

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON.

A swallow in the Spring
Came to our grammar, and 'neath the eaves
Esayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.
Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.
She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.
But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand or chance again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.
But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.
What truth is here, oh man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have FAITH, and STRUGGLE ON!

HEART-DEATHS.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Hears of the bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er,
Ere the last evening gray.
I've sometimes looked on closed eyes,
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "It was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago."
O blessed Death, that makes our bed
Beneath the daisies deep!
O mocking Life, when hearts have fled,
And eyes must watch and weep!

MISCELLANY.

From the St. Louis Press.

OUTWITTING HERSELF.

THE "COURSE OF LOVE" IN MISSOURI.

Out in the old Lehomme road, not a hundred miles from this city, lives Mrs. Over plus Hempbale, a very worthy and very wealthy lady, made a widow by the careless shooting of some Federal soldier, who dropped the worthy Overplus Hempbale while he was manfully striving for his rights in company with old Pap Price.
Mrs Hempbale has a daughter Laura, a fair young girl of some 19 summers, and possessed of a warm, susceptible, but true heart, and who, much to her aristocratic mother's disgust, lately conceived a violent passion for a young house carpenter in this city, familiarly known as Jack Plaine. Now Jack is a gay, dashing young fellow, working like a steam engine when he does work, and speaking equally as hearty when he is "on it," very likely to catch the fancy of a warm hearted, and blooming young girl like Laura, but not calculated to suit an old lady's idea for a husband. So Jack, after the first visit, was peremptorily forbid the house.
The aspect of "our domestic relation" did not meet with approval from either of the two young folks, and a rebellion, to be prosecuted covertly, was agreed upon instanter. Sundry clandestine meetings had been arranged at a "friend's" house in this city, which seemed to work pretty well, but at last the old lady got wind of the matter, and utterly forbid Miss Laura from leaving the house.
A month or two slipped by, and the fond mother supposing the foolish attachment had worn off, relaxed her vigilance, or secondly, to yet all the while keeping a pretty sharp eye on Laura. After a while she detected certain movements and proceedings that led her to suspect that Laura was in communication with Jack, and she resolved to resort to a ruse of some kind to ascertain what shape things were taking; but before she had quite determined what manner of proceedings to adopt, she was informed by a neighbor that Jack and Laura had arranged a plan of elopement. Her mind was quickly made up. She announced to Laura the next morning that she was going to Ballville on a visit, to be gone three days, and that she must be a good girl and not tear the house down while she was gone.
That night Jack knew of it, and as he read the nice, little note that had bade him "come over early and stay until mother comes back, and what a splendid time we will have," he smiled, kicked the ashes off from his cigar, and resolved "of course he would."
Jack went over, but there is no earthly use in our attempting to describe the delectable things he enjoyed; it was sugar season on that plantation sure. Just before dark, while Jack was running over full of the glory of the occasion, in rushes Miss Laura's black waiting woman with—
"Lor bress my brak soul, chil!" of thar sint ole missus at the gate, sure!"
"My lord! Dinah, what shall we do with Jack?"
"Pop'em in dat ar closet dar, Miss Laura!" And Jack was popped into the closet in a twinkling.
"In stalked the old lady, and after sharply scrutinizing the disordered and blushing countenance of Laura, felt sure that Jack had been there.
"Come here, Laura. Now you can't de-

ceive me. That abominable Plaine has been here, and you and he have fixed up a runaway match to come off to-night—Oh, you bad thing you, after your bringing up, to treat me so. But you will find that your mother is no fool—You'll find she's too sharp for you, my lady. Sooner than you should marry that Jack Plaine I'd see you laid in your grave. He's not going to squander my money, I can assure you."

The old lady rose, and going to a clothes-press returned with several comforters and a pillow, and walking up to the closet where Jack was concealed, threw them in with a flirt, and turning to the trembling Laura, said:

"Now march in here, miss; step along, I'll see that you don't get nowhere near that low flung mechanic this night!"

Laura whimpered and protested that she did not want to go, declaring that her mother would be sorry for that some time.

But without paying any attention to her protestations, her mother gave her a push, shut the door, locked it, and triumphantly put the key in her pocket, and in due time went to bed. Pretty early in the morning the old lady rose, and without waiting to dress, fished the key out of her pocket, and opening the closet door to bid Laura to come forth, gazed wildly for an instant, and then uttered a piercing scream. Recovering herself speedily, she staggered away from the door, and called faintly, "Laura, Laura dear! Go into the kitchen and see about the breakfast!" Then pleasantly; "Jack, I say Jack!"

Jack came forth with a very "son-in-law lookish" air, and answered, "Well, madam, what is it?"

