

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



SPEAK GENTLY, MOTHER.

Gently, mother, gently,
 Child thy little one,
 'Tis a toilsome journey
 It hath just begun;
 Many a vale of sorrow,
 Many a rugged steep
 Lieth in its pathway—
 And full oft it will weep—
 Oh! then, gently,—gently—

Kindly, mother, kindly,
 Speak in tender tones;
 That dear child, remember,
 Echoes back thine own;
 Teach in gentle accents,
 Teach in words of love;
 Let the softest breeze,
 Its young heart string move;
 Kindly—mother—kindly.

Wouldst thou have the setting
 Of a gem thou find
 In a crown of beauty,
 It were thine to wear?
 Mother train with caution
 That dear little one;
 Guide, reprove, and ever
 Let the work be done
 Gently—mother—gently.

HOW TO MAKE A WATERFALL.

Take four pounds of rags and a bunch of shavings,
 An old tin pan and a bunch of straw;
 Then steal an old hat or somebody's leavings,
 And swear its your own to get clear of the law.

Next get an old stocking and stuff it with paper,
 And, if it's possible, put in a mole;
 Then get some old straw and a nutmeg grater,
 Then make them all up in a nice little roll.

Put all these things in a net of red,
 And glistening beads must cover them all
 Then fasten it on the back of your head,
 And you have "a love of a waterfall."

MISCELLANY.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

My thoughts were far from any noblemen
 of any kind as I stood amid a throng of
 others in one of the elegant dry goods establish-
 ments, situated on the fashionable promenade
 of our thriving metropolis.

I was one of many who lined the polished
 counters, looking with admiring eyes at the
 beautiful fabrics so temptingly displayed.
 The half hour's absence of the obliging
 clerk, who would find the style I required
 only in a distant part of the house, allowed
 me to be entertained with watching the
 streams of fair ones coming and departing.

Beautiful faces alight with happy life and
 the excitement of shopping; older counte-
 nances with—"I'm determined to drive a
 bargain!" looking forth from wrinkles, and
 just perceptible "crow's feet," evidences of
 how human nature unconsciously displays
 itself. And the diversion it was to hear
 those different voices—one sounding so sweet
 and clear, that it produced more smiles on
 the faces of the polite and obliging salesmen
 and caused the very goods to be handled
 with cheerfulness that was a marked contrast
 to his fellow-clerk, whose customer was
 deploring high prices, and disparaging materi-
 al, to his querulous sharp tones that set some
 sensitive nerves on edge.

And while I waited, and made mental criti-
 cisms to amuse myself, an incident occur-
 red a little out of the common observation of
 shop visitors.

A slight, small woman, pale, sad-eyed, and
 wearing faded black came with a new influx
 of visitors, walking timidly and casting half
 frightened glances at the piles of pretty
 stuffs.

A bright new material on the counter near
 where I stood, caught her eye; she tremb-
 lingly inquired the price, when she was told,
 my sharp eyes saw the bill twisted in the
 quivering fingers with a perplexed, troubled
 air, and my ears heard the murmured—
 "Annie would need ten yards!"

"Will you take it?"

She lifted a pale, meek face, and answered
 sadly—
 "I cannot; I didn't think it would be so
 much."

She was turning away, when a gentleman
 who like myself had been looking and listen-
 ing, drew near, asking of the clerk—
 "What does the lady want? I will wait
 upon her—you attend to those customers be-
 low."

The respectful manner in which he was
 obeyed, made me at once aware that he was
 the proprietor, and I was a little surprised
 at what followed.

How many yards did you want, madam?
 Her astonishment was amusing—
 "I can't take it sir."

"I am not talking about that," with a smile
 'just answer my question."

He cut off more than she falteringly men-
 tioned and while he was packing it up she
 found voice to tell him that ill health had
 forced her to relinquish the work with which
 she had obtained a support for herself and
 two fatherless children. But the oldest
 girl—barely seventeen—was going to teach
 in a week, and she needed a dress to make
 her presentable.

