no fault finding, over-bearing spirit—there will be no peevishness nor fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health, strength and time of all, that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin, than we have to curse and swear and steal. In a perfect, happy home, all selfishness will be removed. Even as 'Christ pleased not himself,' so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness contribute to render a home happy! How attractive, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of wife and mother! How do the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear. How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and, drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the parental roof. O that parents would lay this subject to heart—by untiring effort they would so render home more happy, that their children and domestics shall not look for happiness in forbidden paths!

### Water with a Nigger in it.

The Cops met with quite an incident the other day on "Copperhead Hill." They, as everybody knows, hate negroes awfully, some of them almost faint when the subject of "Nigger" is broached. But to our story.—A gentleman of our acquaintance has a very sprightly negro boy, as black as a hat, say 8 or 10 years old, who found his way to this "Hill" on celebration day. The little fellow, like everybody else on the Hill, became very warm, and probably thirsty—seeing a barrel of water standing near by, he reasonably enough came to the conclusion that it would be a comfortable place to bathe, and live into the barrel he slipped. Water was scarce, and he was soon discovered, jerked out of the barrel, and would have been lynched on the spot had it not been for fear of offending the old gentleman who, claimed him as his servant. Of course very few persons saw the affair, and in a comparatively short time the thirsty Cops had drunk the last drop of water, yet, the very dregs, so indelicately flavored by the "sweet scented nigger."—Our informant vouches for the truth of the story. We know these fellows have "nigger on the brain," but we never expected them to get the nigger in the stomach. We have heard of "Lemonade with a Fly in it," but this is the first time that we have heard of taking water with a nigger in it. Oh, Cops, how do you like the water delicately flavored with the sweet scented nigger?—*Bedford (Pa.) Inquirer.*

A clergyman once posted the following notice on the gate at his church:—"Found, two hats in my strawberry bed. The owner can have them by proving property."—We don't believe the owners will call for them.

### DESERVED.

The river flowed with the light on its breast,  
And the waves went eddying by,  
And the round red sun went down in the west,  
When my love's loving lips to my lips were pressed  
Under the evening sky.

Now weeping alone, by the river I stray,  
For my love has left me this many a day,  
Left me to droop and die.

As the river flowed then, the river flows still,  
In ripple and foam and spray,  
On by the church, and round by the mill,  
And under the slatice of the old burnt mill,  
And out to the fading day;

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!  
Oh, weeds float out to the sea!  
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,  
And the hopes that like bread on the waters I cast,  
Have drifted away like these!

So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,  
And my lips still murmur the name of one  
Who will never come back to me!

### MORE FUSS THAN FEATHERS.

The Philadelphia *Pennysonian* has the following good story among its police reports:

As Mrs. Stansbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth street, was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night, she found an old basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, but so wrappd up in the rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper, folded like a letter, lay by the side of the animated bundle.—Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

"To JOE STANSBURY.—Sir: I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than his daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a shy old rake you are!—Who would think that such a sober old spin-dleshank could be such a tearing-down sinner? The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—it is Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower! But do a father's duty by the young one, and I'll forgive you.

"Your heart-broken NANCY."  
"P. S.—Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby.

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen, quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out—  
"Stansbury, come up here, you villain! Here's a mess for you!"  
The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart broken Nancy?" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband hobbled up into the room.

"Nancy! what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue, in well-feigned astonishment.  
"Why, Nancy the mother of this baby that's been hung up at the door, Mr. Stansbury! Oh, you look mighty innocent, but just read this letter, and then look into that basket! Don't be afraid—it won't bite; it's got no teeth, poor thing. You'll know it; for as the hussy says, it's just like you, all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody!"

In less than five minutes, Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators—half the inhabitants of the court—to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movement of which astonished everybody. "It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows its his. You'll soon see that it is like him in everything."

