

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Always look on the sunny side,
And though life checked on,
A lightsome heart bids care depart,
And time fly pleasantly;
Why sit and mourn o'er fancied ills,
When danger is not near?
Care is a self-consuming thing,
That hardest nerve can wear.

Always look on the sunny side,
And though you do not find
All things according to your wish,
Be not disturbed in mind;
The greatest evils that can come
Are lighter far to bear,
When met by fortitude and strength,
Instead of doubt and fear.

Always look on the sunny side—
There's health in harmless joys,
And much to soothe our worldly cares
In hoping for the best.
The gloomy path is far too dark
For happy feet to tread,
And tells of pain and solitude,
Of friends estranged and dead.

Always look on the sunny side,
And never yield to doubt;
The ways of Providence are wise,
And faith will bear you out.
If you but make this maxim yours,
And in its strength abide,
Believing all is for the best—
Look on the sunny side.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

Merrily bounds the morning lark
Along the summer sea,
Merrily mounts the morning lark
The topmost twig on tree.
Merrily smiles the morning rose
The morning sun to see;
And merrily, merrily greets the rose
The honey sucking bee;
But merrier, merrier far than these
Who bring on wings the morning breeze,
A music sweeter than her own,
A happy group of loves and graces,
Graceful forms and lovely faces.
All in gay delight outdoors:
Out from their school room cages,
School room rules, and school room pages,
Lovely in their teens and tresses,
Summer smiles, and summer dresses,
Joyous in their dance and song,
With sweet sisterly caresses,
Arm in arm they speed along.

MISCELLANY.

JOHNSON AND JONES.

William Johnson and Edwin Jones were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their farms were beautifully situated; the soil naturally productive. So far there was not a particle of difference between the two places. Yet there were a different aspect. Johnson's buildings looked nice and tidy. His barn and outbuildings were snug and comfortable, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed. Now, Mr. Jones had no more of a family to support than his neighbor, yet the aspect of his house and farm were very different. Old rubbish was kicking around in the yard, that should have been in less unsightly places; his house looked weather-beaten and neglected; rags were seen in spots where panes of glass were expected to be found; there were large cracks in the barn, through which the winds of heaven had a free course. His apple trees were disfigured by old bark and dead limbs; and in short everything seemed to wear a look of dilapidation and neglect. Edwin Jones was a hard-workman, and he often caught himself wondering how it was that his neighbor Johnson kept along so smoothly and quiet, and yet he had everything in perfect order.

One rainy day in the fall, after harvesting was over, Johnson was at work in his tool chamber when his neighbor Jones entered.

"Johnson" said the latter, after he had watched his neighbor's place a few moments, "how much did that old sled of yours cost; I have got to have one this winter."

"Oh, that cost me nothing; I made that myself, I got out the timber last winter, so that matter's disposed of; and I feel proud of it too. It's my first attempt."

"Well, neighbor Johnson, I don't see how in the world you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I don't believe you work as hard as I do. Your wife don't make any better butter than mine; your sheep don't grow any better wool. But you raise more fruit to be sure."

"I have not so many acres as you."

"No; but the fruit is of better quality, and finds a ready market."

"Yes, because I have taken pains to obtain the best grafts. My trees were the same as yours when we started. My cows give more milk than yours do in the winter, for they have a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens are tight and comfortable, and so on."

"And I suppose you are laying up money?" muttered Jones with a crest fallen look.

"Certainly I am—about \$500 a year!"

"So much!" exclaimed Jones with a look

of surprise; "why, I can't lay up a single cent; in fact, am running behind."

"Let me tell you the secret," said Johnson, in the kindest and most neighborly way. "Last summer I saw you buy two pitchforks; now how much did they all cost you?"

"Let's see—two dollars and a half."

"Well, my fork handle got broke last winter, so did some of my rakes. I brought them right up here, and when at leisure just fixed them up. There was so much saved. Now you have nothing at all to do to-day."

"No, indeed! it rains too hard."

"But I am at work making my apple boxes; how are you going to get yours?"

"Gracious makes them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of apples."

"Which is as good as two dollars. Now if you hire as good a sled as mine made, it will cost at least twelve dollars. You see how those little things count up."

