

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait, ye winds! till I repeat  
A parting signal to the fleet  
Whose station is at home;  
Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,  
And let it off to whispered there,  
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to Father! reverend hulk!  
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,  
Soon may his cable slip;  
Yet, while the parting tear is moist,  
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist  
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother! first-class she!  
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,  
And rigged me, fore and aft;  
May Providence her timbers spare,  
And keep her hull in good repair  
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister! Lovely Yacht!  
But whether she'll be "manned" or not,  
I cannot now foresee;  
May some good ship a "tender" prove,  
Well-found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George! the "Jolly Boat!"  
And all the little craft afloat  
In home's delightful bay;  
When they arrive at sailing age,  
May Wisdom give the weather-gauge  
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on Life's rude main!  
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,  
Through stress of stormy weather,  
But, summoned by the Board above,  
We'll harbor in the port of Love,  
And all be mended together.

### SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

Shon the steed with silver,  
That bore him to the fray,  
When he heard the guns at dawning,  
Miles away;  
When he heard them calling, calling,  
Mount, nor stay;  
Quick, or all is lost!  
They've surprised and stormed the post,  
They've pushed your routed host—  
Gaiety, retrieve the day!

House the horse in ermine—  
For the foam-flakes blew,  
White through the red October,  
He thundered into view,  
They cheered him in the looming,  
Horseman and horse they knew;  
The turn of the tide began,  
The rally of bugles ran,  
He swung his hat in the van,  
The electric hoof sparks flew.

Wreath the steed and lead him—  
For the charge he led,  
Touched and turned the cyprus  
Into amaranth to the head  
Of Philip, king of riders,  
Who raised them from the dead,  
The camp—at dawning lost,  
By eye recovered—forced,  
Rang with laughter of the host  
As vanquished Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable—  
For the wounds they heap!  
There is firing in the valley,  
And yet no strife they keep;  
It is the putting volley,  
It is the pathos deep,  
There is glory for the brave  
Who led and nobly save;  
But no knowledge in the gra's,  
Where their nameless followers sleep.

## MISCELLANY.

### Chances of Life.

An old document contains some interesting information unknown to many, and rarely encountered in the papers. Among other things, it contains a table exhibiting an average attained by persons employed in the various popular professions of the day. In this particular, as in most others, the farmers have the advantage over six out of the rest of mankind, as their average is sixty-five. Next upon the docket come the judges and justices of the peace, the dignity of whose lives is lengthened out to sixty-four. Following them immediately in the catalogue of longevity, is the bank officer, who sums up his account at the age of sixty-three. Public officers cling to their existence with as much pertinacity as they retain their offices—they never resign the offices, but life forsakes them at fifty-six. Coopers, although they seem to stave through life, hang on until they are fifty-eight. The good works of the clergymen follow them at fifty-five. Shipwrights, hatters and lawyers, and ropemakers, (some very appropriately) go together at fifty-four. "Village Blacksmith," like most of his contemporaries, dies at fifty-one. Butchers follow their bloody career for precisely half a century. Carpenters are brought to the scaffold at forty-nine. Masons realize the cry of "Mort," at the age forty-seven. Traders cease their speculation at forty-six. Jewelers are disgusted with the tinsel of life at forty-four. Bakers, manufacturers and various mechanics die at forty-three. The painters yield to their color at forty-two. The brittle thread of the tailor's life is broken at forty-one. Editors, like all other beings who come under the special admiration of the gods, die comparatively young—they

accomplish their errand of mercy at forty.—The musician redeems his last note and plays his dying fall at thirty-nine. Printers become dead matter at thirty-eight. The machinist is usually blown up at thirty-six.—The teacher usually dismisses his scholars at the age of thirty-four, and the clerk is even shorter lived for he must needs prepare his balance sheet at thirty-three. No account is given of the average longevity of wealthy uncles. The inference is fair therefore, that they are immortal.