He made no reply, taking in silence the
 little bill she offered—the very last of a
 small bundle, and from his own portmanteau
 added a greenback, the amount of which I
 could not see, slipped both between the cord

which bound the parcel and handed the lat-
 ter to her with—
 "There tell your daughter a stranger wish-
 es her success."

He walked away hastily to avoid her tear-
 ful thanks, and the little woman looked as
 she turned to depart like one in a dream.

It was a simple act, unobtrusively, quiet-
 ly done; and not a week before that same
 gentleman had been pronounced uncharitable,
 because his name would not be put down to
 swell the list for aid towards some mission-
 ary scheme.

He may withhold his benevolence from a
 popular enterprise that promulgate his name
 to the world, but for true unostentatious
 charity, (I've learned this was not the
 only case) he is—I thought then and think
 now—of Nature's Noblemen.

Dear! I should like to give his name but
 it would seem like desecration to draw aside
 the veil from such noble goodness. So let
 him in secret dispense his charity while
 angels praise, and surely God will reward.

An Earnest Radical Letter.

The following letter from Gen. Brisbin, of
 the U. S. A., to a citizen of this place, has
 been handed us for publication. We can
 commend the spirit in which it is written:—
Sunbury Gazette.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 5th 1867.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 19th
 of March is received, and as I am always
 glad to hear from my native State, I thank
 you for sending me a word of cheer. You
 seem surprised that I can speak out so plain-
 ly and still live here; but you will be still
 more surprised when I tell you that there
 are many people here who believe in my doc-
 trines, and that a radical party is growing
 up which before a year will sweep the State.
 I owe my personal safety however, mainly to
 the fact that I am a good shot and perfectly
 willing to shoot. I thank God that the
 reign of mobs and Bowie knives is nearly
 over, and free speech will soon prevail
 throughout the South. I, for one, shall strive
 for the right until the right prevails, and
 while I live here I shall speak and do just
 as I would in Pennsylvania and when I can't
 do that it is time to fight again. This coun-
 try must now be free, and human rights, free
 press, and free speech prevail from the coast
 of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

Nothing is to be gained by concealing the
 truth; the people love a bold man, and will
 even pardon a mistake now and then if they
 know he who makes it is an honest man.—
 If politicians knew how much the people
 read, how well they understand, how honest
 they are, and how they hate and despise a
 demagogue and political trimmer, men would
 teach what they pretend to believe. The
 day of demagogism has gone by forever;
 the people think and act for themselves, and
 they will demand and compel their represen-
 tatives to be truthful and honest men.—
 Some men there are who wait about with
 every political wind that blows; they
 never have a party or principal but are
 always hanging on to some party—
 Sound them, and you find them poor, weak,
 vacillating devils, shuffling about, agreeing
 with everybody, and afraid to say their souls
 are their own. Like lamper eels you can
 roll them up from the nape of their necks to
 the heels of their boots and not find a bone
 in them. The trembling politicians of Con-
 necticut rejected the suffrage Resolution in
 their Convention, and the people rejected
 them. Good! It will learn them to be just
 and honest next time. When representa-
 tives will not be true to their doctrines and
 obey the wishes of their people, the people
 must stand from under and let such dema-
 gogues fall. We want men who have tongue
 enough to tell what they believe and cour-
 age enough to practice what they tell. Such
 men the people will honor and trust, while
 they will hate, despise and defeat political
 tricksters and trimmers.

Yours truly,
 JAMES S. BRISBIN, U. S. A.
 A. N. BAICE, late U. S. A., Sunbury, Pa.

WE DO FADE AS A LEAF.—As the trials of
 life thicken, and the dreams of other days
 fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disap-
 pointed hope, the heart grows weary of the
 struggle and we begin to realize our insignifi-
 cance. Those who have climbed to the pin-
 nacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth,
 go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant
 who begs pennies by the wayside, and like
 him are soon forgotten. Generation, after
 generation, says an eloquent modern writ-
 er, have felt as we feel, and their fellows
 were as active in life as ours are now. They
 passed away as vapor, while nature wore the
 same aspect of beauty as when her Creator
 commanded her to be. And so likewise shall
 it be when we are gone. The heavens will
 be as bright over our graves as they are now
 around our path; the world will have the
 same attraction for offspring yet unborn,
 that she had once for ourselves, and she has
 now for our children. Yet a little while,
 and all this will have happened! Days will
 continue to move on, and laughter and
 song will be heard in the very chamber in
 which we died; and the eye that mourned
 for us will be dried and will glisten with joy;
 and even our children will cease to think of
 us, and will not remember to kiss our name.

