VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MÖRNING, MAY 1, 1868.

NUMBER 48

POETICAL.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The loyal Blue and the traitor Gray Alike in the grave are sleeping, Lying side by side in the sunlight's ray, And the storm clouds weeping. 'Tis well to forgive the past-God giving us grace we may, But never, while life shall last, Can we honor or love the Gray.

Our Boys in Blue were loyal and true, For their God and their country dying, With a grateful pride that is ever new We garland the graves where they're lying. They were murdered by rebel hands, They fell in the fearful fray; Guarding our Flog from traitor heads, We do not love the Gray.

We would not hate them -our hearts would

Cost a veil over their shameful story, It will not bring back our loyal slain To recall their treason gory. But barriers deep and wide Divide the false from the true! Shall treason and honor stand side by side? Is the Gray the peer of the Blue ?-

Answers each loyal heart to-day, "They are peers and equals never," No wreaths on a traitors grave we lay, Let shame be his weed forever." Give love where love is due, To the loyal all honor pay ;-Love and honor belong to the Blue, But what do we owe to the Gray?

We-owe-them three hundred thousand graves Where the loved and the lost are lying; We owe them, wherever our banner waves, Homes filled with tears and sighing. Do they think we forgot our dead, Our boys who wore the Blue? That because they sleep in the same cold bed We know not the false from the true ?

Belleve it not! where our heroes lie The very ground is holy. His name who dared for the right to die Is sacred, however lowly. But honor the TRAITOR GRAY! -Make ir the peer of the Blue! One flower at the feet of treason lay! Never! while God is true!

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write-Three words as with a burning pen-In tracings of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope Though clouds environ now, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put then the shadow from thy brow; No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where 'er thy bark is driven-The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth-Know this: God rules the host of heaven, "The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. And not alone for one, But man, as man, thy brother call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave the lessons on thy soul-Hope, Faith and Love-and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges cease to roll, Light when thou else wert blind,

MISCELLANY.

FORT SUMTER -A correspondent has been visiting Charleston Harbor and thus writes relative to the fortifications therein: To day I visited Sumter, where the war began. Charleston, like New York, has a river on either side and a bay in front, and four miles down this bay, on a sand bar equi. his usual retreat—the Girard—he was drivinto a species of narrows, is the far-famed, long-contested fortress. Originally it was a ty. Sauntering up to the office, he made handsome stone fort, surrounded by a wall sixty feet in height and with three tiers of clerk asked him as to the whereabouts of his guns, siege, barbette, and parapet Now it | baggage; 'Johnny' replied that he had none. is a heap of crushed brick, and pounded temporaneous magazines and quarters underneath the rubbish. The parapets are crum. bled, the case mates beat out of all shape, the parade ground torn up into sinks and gullies, and nothing remains to indicate the fort but the flag which still floats, and a garrison of an ordinance sergeant and four of the colored troops who fought nobly. To the right are butteries Gregg and Wagner; to the left Fort Moultrie, all in like manner honeycombed with shot, and beneath man's fury and elemental war, fast resolving themselves back into their original element .-Where the great guns boomed, there is no sound but the loon's cry across the waters, betokening, as the boatmen say, the freshening wind. Where the smoke of powder lowered night and day, the heavens are as clear as the crystal depths of running water. Where the war-ships came up, broadside, to deliver, their fire, are a few fishing smacks and a steamer outward bound. Where the armies camped, and the Swamp Angel hurl-

Mr. George Strodell, of Huntington, Ind., aged sixty-six years, is the father of thirtyshadows before.

ed its monstrous shells upon the city, all is

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

'JOHNNY STEEL," THE LATE OIL PRINCE.

John W. Steel, familiarly known as 'Johnoil prince,' having for a considerable length of time enjoyed the princely income of \$3.-000 per day, filed, in the United States District Court, a voluntary patition in bank-ruptcy. Many of our readers will remember his romantic exploits in the east, published some time ago, during which he is reported to have squandered several hundred thousand dollars. After having 'sowed his wild oats,' and losing his oil farm, he found himself in rather straitened circumstances, and was recently compelled to cara ure as her scarcely less happy grandfather a living by driving an oil team. His indebted turned-his great bass viol and said, 'Come,' edness, as set forth in his petition, amounts litene, let us have to overy \$100,000.

Steel is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and is, now in the neighborhood of twenty three years of age. He has had but little education, has no business qualifications or shrewdness, and seems especially cut out by Dame Nature to attest the truth of the proverb ed.' Of his early youth we know very litfamous McClintock farm and oil wells, in maker. Venango county, bequeathed him by his father, for a number of years yielded him an income of \$3,000 per day. This princely ber income was the means of awakening in 'Johnny an ambirion too seek other fields and sources of amusement than those offered in the wilds of Venaugo county. We heard of him first by his lavish waste of wealth in Philadelphia. Here he made the acquaintance of Messrs Skiff & Gaylord, of minstrel fame, and one of his first rash purchases was an entire new outfit for the minstrels, composed of velvet coats and vests and plaid trowsers (many of our readers will remem. ber the troupe in this uniform.) To those eccentric costumes he added diamond breastpins of the first water, and a new suit of clothes for each member for the street .-Several members of Caracross & Dixey's minstrels, of Philadelphia, were also favored in the same manner.

Another of 'Johnny's' eccentric acts in Philadelphia is related as follows. Walking along Chestnut street one day with a friend, he espied a beautiful span of horses attached to a splendid carriage, just turning capacity for suffering. down from Second. To see was to envy so, bailing the driver, Sam M _____, who as it happened, was also the owner, 'Johnny' coully asked him if he would sell his establishment. Sam looked credulously at his customer, wendering if he were drunk or crazy, when Johnny again put forward the question : What will you take for the whole rig?' Sam with a wink, and while ter.' knocking the ashes from his cigar, doubtless 'Y thinking to frighten his unknown customer, replied: Weil, I guess about \$7,000 will take the lot. 'Johnny' answered by laving seven one thousand dollar bills on the seat of the vehicle, and taking hold of the reins, cooly said, 'Hop out;' and 'hop out' Sam did, while 'Johony' drove off, leaving Sam standing in amazement on the corner. The day was spent in riding about the city. and spending money lavishly; toward evening he had employed a man to drive, and finally while winding up the day, he reached the Girard House, alighting on the pavement, he asked the driver as to his circumstances, and learning that he knew the grip of poverty,' 'Johnny' made him a present of the horses and carriage, telling the driver of the sick sister and her heart smote her. not to offer thanks, but to 'drive off quick' While in Philadelphia, one of the eccen-

tricities of his morning walks on Market or Walout Streets, was to watch for a man with a shabby hat. He would then follow him until he got in front of a hat store, and then, with a swoop, he would land the offending hat into the middle of the street, at the same time apologizing to the wearer, and asking him into the store, where he would buy

him the best to be had. "Johnny" nover carried any baggage with him while traveling, purchasing everything as he required it. Having resolved one day to stop at the Continental botel, instead of distant from the shores, which here emerge en there in company with a friend, Mr. Wm. B-y, a noted merchant, of our own ciknown his desire to 'stop a while' The

'Then,' says the clerk, 'you must pay in stone, with a battery or two and some ex- advance; that is our rule.' 'Johnny' cast a glance at him, and wondered that he was not koown So, winking at his friend B, he asked the clerk if the proprietor was in receiving a reply in the affirmative, the landlord soon made his appearance, when a converention of the following tenor ensued:

J. S .- You are the proprietor, I believe, sir-the responsible man?

Mr. K.—'Yes, sir.' J. S - I wanted to make a short stay with you, but that gentleman (pointing to the clerk) says I must pay in advance.'

Mr. K .- Well, sir. J. S .- How much do you consider your whole house worth for a day?"

