

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1868.

NUMBER 46

## POETICAL.



### OH, WANTON WIND.

BY MILES O'BELLY.

Oh, wanton wind! warm, kissing, kind,  
Thy zephyrs turned my Laura's tresses;  
Bathed lip and hand with fragrance bland,  
And even fanned those deep recesses  
Where love is seen, warm, touched, serene,  
Asleep between two summer billows;  
Oh! heedless wind! to beauty blind,  
Where could thou find more tempting billows?

The lily bell, whose anthers tell  
The time so well, by you set ringing;  
The rival rose, wherein repose  
Queen Mith, and those unto her clinging;  
The violet sweet, the daisy neat—  
Should I repeat each fragrant blossom—  
Oh, careless wind! could all combined  
So please thy mind as Laura's bosom!

Insensate still! hence, hence and fill  
The idle sail of thy bright vessel!  
And yet—ah, stay! ere hence you stray  
Leave me, I pray, your right to nestle;  
Give me to seek her damask cheek, (test)  
And whispering speak what thou ne'er dream-  
For me to lie one moment nigh  
Her heart and die, were bliss supreme!

### MY DREAM.

A slender form, a girlish face,  
Blue eyes and golden hair,  
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,  
A vision angel fair!

Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!  
Why will you haunt me so,  
Filled with the old sweet tenderness,  
The love of long ago!

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,  
Sweet chiming, like silver bells;  
Sweet music, unforgetten still,  
Around me sings and swells,  
Oh, soothing voice! oh, cruel voice!  
Why will you haunt me so?  
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,  
The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,  
A picture fading never,  
The anguish of a vanished hope,  
'That clings to me forever,  
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!  
Why will you haunt me so!  
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,  
The love of long ago.

## MISCELLANY.

### "THAT'S THE PLACE!"

There was a queer old gentleman at the Academy on examination day. The trustees seemed to think a great deal of him, and treated him with much respect; but the boys felt rather uneasy, and his sharp, gray eyes looked searchingly at each one of them, and they saw that he was listening carefully to their answers.

"I do wonder who that old chap is," exclaimed Charley Yane, after the exercises were over, and they were preparing to go home. "I declare, he frightened me so, I don't think I could have told the points of the compass, if he had asked me." Harry Brown laughed. He did not look frightened; he had done his part well that day, and many admiring glances had rested on the boy who was called "the best scholar."

The strange old gentleman was standing with one of the school officers, in the playground, as Harry passed out with several other boys.

"Harry," said Mr. Raymond, stopping him, "I think this gentleman has left his case in the hall up stairs, will you look for it?"

"Certainly sir," and Harry went quickly up to the school room again, and returning with the case, presented it to the gentleman, with a polite bow.

"That's a fine boy," remarked Mr. Raymond, as Harry passed on toward the gate; "he is one of the boys we are proud of. The old gentleman was following Harry closely with those stern gray eyes.

Just as the boys reached the gate, a young girl from the female department of the school was going out, and in trying to open it, dropped one of her books. The other boys paid no attention; but Harry stepped forward, held open the gate, and picked up the book, handing it to her with a pleasant remark. At that moment a carriage, containing several ladies, drove up. As they looked at Harry, he recognized them, and raised his cap from his head, with a graceful bow.

The old gentleman saw it all; but when Mr. Raymond said, in a pleasant way, "How few boys have such good manners!" he only replied: "It is all very well; but let me see that boy at home; that's the place!" Let me see him with his mother and sisters, and then I can judge of his good manners. If you want to know a boy's true character, see him in his home; that's the place!" The old gentleman brought down his case with emphasis at these last words; and Mr. Raymond seemed rather disappointed that he did not appreciate more the "model boy" of his school.

But I think the old gentleman was right when he said, "that's the place." Suppose we look into Harry Brown's home, and see how he appeared there that same evening.

Harry went into the room where his mother and sisters sat at their sewing. He threw his cap over a chair, and after a moment he did not even say good afternoon, as he took

it off. Perhaps he forgot it; or else he did not think it worth while—only his mother and sisters, you know!

"Well, Harry, did your examination pass off successfully?"

"Oh, yes, first-rate!"