"And all this comes of your having tools to work with," returned Jones, whose eyes were beginning to open.

"Yes, neighbor."

"Well, if I had tools I could save a good many sums in the course of a year, but I never have the money to spare for them—Why these 'ere tools o' yours must cost more'n fifty dollars."

"Just about that."

"Then I'm mighty afraid I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I shall never have that sum to spare."

"You don't understand. Let me explain the secret. I should never have gone with a fifty dollar bill and bought these things—I have procured one at a time with my grog and tobacco money."

"Grog and tobacco money!" repeated Jones with a look of blank surprise.

"Yes," said Johnson with a smile, now I am going to give you a lecture. I am going to give you the benefit of my experience.—The first year I began on the farm, I used to have spirits by me, and every now and then take a drink, to keep up my strength I said to myself. In the long warm days, in haying and harvesting, the bottle used to be patronized liberally. But I finally began to see that it was growing hard for me to resist and so, after deliberating on the subject, I came to the conclusion that rum and tobacco did me no good, and might do much evil, and I would leave them off—so I did. So I commence laying up the money they cost me. I saw how much might be saved if I could do the work myself I had been obliged to pay for, so I began buying such tools as I thought would come handy. At the end of the first year I found that I had quite a collection, and it had come from money I might otherwise have drank and smoked up, and I feel healthier and happier than the year before. I knew I had laid the foundation for future good. Time passed on—my grog and tobacco money kept coming in. It was now a hammer, then a saw, then an auger, and another plane, a bit, stock, &c., till I have now an excellent stock of tools, and they are not only a source of great profit, but of solid comfort into the bargain. I believe, friend Jones, in giving up my grog and tobacco I have been a great gainer.—Now, do you not think you could do as well without it?" "Johnson" said Jones at length, after a protracted silence, "I wish you had told me of that long ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you—it is a delicate matter at best."

"I knew it, but Edwin Jones is not the man to be offended with a neighbor for friendly advice."

"Well," said Johnson, with an extreme look of gratification, "it's never too late to mend, and if you get into a pinch, where fifty or a hundred dollars will be of use to you come to me."

Mr. Jones thanked his friend with a suspicious moisture shining in his eyes, and shortly after took leave. The very next time he went to town, instead of refilling his brown jug and empty box, he brought home a new auger, and a proud man was he, at work with his own tools.

Time passed away, and he soon found himself the owner of quite a little stock of implements. This thing operated many ways for good.—Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a pride in doing it. He re-set his windows, roofed his bee house, built new pig-pens, tightened his barn, and in rainy weather was never without pleasant and profitable employment. His cows did not break through the barn floor now, and they gave as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as good apples as his neighbor Johnson's do, and all this is because he stopped his grog and tobacco expenditures, bought his tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors; and so he is a happy, thriving and contented farmer.

It is never too late to do right, as for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his "solitary horseman." It is never too late to be a "wide awake" character; an old gentleman who has ceased to read the Daily Evening Blunderbuss, has entirely recovered from the sleepiness that used to afflict him. It is sometimes too late to "pop the question;" a man once did so to a "charming widgeon," just as she had reached her house after burying her first husband; "You are too late," was the reply, "the deacon spoke to me at the grave!"

The Salt Lake *Fedette* has the following:—There is an old day laborer down town that has thirty children crying for bread, and his two Welsh wives well nigh emaciated. It's lucky for him there's no tax on children.

Moderation.

That moderation in all things is a Christian virtue, and much to be praised, we admit; but of late days our eyes and ears have become so perfectly salted with it, applied in a political sense, that we could almost wish the word stricken from our vocabulary.—Every Copperhead Congressman talks of the beauties of charity and moderation towards "our misguided brethren of the South;" every stump speech essayed by gentlemen of the like ilk anywhere, counsels moderation as regards traitors who were lately in arms against our government; Copperhead newspapers measure towards those who have endeavored, through four long years of war and bloodshed, to overthrow our grand Temple of Liberty, and to make our boasted principles of self government a mockery and reproach. The sum and substance of all this is that these gentlemen would have us forget all that these "misguided men" have done; would have us hug traitors to our bosom, and elevate them again as our rulers.—We cannot agree to any such proposition.—We cannot forget the past; nor blot out from our remembrance the fact that while these men occupied the high places of trust under our Government they deliberately plotted its overthrow, and when the contest came, they gave all their influence to drag State after State from its moorings in the Union, and to whirl it into the cesspool of secession and rebellion, and in a position antagonistic to the government. It seems to us that moderation towards such is out of place.—We would see treason punished—not petted.