### Ministering Angels.

The beautiful have gone with their bloom from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that make it spring time in our hearts are seen no more. We have loved the light of many a smile that has faded from us now; and in our hearts have lingered sweet thoughts that now are hushed in the silence of death. Seats are left vacant in our earthly homes, which none again can fill. Kinred and friends, loved ones, have passed away one by one; our hearts are left desolate; we are lonely without them. They have passed with their love to "that land from whose bourne no traveller returns." Shall we ever see them again? Memory turns with lingering regrets to recall those smiles and the loved tones of those dear familiar voices. In fancy they are often by our side, but their home is by a far and brighter shore. They visit us in our dreams, floating over our memory like shadows over moonlit waters. When the heart is weary with anguish and the soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes, sweet memory brings them to us, and the love we bore them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations, and we love to join them in that better land. They hover around us, the ethereal dead, departed ones—the loving and the loved, they watch with eyes that slumber not. When gentle dreams wander to the angel land, in whispers wake the hymning strains of that bright and happy choir, revealing many a tale of hope and bliss, and tenderness, and love, they tell of sunny realms, ne'er viewed by mortal eye—of forms arrayed in fadless beauty—and lofty anthems to their Creator's praise are sounded forth in sweet, sepia numbers. And this bright vision of the blest dissolves the tumult of life's jarring scenes; they fade in air, and then we glory in the thought that we are heirs of immortality. And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love, those bright, celestial beings of another sphere? Ah, it is because they take an interest in our welfare, and joy over our success, in the great battle of life. They are not selfish in their happiness, but pain would have us share it with them.—*Kingwood Chronicle.*

### The Finest Speech Ever Made.

The Westminster Review pronounces Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech the finest that ever fell from human lips. In view of this fact, and that it is even more pertinent than it ever was, we take pleasure in publishing it. Here is the speech: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are here to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. "But in a large sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; it is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE SOUL.—If one could go through his soul hall by hall, chamber by chamber, story by story, and see how vast the mansion is, how it gets out of repair on every side, and how many vermin are perpetually trying to make a lodgment in it, he might afford to have as much anxiety for that as a housewife has for her house, whose work begins with every day and never ends, and who with brush and broom, and with servant following, incessantly searches, searches. And yet some shingle is off, some paint is gone, some glass is broken, rats and mice are in the walls and partitions, here and there are webs with their victims on them, and dust and dirt are everywhere. You can not keep even a house in order, and when that house is the wonderful house of the soul, with a population such as no city ever had, and with troops of thoughts and feelings that no army ever equalled for members, is there an occasion for apprehension on account of that? And every work that a man is called to as a disciple of Christ is one that should keep him waked up, not by vulgar fear, but by that salutary apprehension which goes by love.

THE ROADS.—"Dar ar," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, "two roads trod this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction. "Ef dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cussed individual takes de woods."

## Moral Gems.

Hope to the soul is as an anchor to a ship in a dark night, on an unknown coast, and amid a boisterous ocean. It is the most eminent of all the advantages which religion now confers, and it is the universal comfort; and if it were entertained with that full persuasion which faith demands, it would banish discontent, extinguish grief, and render life much more pleasant than it generally is.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor, nothing is ever to be attained without it.

There is nothing which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit. It is thus in the life of a man of sense. A short life is sufficient to manifest him a man of honor and virtue. When he ceases to be such he has lived too long; and while he is of such it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices in things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise.

God means that every soul which waits on him should soar. Not creep nor borrow in the muck and mire of worldliness; not crouch in abject submission as the slave of men and Satan—but soar. When a soul binds itself to God, and lives a life of holy consecration, it is able to take wings and dwell in the atmosphere of heaven.

He who is passionate and hasty generally is honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you have to beware. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

THE MISSION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—In a campaign speech at Chicago, on Friday evening, Senator Yates closed an effective speech as follows:

Fellow citizens, the Republican party had a low beginning—a humble beginning.—The Whig party and the Democratic party broke up on the Slavery question, when it was proposed to surrender all this fair territory of ours to slavery. There was an intelligence in this country which began to ask the question, why continue four millions of human beings in slavery? Why have this dark blot upon our national escutcheon? Why have a Government that ignores all the relations of human life, which separates husband from wife, and parents from children, which takes the babe from the mother that gave it birth? The Republican party took up that question. It was one of the men in the country in which I live who advocated universal freedom, and if I thank God for anything, it is that while I have committed many faults, I have been true to the poorest of the poor.