At last all the swaddling cloths being removed, out jumped the baby, and made its escape through the open door. It was a *big tom cat!*

### Eleven Children in Four Years.

We met a widow woman from Tennessee yesterday, twenty-one years old and the mother of eleven children. She married when she was fifteen years of age, and in nine months thereafter was the mother of three live healthy children. In the next twelve months she gave birth to twin girls; then inside of the next twelve months she was the mother of triplets again, two boys and a girl; then after a pause of eighteen months, she presented her husband with another round of triplets, two girls and a boy; and she arrived in our town with the entire lot. Her husband lost his life at the battle of Stone River, and she and her interesting and bright eyed little merry group were left to find their way, upon the charity of our people, to her friends in the middle portion of Illinois, where she expects to be placed beyond all such humiliating necessities. Her short life has been eventful as well as prolific of events. She looks remarkably young and active, and if there is no preventing Providence, we will go security on her some day securing the country in which she locates from all drafts for the army.—*Cairo Democrat.*

"Now, children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly. "All women."

### "Beastly" Intoxication.

The most remarkable case of intoxication ever heard of is related by the *Troy Times*. About a month ago an illicit whiskey distillery was in full blast on Green Island, near Troy. One night—it was a "still" night—the man running the machine had made eighteen gallons of whisky, and put it in the open air to cool. Along came a cow. She was thirsty, and the beverage looked inviting.—She swallowed every drop—eighteen gallons unrefined whiskey, warranted to kill at forty rods. The cow has been drunk ever since.—She staggered home and is now in the fourth week of a grand old bender. The cow eats nothing; falls down whenever they try to raise her up; and has become as lean as a crow instead of a cow. This cow, besides, had a young calf, whose strange behavior first led to the discovery of the state of the cow. It reeled round and round, and lifting three legs and a tail in the air, actually spun on the fourth leg. The owner of the cow was an orthodox deacon, who had been led by Gough to leave off intoxicating beverages.—Being of scientific habits, he tasted the milk of the cow, to see what had produced such strange symptoms. He found it was milk punch, and it was the quantity thus taken from the animal by man and calf that made her "as lean as a crow." Chemical analysis proves that the casein had all changed to whiskey; but the deacon will have to relate his experience to a consistory of farmers to have his story believed and recover his upright position. Whether the cow will ever get sober, or end her life in a fit of delirium tremens, is a question to which we shall look anxiously to see the solution of.

### Passing Under the Rod.

No one born of a woman, has ever existed or will ever exist, who has not felt in some degree, the weight of an afflictive rod. Job was not the only mortal who has cried, in bitterness of heart, "Oh, that I were dead!" Life is at best a scene of trial, though to some the ordeal is more bitter than to others. Affliction creeps unbidden into the closet-bound circle. We may watch with unslumbering care over the forms of our loved ones, but man's destiny is unalterably written on the records of the past as well as the present, and that fate no one can escape. See filial love stooping over the couch where lies the forms of those who, in life's earlier hours, shielded us, as far as might be, from the rude storm. Every fibre of the heart clings with ivy-like tenacity to the spirit flickering to its last fading ray. What anguish fills the soul! What heartfelt orisons are poured forth, that the life of the loved one may be spared. But the Eternal Wisdom calls that soul away from its struggle, to a final rest. With bleeding hearts the afflicted ones pass under the rod. Parental solicitude watches with undying interest, the progress of its embodied love. After many years, the prodigal wanderer may return to yield his last breath, where, surrounded by dear associates, he drew the first. Who should say that there is no affliction there? Look to the cemetery and other spots of nature, where lie entombed the buried treasures of many a heart.—Over that small mound, where roses bloom in strange beauty, bends a form convulsed with grief. Some few months ago, a little cherub lay in that mother's lap, giving back smile for smile, and flashing from the orbs that had borrowed the hues of their native Heaven, glad hopes for the future. Now it sleeps! Torn from the arms that entwined it, covered with the cold earth, a prey to the wasting elements at work where the time long sleepers rest! Is not this passing under the rod? How many a tearful eye will gaze upon our homely sketch?

An odd genius entered the saloon adjoining Ford's Theatre, where Booth took his last drink of brandy just before he murdered President Lincoln, and inquired of the barkeeper:

"Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?"

"Yes, sir."  
"And the same brandy in it?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Let's have it."

The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face, and continues:

"And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grand-mother!"

A certain judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?"

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat, "and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the old country before you'd been a judge, too."

A young lady objected to a negro carrying her across a mudhole because she thought herself too heavy. "Lor's missus," said Sam, "implying, 'I've carried whole barrels of sugar.'"