Every day we hear of Southern gentlemen, headed perhaps, by a late General in the Confederate army, forcing their way into the reception room of the President, and professing great love for the old Union and invoking him to deal mildly with their section.—Oh yes! good Union men are they. To hear them talk now one would scarcely believe that but a few months ago, these very men were among the most bitter enemies of the country—that they were the men who led armies against us. Shall they be forgiven for all their crimes in the past? Let the widows and orphans of our land answer—let the maimed and wounded heroes, (a nation's pride and heritage) answer—let the loyal dead that sleep on every battle-field, from Gettysburg to Texas, answer. We know that some professedly loyal men may be found preaching this moderation doctrine, but from such unionism excuse us. If ever the American Union is in reality destroyed, it will be by its false friends, not by its enemies.—We rejoice of course at every disposition on the part of those lately in rebellion, to renew their allegiance where it is properly due, but at the same time we would see "Treason made odious," in order to deter all future generations from attempting the overthrow of our Government. We believe in a just Union, but it should also be a strong one.

A True Man.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He evades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confined to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of invidiousness. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He eavesdrops on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and thickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none; he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win by dishonesty. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straight-forward, open, manly. Whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

DARE TO BE TRUE.—Dare to be right, dare to be true, you have a work that no other can do; do it so bravely so kindly, so well, angels will hasten the story to tell. Then dare to be right, then dare to be true, other men's failure can never save you; stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, stand like a hero and battle till death. Dare to be right, dare to be true, love may deny you its sunshine and dew. Let the dew fall, for showers shall be given; dew is from earth, the showers are from heaven.—Dare to be right, dare to be true, God who created you cares for you too; treasures the tears that His striving ones shed, counts and protects every hair of your head. Dare to be right, dare to be true, cannot Omnipotence carry you through, city and mansion and thine all in right, can you not dare to be true and be right? Dare to be right, dare to be true, keep the great judgment seat ever in view; look at your work as you'll look at it then, scanned by Jehovah, by angels and men.—Dare to be right, dare to be true, prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue the pathway by saint and by seraphim trod, the pathway that leads to the city of God.

Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch a word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, a profane word or a slanderous word.

If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the rest of the congregation.

Curiosities of Humanity.

Some author or other wrote himself blind, as we have heard, on the "Curiosities of Literature," but he certainly would have used up two or three pairs of eyes if he had set himself seriously at work looking out for the curiosities of humanity.—We could have mentioned a few to him—and here they are:—The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behind hand, and "stocks down," "My dear, you look tired—let me walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning when there is no one but "John at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!"

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife without meekly skipping every other paragraph, and always keeps her posted in floating politics!

The wife who provides herself with spoils of ootton, thimbles, and sewing work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise, after having recommended bed-making as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pockets when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits so much better than his ever did!

The woman who can't tell the color of her neighbor's new winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during north-east storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold!

The Israelites in Palestine.

A Bavarian Jew, writing to the "Israelite Indeed," has a statement upon the process of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, which is worthy of note. He says:

"The regathering of the Jews is now beginning to take place. Not only many single families immigrate to Palestine, but there have been formed a number of societies in almost every land on this continent, to prepare an immigration on a large scale, provided with all possible means, money, implements and tools, of every kind, to commence the cultivation of the long desolated land, at once, and with the utmost vigor. There are men of considerable wealth among them, and not one without some means at least to defray the expenses of the journey, and to purchase a plot of ground. I am happy to state that I am one of the leading members of a society forming here in Bavaria, which numbers already over nine hundred heads of families, besides a number of young people who would not form an alliance with the other sex, until settled in the Holy Land, upon the soil of their rightful heritage." He also adds: "The Gentiles hereabouts—that is, in the petty German Protestant kingdoms and principalities—are even more astir about Palestine than the Jews."