"Jack, do you know anything about a farm?"

"Not to speak of, marm."

"You can read and write and cypher, I suppose?"

"Nothing to brag of, marm."

"Well, at any rate, Jack, I think that after breakfast you and Laura may as well go down to the city and get married, for I'm tired of watching you, that's a fact."

The Railroad Engineer.

One of our railroad engineers, some years since, was running an express train of ten well filled cars. It was in the night and a very dark night too. His train was behind time, and he was putting the engine to the utmost speed of which it was capable, in order to reach a certain point at the proper hour. He was running on a straight and level track, and at this unusual velocity, when a conviction struck him that he must stop. "A something seemed to tell me," said he, "that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life."

I looked back at my train and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betoken danger, and there in the daytime I could have seen five miles. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a foolish fear; but like Banquo's ghost, it would not go down at any bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail.

The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew stronger, and I resolved to stop. I shut off, blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off and went ahead a little without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track utterly unable to stand.

He goes on to tell us that there he found that some one had drawn a spike which had long fastened a switch rail, and opened a switch which had always been kept locked, which led on to a track—only about one hundred and fifty feet long—which terminated in a t-n-c quarry! Here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonitory warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high!

The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined or described, but they could by no possibility have been otherwise than utterly horrible! No one can here doubt of a special interposition of God by which from calamity most terrific, hundreds of lives were wonderfully spared.—*Home Monthly.*

We understand that a well known business man of this city who has a wife and family, has given rise to a good deal of talk by his attentions to a fair and frail damsel. The gentleman is in New York, and wrote an affectionate letter to the object of his guilty passion urging her to join him and enclosed fifty dollars to pay her traveling expenses. At the same time he wrote a loving letter to his wife, deploring the urgency of the business which kept him away from the bosom of his family, and bewailing the tedious and tastelessness of the hours unenlivened by her dear presence. By some odd fatality the letters were mixed, and the wife got the one intended for the mistress. She had sent a room for some time but now there was no room for doubt. Pocketing the fifty dollars as so much good out of evil, she placed the fatal letter in the hands of a lawyer, who will proceed to bring suit for a divorce.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

Tom Thumb, wife and baby have returned from a profitable tour in Europe. It is stated, as a curiosity, that the baby earned, as a show, enough money in a year to support it comfortably during a long life.

HAPPY AT HOME.

The little straw of every-day habit, floating slowly and silently down the stream of life, shows very plainly which way the tide sets. And when Mrs. Purple says, with a groan; "My husband never spends his evenings at home," it is natural to inquire within one's self why it is that Mr. Purple finds other resorts so much more attractive than the household altar!

"I don't see why he can't be a little more domestic," says Mrs. Purple.

"Well, why is it? There is a reason for everything in the world," says philosophers, and there must be a reason for this.

In the first place, Mrs. Purple is one of those unfortunate housekeepers whose work is never done. There is always something dragging—a room to be swept, lamps to be trimmed—fretful babies to be put to sleep; while one eye is on the broiling meat and the other on the maddy footprint unwittingly left by Mr. Purple on the doorstep. There Purple, I knew just how it would be. I wonder if you know the use of a scraper or a door mat. I should think after all the time I've spent in cleaning up—

And Mrs. Purple goes off into a monotonous recitation of her troubles and trials that has the effect of a lullaby upon the baby, however trying it may be to the feelings of the baby's father.

Moreover, Mrs. Purple, with all her "cleaning up," does not understand the elementary principles of keeping a home neat. Things are always "round in the way," table-covers put on awry; dust ashes under the grate; curtains torn away from their fastenings and pinned up until Mrs. Purple can find time to readjust them. Somehow it looks forlorn, and desolate, and unhome-like when the master of the house comes in at night. Mr. Purple, man-like, can't tell where the deflection lies—he don't analyze the chill that comes over his heart as he crosses the threshold—he only knows that "things don't look ship-shape!" And so he takes his hat when his wife's back is turned and sneaks ignominiously off, glad to get away from the dead-alive fire, the dusty room, and Mrs. Purple's tongue. Who can blame the man? Mr. Purple may be "lazy," and "careless," and "selfish," very likely he is—most men have a tendency that way—but nevertheless he don't like to be told of it over and over again.

In that persistent, obnoxious sort of way that reminds you of an old hen running from side to side in her coop, and poking her head through the bars in the same place every seven seconds! Mr. Purple naturally wonders why his wife don't occasionally allude to the good qualities he happens to possess; Mr. Purple has every inclination to be happy at home, if his better half would only give him a chance.