Children and fools, say an old adage, always tell the truth. "Mother sent me," said a little girl, "to come and ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then it would be off her mind."

### Emancipated White Men.

In President Johnson's letter, excusing his attendance at the ceremonies at Gettysburg on the Fourth, occurs this passage:

In your joy to-morrow, I trust you will not forget the thousands of whites as well as blacks whom the war has emancipated, who will hail this Fourth of July with a delight which no previous anniversary of the Declaration of Independence ever gave them.—Controlled so long by ambitious, selfish leaders, who used them for their own unworthy ends, they are now free to serve and cherish the Government against whose life they in their blindness struck. I am greatly mistaken if, in the States lately in rebellion, we do not henceforth have such an exhibition of loyalty and patriotism as was never seen or felt there before."

Here is an idea which we fear may be forgotten in our jubulations over the return of peace, and in the attention we devote to the condition of the emancipated blacks. We are prone to think that the curse of Slavery rested upon the negro alone, and that all the whites of the South were benefited by the institution. This is a great mistake, for the Slave aristocracy degraded the poor white man far more, if it were possible, than the negro. The Southern people regarded slavery as the natural condition of the latter—to toil and labor that his master might live in ease and luxury; but when the white man engaged in honest, laborious industry, he was regarded as having fallen from the natural dignity of the white man, and forfeited the respect incident thereto. It is a painful fact that the late war fell with crushing force upon the southern poor white man.—The rich man—the slave-holder in whose interest and for whom the rebellion was inaugurated, enjoyed such immunities from service in the field as he desired, while the poor man indiscriminately conscripted and compelled to fight the rich man's battles.

The war being over, these men, emancipated from the blighting evils of slavery, have returned to their homes in penury and want.—It pleases us to observe that President Johnson has not forgotten their condition, and that in the reconstruction of the Southern States he relies upon the loyalty of a class of people who have been the greatest sufferers by the late rebellion. The latter admonishes us not to expend all our sympathy upon the negro, but in our schemes for the improvement of the freedmen to remember the white man as well.—*Pitts. Gaz.*

### How Long Shall I Live?

You will live forever.  
There are no dead. The blow which struck assunder body and spirit did not end the spirit's life. And so the countless myriads of the past, whose dust has long since mingled with the soil "still live." The men, women and children of Noah's day, and Abraham's and David's the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian prophet, the swarms of Goth and Hun, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the Eastern world; the red man that roamed the forest of the Western World, and left in mounds and tree grown ruins the dim history of their earthly existence—all these are yet alive. They cannot die. Immortality is their birth-right and inheritance. With the first breath of life they inhaled immortality.

No. On the highway of heaven none fall. In the hollows of hell none arise. You have fixed your state forever when you leave this world. The case is closed. You have either united yourself to Christ with an eternal love, which no possibility can sunder, or have entombed your soul in sorrows which no possibility can lift off. All change must be made this side the grave; there is no change beyond. The preparation must be finished here; for there, there is no time. Time is ended, and you are in eternity. The decree is unalterable.—"He who is filthy, let him be filthy, still; he who is holy, let him be holy still."

How long will you live? You will live forever; and your life there will depend on your life here. Every day, as you complete it, will reappear in the years to come. Every hour, moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of our hearts, records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets.—You are writing your life for eternity.

An emigrant, who had been somewhat roughly dealt with by the "wild cat" gentry of Virginia City, thus express his opinion of that lively town:

"If Gabriel happens to light at Virginia City there'll be no resurrection, for they'll swindle him out of his horn before he can make a single tooth!"

WELL DONE.—One day, just as an English officer had arrived at Vienna, the Empress, knowing that he had seen a certain princess much celebrated for her beauty, asked if it were really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen?—"I thought so yesterday," he replied.

"Mr. D.—, if you'll get my pants done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you."—"If that's your game they'll not be done, sure," said the tailor.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? Ans.—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

An old goat is never the more reverend for his beard.

A mill in Lee, Mass., makes three miles of paper collars daily.

A coward may fight; a coward may even conquer; but a coward can never forgive.

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a pretty young girl, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.