The improvements which are taking place in Judea are very great. For some distance around Jerusalem there are extensive plantations of young olive trees, and in and about the city new buildings are both numerous and handsome. Every European nation seems anxious to have a footing in the Holy City. The Russians support the Greeks, the French the Latins, and the English (though not avowedly as a nation) patronize the Jews, whose interest will soon become the strongest of all.

According to every indication, the emigration to the United States this year will be very large. The troubles in Ireland will drive thousands to our shores, unless the "Irish Republic" should be established, an event which, notwithstanding Fenian assurances to the contrary, is not likely to happen. Germany, according to recent dispatches transmitted to the State Department, is about to send a larger emigration than has reached this country for many years. The result of our war of rebellion, the re-establishment of the authority of the nation, and the display of strength and resources which we have made, is having a very great effect upon the Old World. They settle beyond all hope of future dispute that the United States are to be continued in power stronger than ever before; that they will insure to the population happiness, prosperity, and ability to maintain the rights of manhood free from all oppression and with the employment of all those privileges which make life valuable. The destiny of this country is to be the protection and the hope of mankind, and the dissemination of liberal principles, and the insurer of them to every one who becomes one of our citizens.

VALUE OF A SUMMER STORM.—A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, it would not enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of Heaven.

A man out West says that he has moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate, his chickens would fall flat on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

Hark ye, Girls.

It is high time that somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time; a certain class of you and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat, and there is danger that some of the foolish gudeones will be sadly taken in.

It may not be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one engrosses much of your time or attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this in the wrong direction. Your venerable mother of Eden memory, was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you to live in the half idle, half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for wives.—A bundle of gew-gaws with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine sauce—this is no "help" for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat.

The piano and the lace frame are well enough in their places and so are ribbons and frills and tinsels—but you can't make a dinner of the former nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities, as well as its fancies, but you make it a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, forgetting the bedsteads. Suppose a young man of good sense and of course of good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen?—You may cap him, or trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourself worth catching and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you find a market.

SADNESS AND LITERATURE.—One anomaly of literary history is that it has often been the lot of those men who have contributed largely to the mirth or recreation of others, to endure a more than ordinary share of misery and want in their own lives. The most entertaining portions of literature have been written by men whose hearts have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow has been the heaviest. It was in the gloom of a mother's death, deepened by his own poverty, that Johnson penned the charming tale of "Rasselas;" it was in the chill desolation of a bare and fireless garret that poor Goldsmith, the beloved vagrant of literature, sketched the brightest pictures of domestic happiness the world has ever had; it was from a sick bed, in sore distress, and in a necessitous exile, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The enchantment of Scott, the satire of Jerrold, half the gems of English wit and humor, have been thrown out by genius in its most sorrowful moments.—[Dublin Magazine.]

TRUTHS FROM PUNCH.—Every man should keep the wolf from his own door, and his mother-in-law too, if he can.

Every woman has a right to be what age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her.

Every woman who makes pudding has a perfect right to believe that she can make better pudding than any other woman in the world.

Every man who carves, has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few choice bits aside.

Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it.

Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

Every child who makes a noise has a right to be turned out of the room; and supposing you have not the right, you are perfectly justified, if parents are absent, in usurping it.

THE WILL OF THE LATE DR. JAYNE.—The will of the late Dr. Jayne has been filed in the office of the register of wills at Philadelphia. He leaves to his near relations sums varying from \$100 to \$500 per annum, and bequeathes \$15,000 for the erection of a new Baptist Church in the western part of Philadelphia. The widow is to receive \$3,000 per annum, under the terms of the marriage settlement, and in addition, she is left the use of the house at Nineteenth and Chestnut streets. By express terms of the will, no intoxicating drinks to be kept in the new house, except for medical or culinary purposes. The fullest directions are given concerning the residue of the estate, real and personal. The executors are instructed to set apart some \$400,000 out of the income, as a fund to rebuild in case any of his property is destroyed by fire or other accident, and also as a fund to provide a suitable settlement for each of his children as shall hereafter marry.

The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and for this introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

A Reporter of a ball says: "The name of one lovely lady in black satin, with snowy opera cloak, we failed to get. She was the most graceful dancer on the floor. A very pretty nun, sad, delicate, and five feet one—her face was oval and her eyes looked like the heaven in Italy."

