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POBTICAL.



A lesson in itself sublime; A lesson worth enshrining, Is this. It ike no note of time, Seve when the sun is shining.' These motto-words a dial bore. And wisdom never preaches. To human hearts a better lore Than this short sentence teaches; s life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely,

et us not forget its pain and care,

And note its bright hours only.

'here is no grave on earth's broad chart But has some bird to cheer it; nope sings on in every heart, Although we may not hear it: And if to-day the heavy wing Of forrow is oppressing, Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring The weary heart a blessing. For life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely; Then let's forget its toil and care, And note its bright hours only.

The dirkest shadows of the night Are just before morning; hen let us wait the coming light, All bodeless phantoms scorning; nd while we're passing on the tide Of-Time's fast ebbing river, et's pluck the blossoms by its side And bless the gracious Giver; As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely. We-should forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE SUMMER SKY

O, brightly beams the summer sky, And rarely blooms the clover; But the little pond will soon be dry-The summer soon be over.

O, light and soft the west wind blows. 's flower-bells gently ringing, but light will fall upon the rose, Where now the bee is swinging!

smile is on the silver stream-A blush is on the flowers: But the cloud that wears a golden gloam Will waste itself in showers!

O. little hearts with gladness rife, deeper shade will fold our life Than o'er the meadow passes!

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom! Unburdened save by singing! Pale Grief shall leave his seal of gloom Where kisses now are clinging! , hope is sweet! O, youth is near! And love is sweeter, nearer! life is sweet, and life is dear, But death is often dearer!

shield the little hearts from wrong, While childhood's laugh is wringing! and kiss the lips that sing the song, Before they cease their singing!

o, crown with joy the brows of youth, Before those brows are older! O, touch with love the lips of truth, Before they cease their singing!

For the little pool will soon be dry-The summer soon be over; Though brightly beams the summer sky, And rarely blooms the clover!

MISCELLANY. AN OLD STORY.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist as walking along the streets of his native ty, perplexed and desponding in consenuence of some irritating circumstance or aisfortune, when he beheld a little boy of e forgot his own trouble and gloom in look, ng upon the almost angel face before him. That face I must have, said the artist,

or my studio. Will you come to my room nd sit for a picture my little man?" The little boy was glad to go and see the ictures and pencils and curious things in he artist's room; and he was still more ther boy looking just like himself smiling

om the artist's convas. The artist took great pleasure in looking it that sweet face. When he was troubled, rritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to at lovely image on the wall, and its beautihis studio wished to purchase that lovely possessing talents that might have enabled live, the thoughts I think, the acts I perform.

wondered what had become of that boy. yourself rest happiness or misery consequent We carry them with us in our heart.

"How I should like to see how he looks on your decision. ow! I wonder if I should know him? Is a good man and (rue, or wicked and aban. In Carroll township, Ill., the other dy, a

ly stopped and gazed at him. young woman's life was despaired of,

'What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure, and hang it in my studio opposite the angel-boy,' said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for moncy, for he was a beggar as well as a thief. 'Come to my room and let me paint your portrait and I will give you all you ask, anid him what he was doing there?

The young man followed the painter, and sat for a sketch- When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture-of-the-boy, he-looked-at-it, turned

pale, and then burst into tears. 'What troubles you, young man?' said the painter. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud, and seemed

pierced with agony. At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones which seemed to

come from a broken heart, said: 'Twenty years ago you asked me to sit for a-picture, and-that-angel-face-is-the-portrait... Behold me now, a ruined man; so bloated, away their faces from me; so fiend-like thatyou want my picture to show how ugly a man ing his head, he exclaimed bitterly: could look. Ah! I see now what vice and I wish I had been born a colt,' crime have done for me.'

The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears.

'How did this happen?" he asked. The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how, being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys, and learned all of their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places till all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, and was caught and imprisoned with the worst criminals; came out still more depraved to commit tworse crimes than before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to commit a worse one, till it seemed to him that he could not stop till brought to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He bosought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried his best to save him. But, alas! it was too and lost all consciousness at once. (I have late. Disease contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man and he died before he could reform. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy; and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story saying as he closed, "Between the angel and the demon there is only twenty years of vice.'