'Is anybody waiting on you miss?' said a
 polite dry goods clerk to a young girl from
 the country: 'Yes, sir,' said the blushing
 damsel, 'that's my fellow outside. He
 wouldn't come in.'

A Wisconsin paper tells the story of a man
 who eloped with another's wife, but on going
 to the hotel breakfast table, in Chicago,
 where such congenial spirits most do congre-
 gate, and was filled with consternation at see-
 ing his own wife with the man whose do-
 mestic peace he thought he had wrecked for-
 ever. After consultation, each escorted his
 own lawful wife back to his deserted hearth-
 stone.

Midnight Scene in Gen Grant's Camp.

The battle of Arbeta was the eloquence of
 daring on the part of the young Macedonian.
 That of Thermopylae was the eloquence of
 patriotism on the part of Leonidas and his
 Helots. The battle of Austerlitz was the
 eloquence of bravery on the part of the
 young Corsican. The scene of Valley Forge
 was the eloquence of faith on the part of
 Washington. The scene after the battle of
 the Wilderness combined all these elements,
 and added the eloquence of silence.

The well-known result of that fierce con-
 flict was adverse to the army of the United
 States. General Lee had flung one wing of
 his army between our force and the base of
 their supplies, which would require another
 battle to regain them. Each division and
 corps commander knew this sad condition of
 affairs. They were all summoned to a coun-
 cil of war, to be held at the headquarters at
 one o'clock at night. They were the saddest
 steps ever taken by that band of devoted
 hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers
 dead or dying, or wounded, were lying on
 the field hard by.

One after another entered, and after mak-
 ing a noiseless salute silently took their seats.
 Generals Schofield, Mead, Burnside, Sickles,
 Howard, and others, I believe, were there.—
 Not a word was spoken. A full half hour
 thus passed by. Their emotions were too
 deep for utterance. Hope of millions hung
 on the decision of that council.

At length General Grant asked each one
 in succession if they had any advice to proffer.
 Each one answered with a sad monosyl-
 lable, no!

The commander then wrote a few lines,
 and handed the slip to General Mead, and he
 retired. This was repeated until all were
 gone, and the General was left alone. One
 of the staff of a division commander, who was
 sick, was the last to retire, and he is authori-
 tative for the above.

All were ignorant of each other's order.
 They felt assured that retreat had been di-
 rected. Any other alternative would have
 been believed to be madness. Had they
 known that the order had been given to ad-
 vance, instant and universal mutiny would
 have been raised. That eloquent silence for
 which he has ever been noted, was the key
 to his success there.

The next morning each corps moved, and
 Gen. Lee, the instant he perceived it, with
 vehemence exclaimed: "Our enemy have a
 leader at last, and our cause is lost!" He
 had bid his officers the night before to let
 their soldiers sleep long. But now he sees
 the army whom he thought utterly defeated
 moving round between him and the base of
 his supplies.

He hastened to begin retracing his course,
 and confessed to an artillery officer of the
 Confederate army that the doom of their
 cause was sealed.

A Story for Swearers

A gentleman once heard a laboring man
 swear dreadfully in the presence of a number
 of his companions. He told him it was a
 cowardly thing to swear so in company, when
 he dared not to do it by himself. The man
 said he was not afraid to swear at any time
 or any place.

'I'll give you ten dollars,' said the gentle-
 man. 'If you will go into the village church-
 yard, at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear
 the same oaths which you have uttered here,
 when you are alone with your God.'

'Agreed,' said the man, 'tis an easy way
 of earning ten dollars.'