Of all the sweet-tinted pictures of domestic happiness that we find in the pages of Holy Writ, there is none that suggests more comfort than Abraham sitting in his tent door in the heat of the day under the shadow of the palm trees of Mamre. Depend upon it, the good old patriarch never spent his evenings away from home. He didn't believe in "just going across the plains to Lot's house," or running over to Sodom to hear the news. No, Abraham liked to sit quiet by his tent door, and very likely Mrs. Sarah would come and lean over his shoulder and chat with him after the Oriental fashion! We have the very best of testimony for knowing that she was very amiable under the ordeal of "unexpected company," when "the calf tender and good" was dressed, and the "three measures of fine meal" baked on the hearth!

The idea of looking beyond the sphere of home for enjoyment is at the root of our modern evils. Home should be the very centre and sanctuary of happiness; and when it is not, there is some screw loose in the domestic machinery! If you want to surround a young man with the best possible safeguards, don't overwhelm them with maxims and homilies as to what he is and is not to do, but make his home happy in the evenings. Let him learn that however hard and cruel the outside world may be, he is always sure of sympathy and consideration in one place!—Woe betide the man, what ever his lot or position, who has in his heart of hearts no memory of a home where the sunshine never faded out and the voices were always sweet. Weré he as Rothschild, he is a poor man.

THE UNCHANGEABLE LAND.—Things do not change in the East. As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheikh now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mount Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birth-right; along every road plod the sons of Benah, whose fathers, one thousand years ago, bound themselves and theirs to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door, and their children have kept the oath; at every khan young men sit around the pan of parched corn, dipping their woe into the dish; Job's plow is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine oxen as shaken from the bough as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul.—The Syrian house is still, as formerly, only a stone tent, as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany may be taken as the exact likeness of the house of Lazarus, where Mary listened and Martin toiled, or as the house of Simon, the leper, where the precious box of ointment was broken, and whence Judas set out to betray his Master. *Dickens' All the Year Round.*

A man in Cincinnati adopted an original way of reducing household expenses. One morning, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced twelve dollars per month.

Brownlow on Reconstruction

Governor Brownlow has been at his home in Knoxville, for some days, recruiting his shattered health. At the invitation of the German Union League of that city, he addressed a large assemblage of his fellow citizens on Saturday evening. He says:—
I go with the congress of the United States, the so-called radicals. I do not fear to side with them. The name of radical has no terrors for me. I have been known as a "damned blue-light Whig" and a "damned lunatic," and I think it cheap if they will now let me off by calling me a "damned radical."

There are "two human monsters" now engaging the attention of the American people. Their names are upon every man's lips. I refer to Sumner and Stevens.—President Johnson is engaged in a bitter warfare against them. To abuse these men is the test of the loyalty Mr. Johnson prescribes. They are both men of ability and unblemished private character. Stevens has sacrificed more for the Union than any five men in East Tennessee, and is a better man than any two men who ever lived in the South. I am not afraid to endorse these men on my own "dung hill." We must all be radicals or reconstructed Rebels. I prefer to side with the former class.

On the negro suffrage question, I have only to say that, for the present, I am willing to be content with the privilege given them to testify in the courts. I differ from President Johnson on this subject. If says he is in favor of allowing negroes to vote who can read, who are worth \$250, who have been in the army; and of gradually extending the right of suffrage to all. It was through his influence that we succeeded in passing the negro testimony bill through our Tennessee Legislature. He wrote letters, sent telegrams, asking members to support the bill. It was through his help the bill became a law. He went further than I ever did. I want them to be qualified first; it will come in time. They voted in Tennessee prior to 1832.

I have some secrets to tell of the freedmen's bureau bill. I think the bill was objectionable, and it might have been proper for me to veto it; but President Johnson ought not to have done it. Generals Howard and Fiske drew up that bill. They carried it to the President and read it to him—section by section. He favored it. General Fiske thought the expense would be too great, but the President said "no." He urged it, and promised to sign it if Congress should pass it. It went through both Houses. In the meantime, he got into a personal quarrel with Sumner and others, and when the bill came before him for his signature he vetoed it, after having promised to favor it. This is a secret, but true.

I am in favor of the test oath, and don't want it repealed, and it won't be, thank God! There are crippled rebels in Washington who want to govern this country, and I am opposed to letting them in. They wouldn't help govern the country. President Johnson can't carry a single State south of Mason's line but Kentucky, and I wish he would carry that State to "hell."

They had forty papers in Tennessee, and but seven of them are loyal. The thirty-three are bitter, artful, rebel sheets—many of them edited by Northern Copperheads—the meanest class of men that walk on earth. They are meaner than Judas Iscariot. Arnold and Burr were patriots compared to them.

Our State Legislature is at a look—twenty-one members bolted. They all endorse President Johnson. They have left 200 lunatics and 300 convicts to starve. I have provided money to feed them; if the next Legislature refuses to refund the money I will turn the crazy and the convicted loose on Middle Tennessee. It will be the best physic they ever had.

The Governor closed by warning all his old friends to stand by the Government. He predicted that the South would attempt another revolution, through the ballot box.—If they did, he said, the Northern hordes would grind them to powder.

Ragusa of the Deep

Four hundred years ago there flourished a city on the shores of the Adriatic, numbering many thousands, filled with churches and abounding in wealth, but remarkable for the wickedness and cruelty of her people.—They excelled the world in baring heretics, and persecuting originators of new ideas.—Suddenly an earthquake sunk nine-tenths of their city more than a hundred feet below the level of the sea. The waves of the Adriatic closed over the spires, palaces and prison houses, and nothing was left of RAGUSA but a wretched scattering of suburbs. Peasants even to this day have a marvelous legend. They say it went down so straight that scarcely a wall was broken or a steeple prostrated; that the wicked inhabitants had charmed lives, and are still under the dominion of Neptune, following old pursuits all unconscious of the world about them.—As the Dal matian fisherman sails his shallow over the quiet sea at eventide, looking down into the still blue depths, he is startled by the hum of strange voices rising from the streets of this city of old—strange voices shrieking, imploring, cursing, in a dead language, but refusing to be hushed, even in death. In this upper world twelve generations have passed away, kingdom and dynasty have risen and fallen, the musket and bayonet have supplanted the spear and battle axe, the cannon, the battering-ram, knowledge has triumphed over force, and the free of bigotry are extinguished. Italy is free. Bat down in the magic streets of the submarine city, all the habits and customs of the middle ages are yet maintained.

"My dear Nicholas," said Lord Strangford, "I am very stupid this morning; my brains are all going to the dogs." "Poor dogs!" replied his friend.

The Tax Bill

Somebody proposes the following new amendments to the Tax Bill:

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
For kissing a very homely one, two dollars; the extra amount being added probably, for the man's folly.

For ladies kissing one another, two dollars. The tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by the "Marias" as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, ten cents.

Every young man who has more than one girl, is taxed five dollars.

For courting in the kitchen, twenty-five cents.

Courting in the sitting room, fifty cents.

Courting in the parlor, one dollar.

Courting in a romantic place, five dollars; and fifty cents for each offence thereafter.

See a lady home from church, twenty-five cents each offence.

Seeing a lady home from the Dime society, five cents, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

For a lady who paints, fifty cents.

For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.

For each curl on a lady's head, above ten, five cents.

For any unfair device for entrapping young men into matrimony, five dollars.

For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in circumference, eight cents for each hoop.

Old bachelors over thirty, are taxed ten dollars, over forty, fifty dollars, over fifty, sixty dollars, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy-baby, fifty cents.

Each girl-baby, ten cents.

Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed, and for twins, a premium of forty dollars will be paid out of the fund accruing from the tax on old bachelors.

Each Sunday loafer on the street corners or about the church doors, to be taxed at his full value, which is about two cents.

Col. Eli Parker, an Indian, and one of the most-trusted aids of Gen. Grant, has just returned from a lengthened tour of inspection at the South, undertaken to ascertain what further reduction of the army could be safely made. He, wearing his uniform, was struck by the redundant professions of loyal submission which everywhere greeted him. These were so frequent as at last to excite his suspicion. He clothed himself in citizen's garb, and thereafter passed as a member of the Choctaw nation, well educated and intensely pro-salvatory tribe of the Southwest. This disguise unloosed the latch strings to their secret thoughts, and thereafter he heard not one loyal word, except when, in pursuance of his duty, he was with our own officers. The most malignant disloyalty, the most vindictive hatred, the fiercest, though suppressed, determination to bide their time, yet wreak revenge, was everywhere made visible to the man whose color and assumed relation made them confident of sympathy.

While Gen Grant was making his trip to Montreal, it was currently reported at Manchester, N. H. that he would pass through that city, over the Concord railroad. So the waggish ticket-master at that station informed a few friends one morning that Gen. Grant was expected on the afternoon train. Accordingly at that time a large crowd assembled, and when the train came in they were gratified with the sight of a large new engine, bearing the name of our great soldier. Among the victims of his misplaced curiosity was a jocosse lawyer, familiarly known as "Sam." This apostle of Blackstone saw the engine and the sell at the same time, and comprehending his situation at a glance, bolted inconspicuously for the street and his office. As he reached the former, he was asked by a knowing one if he had seen the general. "O, yes," said Sam, indifferently—"How did he appear?"—"Smoking as usual."