Mr. K - 'About \$3,000.' J. S.-I'll take 24 hours anyhow, and see how it goes. 'Johnny' then counted out the mony, and

in and play clerk.' Rumor says this was B's first and only experience in hotel keeping. There are many anecdotes related about him, but the above will suffice to show the panorams of Irene's sickness and death come ed upon their earthly habitations -Dr. Holgeneral character of the man. When, more up before me vivid and distinct in every land. recently, the avalanche of money had exhausted itself, we hear of Johnny acting in three children -and a local sheet intimates the capacity of door keeper for the very same

IRENE-A STORY FOR SISTERS.

Twenty five years ago this bright October, when the maple trees were covered with crimson and gold, and the chrysantheums come.
and asters were blooming, and the golden Be ny Steel, and somewhat distinguished as an quinces ripening, a lovely little girl played with her sister in a happy home. Her beauty was rare. Health and grace were in every feature. So brilliant and beauteous was the expression that this child's face ever wore that passers by and strangers often paused to admire and comment on her unusuel-loveliness. Her voice was musical as the tones of a bird. I can, through all these years, still hear her silvery tones as she warbled the hymns and songs so familiar to her. I can see her joyous face lit up with pleas-

"'Sing, O, Heavens,

And be joyful, O, Earth!" Her name, Irene, is the Greek word for peace. I do not know that her mother knew that, however, when she gave it to her, but never was a name more fitting. So gentle you will meet at school and college, or you and kind was her disposition that it seemed that 'A fool and his money are soon part- next to impossible that strife and contention should be where her mild voice was heard. tle; manhood and riches sprang upon him Among her schoolmates, as well as in the about the same time. His interest in the family, she was known as the little peace-

Five years her little life made beautiful this earth, and then the Lord had need of

One still October Sunday, such as these are now, Irene repeated for the last time her favorite psalms, and sang her anthoms and chants, and read with her mother the closing chapters of Revelations, her sweet spirit

glorifying God all day.

At night the angel who comes to all of us came to ber. Before another Sabbath dawned the dear child, who had truly loved the Blessed Saviour while on earth, was called by Him to sing the song of redeeming love before His throne in heaven.

During her illness a friend sent some fine fruits to cheer her weary hours with their sight and fragrance. Among these were some large, ripe golden quinces.

Her sister Mary, a child of nine years, was passionately fond of Irene. She was however, an ambitious student, with thoughts and studies far in advance of her years. Impulsive, ardeut and intense in ber nature, you are doing very well, you are fast goingher power of loving was only equaled by her down to ruin.

One noontime, when busily figuring a dif ficult sum in arithmetic, she was disturbed by Irene's request for a fresh drink.

'Yes, pretty soon,' she answered abstractedly, without looking up from her slate. A few moments passed and again Irene

'Mary-Mary, do get me some fresh wa-'Yes, in a minute. Nine into seventy-six

eight times and four over,' said Mary, all in Again her sweet voice pleaded -'Oh, I do wish I had a drink! Won't you

lend me your slate and pencil to make me some pictures, Mary?" But Mary, annoyed by the constant asking and intent upon the finishing of a long line of sums before school time, had lost her

patience and crossly exclaimed-'Oh, Irene! you bothering little thing! you've made me forget this whole row and I shan't have time now to finish my sums be-

fore school time. What a plague!' Then, for the first time, she looked up and saw the flushed cheeks and fevered lips

"I didn't know you were doing your sums, Mary,' said the sweet voice, regretfully. But Mary could not answer. She held the glass to her sister's lips and sighed sadly. Her imparience was gone, but the grief for her unkind words was too sharp for words. She caught up her bonnet and

walked slowly to school. The pext morning a sound of hurrying steps through the rooms awakened Mary from her sleep. Her eyes rested on her mother who was weeping bitterly. A sudden agony of fear swept over ber.

'Is not Irene better?' she asked. 'She is worse—she is dying!' sobbed her

To dress and descend to Irene's bed side was the work of but few moments.

Too late! The sweet spirit hovered on the border of the beautiful land and the glory of heaven already rested on the lovely countenance. The gentle lips murmured constantly, 'Oh! who is it that I see all dressed in white, so beautiful?' I stood by that bedside and saw the sad

parting and I knew that no one of all that band of sorrow-carried so sharp a cross as did that remorssful sister; for I knew about the hasty words and the ungracious favor. The next day, as Mary wept beside the

white robed form that lay so still and cold in the darkened parlor, she kissed again and again the waxen brow and murmured passionately between her sobs, 'Oh, Irene! 1rene! if only I hadn't been cross to you!'

The golden quinces still lay upon the mantle and all the room was perfumed with their fragrance. And this week, as I walked in and sisterbood of ugliness and lameness, that the quince orchard that belongs to Mary's that there is every reason to believe that beautiful home, admiring the yellow fruits there is no such thing in Heaven as a onethickly depending on the boughe, I spoke of legged or club-footed soul-no such thing

particular.' She sighed sadly.

'In every particular.' bad given the diamond pine and costumes, in her heart.

Oh, little darlings who read this true story, be kind to your sisters! An unkind word may cause the pleasant orehard smells will hold an argument with an opponent for to give you pain a quarter of a century to

Be good to your sisters.

Shutting Doors. 'Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandpa feels the March wind. You have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now, Edward.'

'Do forgive me, grau'pa. I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am before been married. going to college, and then I'm going to be

'Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man.' 'What kind of doors? Do tell me, grand-

'Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list. In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against the bad language and vile counsel of the boys and young men will be undone. Let them once get possession of the door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects.

The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers; or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed tor sale in the store windows, or you will titled to the suffrage of his fellow citizens. never learn to lay up money, or have any left

to give away. The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the door of the eyes and ears .-That door is very apt to blow open, and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind if it is left-open too long I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or, at least, till you have something valuable to say.

The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation; for conscience the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard her call, and sometimes drops asleep at her post; and when you may think

If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin-which get in before you think'

'This shutting doors, you see, Eddie, will be a serious business-one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends.'

Romance in Real Life. Some two years since there arrived in Illi nois, from Switzerland, a young man of goodly appearance and fair educational acquire, ments. So well was he pleased with his new home that he soon reported to his friends across the water the many advantages that an honest, indutrious imigrant found here. A young lady in Switzerland-an entire stranger to him-learning from a lady friend of his happy situation in America, wrote to him through the friend that she would like to visit his adopted home, and along with the suspicion. The muscles were systematically letter she forwarded her photograph. He educated. Frequent bathing was required was pleased with the picture—the features by law. Large bath-houses were establishwere fare to look upon, and the letter indicated a well educated mind, so he sent her For several centuries of the best ages of his photograph. Thus commenced a cornes- Rome it was a criminal offense for a Roman pondence that in a few months attracted her mother to drink intoxicating liquors. At across the ocean to meet the man she had the time of our Saviour on earth, and for a learned to love, though had never seen .-With a friend she arrived the last of Octo- for a Roman woman to taste winc. For a ry twin calves, the next about half size, and ber, when her unknown lover met her as she guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the the remaining twenty five about the size of alighted from the cars -inquiring, like one ot old, if she were his Katharine—and there as it implied a want of chastity on her part he first saw and kissed her as his affianced. Within two days the couple, thus strangely and romantically brought together, were married, both seemingly as happy as if there | quence of this physical training and absti | sight, and who are fully entitled to belief as had been a five years courtship.

Humanity.

All are striving after wealth, honor and power The poor are claiming wealth only that they may be above wast, the rich are seeking to add thousands to their millions. So we move. No one appears to think how soon he may sink into oblivion- that we are one generation of millions .- Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have through countless ages come marching hand in hand-the one destroying, the other building ur .-They seem to create little or no commotion. and the work of destruction is as easily and silently accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose A hundred years hence and much of that we now see around us, will, too, pass away. It is but the simple repetition of life's story. We are born-we live-we die-and hence we will not grieve over those venerable piles finding the common level of their propotypes in nature-an ultimate death.

It is pleasant to say to all the brotherhood their delightful fragrance. Mary said:

It is a quarter of a century to-day since as a blind or deaf soul—no such a thing as Irone died, yet it seems to me but as yester a soul with tainted blood in its veins; and turning to his friend, says: 'Now, Bill, jump day. Through all these years I have never that out of those imperfect bodies wil smelled the fragrance of the ripening quin- spring spirits of consummate perfection and ces without being instantly transported to and angelie beauty-a beauty chastened and that childhood home and having the whole enriched by the humiliations that were visit-روه را جارع در المدر الأراز حرافه وجارا

> A Mrs. Back, living out West, named 'a legal tender.