'Well, you come to me to-morrow, and
 say you have done it, and the money is
 yours'

The time passed on; midnight came.—
 The man went to the graveyard. It was a
 night of pitchy darkness. As he entered
 the graveyard not a sound was heard; all
 was still as death. Then the gentleman's
 words 'alone with God,' came over him with
 a wonderful power. The thought of the
 wickedness he had committed, and what he
 had come there to do, darted through his
 mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled
 at his folly. Afraid to take another step,
 he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful
 oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went
 up, 'God be merciful to me as a sinner!'

The next day he went to the gentleman,
 and thanked him for what he had done, and
 said he had resolved not to swear another
 oath as long as he lived.—*Harpers Weekly*

The Best Inheritance.

The following paragraph we clip from one
 of Henry Ward Beecher's recently published
 sermons:

"Not money, not honor, not even a good
 name is the best inheritance of a child.—
 Far above all secular gifts is a parent's good
 name; but there are some good things that
 are better than that; namely, those trans-
 missible moral qualities which put the soul,
 from the first, under the dominion of the
 higher instinct. From my mother I had a
 legacy which I would not be able to thank
 God enough for in this world, if I was to
 live for long ages. Have you not reason to
 thank God that you spring from such par-
 ents as yours were? And do you not know
 that the nature which they handed down to
 you was one that represented, as it were, in
 our journal, the point at which they left
 the conflict having gained victory upon vic-
 tory, that your warfare might be less and
 your victories easier? And that which you
 have inherited of tendencies toward things
 noble and true, and away from things selfish
 and false, you may transmit with argu-
 mentative power. Here is a gratification of life."

A sharp old gentleman, traveling out West,
 got beside his wife in a crowded car by re-
 questing the young man who sat beside her
 to "please watch that woman while he went
 into another car, as she was likely to have
 fits."

(Admit no guest into your soul that the
 faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

A Smile.

Oh, the strange witchery of a smile! Tell
 me where is there a heart so stubborn or so
 cold that it will not acknowledge the charm
 of a smile?—I do not mean the lawning smile
 of flattery, the studied smile of scorn, the
 cutting smile of revenge, the bitter smile of
 selfish triumph, the frozen smile of haughty
 pride, or the mocking smile of hidden sorrow;
 but I mean that frank, truthful, soul-borne
 smile that bursts like a radiant sunbeam over
 the countenance when one human soul seeks
 the sympathy and communion of another.—
 How purely beautiful or expressive the silent
 language! Words are but impotent
 mockery in its presence! How all-potent its
 powers! It bids the drooping spirits rise and
 soar upon the pinions of its own reawakened
 melody; drives the lurking phantoms of
 doubt and jealousy from the clouded mind,
 and fills it with the cheering light of hope,
 and tells joy to sing again! Such a smile
 blessed memory brings me now. It rested
 on my pathway for one moment like heaven's
 choicest rays. The face from which it shone
 was a very plain one, yet at that moment it
 seemed an angel's. I never met another
 smile like that. Memory's loveliest treas-
 ures may fade—that one smile must ever
 retain its heaven lighted beauty. Often when
 I turn brain-weary with the ceaseless toil of
 thought, or heart-sick of the world, its hol-
 low homilies, its soulless mockery, or longing
 for one ray of youth, that one smile in all its
 pure beauty comes before me and bids me
 "be reconciled to human nature." There is
 character, too, in a smile. I care not what
 may be the countenance—let me see its nat-
 ural smile, and I will tell you of the soul it
 reveals or masks. Every kind, truthful smile,
 is a ray sent us from the brightness of our
 spirit home, by which we may lighten the
 dark places or dispel the clouds which arise
 along the way of our fellow travelers. They
 cost nothing, and I would that in this world
 of weariness and mourning there might be
 many more such smiles.

Ventilate your Children's Rooms.

Most parents, before retiring to rest, make
 it a duty to visit the sleeping-room of their
 children. They do so in order to be satisfied
 that no danger is threatening their little ones.
 But if they leave the room with closed win-
 dows and doors, they shut in as great an en-
 emy as fire although his ravages may not be
 so readily detected. Poison is there, but
 deadly. Morning after morning do many
 children awake weary, fretful and oppressed.

"What can it mean?" "What can it be?"
 the mother cries. In despair she has recourse
 to medicine. The constitution becomes en-
 feebled, and the child gets worse. The
 cause perhaps, is never traced to overcrowd-
 ed sleeping rooms without proper air, but it
 is nevertheless the right one. An intelli-
 gent mother having acquainted herself with
 the principles of ventilation, will not retire
 to her own room for the night without hav-
 ing provided sufficiency of air for her child-
 ren, in the same manner that she provides
 and regulates their nightcovering, or any other
 requisite for refreshing slumber. Some-
 times by judiciously lowering a window; and
 at other times by leaving a door open, this
 end may be attained. In many houses the
 day and night nurseries communicate.—
 When this is the case, the window of the
 farther room should be left open, and the
 doors between the rooms left open. Even in
 severe weather, young children can bear this
 arrangement if they are not exposed to a direct
 draught.

Narrow Escape from the Grave.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston
Transcript tells the following story, which
 makes huge drafts upon the reader's credulity:
 "A gentleman of New Albany, Floyd county,
 Indiana, a respectable and perfectly credible
 man, now a clerk in Pension Bureau, Wash-
 ington, was formerly a soldier in company F
 59th Indiana Volunteers. In 1862 he was
 stationed at St. Louis. While stationed there he
 was taken down with small pox, and apparently
 died; placed in a coffin and immediately entom-
 bed. As the soldier's tomb was rather rapid-
 ly filled five other coffins were soon piled on
 his. He lay there two and a half days, when
 he became somewhat conscious and his first
 feeling was a suffocating sensation. His
 screams alarmed the German sentinel guard-
 ing his tomb, who frightened, ran, dropping
 his gun, which was discharged. The report
 aroused Mr. M. still more to a sense of his
 condition and awful location. He redoubled
 his screams bringing a rush of soldiers to the
 tomb, who soon got him out and relieved him
 from his terrible confinement. He is con-
 dent he should have suffocated in fifteen min-
 utes. He says that though never conscious
 of his dreadful situation, his mind was all
 ways active and his sensations un-speakably
 delightful seeming to float through scenes of
 surpassing beauty, amid strains of delicious
 music, such to use his own words as he never
 heard since. For obvious reasons he does
 not wish his name to be published but our
 correspondent will vouch for his character.

The Will of the Drunkard.

I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world
 a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and
 a memory only fit to perish.

Don't Take Newspapers.

The man that don't take newspapers was
 in town the other day. He brought his fam-
 ily in an ox wagon. He still believed that
 Millard Filmore was President, and wanted
 to know if the 'Kamschatkians' had taken
 Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it.
 He had sold his pork for six cents when he
 might have got ten. One of his boys went
 to a blacksmith shop to be measured for a
 pair of shoes, and another mistook the mar-
 ket house for a church. He hung his hat
 on a meat hook and patiently waited one
 hour for 'meeting' to begin. One of the
 girls took a lot of seed onions to the post
 office to trade off for a letter. She had a
 baby which she carried in a 'sugar trough'
 stooping occasionally to rock it on the side
 walk; when it cried she filled its mouth with
 a cotton handkerchief, and sang 'Barbara
 Allen.' The oldest boy had sold two 'coon
 skins' and was on a bust. When last seen
 he had called for 'sody and water,' and stood
 soaking gingerbread in it, and making 'very
 faces.' The shop keeper, mistaking his mean-
 ing had given him a mixture of salsoda and
 water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But
 he'd 'hearn tell of sody water, and was bound
 to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke.' The
 old man had a tea kettle he wanted 'fixed up'
 and he carried it to the milliner shop. The
 clerk thought the man was crazy, but notice
 the hole in the kettle, politely told him
 that Dreyfus & Woragok could mend it for
 him. He then took an old plow to the jew-
 eler's to have it 'painted and sharpened.' We
 told the fellow he ought to read the papers,
 but he would not listen to it. He was op-
 posed to 'internal improvements,' and he
 thought 'larnia' was a wicked invention.
 —*Exchange.*

What is Fashion?

Dinner at midnight,
 and a headache in the morning.

Old Knapsacks.