WHEN TO BEGIN.—That you may find success, said Rev. Charles Brooks, in an address to boys, let me tell you how to proceed. To-night begin your great plan of life. You have but one life to live, and it is immeasurably important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eyes on the fortieth year of your age, and say to yourself, "At the age of forty I will be a temperate man, will be an industrious man, an economical man, a benevolent man, a well bred man, a religious man, and a useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve and I will stand to it." My young friends, let this resolution be firm as adamant; let it stand like the oak which cannot be wind shaken.

"I was a sugar-planter once, but I didn't make anything by it," said a yankee ostler to a company of Maine capitalists whom he overheard talking on the hotel steps about going South to buy up plantations, and work them on a large scale. "You a sugar planter, Jost!" exclaimed one of the capitalists, with great surprise; "when was that? Tell us what you know about it." "Twas when I buried my old sweet-heart."

A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: I think folks ought spend their money for paper my dady didn't an everybody eez he waz the most intellygent man in the kuntry and got the smartest family uv bois that ever dugged taters."

General Nye says that "Congress may be able to reconstruct the Southern States, but neither they nor the devil will be able to reconstruct the woman—they are perfectly awful!"

Hints on Pruning

1. Never use an ax or hatchet in pruning. The blows strike the fiber, and the whole work with such tools is too violent and harsh.

2. Take off the limbs as nearly as possible on a level with the branches which you cut from. It will heal much quicker and also smoother.

3. Never leave a stub—that is, don't leave a part of the branch between the plate where spurs come out, but cut close to the spur and the wound will heal over. The reason for this is that action exists in a portion of the branch left unless there is a joint, a place where a spur comes out, and where leaves will grow beyond it. In pruning a grape-vine, it is customary to leave half an inch to an inch, under the supposition that it will prevent bleeding.

4. Never prune a tree when the sap will keep the saw wet, as it will in March, April and May, and even in February; if there is a succession of four or five days of moderate weather and a bright sun.

5. From the 15th to the 30th of June, and after the leaves have fallen, and until the tree freezes, are the proper times to prune. Never prune during the spring months, notwithstanding the practice is so common.

6. Cover all large wounds with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, or with some paint about the color of the bark. If paint is used carefully, on the wound only, it will do no harm.

Trees are usually grafted in April or May, but they should not be pruned at that time. There are two or three sound reasons for this.

1. The sap is thin, and will run out, which injures the tree.

2. After cutting off several good sized limbs to set scions into, the tree needs all the remaining branches to keep up its usual action and vitality.

3. In November succeeding the grafting, any limbs that are in the way of the scions, and others belonging to the original tree, may be taken away. If there are many however, it would be better to leave a portion of them until the following June. We have seen trees that stood in a favored spot and were beautiful when ten years old. Having a beautiful supply of Baldwin's—these trees were grafted with William's Early and River. At the time of grafting, the operator took the liberty to prune them, and they now stand as monuments of his folly, the meanest trees out of several hundred that stand around them.—*Northeastern Farmer.*

BEST VARIETIES OF FOWLS.—The Scottish Farmer gives the following estimates as to the value of several varieties of fowls:—
For chickens for the table—nothing like the Dorkings.
For size of eggs—nothing equal to the Spanish—but they do not lay very regularly.

For number of eggs—nothing like the Hamburgs, but the size of egg is small compared to the Spanish. The Hamburgs lay about eleven months in the year, and never sit.

For eggs during very hard frost and snow—there are nothing like Brahms. Hard weather does not seem to effect them, and they always look well and "soncy-like," let the cold be ever so severe.

TAKE THESE.—Some twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fox well strapped and dicked, with his cap on one side of his head, met a celebrated doctor and accosted him this wise.

"Can you, ah, tell me, doctah, how far they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the, ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and fingers in his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills and handed them to him saying:

"Take these, sir, and go to bed; and if you do not feel any better in the morning, call at my office."

Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game." "Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

Why is John Morrissey, since his retirement from the prize ring, like Daniel Webster? Because he is the great expounder.

Why should a woman never marry a blacksmith?—Because they all have hardened viccs.

The moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit.

A friend complaining of the revenue system says he can't put his boots on with out a stamp.

For finding and returning \$25,000 in gold in the streets in New York, a young man was rewarded with \$2.

For a dead opportunity there is no restitution.

How to keep on good terms with creditors Pay them.

The first step to greatness is to be honest.

Sure when you are young to spend when you are old.
Remember the Golden Rule, and let it guide all your acts us.