

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1865.

NUMBER 9

POETICAL.



ESTRANGEMENT.

Oh! I did not dream that the sunny stream
Of love could e'er have died;
But fondly thought when fancy brought
Sweet music on its tide,
That hope's young dreams like heavenly beams,
Bright heralds were of bliss;
Foretelling joy, without allow,
In every turning kiss.

And memory still awakes a thrill,
Though the eye withholds a tear.
For the lonely heart can never part
With thoughts it once held dear;
They come at times, in fitful chimes,
Those relics of the past;
With visions fair, inwreath in air,
Too beautiful to last.

How oft at night when skies were bright
And all was sweet repose,
And fairies strayed, in moonlit glade,
And zephyrs kissed the rose.
We have sought afar, in the fairest star,
'Mid all that gleamed on high,
Our blissful home, were it ne'er come,
And love can never die!

And the merry glance of hope would dance
In thy soft beaming eyes,
As I pictured bright the silent night,
Our mansion in the skies!
When fondly there, 'mid scenes so fair,
We traced our future lot,
The world's dark snares and withering cares
'That hour we all forgot!

And every sigh, far, far on high,
Seemed born on angels' wings;
To mingle there all pure and fair,
With bright and lovely things.
The dream is past, a cloud has cast
Its shadow on my brow;
The fount is dried of that spring-tide—
There is no music now.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves! The spirit grieves
O'er a wasted life;
Sins committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept;
Hatred, babble and strife,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! No garnered sheaves
Of life's fair refined grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds
We sow our seeds. So tares and weeds,
To reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! Memory weaves
No veil to cover the past,
As we return our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
And find sadly at last
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so?
Bearing our withered leaves,
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand before him humbly, mute,
Waiting the word he breathes—
Nothing but leaves!

MISCELLANY.

Beware of Idleness.

It is a sad sight to see boys gathering on
wharves, or at the corners of the street, or
anywhere, idling away their time, because it
is certain

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

* Idle boys too are pretty sure to grow up
loafers. I look into the dictionary, and find
that loafers are idle men, who get their living
by sponging. And what is sponging?
It is to gain by mean acts. A loafer then is
a man who gets his living in mean ways.—
Of course he is a low fellow; his talk is low;
his aims are low; his spirit is mean. He has
the temper and habits which decidedly and
naturally leads to all kinds of evil. House-
breakers, pickpockets, robbers, all come from
this class; and indeed idle boys sometimes
take their first lessons in wickedness very
early.

In looking over our police records, I find
a great many children, girls as well as boys,
brought up for "petty larceny," which means,
stealing little things; and these little thieves
are all from the class of children who play
truant and are idlers. You see it is very
dangerous class to belong to. It is certain
ruin to stay in it.

If you are an errand-boy then don't lag
by the way, but go promptly about your busi-
ness.

If you are a school-boy, run to school;
don't stop by the way.

If you are going home, go.

If you are out at play, play with all your
heart, play with a will. Have here as good
fun as you please; but when you have done
quit; do not be a hanger-on anywhere.

I am speaking to girls as well as boys; for
I am sorry to say girls, sometimes very little
girls, have been found with those idle hands
which Satan always finds mischief for. Let
this be your rule

In books and work and healthy play
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
A good account at last!

Our perception of the high and the holy
is clearer in sorrow than in joy. From the
depths of dark wells we behold the mid-day
stars.

ARTEMAS WARD IN RICH- MOND.

The old man finds himself once more in a
Sunny climb. I cum bore a few days after
the city caterpillorated.

My naburs seemed surprised and astound-
ed at this adrin' braver onto the part of a
man at my time of life, but our family was
never known to quale in danger's stormy
hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolution
War. My father once had an intervoo with
Gin'ral Lafayette.

He asked LaFayette to lend him five dol-
lars promisin' to pay in the Fall; but Lafy
said "he could not see it in those lamp."

Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our
language was a little shaky.

Immediately on my rival here I perceeded
to the Spotswood House, and callin' to my
assistant a young man from our town who
writes a good runnin' hand, I put my ortog-
raph in the Register, and handin' my um-
brella to the bald headed man behind the
counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood,
I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a culled person, and said "Show
the gentleman to the cowyard, and give him
cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" "Perhaps 'Ulysses
would not mind my turnin' in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr.
Spotswood.

"Well, no, not zactly; but he'll remember
me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her-
rye-meal of my uncles Levi all one winter.—
My uncles Levi's rye meal was—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spoty, "don't bother
me," and he shoved my umbrella onto the
floor. Observin' to him not to be keerness
with that wepen. I accompanied the African
to my lodgin's.

"My brother, I see, 'air you aware that
you've bin 'manoiptated?' Do you realise
how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my
brother, does it not seem like some dreams,
or do you realise the great fact in all its liv-
in' and holy magnitood?"

He said he would take some gin.

I was showed to the cow-yard and laid
down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was
orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone
to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should hav'
slept comfortable cuff if the bed clothes
hadn't bin pulled of me during the night,
by a scoundrel who had hitched a mule to
the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my
coverin' and my throat feels a little husky
this mornin'.

Gin'ral Halleck offers me the hospitality
of the city, given' me my choice of hospita-
lity.

He also very kindly placed at my disposal
a small pox ambulance.

UNION SENTIMENT.

There is really a great deal of Union sen-
timent in this city. I see it on every hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty
to tell his name, but he is a hold and infuor-
ent citizen of Richmond, and sez he,
"Why we've bin fightin' again the Old Flag!
Lor' bless me, how singlar!" He then bor-
der'd five dollars of me and bust in a flood
of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin' and for-
merly a bitter rebel.) "Let us at once stop
this effoshun of Blood. The Old Flag is
good enuff for me sir," he added, "you air
from the North! Have you a doughnut or
a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from
Vermont who had just organized a sort of
restaurant, where he could go and make a
very comfortable breakfast on New England
rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents
of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd
Garrison's amdrotype as soon as I got home,
he walked off.

Said another. "There's bin a tremendous
Union feelin' here from the fust. But we
was kept down by a rein terrier. Have you
a daggerrotype of Wendell Phillips about your
person? and will you lend me four dollars for
a few days till we are once more a happy and
united people?"

JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis is not pop'lar here. She is re-
garded as a Southern Sympathiser, and yet
I am told he was kind to his parents. She
ran away from 'em many years ago, and has
never bin back. This was showin' 'em a
good deal of consideration when we reflect
what his conduct has been. Her capture in
female apparel confuses me in regard to his
sex, and you see I speak of him as a her as
frequent as otherwise, and I guess he feels
so himself.

ROBERT LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble fellow.
He was opposed to the war at fust, and draw'd
his sword very reluctantly. In fact, he
wouldn't hav' draw'd his sword at all, only
he had a large stock of military clothes on
hand, which he didn't want to waste. He
sez the colored man is right, and he will at
once go to New York and open a Sabbath
School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnson and
others leaves the Confederate Army in a ruther
shattered state. That army now consists
of Kirby Smith, 4 mules and a Bas Dram,
and is movin' rapidly to'rds Texas.

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTNER.

Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a eat-
in' house to-day and encountered a young
man with long black hair and slender frame.
He don't wear much clothes, and them as he
did wear looked unheathy. He frowned on
me, and sez kinder scornful, "so, sir—you
come here to taunt us in hour of trouble, do
you?"

"No," said I, "I come here for hash."

"Pish-haw!" he said, sneerin', "I mean
you air in this city for the purpose of gloat-
in' over a fallen people. Others may basely
succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—
never, never!"

"Hav, suthin' to eat?" I pleasantly sug- gested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed ferocely, then
he added, "I eat with you—but I hate you.
You're a low lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'll
you have your tripe?"

"Fried mudsill with plenty of hamfat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor fellow! He
had lived on odds and ends for several days,
eatin' crackers that had bin turned over by
revealers in the breadtray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his heart softened
a little to'ards me. "After all," he sed,
"you har' sum people at the North who air
not wholly loathsum beasts."

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav' now and then
a man among us who isn't a cold-blinded
scoundrel. Young man, I mildly but grave-
ly sed, this crool war is over, and you're liet.
It's rather necessary for somebody to lick in
a good, lively fite, and in this ere case it hap-
pens to be the United States of America.—
You fit splendid, but we was too many for
you. Then make the best of it and let us
all give in and put the Republic on a firmer
basis nor ever.

"I didn't gloat over your misfortunes, my
young fren. 'Fur from it.—'Fur from it.—
I'm a old man now, and my heart is softer
nor it once was. You see my spectacles is
miston'd with suthin' very like tears. I'm
thinkin' of the sea of good rich blood that
has been spilt on both sides in this dreadful
war! I'm thinkin' of pour widers—and—or-
luns North, and your's in the South. I can
cry for both—b'leve me, my dear young
fren, I kin place my old hands tenderly on
the fair young head of the Virginny maid
whose lover was laid low in the battle dust
by a fed'ral bullet; and say, as fervently and
piously as a venerably sinner like me kin say
anythin', God be good to you, my poor dear,
my poor dear!"

I riz up to go, and taking my young South-
ern fren' kindly by the hand, I sed, "Young
man, adoo! You Southern fellers is proba-
bly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally
had a cussed querr way show'n it! It's
over now. Let us all give in and make a con-
try of this continent that shall giv' all Euro-
pe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time
they look at us! Adoo, adoo."

And as I am through, I'll likewise adoo
to you, gentle reader, merely remarkin',
that the Star Spangle Banner is wavin' round
loose agin, and that there don't seem to be
anythin' the matter with the Goddess of Lib-
erty beyond a slight cold.

ARTEMAS WARD.

A WIFE WANTED.—A fellow in Aroos-
took county, Maine, answered a New York
advertisement, representing that he could
furnish any person with a wife. The adver-
tiser replied, directing the writer to a neigh-
borin' asylum for idiots! The same youth,
not at all abashed, whose name is John Mor-
ris, speaks of himself as follows:

"I am eighteen years old, have a good set
of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the
Star Spangle Banner, and the Fourth of Ju-
ly. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up
eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it
down. My buckwheat looks fristrate, and the
oats and potatoes are bulky. I have got
nine sheep, a two year old bull and two heif-
ers, beside a house and barn. I want to get
married. I want to buy bread and butter,
hoop skirts and water-falls for some person
of the female persuasion during my life.—
But I don't know how to do it. That's what's
the matter with me."

Over the beauty of the plum and the ap-
ricot there grows a bloom and beauty more
exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, deli-
cate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now,
if you strike your hand over that, it is gone.
The flower that hangs in the morning im-
pearled with dew, arrayed as no queringly
man ever was arrayed with jewels—once
shake it so that the beads roll off, and you
may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet
it can never be again what it was when the
dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a
frosty morning you may see peaves of glass
covered with landscape, mountains, lakes,
trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now
lay your hand upon the glass, and by the
scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of
your palm, that delicate tracery will be obli-
terated. So there is in youth a beauty and
purity of character, which, when once touch-
ed and defiled, can never be restored.

The cost of supporting a wife having in-
creased alarmingly during the last quarter of
a century, and as the prospect is that it will
increase still more during the next quarter,
the masculine intellect is at work to devise
some remedy for the evil. The first move-
ment has been made at Marseilles. The
Publicite of that city announces a new kind
of strike—that of bachelors. Not fewer than
6,000 young men, it states, of that place,
and entered into an agreement not to ask any
young woman in marriage until a complete
change shall have been operated in the man-
ner of living, and particularly in the dress
of the fairer sex. The young men insist on
greater simplicity in every respect and a re-
turn to the more modest habits of a century
or two ago.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Daniel Webster
penned the sentiment:—"If we work upon
marbles it will perish; if we work upon brass
time will efface it; if we rear temples, they
will crumble into dust; but if we work on
mortal minds—if we imbue them with prin-
ciples, with the just fear of God and our fel-
low men, we engrave on those tablets some-
thing that will brighten through all eterni-
ty."

Heaven is a day without a cloud to dar-
ken it, and without a night to end it.

Thrilling Adventure.

This extract, from remembrance concern-
ing a series of murders committed some
years since in France, develops a rare in-
stance of presence of mind in women. We
will promise that the murderer was known
by the fact that in some brawl, or scene of
murder, he had lost three fingers from one
of his hands. There lived on the outskirts
of Dieppe a widow by the name of Beau-
maurice. She had no family, but with one
servant girl, lived in a very retired man-
ner. The cottage, in which she resided, was sit-
uated about half a mile from the city, a little
off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife
of one of the officers of the guard. She was
an extraordinary woman in every particular,
and especially so in respect to a certain cool-
ness of character she possessed in the midst
of danger, which, together with a large
amount of moral courage, made her a very
notable person. The recent murders, made
perhaps, less impression on her mind than
upon any one else in Dieppe; although it
was naturally supposed the retired situation
in which she lived would have caused her
to be more fearful.

About tea o'clock, on the night of the
30th of April, just ten days after the mur-
ders of the Rue Bernard, Madame Beau-
maurice went up into her bedroom. She was
suffering from a nervous headache. She felt
very sleepy and seated herself. The lamp
was placed on a chest of drawers behind her.
Opposite to her was a toilet table with a
cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had
already commenced taking off her clothes,
when, happening to look around her, she
saw something that for a moment chilled
her blood.—It was the shadow of a man's
hand on the floor. The hand had only two
fingers.

She divined the truth in a moment; the as-
sassin was there in her house, under the
table. She made not the least motion nor
sign, but reflected two three minutes as to
the best course to be pursued. She divin-
ed what to do and advanced to the door,
and called the servant maid.

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed she when the girl
entered the room. "Do you know where
M. Bernard lives?"

"Yes, Madam."

"I have to pay 5,000 francs away very
early in the morning. The fact slipped my
memory till just now. You will have to
run to his house and get the money for me.
"Very well, Madam."

"I will write a note, which you will deliv-
er to him, and he will give you bank bills to
the amount."

She wrote as follows:
My dear M. Bernard: The assassin of
the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grouard is
in my house. Come immediately with some
guns & arms, and take him before he
escapes.

"HELE BEAUMAURICE."
And without entering into any explanation
with the servant, she dispatched her on her
errand. She then quietly reseated herself
and waited. Yes, she sat in that room with
a man under the table for a whole hour.—
She saw the shadow of the hand shift sev-
eral times, but the murderer did not make
any attempt to escape from his place of con-
cealment.

In due time the gens d'armes arrived,
and Jacques Raynaud was arrested; not
however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add that the most convin-
cing proof as to his guilt was found, and in
due time he was guillotined.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.
Dr. Gay had for some time missed the hay
from his barn, and was satisfied that it was
stolen. With a view to detect the thief, he
took a dark lantern and stationed himself
near the place where he supposed he must
pass. In due time, a person whom he knew
passed along into his barn, and quickly came
out with as large a load of hay as he could
carry upon his back. The doctor, without
saying a word, followed the thief, and took
the candle out of his dark lantern and struck
it into the hay upon his back, and then re-
turned. In a moment the hay was in a light
blaze, and the fellow, throwing it from him
in utter consternation, ran away from his per-
ishing booty.

The doctor kept the affair a secret even
from his own family, and within a day or
two, the thief came to him in great agitation,
and told him a grievous sin; that he had
been tempted to steal some of his hay; and,
as he was carrying it away, the Almighty
was so angry with him that He had sent fire
from Heaven and set it blazin' upon his
back. The Doctor agreed to forgive him on
condition of his never repeating the offense.
—Dr. Sprague.

A SOFT EGG.—A military officer living
in barracks ordered his Irish servant to boil
him an egg for breakfast adding an injunc-
tion to boil it soft. The officer took up a
newspaper and read for ten minutes, then
wondering why his egg did not arrive, rang
the bell.

"My egg?"

"I'm seeing about it."
Another five minutes elapsed.

"Where's the egg?"

"Not done, sir."

"Not done! Do you mean to keep me
waiting all day? Bring it directly, sir."
Still no egg came. The bell rang once
more.

"Where's the egg?" thundered the officer.
"Yer honor," cried Thomas, in alarm, "did
not you tell me to bile it soft, sir, and hasn't
I biled it this quarter of an hour, and it isn't
soft yet?"

Some of our exchanges tell a story about
a woman's being relieved from speechless
grief by a hymn. We have known a num-
ber of the sex to be strongly affected and
greatly benefited by him before this.

A Railroad Romance.

A young lieutenant had apparently suc-
ceeded in making himself exceedingly agree-
able to a married lady accompanied by her
little daughter. By and by the train ap-
proached the tunnel at Muldrough hill.—
The gay and festive lieutenant leaved over
and whispered in the lady's ear. It was no-
ticed that she appeared as thunder struck,
and her eyes immediately after flamed with
indignation. A moment more, and a smile
lighted up her features. What changes!—
That smile, it was not of pleasure, but was
sinister.—It was unperceived by the lieuten-
ant.—She made him a reply which rejoiced
him apparently very much. For the under-
standing properly of the narrative—this o'er
true tale—we must tell the reader what was
whispered and what was replied. Whispered
the lieutenant, "I mean to kiss you when
we get into the tunnel?" Replied the lady,
"It will be dark—who will see it? Into
cars' bowels—into the tunnel—ran the
cars."

Lady and colored nurse quietly changed
seats. Gay lieutenant threw his arms around
the lady's neck, pressed her cheek to his, and
fast and furiously rained kisses on her lips.
In a few moments the train came into the
tunnel; and white lady looked amazed;
colored lady bashful, blushing; gay lieuten-
ant befogged. "Jane," said the white lady,
"what have you been doing?" Responded
colored lady, "nothing." "Yes you have,"
said the white lady, not in an under tone, but
in a voice that attracted the attention of all
in the car; "see how your collar is rumpled
and your bonnet mashed? Jane, poor colored
beauty, bung her head a moment, the ob-
servers-of-all-observers," and then turning a-
round to the lieutenant, replied, "this man bug-
ged and kissed me in the tunnel! Loud and
long was the laugh that followed among the
passengers. The white lady enjoyed the
joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a
sheep-stealing dog, left the car and was seen
no more during the trip.—Nashville Union.

THE DEVIL ALARMED.—An editor way
down East, on entering his office, and seeing
his apprentice boy cutting some queer en-
graves, called out to him:

"Jim what are you doing on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I've had a shock!"

"A shock!"

"Yes, sir," said the devil gasping, "one
of your subscribers came in during your ab-
sence—said he owed you two years' subscrip-
tion; paid it, and also paid another year in
advance!"

"In advance!" gasped the editor, nearly
as much overcome as his lone apprentice.

"Yes, sir, and it has produced an effect
upon me that I have been perfectly helpless
ever since."

"And well you may Jim. But up; if
you survive this you are safe, as there is
little prospect of another such a catastro-
phe."

NEGRO SERMON.—"Dar are," said a sable
orator, addressing his brethren, two road tro-
dis world. De one am a broad and narrow
road dat leads to perdition; de oder a nar-
row and broad road dat leads to destruction.

"If dat am de case," said his sable ques-
tioner, 'dis cullud individual takes to de
wood."

EXTRAORDINARY KISSING.—A young la-
dy engaged as a missionary collector entered
a store in Kingston, N. Y. and made her usual
appeal. She was informed by a gentle-
man that he would contribute 25 cents for
every kiss she would give him. Like a true
martyr she accepted the proposition, and soon
ran up a bill of \$750. This lady imparted
300 kisses, and allowing one kiss per second,
she occupied but fifty minutes in the opera-
tion. They must have been plastered on
thick and fast hardly allowing time to taste.

An Irish preacher was once considerably
annoyed (as many before and since, have
likewise been) by persons getting up and go-
ing out of church during the sermon. His
patience being exhausted, he stopped his dis-
course, and exclaimed:

"Go on my lad, I've seen the top of your
head, that's enough!"

The fellow turned around and, with an an-
gry, menacing look, muttered:—
"I'll see you again sir!"

"You had better see me now," replied the
preacher, "for when I'm in the pulpit, I fight
for the Lord Jesus, but when I'm out of it I
fight for myself."

"Massa! Massa! one ob your oxen am
dead."

"One of the oxen dead?"

"Ya-as, Massa."

"Where is the other one?"

"Oh, ho am dead too."

"Why didnt you say both of them were
dead tho?"

"Cass, Massa, I was afraid you couldnt
bore it."

The papers offer an encouragement to their
readers to persevere in getting through their
work, by stating that an old lady in Holland,
whose sole occupation was housewifery,
scrubbed her sitting room floor until she fell
through into the cellar.