The following beautiful extract is from a let-
 ter of a woman in Washington to the N. Y.
 Independent:

"I saw a pile of knapsacks the other evening
 at the outings on Fourth street; knap-
 sacks and haversacks left behind for safe
 keeping by the boys who went to the front
 and never came back. The eloquence of
 these worm eaten and mouldy bags cannot
 be written. Here was a piece of stony bread
 uneaten, the little paper of coffee, the smok-
 ed tin cup in which it had boiled so often
 over the hasty fire on the eve of battle.
 There was the letter, sealed, directed and
 never sent, for the soldiers could not always
 get even a stamp.—Here was a letter half
 written, commenced, 'Dear Wife. How I
 want to see you.' 'Dear Mother, my time
 is nearly out.' The rusty pen just as it was
 laid down in the half filled sheet by the gal-
 lant and loving hand which hoped so soon to
 finish it.—Here was a scrap of patriotic
 poetry, and inspired lyrics carefully copied on
 sheets of paper tinted with red, white and
 blue. Here were photographs of the favor-
 ite Generals, and photographs of the dear
 ones at home.—Here were letters of heart-
 breaking love, and loyalty to duty, and ho-
 ly faith and cheer, written at home; and here
 was the Testament given him by the one he
 loved best—his mother, soiled and worn.
 For the American soldier, if he did not read
 it, still he would carry his Testament as a
 talisman to save him from harm. Here were
 those mementoes of brave, loving, living
 gone out. They never came back. The
 mourners at home do not know where they
 fell, or whether they were buried. To one
 unfamiliar with the soldier's life these relics
 might mean little. To me they mean all
 love, all suffering, all heroism. I look on
 them, and again seem to me the long lines
 of marching men file past, dust covered
 and warm on their way to battle. I see the
 roads of Virginia shimmering in the white heat,
 lined with exhausted men lying down to sleep
 and to die, after the last defeat, here the cry
 of the wounded, the moans of the dying, see
 the half filled grave of the unburied dead.
 All the awful reality of war comes back.
 Peace walks amid the May time flowers, and
 already our soldiers seem almost forgotten.
 Days of war and deeds of valor seem like
 dreams gone by."

Marriage Under Difficulties.

Some time since a gentleman called on
 the clerk of one of our neighboring county courts
 to get a marriage license. It was given him,
 and the circumstance passed from the mind
 of the clerk until three weeks afterwards the
 same gentleman called for another license,
 bringing his first to have it cancelled. Upon
 being questioned in regard to the former li-
 cense, he said he 'did not marry that gal be-
 cause she was too smart' for him; she wanted
 to know how much money he had, what he
 was going to do with it, where he was going
 to take her, &c., &c., and he had concluded
 that it was best not to marry a gal that knew
 so much. The license for 'gal' No. 2 was
 given, and he went off perfectly happy, but
 returned the next day for another license,
 to be married to still a different lady. This
 time he gave as a reason for not having
 used the second license that 'gal' No. 1 had
 heard of the second engagement and gone to
 the priest and told him that she was engaged
 to the gentleman, and forbid the performance
 of the ceremony; but, said he, I've got her
 this time; she don't even know that I am ac-
 quainted with this gal, and I'm going straight
 home and get married before she has time to
 know anything of it. If anything, however,
 should happen to prevent this marriage, I'll
 be back again to-morrow for another license,
 for there are a whole field of gals after me!
 But he succeeded in his last effort and did
 not return again. These facts were related
 to us by the clerk of the court.—*Richmond
 Dispatch.*

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

The last inaugu-
 ral of President Lincoln made a strong im-
 pression in England. The British *Standard*
 speaks of it as "the most remarkable thing
 of the sort ever pronounced by any President
 of the United States from the first day until
 now."
 * * * Its Alpha and its Omega
 is Almighty God, the God of justice and the
 Father of Mercies, who is working out the
 purposes of his love. * * * It is invest-
 ed with a dignity and pathos which lift it
 high above everything of the kind, whether
 in the Old World or the New. * * * The
 whole thing puts us in the mind of "the best
 men of the English Commonwealth; if there is
 in fact much of the old prophet about it."

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 in town the other day. He brought his fam-
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