Our party has triumphed—gloriously triumphed—and to-day it is the party of America. It has dedicated this country to freedom. It supported Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. It elected him in 1860 and 1864, and it is now, thank God, the dominant party upon the continent of North America, and it will not stop until it has accomplished all its objects. It is the true party, because it is the only national party.

The Politicians of the South, ever since they were defeated in the effort to destroy the Government, have been plotting to get possession of it. There is not a public man to-day in the South honestly laboring for its restoration to prosperity. What are called the public men of the late slave States are the ex-rebels. Only ex-rebels are allowed to become prominent. Ex-officers in the Confederate military, naval and civil service are the only men who can be elected to office in the South. The effort of such men, as they gain civil power, is not to improve the condition of the masses, but to regain for themselves the authority and the privilege, politically, which they lost in the rebellion. These facts prove the present condition of the South. The President is plotting with the politicians of the South for their benefit. In the meantime the people of the South who are honestly anxious to abide the tests and except the conditions of Congress for a restoration to the Union, are suffering. It will be the peculiar and patriotic duty of Congress to counteract the plots of the President and the traitor politicians of the South, and when this is fairly accomplished, the people of that section will be restored to prosperity.

During the brief special term of Court held by Judge Hall last Friday, several applications were made for naturalization papers. Among the applicants was a native of "Faderland." He took with him a German friend to prove his residence in the country. Of this witness the Judge asked:

"Do you know the applicant, Mr. —?"  
"Yes, I well know him."  
"Is his moral character good?"  
"Oh, yesh, yesh, Shudge, he's all right—votes mit us!"

The Judge could scarce repress a smile at the answer to his question, and we think it too good to keep.

"What time is it, Tom?"  
"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."  
"Oh, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

## SUMMER FRIENDS.

Let your summer friends go by  
With the summer weather;  
Hearts there are that will not fly,  
Though the storm should gather.

Summer love to fortune clings;  
From the wreck it saileth.  
Like the bee that spreads its wings  
When the honey faileth.

Rich the soil where weeds appear;  
Let the false bloom perish;  
Flowers there are more rare and dear,  
That you still may cherish.

Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,  
Hearts that cannot wither;  
These for thee shall bide the storm,  
As the sunny weather.

## To Mothers.

Many a mother, with a family of little ones about her, often hears the questions, "What can I do?" "May I do this or that?" "Where can I go?" These questions seem to come most frequently at the busiest time, and amid the most pressing cares.—With many little ones, and perhaps limited means, the mother is anxious and troubled—unable to train her children aright, and troubled lest she may neglect her household cares. They come to her with their wants, overworked and tired as she is; and fearful lest her work shall not be accomplished, she turns them off impatiently, to be idle and unhappy, forgetting, too, that her impatience will be marked, and the example only too quickly followed. Why is it, she asks herself, are they the most troublesome when I am the most hurried? Because, I answer, they are not provided with sufficient occupation.—Give the little creatures enough to do, and to do with; blocks of wood, rag babies, little wooden or china animals, and something to draw them about in, if it be but the cover of a pasteboard box, with a string to draw it by. Such playthings will often amuse them better than the more costly and beautiful toys. I have seen three little boys happy all day long with such things. Give them paper to cut, and praise them for the pretty things they cut. Let the older ones make lamplighters, and as sure as they feel that they are helping some one, they will be happy. They can easily learn to pick up all the litter they make. I have heard mothers say their children should never eat paper around a room. Better a little eye, even a good deal of dirt and confusion, if you can teach your children to be useful, and keep them happy and contented.

They should have playmates, plenty of them; but select those that you know to be well trained—who behave as you wish your children to behave. Give them a taste for the refined and gentle. They will be the better able to select for themselves as they mingle in the world. Remember there is much involved in training up a child.