Why do the reanimations of married people resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tied.

Mr. Prentice thinks the itch for office is quite as vulgar as any other itch.

A Colored Discourse.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, who writes from Mahanfield, sends the following "discourse," for the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself:

"My tex, bredren and sisters, will be found in de fust chapter of Genesis and de twenty-seventh verse: 'And de Lor' he made Adam.' I tole you how he make him. He make him cut ob clay, an wen he git dry he breathe in him de bress ob life. He put him in de garden ob Eden and he set him in de corner ob de lot, an he tole him to eat all de apples cep'tin dem in de middle ob de orchard—dam, he want for he winter apples."

"Byme by, Adam he be lonesome. So de Lor' make Ebe. I tole you how he make her; he give Adam loddium till he got sound sleep, den he gouge rib out he side and make Ebe; an he tole her to eat all de apples cep'tin dem in de middle ob de orchard—den he want for he winter apples."

"Wun day de Lor' he go a visitin'; de debbel, he cum along, he dress hisself up ob de skin ob de snake, an he fine Ebe, an he tole her, 'Ebe, why fur you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' She says, 'Dem's de Lor's winter apples.' But de debbel says, 'I tole you for to eat dem, kass dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple, and gaw Adam a bite; and den de debbel he go away."

"Byme by, de Lor' cum home an he call Adam. Adam he lay low, so de Lor' he call agin, 'You Adam!' Adam, say, 'Hea, Lor!' An de Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Adam say, 'Don't know—Ebe, he speet.' So de Lor' calls Ebe. Ebe lay low de Lor' he call agin, 'You Ebe!' Ebe say, 'Hea, Lor!' De Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe she say, 'Don't know—Adam, she speet.' So de Lor' kotch 'em boff, and trow dem clear ober de fence, an tole 'em 'Go work for your libbin'."

A lawyer, noted for his extreme politeness, was one day examining a rough-looking witness from the back woods, and after getting the countryman out of patience, said:

"Now, Mr. Chase, will you please tell his Honor, the judge, and the gentlemen of the jury, if you are not engaged in the manufacture of charcoal?"

"Hay!" says the countryman, in a voice of thunder.

The lawyer again repeated the question.

"Hay!" again says the witness, in a voice, if possible, still lower.

At this time, another lawyer says:

"Mr. Chase, don't you sometimes burn charcoal?"

"Oh, darn it, yes!" says he. "I didn't know what the blamed fool meant!"

At another time, in examining the same witness, the lawyer had repeatedly told him to not tell anything told him by others, as that was not evidence, but to say nothing but what he was personally knowing to.

"Wall!" said the countryman.

Still he would continue to tell what his neighbors said.

"I told you several times," said the lawyer, "to tell nothing but what you knew yourself!"

"Wall!" says he again.

After stopping the witness, and getting the same answers as before several times, at last the lawyer says:

"Ain't you Abraham Chase's son?"

"I don't know!" says the witness.

"Yes you do know," says the lawyer, "and I want you to tell us."

"I don't know," says Chase; "folks says I be; but you told me I musn't tell what folks said, only what I know myself!"

A few days since a lady of rather inquisitive character was visiting the city, among other places she visited the jail. She would ask the different prisoners for what crime they were in there. It went off well enough, till she came to a rather hard specimen of humanity, when she asked:

"What are you here for?"

"For stealing a horse."

"Are you not sorry for it?"

"Yes."

"Wont you try and do better next time?"

"Yes—I'll steal two!"

The other day a gentleman asked one of his neighbors what was his age.

"I am not certain," replied he. "I am either 58 or 68."

"What, not know your own age?"

"No, sir-ee," replied the former. "I count my money, my income and my outfit; but my years I keep no reckoning, because I am well convinced I shall lose none of them, and that nobody will rob me of them."

An enterprising keeper of a confectionery store in Waterbury, Conn., has taught a parrot to say "pretty creature" to each lady that enters the store. The result is that the store is crowded all day.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

WOODSOWER'S SOLILOQUY.—Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw to saw as this saw saw.

An eastern editor asks his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar Joke upon his creditors. We like to see a good joke go round.

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

Daniel Webster used to say that the word would, in Rufus Choate's hand-writing, resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning.