

VILLAGE RECORD



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if you give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwary part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have,
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things,
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "built upon the sand."

WINTER DAYS ARE LONG.

Oh long and bitter is the cold,
My year of life is growing old;
The snow is on my hair,
The frost is in my veins;
Oh clover-scented air!
Oh gentle early rain!
When shall your dewy bloom
Breathe the summer o'er my tresses?
My June sped like a song;
But winter is so long—
So long—
So still, so dull and long.

My willing feet, that used to stray,
Fresh to the dawn, froth day to day,
Grow weary of the road;
And my dim eyes look back
Through the snow-dropping wood,
Along life's narrow track;
In vain—I cannot see
The bloom that used to be;
They sped like summer's song;
And winter is so long—
So long—
So still, so dull and long.

Oh sweetness of remembered June!
Oh joy that blest life's harvest moon!
Blue eyes that are asleep!
June loves that are a-cold!
It is to shame to weep
When one is worn and old,
And all life's withered leaves
Rustle on early graves,
That hold my birds of song;
And winter is so long—
So long—
So lonely and so long.

I know the year will smile again,
And other June will deck the plain
For other lives; my bloom
Live in a fairer clime,
That holds no snows, no toms
To mark the death of time,
I long, O! not in vain,
To clasp my arms again;
But winter's bonds are strong,
And winter days are long—
So long—
So lonely and so long.

MISCELLANY.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

BY ANILIE PETTIT

No! Carrie, "not even a bud," can I spare from my peerless rose. No doubt, it seems selfish to keep them all, when you so much desire a single one. You have been very kind to me, darling, since my illness, brightening by your presence and sympathy many dark hours of suffering. The rose-trees shall be yours, when my nights have become days in that other land. Since little Eva was in, prattling of your two lovers, I have had a story to tell you, if you have leisure to relate it now. Raise my head a little, please; that will do nicely—thank you.

It will be twelve years to-morrow, since my twentieth birthday. Your mother, was one day past eighteen, but we always celebrated the festivals together. Upon this occasion uncle gave us a grand party. I dressed early, for my betrothed, Lawrence Elmore, had promised to come before the company arrived, and bring me flowers. I anticipated something beautiful, for his taste was exquisite. He came, bringing a bouquet of half-opened rose-buds and blue violets; besides this, a branch from a rose-tree,

bearing three fragrant white buds, just ready to expand into full flower. The buds he insisted upon twining with his own hands among my braids and ringlets, which he accomplished with wonderful skill, making the green leaves and snowy buds gleam here and there among my dark curls in a way that won praise and admiration from all. "My taste" was commended again and again, and I laughed the compliments off as best I could; for to no one, not even your mother, had I told the secret of my engagement. Lawrence was a clerk, industrious and economical. Still, he deemed it not prudent to marry in less than two years, and I insisted that if we waited so long, the engagement should not be public. My only motive was to avoid the comments and discussions of acquaintances.

Our party passed pleasantly; the refreshments, music, flowers, every thing, were admirable; the company were in fine spirits, and nothing occurred to mark it as a dark hour in my life. Among the guests was Mr. Hueton, just returned from a lengthened tour in South America. Early in the evening he was introduced to me, and entertained me greatly with accounts of wild adventures and descriptions of tropical scenery. Several times, during the evening, we were thrown together, and that subtle something which tells a maiden when she has won a new admirer, told me that Lewis Hueton would pursue the acquaintance. Months of gayety followed, and people began to notice the attentions Mr. Hueton paid me. Lawrence was seldom present; books and study occupied his time, save when he spent a quiet evening with me. These evenings became less frequent, for I went out constantly. There was a new charm in the devotion of the wealthiest, but educated man of the set. I never stopped to think whether I was drifting. One day, some six months after our party, a beautiful bouquet was sent me, with a note. I had not seen my betrothed for two weeks, and said to myself, he has sent this to say he is coming to night. I opened and read:

"CLARA—With the flowers, accept the devotion of one who would be more than your friend. LEWIS HUETON."

The paper fell from my startled fingers, and for the first time in months I was obliged to think. Steeping to raise the note, I brushed against the rose, which, with infinite care and patience, I had reared from the branch worn upon my birth-night. The gentle touch of the leaves upon my cheek smote me like a blow.