It is not only to make him obedient, though that is the first duty, yet he is to be taught habits of neatness, and order; his tastes are to be cultivated, repressing the evil and encouraging the good. Teach them to work out of love to their parents or to each other. Let them feel that they are a help and comfort to you. If they quarrel, teach them the golden rule, and it is astonishing how early they may be guided by its precepts. But above all, parents, friends and guardians, set them such an example as you wish them to follow—govern your tempers; resist your own provocations to fretfulness, impatience or resentment, and you will soon see them following in your footsteps, if, with earnest prayer, you lead them to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Country Gentleman.*

## "It was my Brother's."

While passing along rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb stone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and, putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tiny toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another," and we dropped a four-pence into his hand. "That will buy one, will it not?" "Oh! yes," replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief; "but that was little brother Tommy's, and he is dead."

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead!

SPANISH PROVERBS.—A gainst God's wrath no house is strong.

To a grateful man give more than he asked.  
To a hungry man no bread is had.  
Nothing is strong against death.  
To refuse and delay giving is all the same.  
A good man finds his native soil in every country.  
The tongue touches the tooth that aches.  
To mad words lend deaf ears.  
He preaches who lives well.  
A good heart conquers ill fortune.  
Correct one who is in fault and he will immediately bate you.  
Buy what you do not want, and you will sell what you cannot spare.

## Potatoes and Progeny.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Sketches of Irish Character," relates the following amusing anecdote. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who, contrary to her most anxious wish, was unblest with any children. After an absence with her lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates. As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about the gate, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her, relative to the cause of her fecundity; she therefore, next day, made her way down to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries:

"Whose children are these, my good woman?"  
"All my own, my good lady."  
"What three infants of the same age?"  
"Yes, my lady; I had three the last time."  
"How long are you married?"  
"Three years, your ladyship."  
"And how many children have you?"  
"Seven, my lady."  
At last came the question of questions—how she came to have so many children?—The poor woman, not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last replied—"I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded: "The potatoes! Do you eat much of them?"  
"Oh yes, my lady. Very seldom we have bread, and so we take potatoes the year round."  
Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked—"And where do you get the potatoes?"  
"We grows them in our little garden, sure; Pat tills it."  
"Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart load of these potatoes, and the steward will pay you for them."  
Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and, indeed, had left it, when the woman ran after her, and, blushing, with some hesitation asked her: "And sure, my lady, is it to have children that you want potatoes?"  
It was now the lady's turn to blush, and she replied in the affirmative. "Because," added the woman, "I am thinking if it is, Pat had better fetch them to you himself."

## Afraid he Might be Dead.

Scene at a counting-room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Tentonic tendencies, considerably the worse for last night's spree.

Tenton.—(To the man at the desk)—"If you please, sir, I want de baper mit dis mornings. One vot hash de names ob de peebles vot kills cholera all de vile."  
He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way, said:  
"Will you pe so good ash to read de names vot don't have de cholera any more too soon jusc now, and see if Carl Geinskooppenoffen has got em?"  
The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Tenton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile in great excitement. When the list was completed, the name of Carl Geinskooppenoffen, well, no matter about the whole name—it wasn't there. The Tenton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:  
"You don't find em?"  
"No such name there, sir."  
Tenton.—(Seizing him warmly by the hand)—"Dish ish nice—dish is some funs—dat ish my names. I pin drunk ash never wash, and I was afraid I had gone tuss mit cholera, and didn't know it. But I vas scurt."

A GOOD POSITION.—A Southern gentleman, putting up at a New York Hotel, met on Broadway one of his former chattels, who, during the war, had taken a prolonged furlough for an indefinite period, and had not returned to his residence in the sunny South. Julius was all dressed up in snuff colored pants, white vest, blue coat and brass buttons, and purple kid gloves; and swung his cane as graciously as any of the Broadway dandies. "Well, Julius," said the gentleman, "what are you doing up here?" "Well massa, I lives at de norf at present—in de metropolis of de norf, I has a position as head man at a hotel." "What are you doing at the hotel—waiter?" "No, sah; no waitah; I've got a big thing at a hotel in Fulton street; in de summer season I bites de corn from de cobs for succotash, and in de winter I chews up de cold meat for hash."