The lesson of his tale is in the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often, and heed it always.

The Home of Lincoln.

est, brown two-story frame dwelling. No that I had something to do with it—so I——, committed sacrilege in an attempt to change its style or improve its appearance; and may they never touch it, except to preserve it as it is, so that coming generations may see where and how the great man lived at home. A creeping vine, gradually covering the one side of the house, as the nation clings to him; a climbing rose, embowering the door, sheds its fragrance around the entrance, sweet like his memory; and a lonely elm in front, said to have been planted by his own hands, bends would sorrow for the dead.

Henceforth, for all time to come, while America has a history, Washington and Lincoln will be loved, honored and worshiped Mt. Vernon the patriot's tribute of a tear. A short distance from the entry of the cemetery we turned from the main walk and drive, and following a pathway worn by pilgrim feet up a little knoll to its top, we stood by the place where they have laid him. neither rich nor plain, with a vain attempt at trying to pass themselves off for me. ornamenting in the way of two marble vases perched at the ends of the wall. The arched door is sealed with a marble slab bearing the | are 'Dead Broke.' name, LINCOLN. And that is epitaph

enough. What was our astonishment to find lying against the marble doorway a large painted notice-\$5 00 FINE TO WRITE UPON OR DIS-FIGURE THIS TOMB!' Who would have uch surprising and surpassing beauty that thought that such a hallowed place would not be held as sacred as the ark of the covenant, which no man dared touch? But no; there are those to whom nothing is too holy, and who delight in their shame, if it but

gives them publicity. Counsels to Youth.-Let youth ever remember that the journey of life presents

was so the orty, and he beared not be called from the field builds a fire, sweeps out, and reads till break-aved, so almost fiendlike, that he in-

DEAD BROKE

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR." We found a man seated on a curb-stone, We found a man seated on a curb-stone, some good advice to parents—to give their near the Postoffice. last night, muttering to boys a good trade. That is the best friend himself apparently, as there was no one else in need, the editor knows of, as life wears to mutter to. We felt constrained to ask

Hain't doin' nothin',' was the reply.

'Where do you belong?' 'Don't b'long nowhere, and nowhere don't

b'long to me.' Who are you?

'I'm Broke."

'I tell ye I'm Broke-Dead Broke-that's wouldn't be Broke now-at least, not so bad. of whom have families dependent upon them My mother was a Peasly, but she wanted a for support, who bewail the mistake they husband, and she got Broke—that's my dad made of not learning useful trades in their and Broke got me. I've been Broke ever younger days? There are hundreds of them.

For a few moments the unhappy D. Broke men of education and business ability, who so hideous, that women and children turn furied his face in his hands, and seemed lost In the most delegal reflections. Then, rais-

> 'Why do you wish you had been born a colt ?'

Because a colt ain't broke until he is two or three years old. I was broke the moment I saw the light, and I never got over it. It is hard to be broke so young.

'How did your parents come to call you 'Dead Broke?'

'Well, ye see, as soon as I was born, something seemed to tell me that I had got to be It is a kind of capital that defies the storm of Broke all my life, unless I could get my name changed by act of Legislature, and that, you know, would be an impossibility." 'How an impossibility?'

'Are you such a blockhead as to suppose that a man can get anything through the Legislature when he is Broke ?

'You are right. Go on.' When the conviction forced itself upon my infant brain, confused as it was by recent experience, that I must be Broke all my life, I felt that there was nothing left to live for, found only part of it since.)'

'He is dead,' cried my mother, wringing her hands.

'Yes,' groaned my father, 'dead Broke!' 'I revived, alas! but Dead Broke became my name, and I have been dead broke ever

'My name has been fatal to me all through than gold.' life. The smallest boy in school always broke me in playing marbles. I broke more win-down than any other boy in base bull. I al-ways broke down at recitatione, and had my head broke every day by the schoolmaster. When I left school I went to clerk it for a

'Out of jail?' 'No, d-n it, broke out with the smallpox l'

'What did you do next?' 'After the court had disposed of my case,

was allowed to go into the brokerage business again.' 'How was that?' 'I broke stone in the Penitentiary, aog on

it. After I got out, I broke everything. I its boughs like a weeping willow, as if it too broke my promise, broke the Sabbath, and broke the pledge.' 'Were you ever married?'

up worse than anything else. My wife was together, and Oak Ridge will divide with a regular ripper. She broke up my furniture and the dishes, nearly broke my back with a flat-iron, and finally broke my heart." 'By running away?' 'No, indeed, by sticking to me.'

'You have had a hard time of it.'

'All owing to my name. But bad as I dis-I am ashamed to confess our surprise and like it, it's mine; I came by it honestly. mortification at the character of the tomb. You wouldn't think anybody else would want brick front, ill-proportioned, ugly and cheap, thousands of imposters all over the country 'In what way?'

When they tell their creditors that they

There was another pause, during which the could be heard to sob. At length he broke vanished and was gone forever. out-

'It will be a simple and fitting inscription for my tombatone, though.' 'What?'

'DEAD BROKE.'

ENDURING INFLUENCE -Time, change, absence, distance, break off no genuine relations. The love which the interposition of a continent or an ocean can dim, which the to establish themselves at the outset of life separation of years can alter, never was love. in a good and comfortable business. This is I had a friend once, a woman, who was the a mistaken notion. So far trom poverty beleased when he saw what seemed to be an- but few if any obstacles in its path which friend of my better nature—who taught me ing a misfortune to them if we may judge gratitude and complaints. faith and perseverence will not overcome. inspiration, taught me the value of thought. No talents, however great, will be much va- made me believe the worth of life, showed lue to the owner without careful usings; me the joy of worth and progress—one whose him who starts with fortune. Most rich many a youth has failed of being any bone- soul was so large, so deep, so generous, that fit to himself or others, solely because he she reigned like a queen among the highest made no efforts to improve the talents God intellects and hearts. She left the earth one in features and expression calmed his heart has given him, and others have ruined them-stormy night sixteen years ago, but is as nd made him happy again. Many a visitor selves by too great efforts; while a third ches near me to day as she was then. The life I out, though poor, and often in want them to become a blessing to others, hive are colored by influence which came from money to buy food and clothes, he would turned their course downward, and by dripk- her mind to mine If sixteen years cannot ot sell his good angel, as he called this poring, smoking, gambling, licentiousness or separate souls, why should sixteen hundred self-abuse, have suck in everlasting fight. years separate them? When our friends So the years went on. Oftentimes as he Youth remember that it is in your power to leave us for another world they are less with ooked up to the face on the glowing carves belong to either of these classes, and on us outwardly, but more with us inwardly.

There is an old farmer in Northern Ohio. who gets up at daylight, builds a fire, puts and? Or has he died and gone to a bet- daughter of Thor Guthrie, while in ing on the tea-kettle, dusts the furniture, goes accidentally stepped upon a Newfourland to the stable and teeds the horses, then calls day the artist was strolling down one dog lying under the table, when the bimal up the folks. Having a taste for reading, he Jane; we love thy tilt and sawline walks of the city, when he bekeld soized the girl and tore her in a fearfulmangoes to a room where he keeps his books, but take back thy jetty chain. dent of the United States.

S' 'A Friend in Need.'

The New York Sun has an editorial giving on, and he adds: 'Every day (we are told) there ere instances of men slipping from high rounds to the lowest one in the ladder of wealth. Business men find themselves engulphed in the sea of financial embarrassment, from which they emerge with nothing but their personal resources to depend upon for a living. Clerks, salesman and others Well, suppose you are broke, you've got find themselves thrown out of employment, a name haven't you? What is it?' with no prospect of speedily obtaining places which they are competent to fill, and with no my name, and that's my natur'. My father other mans of obtaining a livelihood. How was broke before me. If he hadn't been, I many me there are in this city to-day, some younger days? There are hundreds of them. There are men who have seen better days, envy the mechanic who has a sure support Parents make a great mistake when they im- on the neighboring shrub?' he asked. pose upon the brain of their boy the task of supporting him without preparing his hands