All the day was spent in thought. Lawrence, I argued, does not really love me, or he would be more attentive. I have scarce seen him for two months, and he is becoming so quiet and abstracted that his visits are not as pleasant as formerly. Why should my youth and beauty be wasted in planning little economies, as a clerk's wife, when as Mrs. Hueton, every wish would be gratified! That evening, having stilled love and conscience, I dressed to meet Mr. Hueton. He came—told me how I had grown into his affections, and offered heart and hand for my acceptance. I did not then accept his proposal, though I gave him reason to expect my answer would be favorable, if my relatives were pleased.

Before sleeping, I wrote to Lawrence, saying as gently as possible, that I could not happily share his lot; that, brought up in luxury, though having no fortune of my own, I could not cheerfully labor, as I ought, to make his salary suffice for us; therefore I asked freedom from my engagement. Three days later a reply came, in the following words:

"CLARA—My best beloved—you are free. I have nothing of yours to return, save a bit of blue ribbon that once tied your curls—I retain that. LAWRENCE."

I felt, instinctively, that my freedom had been purchased at the price of mortal anguish to another, and would gladly have undone my work. Shutting myself from every eye, that day, I did not weep, but suffered none the less that tears were denied me. The evening brought Mr. Hueton, and with the hearty approval of my uncle and aunt, I was again betrothed. Lewis urged an early day for the marriage, but aunt insisted that four months was the least possible time in which my outfit could be prepared. The next three months were passed in a whirl of silk, lace and muslin, which wearied me. Mr. Hueton often remarked my silent ways and thoughtful looks, which he attributed to shyness and over-exertion. With his grand faith in me he never imagined my love was half vainly.

At length, but eight days were to pass before our marriage. The rose-tree was full of opening buds, and I anticipated wearing them at my bridal. Two buds were half-opened, and I brought the plant down, to show Lewis, when he came in to spend the evening.

"Do you know, darling," said he, "that the charming taste with which the roses were twined in your hair, the first time of our meeting, was what attracted me to you?"

I bent over the tree to hide my glowing face. He continued:

"But I have not told you—I can remain no longer this evening, having promised to spend the night with a sick friend. By the way, he is passionately fond of flowers—give me those two, for they will fade before the day and others will come out."

I cut the flowers and he left me. The day following, a messenger brought a request from Lawrence Elmore, that I would lend him for one day, my rose tree; he was ill, had heard of its wondrous beauty, and knew how I had reared it. I could—but send it with every caution for its safety. Instead of calling that evening, Mr. Hueton wrote, saying he was staying with a dying friend. The thought that this friend was my discarded lover did not cross my mind.

The next morning Mr. Hueton brought the rose-tree shorn of every bud and blossom. He placed it upon the table saying:

"My friend, Lawrence Elmore, cut them off, and started upon a long journey with them in his hand!"

"O, pity me!" I cried, and fell senseless upon the floor. When consciousness returned, he was holding me against his heart, but with such a desolate, broken-hearted look in his face, that I was fain to turn away my eyes.

"Pity you? Clara," said he, "pity me! I have lost my best loved friend, and my beloved wife. Lawrence did not willingly betray your fault; it was only in the delirium of his dying moments, that I learned what had caused his illness and death."

Gently placing me upon the sofa, he left the house.

The wedding invitations had not been given out and were now delayed by my sudden illness. From a servant I learned when Lawrence's funeral would take place, and, in spite of remonstrance, attended, dressed plainly and wearing a heavy veil to avoid recognition. He was buried in Greenwood, and, alone in the carriage which my uncle sent, I went to the grave. Mr. Hueton stood by my side, as the last solemn words were said, though I fancied he did not recognize me, until, as we turned away, he offered his arm, conducted me to the carriage, and left me without one word.

May my darling Carrie never know such agony of remorse as I suffered that day—and for many years, feeling that I had murdered the man I loved, and destroyed the happiness of one so worthy of respect and affection as Mr. Hueton. That evening a package containing the few notes I had written him and my miniature, was handed me by a servant. I looked in vain for one written word of his. He was too noble to add one reproach to those he knew I suffered. Yet too truthful to attempt a palliation of my fault. It then became necessary to tell my uncle that there would be no marriage, and that the fault of the broken engagement was mine; yet I could not bring his contempt upon me by telling him all. I have related this to you, Carrie, as a warning. If your affections are given to one man, do not trifle with the holiest feelings of another. Sometimes, when I am gone, and you come to Greenwood, bring a rose for Lawrence Elmore.

Homey Girls.

A Cleveland editor, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:

1st.—The homely girls are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well.

2d.—They go to church every Sunday, and are fond of their meals. They had rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet.

3d.—They understand their business and wear No 16 gaiters.

4th.—They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garret's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

5th.—They always thank the gentleman for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with the boys—because its out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

6th.—They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

7th.—They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

8th.—They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats" nor other animals in their hair.

9th.—They don't call the young bloods, and other trash, "perfectly splendid."

10th.—They never eat between meals.

11th.—They are all going to get married.

12th.—They will all marry well.

13th.—Their children will be all bright and shining lights in the world.

14th.—They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

15th.—They sleep under mosquito bars when convenient.

16th.—They can make coffee and nut-cakes and can do chamberwork.

17.—They are O. K.

18.—They are homely but oh, Jerusalem!

19th.—They know they are homely.

20th.—They perspire when the thermometer is at 91 deg. in the shade and wear gored waists.

21st.—Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like peanuts.

Avoid Swearing.

An oath is the wrath of a perturbed spirit.

It is more. A man of high moral standing would rather treat an offence with contempt, than show his indignation by uttering an oath.

It is vulgar. Altogether too low for a decent man.

It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred and refined.

It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense.

It is abusive—to the mind which conceived the oath, to the tongue which uttered it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be as a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them starts out from his head.

It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of the wise and good.

It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were only pieces of second-hand furniture that sold at public cost.

THE EVENING STAR.

Loved nature sleeps the wakeful stars
Are everywhere on high,
And scarce a soft and fleecy cloud
Sails o'er the azure sky.
But 'mid that sisterhood of gems,
In boundless space afar,
Is one, sweet Queen of all the host,
It is—The Evening Star.

Sweet, radiant star of heavenly birth,
To-night for land and sea,
Thou hast a loving, tranquil smile
Of hallowed majesty.
Enthroned amid the softest skies,
We love thy light divine,
And wish that clouds might never hide
A face so calm as thine.

Modern Aristocracy.

Somebody says, and we endorse the sentiment, that the article called "aristocracy" is a queer conglomeration of absurd elements. "It is fearfully and wonderfully made"—It is based, or assumes to be, on fashion, and fashion is ever changing. It claims to be the embodiment of what is popular, and yet what is popular to-day may be very unpopular to-morrow. The pass word that admits you to its fellowship is "money." And yet the quality of the blood must have much to do with it, for some who claim to be of the first families are rich only on the "outside." It demands of its members professed devotion to sectarian forms, though some of the most flagrant sinners are its especial favorites. It is very exclusive, but the veriest bores and rascals share its fellowship, if his family happens to belong inside the ring, or he has money for his passport. A very subtle concern is this aristocracy of this sod-fish grade, this snobbery of the latter days! How despicable to graduate man's standing and respectability by anything except moral worth! How grandly ridiculous to see a people compromising their sense and independence by apeing the hollow conventionalism of society, with the design and the hope of being ultimately picked up by the F. F.'s and voted respectable.

The Close of the Week.

A week! It is but a short time indeed, but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just closed brought joy? To whom sorrow? To whom riches? To whom poverty? To whom friends? To whom enemies? To whom love? To whom misery? To whom happiness? To whom sickness? To whom health? To whom life? To whom death? What all these changes in one week? Yes, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who see the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere it closes! Many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the untroubled sea of happiness a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this time met some ill-misfortune and are turned upon the world the children of poverty; and many whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth, bright and prosperous, at the dawn of this week, find themselves at its close, the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment. And such is the life of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day—nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution—time whirling on its rapid progress, leaving behind its traces of destruction, and even in a small community, many thrilling, exciting circumstances might be summed up and recorded at the close of each.—E. P. Whipple.

Childhood.

Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a greater portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs, as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown moustaches, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form in their present state of pigmy existence a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a bawling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality, and unite hearts which time had divided.

"Pete, what a m lub?" asked a sable youth of his companion.

"And you don't know nuffin' 'bout him?"

"No, Uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your business, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat.

"No, I don't Uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which rends his soul so severely that time itself can't heal it."

"Den, Uncle Pete, I know who am in lub."

"Who am it?"

"Dis ole beet of mine. Its sole am rent so severely, dat Johnson, de cobler, utterly refused to mend him; and he says dat he is so bad dat de double himself couldn't heel 'im."

Practical Joking.

Joe and Commodore Rogers, brother blacksmiths in Whitewater, Wisconsin, have a great reputation for being practical jokers. Last summer Joe bought an old fashioned dash churn, for the purpose of manufacturing their own butter, and as the Commodore was a widower, and lived with Joe, all such work naturally fell to him. One day, after supper, the first churning was got ready, and the Commodore was invited to churn.

"Hold on," said he, "till I go down town and get some terbacker."

He went, and while gone Joe did the churning, and took the butter, and left the buttermilk in the churn.

The Commodore returned, looked at the churn, took off his coat and said, "Well, old churn, its you and I, and here's for ye!" and commenced his labor. After churning a couple of hours, he remarked that he "guessed it would be cheaper to buy butter than to make it." "I think so too," says Joe, "if you are going to churn it out of buttermilk."

A few days after the churning process, Joe put one end of a small bar of iron into his forge fire, and gave his bellows three or four pumps, and stepped into the back shop. While gone, the Commodore heated the iron to a black heat, then changed ends with it and stepped out of the front door to watch the progress.

In came Joe, took up the iron, but dropped it instantly, holding up his burned hand and roaring with pain. "Put on some terbacker, Joe—its good for a burn!" said the Commodore, as he made a masterly retreat amid a shower of articles composed of hammers, hard coal, and old horse shoes.

The Expectants.

Who shall tell the hopes and fears that are stibbed into little frocks for the forms not yet seen! All the world over, the quiet thoughtful brow of expectant womanhood bends o'er them silently. Sometimes a glad smile lingers on the lips; sometimes the busy hands lie idly folded over the soft cambric folds, as memory carries them back to their own childhood; just so their mother sat, with just such thoughts busy at heart and brain, before they were nestled in a mother's welcoming arms. Ah! never till now did they ever fully realize what a mother's love may be. Never till now did they retrace the steps of childhood, girlhood and maturity—so carefully, to note all the Christ-like patience and tenderness to which those long years bear witness.—Then solemnly comes the thought: "Just as I look up to my mother, this little one will look up to me. Me! Warm tears fall fast on the little frock that lies on the lap.—"Me! Ah! how do I know that I shall teach it aright? and with the happy love-thrill is mingled a responsibility so overwhelming that it cannot be borne alone.—Nor, thank God, need it be, nor is it. Ah, whatsoever fathers may think, mothers must needs look upward. The girl-mother, from that sweet, sacred moment, will rise, if ever disenthralled from her past frivolity, and with the earnest zeal of a new baptism on her brow. Fanny Ern.

THE INDUSTRIOUS.—Youth is eminently the fittest season for establishing habits of industry. Rare indeed are the examples of men, who, when their earlier years have been spent in dull inactivity or trifling amusements, are afterwards animated by the love of glory; or instigated even by the dread of want, to undergo that labor to which they have not been familiarised.—They find a state of indolence, indeed, not merely joyous, but tormenting. They are racked with cares which they can neither explain nor alleviate; and through the mere want of pursuits they are harassed with more galling solicitude than even disappointed occasions to other men. Not "trailed up in the way they should go" when they are young, they have not the inclination, and when they are old, they have not the power to depart from idleness. Wearied they are with doing nothing; they form hasty resolutions and vain designs of doing something; and then starting aside from every approach of toil, they leave it undone for ever and ever.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.—There is one thing that I have often noticed on the field in every battle that I have witnessed, viz: that the Christian man is the best soldier, says a minister of the Gospel writing upon this subject:—"It is a saying common among the officers that, as a class, the men who stand firmest when the battle rages are the Christian men. Many a time I have talked to them about such scenes, and they have told me that their souls have stood firm in that hour of strife and that they have been perfectly calm. I have had Christian Generals tell me this.—I have heard General Howard often say that in the midst of the most terrific portion of the battle, when his heart for a moment quailed, he could pause, and lift up his soul to God and receive strength. 'And,' said he, 'I have gone through battle without a particle of fear. I have thought that God sent me to defend my country. I believed it was a Christian duty to stand in the foremost of the fight, and why should I be afraid?'—Nurse and Spy.