A good story is told of a Western farmer, a candidate for Congress, whose neighbor was in the habit of stealing his hogs, and was finally caught in the net. Anxious to secure the man's vote the farmer went to him and said: "Now, I make this proposition, if you will let my hogs alone in the future, I will not only say nothing of the past, but when I kill in the fall I'll put into your cellar five barrels of as good pork as I make." The fellow reflected a moment, and replied:—"Well, squire, that's a fair proposition, anyhow, and seeing as its you, I'll do it. But I vow I believe I shall lose pork by the operation."

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son I would certainly by all means, make him a parson." A clergyman who was in company replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father!"

Why is John Smith like a badly cooked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

When is literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

A new style bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twice string with a diamond set in the top.

## Pleasures of Contentment.

I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still dragging on saying, what Solomon says: "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet Heaven deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think that the gifts of God are unacceptably dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang, often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.

We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got.—Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says: "It is not what we make but what we save that makes us rich."

In looking around among my brother farmers, I notice many things wherein there might be greater economy in my opinion.

In turning cattle out late in the fall, when the ground is soft, to be trampled upon.

In putting cattle stand in an unsheltered yard in cold, stormy weather, when there is room in the stable for them.

In throwing their fodder in the yard to be trampled under foot, instead of feeding it in racks.

In not having water in the yard for the cattle, in place of driving them through snow and all kinds of weather to the creek, thereby losing more in manure during the year than the interest of what it would cost to bring the water in the yard, to say nothing of the convenience.

In not having a house for poultry to roost in, and save their droppings; the value of the latter from one hundred fowls, in one year, would pay the cost of the building, not counting the advantage it would be to the fowls.

In not having a wood-house to cut in, on rainy days, and store up dry wood.

In leaving potato vines, weeds, &c. to go to waste, instead of hauling them to the hogpen, to be worked into manure.

In riding about and leaving the management of the work too much to hired help.

And last, but not least, in sending their children to school a day or two in each week, and allowing them to play and loiter about the rest of it.

A hymenial epidemic (if we dare so term it) largely prevails in all parts of the country. It defies quarantine and all other regulations. It is carrying people "off" by thousands. Its ravages are as extensive in the commercial cities as in the rural districts.—The newspapers in all their issues contain long lists of the names of the victims. Doctors of Divinity and of the Law are kept constantly employed, not to stay but to increase the epidemic. The old and the young yield to the malady. It leaves no pale cheeks behind. It rather increases, for a time, the bloom in beauty's cheek, and lends a light to many an eye that never before sparkled with pleasure. To be plain, there never were as many people getting married as are rushing into the bonds of Hymen at this period of the country's history. It's a good thing.—The institution is full of joy, and is the only source (except that of religion) whence pure pleasure is derived. These numerous marriages are signs of a permanent prosperity. We hail them as omens of good for the country. They will fill the gaps made by the war in the social organizations. We hope the epidemic will extend to all parts of the country until there is not a maid or a bachelor in the land.

The following funny advertisement of a runaway wife was recently posted in a town in Northern New York.

"My nam dat Peter Kollwitz, my wife's nam dat Peter Kollwitz, too. He lov my house and no ax me, any man dat truss him on my nam dat loss for you."

"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband.

"Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning, about as good as any."

Doesticks, describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell when they get a new kitchen girl by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you were married, Mary?"  
"A stamp, Charley! What for, pray?"  
"Why, ministers ain't legal without a stamp, you know."

"Why do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily to a stranger, at a party, an evening, or two since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit, "I winked, as you do, when looking at the sun—your eyelids do dazzle my eyes."

A widower who wishes to marry again must get his departed wife a beautiful monument. This succeeds invariably.

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.