for emergencies: 'No matter how favorable a boy's circumstances may be, he should enter the battle of life as every prudent general enters the battle of armies-with a reliable reserve to fall back upon in case of disaster. Every man is liable to be reduced to the lowest pecuniary point. No man is poor who is the master of a trade. financial reverse; that clings to a man when all else has been swept away. It consoles him in the hour of adversity with the assurance that, let whatever may befall him, he need have no fear for the support of himself and family. Unfortunately, a silly notion, the offled many parents to regard a trade as some-

the very power that moves the world. A ling? power higher than the throne of aristocracy it must set himself above the Divine principle | nonette, the little darling." 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread' A trade is a 'friend in need;' it is independence and wealth-a rich legacy which the

Freedom and Slavery One of the most forcible and truthful de-

scriptions of 'the irrepressible conflict in America between freedom and slavery is contained in a speech recently delivered by It remains just as he lest it to pass to the broker. One day there was a heavy deficit John Bright at a dinner given to William White House of the nation's capital—a modest, brown two-story frame dwelling. No that I had something to do with it—so I——, ed English orator said: Spite of all that North in favor of freedom, but in the South ment that idea took pessession of the South. argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion could, by any possibility, affect the discussion of the question when once the that snare, and had taught their people that slavery was a Divine institution, because then they began to cling to it on other and different grounds, and said: 'Evil, be thou my good.' Thus we had light set against darkevil, and if you like it, heaven against holl; and, unless there was some stupendous miracle, greater than any on record even in the inspired writings, it was impossible that war should not spring out of this state of things. Then, too, 'the political slaveholders, that folds them and sticks them in his pocket, de- The scenes at the entrance of the pit are dedreadful brotherhood, in whom all turbulent passions were let loose, the moment they found the Presidential elections of 1860 going adversely to them, took up arms to It is nothing but a sodded mound with a to be in my place, would ye? but there are sustain their hateful system, and then came the earthquake which had been so often foretold, so often menaced, and so often postponed, and the ground recled under the whole nation during the four years of agony, and then, at last, when the smoke of the battle-field cleared away, the horrid shape which had unhappy possessor of an unfortunate name cast its shadow over a whole continent had

THE GIRLS TO THE YOUNG MEN -The literary department of the luka (Miss) Mirro, is edited by four young ladies. Their last number contains the following paragraph, which exhorts the young man to 'depend on himself:

Most young men consider it a misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough from what we daily behold, it is a blessing; the chances are more than ten to one against men's sons die in poverty, while many poor men's sons come to wealth and honor. It is out their own fortune.

She wore a gothic waterfall, and hoops like own horse, saying, the Silbey tent, and her back, oh! slavery, a big chain clanked as she went. She bought the waterfall newly built, methinks we can see her yet, though we saw her but a mo- was the other gentlemau's. ment, with a big black chain of jet. She wore for a hat a butter dish-as large as a three cent pie-and we thought we should soon expire as her big chain rattled by. A score or more of silver doves held her dress from mud and raic, innocent hirds were frightened by the gutta percha chain. Oh! fashion, mistress fashion, have pity on Mary Jane; we love thy tilt and saw-dust calves.

A good-word is as easily spoken as an ill

Worth, Better Than Show. A young oriental prince was visiting at the in England. He looked from the window into the beautiful garden, and inhaled the fra-grance which was wafted towards him by the

gentle breath of June. 'W hat exquisite perfume,' he cried; 'bring me, I pray you, the flower that so delights my sense. See you you stately stalk, bearing bearing on its shaft those gorgeous lilies, whose snowy petals are veined with blood-red lines and with violet shade; that is undoubt-

edly the plant I seek." They brought him the curious lily of Af-

rica. 'Its odor is nauscating,' he said; 'but bring me that flower of a hue so much deeper and richer than even the beautiful roses of my own fair land. See how it glows like flame! Surely a rich odor should distil from that regal plant.'

It was a dahlia, and its scent was even less agreeable than that of the lily.

'Can it be, then, the large white blossoms, for himself and his family in his handieraft, clustered on yonder bush, or the blue cups

No, the snowball and the campanula proved alike scentless. Various plants yielded their odorless buds or broad-spreading petals for inspection. But he found not what he sought.

'Surely it must be that golden ball,' he said; for so showy a bloom should at least charm the nostril as well as the eye.'

'Faugh!' It was a marigold. At length they placed in his hand a wee

brown blossom. 'So unpretending a thing as this cannot

surely be that of which I seek, exclaimed the prince with a vexed air; 'this appears to be nothing better than a weed.' He cautiously lifted it to his face.

Is it possible?' he cried. 'Is it really this spring of a sham aristocracy, has of late years unobtrusive brown weed which gives forth so precious an odor? Why, it hangs over the thing disreputable, with which their children should not be tainted. Labor disreputable!

What would the world be without it? It is purity. What is the name of this little dar-

'Precisely that, your highness,' answered has enobled labor and he who would disparage his attendant; 'this flower is called the 'mig-

'Wonderful! wonderful!' repeated the astonished prince, placing it in his bosom. 'Thus your highness perceives,' remarked poorest father may give to his son, and which his tutor, gravely, 'that the humble and unthe richest should regard as more valuable pretending often exhale the most precious virtues." - Little Pilgrim.

The Poor Printer.

"I pity the poor printer," said my uncle "He's a poor creature," rejoined 'How so,' said my uncle. 'Because in the first place,' continued the corporal, of about 300 ells from the top. At the molooking fully upon my uncle, the must endeavor to please everybody. In the neglithem the supporters of large lamilies, were gence of a moment, perhaps, a small para-working if the bottom of the mine. Their carpenter's chisel nor painter's brush has yet I broke. They caught me though, and put persecution could do, opinion grew—in the graph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to provisions were calculated for one day. On the compositor; it is inserted, and he is ruin. the 5th of July, the date of our latest news in favor of a most devilish delusion, that ed to all intents and purposes. Too much by mail, the place where the fallen masses slavery was a Divine institution. The mo- the case, Trim, said my uncle with a deep had stopped, the pit was such a solid structsigh. 'And please your honor,' continued | ure that water was standing on it many feet war became inevitable. Neither fact, nor Trim, elevating his voice and striking an imploring attitude, this is not all. Go on help was offered; but the conviction that ploring attitude, 'this is not all.' Trim, said my uncle gleeingly.

'The printer sometimes hits upon a piece Church teachers of the South had fallen into that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers .-But alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? They forgive others but cannot forgive the printer. He has a host to print for. and every one sets up for a critic. The pret-'Yes (sighing deeply) matrimony broke me ness, freedom against bondage, good against ty Miss exclaims, 'Why don't he give us more poetry, marringes, and bon mots; away

with these stale pieces!' 'The policeman clasps his speca on his nose and reads it in search of a violent invective. He finds none, takes his spees off. ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber. And after all this complaining would you believe it, sir,' said the corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay?"

Said a very good old man; 'Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am vory thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all." may smile at the simplicity of the old man. but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to a calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be continually complaining of things as they are. Be thankful for such mercies as you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and (lis glory, He will give you many more. At least, do not make yourselves and others unhappy by your in-

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to oring out a travelor's horse; but not knowing which of the two strange burses in the stable belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid a blessing, instead of a curse, to have to work the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his

'That's my nag. "Certainly, yer honor, I know that very well, said Pat, that I did not know which

TRUE POETRY .- The following beautiful stanza is copied from a lady's album:

Fare made, when I B hold are fase & guize into ure ashure ize, my love is warmed into a blazza, A thauts within my bozum rise

2,tig fir ini week tung 2 utter,

which leeves mi hat awl in a flatter." The profflest thing for a bonn is is at proty face.