A Yankee was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down east until he had shown the landlord his "pewter" to pay for it.—Boniface did his best to get up a good meal, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host and said: "Mister, you've seen my money, and I've seen your dinner—good-bye."

If a shoemaker, in approaching his customer, utters cold, and gives up his own, what will become of his sole if he can not breathe his heel 'in."

Leaves from a Teacher's Journal.

The mission of the teacher is one of the oldest and most honorable in the universe.—It is as coeval with civilization itself.—When the fiat of the Almighty went forth in authoritative tones, 'er matter shimmering in darkness, and called forth Light, the offspring of Heaven's first word, under whose benign and enlivening influence the earth was moulded into a thing of life and beauty; the mission of teaching began.

Light, as well as matter, was organized, and its ministers and messengers appointed, as

He whose Word on Creation's morn
Called darkness into light and chaos into form,
Is the source and author of all light, physical and moral, so is He the source and fountain of all instruction,—the center of Life and Light in the universe, the First-Teacher.

The first pupil was not

"The whining school boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school,"

but man, full-grown in form, and beauty, and strength; just as he came from the moulding hands of Jehovah, his soul bearing the form and impress of Divinity, and his features beaming with the life awakened by the quickening breath of His Creator.

Light, physical, is indispensable to the wants of the physical creation, and light, moral, is indispensable to the social and spiritual wants of man.

The first command given to man imparted to him the first sense of his duty.—It is not to be supposed that he came from the hand of God endowed with all the knowledge he was capable of knowing. Language and full-blown reason he no doubt possessed, and these were the channels through which his knowledge was supplied. In the "garden eastward in Eden" he was placed to learn.—The book of Nature in all its beauty and loveliness was spread before him. Around, above, beneath,—from the starry canopy o'er his head, from the green sward at his feet, from the bright and beautiful streams

that watered his elysian abode; lessons great and important were to be learned.

He also enjoyed a direct and personal presence with his Great Father until he transgressed his law. And on through the long vista of years between the fall and the restoration, God was with man by teachers in the persons of the prophets and the Angel of the Covenant.

He who now sits on the throne of the Universe, and in whose hands God has placed all authority and all power, was once a Teacher—the Great Teacher. The lonely mountains, the sequestered vales, and the once populous but now desecrated cities of Palestine can tell of his labors, of weary journeyings, of fastings, of prayers and of tears.—Barren millions in Paradise, and sanctified thousands on earth can tell of the lessons he taught.

A Teacher on the throne of the Universe! Glorious and cheering thought for the humble laborer on earth! A Teacher, too, who has experienced the rebuffs, the privations and sorrows of earth.

Ye lily-fingered, would be aristocrats of earth, who despise the humble teacher as he toils in his work of love, if Christ were to come again to earth and be born in a stable, how would you receive him? How was he received by the lawyers, Pharisees, yet idolomenus of his own day?

Follow Teacher do not be cast down by trials and troubles. Though your position in life be humble; though you see dark days, and experience wants and privations, look aloft! Though you meet with contempt, and sneers and jeers from those who hold you "only a teacher," heed them not, you are as high above them as heaven is above the earth. Look up to where your ray of light beams forth from the throne of the Eternal and casts its radiance o'er your path, and listen to that voice of cheer that comes in tender tones to your heart. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

December 2nd 1865.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.—The ground work of all manly character, is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness.

That virtue lies at the foundation of every thing said. How common it is to hear parents say I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive. I build on that confidence. They are right. It is lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as truth remains in a child, there is something to depend on, but when the truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back again to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart.

The mischievous winking of a beautiful coquette from under a sweet hood is a pleasant kind of hood-winking.

In an Eastern village, when the plate was being passed in church, a newly appointed editor said to the collector: "Go on, I'm a dead head—I have got a pass."

A certain lodging house was very much infested with bed-bugs. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said: "Sir, there is not a single bug in the house."

"No ma'am," said he, "they are all married and have large families."

I say, Jim, what did old Grimes give you for drowning his dog?

"Give me! why he give me one of the all-furthest tickles you ever heard tell on."

AMICUS.