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

A NEW NAME.

A young lady recently
entered a shop of a fashionable milliner, for
the purpose of making some trifling purchase.
"How is your mother, miss?" inquired the
lady.

"She is not very well," replied Affection-
ate.

"Ah! what is the matter with her, my
dear?"

"She fell down stairs and hurt her court-
sey-bonnet very much."

"Her what?"

"Her courtsey-bonnet."

"Courtsey-bonnet! what is that?" inquired
the puzzled mother.

"Why, her KNEE," said the blushing dam-
sel.

"That gal was too modest, to say LEG—she
was."

A Frenchman was tried in Richmond the
other day, by a drummed court martial, for
striking a woman in one of the markets with
his cane. He was convicted and in punish-
ment was paraded through the streets to the
tomb of the "Rogue's March," with a large
placard, labelled "This for striking a woman."
The populace enjoyed the affair much more
than the Frenchman.

A New York writer says the chief pleas-
ure derived by the Bostonians at a musical
entertainment is criticism, and he ventures
the statement that "when they go to Heav-
en they will declare that some of the harps
are out of tune, that one of the angels takes
liberties with the composer's text, and that
another sings flat. They will also deplare
the absence of the Boston organ."

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—
A Persian poet gives the following instruc-
tion upon this important subject:—"When
thou art married, seek to please thy wife;
but listen not to all she says. From man's
right side a rib was taken to form the wo-
man, and never was there seen a rib quite
straight. And would thou straighten it? It
breaks but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain
that crooked is woman's temper; forgive her
faults and blame her not; not let her anger
thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to
straighten what is curved."

A HAPPY FRESIDE.—Home is the resi-
dence, not merely of the body, but of the
heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold
and develop themselves; for children to love,
to learn and play in; for husband and wife to
toil smilingly together, and make life a bless-
ing. The object of all ambition should try
to be happy at home; if we are not happy
there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is
the best proof of the virtues of a family cir-
cle, to see a happy freside.

LABOR IN VAIN.—A goose trying to
climb up a tree to lay its eggs in a crow's
nest. An undertaker's assistant trying to
look serious over a pot of porter before pro-
ceeding to the funeral. A candidate for con-
gressional honors smiling after defeat, and
endeavoring to make the people believe he
is proud of his place on the poll. Trying to
kiss a pretty girl when she's sneezing. Try-
ing to get a good account from a bad leg-
der.

COMICAL.—A good deacon at a conference
meeting in the town of D—, about thirty
miles North of Boston, addressed his audi-
tories one Sabbath evening as follows: "My
friends, there is a new doctrine going about
now-a-days. We are told that all mankind
are going to Heaven. But, my brethren and
sisters, we hope for better things!"

A Justice better versed in law than gos-
pel, married a couple in this way:
"Hold up your hands. You solemnly
swear that you will faithfully perform the
duties of your office, jointly and severally,
according to your best skill and judgment,
so help you God. That's all—fee one dol-
lar."

Old Mrs. Darly is a pattern of household
economy. She says she has made a pair of
socks to last fifteen years; by only knitting
new feet to them every winter, and new legs
to them every other winter.

That was a wicked boy, when he was
told that the best cure for palpitation of the
heart was to quit kissing the girls said, "If
that is the only remedy for palpitation, I say
let her palp!"

"What's the matter Tom?" Caught a
cold; that's all. "Yes, I saw you after one
last night, with your coat off; I thought you'd
catch it."

Life is like a theatre. During the play
we take higher and lower seats, but when it
is over we mingle in the common stream and
go home.

USEFUL HINT.—A tablespoonful of pow-
dered alum will purify a hoghead of foul
water. Try it.

I like to see women send their butter to
market in a dirty cloth; it shows economy
and saves washing.

What is the only secret women can keep?
their age.

Comparatively speaking, a lady's gait is a
pretty thing. But her gaiter is prettier.
Jeff Davis, when taken, promptly gave in,
but his uterline stood out.

Why do little birds in their nest agree?
Because it would be dangerous to fall out.

The strongest blame in widom's opinion
is the memory of past folly.

A punctual man can always find leisure,
a negligent man, never.