It is a Curiosity.

It is a curiosity to find a politician who half an hour without getting angry.

It is a curiosity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talent and accomplishments, than those of his neighbors.

It is a curiosity to find an artist who does not think himself perfect in his profession. It is a curiosity to find a Miss of fifteen

who has not began to think of getting a husband. It is a curiosity to find an old maidwho does not wonder that she has not long

It is a curiosity to receive a letter from a lady which has not a P. S. attached to it. It is a curiosity to meet with a woman who stammers in conversation.

It is a curiosity to find a lawyer who pleads a case successfully for you and then docks a portion of his fees. It is a curiosity to find a physician who,

having restored you to health does not wish you to think he has performed a wonderful It is a curiosity to find a dentist who will not tell you he can extract a tooth and cause

less pain than any one else. It is a curiosity to find a school master who does not wish to be understood that he knows more than anybody else.

It is a curiosity to find an editor who does not know every thing, and more too. It is a curiosity to find a candidate for any office who does not think he is fully en-

A Plea for Early Marriages:

Rev Henry Morgan lectured in Boston some time ago on the subject, 'Young Men and Early Marriages.' He said, among other things:

Nature, history and revelation declare. It is not good that man should be alone.' He needs a help mate-a wife is the balance wheel, the regular guardian angel of a husband's trust, confidence and prosperity. Politically, socially, morally and spiritually, man requires a wife. Man needs a home. The Romans gave bachelors no legacies Corinth denied them sepulchers. Athenians scourged them. In Plato's common wealth, at the age of thirty-five they were fined. Man is but half a man without a wife. In all_your_gettings, get a wife, and never-rest-from getting-till-you-get-married.

Better live in an attic, under the hallowed influence of a wife, than revel in a palace of dissipation. Man needs a home. Marriage is the legitimate basis of a genuine home. Look at the deplorable condition of the young men of every city without homes. Boarding houses have no elevating society of women, no home influences, no place of mental or moral improvement, no alter of

prayer, no angel of love.'

The Ancient Roman Woman. The ancient Romans, in some respects. were in advance of the present age in their practical physiological knowledge. This was especially the case in the habits of the women. They seemed to be fully aware that mothers, and consequently any usage or gin tew have rats—tew turn ophic practice likely to effect injuriously the health Rats, viewed from enny platform of women was viewed by the State with ed, which were places of common resort. long period after, it was considered infamous cause they smelt of 'tomotum.' The consenence from all intoxicating liquor was that the Romans were noted for their endurance and strength.

Elihu Burrett, the learned blacksmith, is said to have studied many languages-more than fifty- while working at the anvil. Shoemakers have become legislators and statesmen; and a good taylor may be promoted to a high office. Gen. Grant was a tanner and currier. All great men, or men who rise in life have been real workers and hard students. Nor is it wise to be over nice as to the calling so that it be useful and honorable. Too many, who are not fit for them, aim for the learned professions, not realizing the fact, that it is better to be a good mechanic, farmer or merchant, then a poor lawyer, doctor or preacher. The question should be, 'in what calling can I do the most good? be most useful? succeed the best?' Bu if you would not become a dependent pauper, a miserable vagabond, go to work and do somethingmake brooms or baskets, fish nets or fanning mills, and thus call the faculties into use, and develop them. It is wicked to be lidle. What are you doing?

In a real property case before a French judge at an early period at the Revolution (the story is told by the elder Berryer), the defendant, whose title was contested, proved that the estate had been in his family for more than two hundred years. 'Well, then.' said the judge, 'it is now-full time for another family to have a turn.