The Country Church. We clip the following bit of sentiment

castle of a duke in one of the finest counties from the Lockport Daily Union. It brings olden memories back: We have been to the country church that was old when we were young. It is neither costly nor grand, but rude and homely, with

moss growing about the caves, where a pair of swallows built their nest in the summer that is dead. There are no lofty marble pillars near the porch, or tessellated doors, nor has it skilful architecture; but there it stands, a plain old building, a hallowed-relic-of-other days. It has no gallery, where the hired musicians let fall the liquid tones of sound. But still we like the old church. It brings back to us the daisied slopes of childhood the

joyous anticipation of the future, and the golden gleams of gladness that hover around the steps of youth. We hear echoing through memory's corridor, the holy words falling from the pale browed man whose guileless teaching sank deep into our heart. Wohave listened since then to the sermons of the great, rhetorically rounded and brilliant metaphors, and poetic imagery and flights of fancy; but their high-toned beauty has failed to touch our hearts, as did the simple eloquence of the minister in the old church.

There, too, is the graveyard where sleep in dust the ashes of those who where so dear to us in life, and whose memories come to us with the rise of the sun, and the pale light of stars. There rest the companions of our schoolboy days, and our youthful sports. And there, too, she lies who roamed hand in hand with us about the valley, who plucked with us the wild flowers beside the brook, who saw with the appreciative eye the violets blooming on the robe of May, and wept us happy tears at the glory and gorgeousness of summer sunsets. For eleven years sho has listened to the harp notes of angels. Still we love to linger beside her grave near the old church, and fancy that the mild breath of the evening air is caused by the soft rustling of an angel's wings. Do not blame us for loving the old church, for mem. ories are ours, pure and holy as the dreams of a dying saint, when we sit in the shadow of its walls .- Golden Rule.

Horrible Disaster. Over One Hungred Men Buried Alive in a

Coal Mine. The columns of the European German papers are filled with the particulars of, the

greatest disaster that ever desolated any mining district. on the first of July last the wooden frame-work of a 1500 feet deep pit of a coal mine in the neighborhood of Lugan, in Saxony, gave way, blocking up, with an impenetrable mass of timber and rook, the pit at a debth ment of the disaster 102 men, nearly all of

nothing could be done soon enough to save the unfortunate miners, weakened, as it seems any energetic efforts. They were doomed to die of starvation and want of fresh air. On the 4th of July

all attempts to reach the bottom of the mine by any quick process were abandoned, and a slow but sure plan was devised by which at least the corpses of the perished could be extracted: Iron tubes of about two feet in diameter were to be sunk through the obstructions to the bottom of the pit. Among the dead are forty-four married men, one of whom had a wife and nine living children. claring the paper good for nothing but to scribed as lamentable without a parallel .burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it One hundred and thirty-seven children filled the air with their wooful cries, whilst the superintendent of the mines, to whose negligence the disaster was ascribed by the people, could only be saved from being mobbed by his sudden imprisonment.

> THE TRIUMPH OF WHISKY .- It is calculated that at least 80,000,000 gallons of whisky are annually manufacture in this country. If only the tax on three-fourths of it were collected, the Government would place our finances on a sound basis. Last year the Government would receive \$37,000,-000 on whisky. This year it will receive less than \$20,000,000. For the last three month it has been receiving only at the rate of \$10,000,000 a year from this source-

> SCHOOL SCENE-Boy, you scom to be altogether too smart for this school; can you tell me how many six black beans are?" 'Yes sir; half a dozen.' 'Well, how many are half a dozen white beans?' 'Six.' mendous smart boy! Now tell me how .nany white beans there are in six black ones?" Half a dozen, if you skin 'em!' In consequence of this answer, the scholar came near being skinned himself.

For scours in calves, pigs and sheep, a correspondent of the Maine Farmer takes a quantity of good oats, boils them one hour. and gives freely of the tea till a cure is effected. From many trials, he is satisfied that the remedy is safe and certain.

New flax seed frequently given to horses or cattle will make them shed their old hair, and, whether young or old, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing which will fatten some old horses.

Five thousand and ninety dogs have been killed at the New York dog pond the presout season for which the city has paid \$2,

A husband, on being fuld the other evening that his wife had fost her temper, said end was glad of it, for it was a very had 4,04.**0.**