A PITY -A fellow who was brought to King James I, could eat, it was said, a whole sheep at a meal. What else can he do, asked the king, more than other men? 'Nothing, was the reply. "Hang him then," Oh! I knew that the memory of those und her first heby Green An editor in speaking said James, for it is a pity a man should live that coming events continue to reast their band of minstress the members of which he kind words still rankled like a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom and can be a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom and can be a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom and can be a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom and can be a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of whom a sharp arrow of it, said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the members of the sharp arrow of its said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the sharp arrow of its said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the said he hoped the little green-back was who cause the little green-back was whom the little green-back was who cause the little green-back was whom the little green-back was whom the little green-back was whom the little green-back was do no more than one.

All for his Child. A short time since, a rather rough-appearing man from the remote interior walked into the Granite Bank, Augusta, Me., and in-

'Is this Mr. Johnson, the cashier."

'It is, sir ! what will you have?' 'Do you pay any of your old bank bills now?'
'Certainly'

Well, now, that is good. You see I had some of your bills, and the other day I offered them at the Sandy River Bank; but they didn't want them and said you would take them, so here they are.'

The cashier counted the bills-about \$100. He then inquired-

'How long have you had these bills?"

'It's about six years.' 'How happened you to keep them so long?' 'Well, you see I had only one child-a girl fifteen and a half years old, and she died; and then I didn't care about the money and put it away into an old box, and there it has

been.' The lump came to his throat, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he turned aside, in memory of his child for whom the money had been saved.

HOW TO RAISE FRUIT EVERY YEAR .-If rightly understood, few trees, unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plenteous crep. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following mode. As soon as the winter has sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is lopped off; when sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the other branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb, the lower part which bears a considerable number of buds, thus concentrating the sap of the tree upon the maturbation of its fruit, and saving that which would be a useless expenditure of its

In the quince, apricot and peach tree, this is very important, as these are very apt to be too luxurient in leaves and destirute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit, which formerly yielded nothing. Of course all other known precautions must be attended to; such as cutting out worms from the roots, placing old iron on the limbs, which act as a tonic to the sap, &c. Try it, ye who have failed in raising

Rats, says Josh Billings, originally came from Norway, and I wish they had originally

staid there. They are about az uncalled for az a pane

in the small of the back. I suppose there is between fifty and sixty millions of rate in America-I quote now entirely from memory-and I don't suppose there is a neccessary rat in the whole lot.

This shows at a gland how menny waste rats there iz. Rats enhance in numbers laster than shu-

pegs do by machinery. 🗔 One pair of healthy rate is all that enny man wants to start the rat biguez with, and a hardy race must be born of healthful in 90 daze, without eny outlay, he will be-

Rats, viewed from enny platform you can build, are unspeakibly cussid.

RATHER A HARD STORY .- The Salem (Ind.) Times tells the following yarn. You may believe it if you want to, but we most respectfully decline:

"Abner Fields, living in Howard township, this county, had a cow which was delivered of twenty-eight calves in one day .-The two largest are about the size of ordinahousehold was looked upon as a deep insult, an orginary rat. They are all dead-mother included - except the two largest, which History records several cases where they are doing well. We had the statement above were put to death by their husbands be- given from Mr. Fields himself, and from several neighbors of his who witnessed the any persons in the world. This is the most -singular freak of nature of the kind of which we ever heard."

> A country schoolmaster, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions he would put to them on examination day .--The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had begn arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked, In whom do y u believe?' 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' was the answer quickly returned. You believe in the Established Church, do you not?' 'No.' said the youngster, the boy that believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day!

The Columbia Chronicle says: As a th'n man was recently walking up from Greenville dépot, he found himself pertinaciously followed by a ferocious 'dorg.' Not liking the eye of the beast, the traveller asked a boy, what that hungry looking hound was

following him for?" 'Can't say, cortain, stranger, was the impudent reply of the youngster, but I rockon he takes you for a 'bone.'

To coffect the bitter taste that eranberries sometimes have, add to them while stewing as much soda as you can take upon the point of a penknile,

The Persians have a saying that tenmeasures of talk were sent down upon earth and the women took nine.'

"Working for bare life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

Why is a lady's tought like a hoop ? .. Because there is no end, in it.

To sthe printies rutting -van 'em.