Harry might have told the particulars of the examination, to interest his mother and sisters, as they had been unable to attend it, but he did not seem to think it necessary. He began to look around for a seat. Somehow the ladies' work had become scattered about on the different chairs, and it offended his feelings.

"For pity's sake, can't you give a fellow a chair to sit on?"

Sister Ellen began to move her work.

"Here is one," she said, and, as Harry took it, and a spool of cotton fell and rolled away. He did not pick it up; but sat down and opened one of the books. Surely, that did not seem like the boy who had so politely held open that gate and picked up the book for a young miss, half an hour before!

But it was only Harry's sister this time; and perhaps he thought it foolish to be polite to her!

When Harry's father came in, and asked him to look in the library for a magazine which had been left there, he did not do it with that "certainly, sir," and that bright look which had so pleased Mr. Raymond in the afternoon, and which would have pleased his father still more and helped to make home happy.

At the tea-table Harry did not think of those little acts of politeness which he would not have forgotten had he been taking tea with Mr. Raymond or the strange old gentleman, instead of only at home. He helped himself to bread, without noticing that his sister by his side had none. He said, "here, take it!" when Ellen did not see that he was holding the butter-plate towards her.

And he neglected the little "thank you," and the "please," which are such necessary parts of politeness at all times.

Then, when Harry went to bed, he did not think it worth while to say good-night—though he had been very careful to say a polite "good afternoon" before leaving school that day.

In truth, Harry's good manners were kept for those outside of his own home. And that strange old gentleman knew how many boys had his fault. So, in a few years, when he wanted a bookkeeper for his counting house, from among the graduates at the Academy, he would not select one until he had visited several at their homes and become acquainted with their manners there. Then, to the surprise of all the school, he did not choose Harry Brown. "For," said he, "I don't want any boy about me that can't be polite to his mother and sister."

Boys how many of you are like Harry?—Some of you are, I know. Then bear in mind the words of the strange old gentleman: "Let me see that boy at home; that's the place!"

Do not think that home is a place where you can throw off all politeness, and be as careless and rough as you please. If there is a place on earth where you should wear good manners and be polite and kind, that's the place! If there should be persons to whom you should give your most polite words and kind attentions, those persons are your father, mother and sister. Will you give more attention and respect to those outside, than to the dear ones at home? Will you be praised for good manners by strangers, and cause those at home to call you rude and thoughtless? It will make your homes much more happy and pleasant, if you wear your best manners always there. Do not be ashamed to be polite at home, that is the best place in all the world to you; that is the place where your best friends are; that is the place where your true character will appear; therefore, remember to cultivate politeness at home.

**ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG.**—John Ruskin has said, if a young man deserve praise, be sure you give it him, else you do not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourself of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise; the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above you to care what you think of them. You may urge them with sympathy, and surround them with acclamation, but they will doubt your pleasure and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet to their faces, if you had but cried once, "Well done!" as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you; you can never more be kind to them.

**PROMPTNESS.**—Promptness is a cardinal virtue. Nothing noble in life can be achieved without it. With it all things are possible. Before it all difficulties vanish, all obstacles disappear. The prompt man is the successful man. He takes time by the forelock. The opportunity comes and he seizes it. Luck is on his side. The forces of nature take his part and act with him. Promptness is not rashness. It never acts blindly. It does not waste its strength in random blows. It strikes at the right moment, and in the right place. It is a wide awake faculty. It sees clearly, and acts a wise decision. It does not put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.

A Sabbath-school superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives, whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can ever serve two masters."

## Great Tornado in the West.

The western papers furnish very interesting particulars of the fearful tornado which swept over portions of Illinois and Iowa on Sunday, the 3d of May.

Shanghai, Ill., was most seriously afflicted, fifteen dwellings totally destroyed and many more removed from the foundations. (Many of them, says one account, were picked up by the whirlwind, lifted into the air and carried quite a distance and then seemingly with demonic fury, dashed to the ground and shivered into a million fragments.) A new and elegant school building, 24 by 36 feet, was lifted from its foundation and dashed into pieces. The only two churches in the place, both less than a year old, were broken into thousands of pieces and scattered over the prairie for a long distance.

A correspondent of the Chicago Republican thus describes the scene at one of the houses of worship:

"Services commenced in the Second Advent Church (a new building completed last fall) at four o'clock in the afternoon. As the people were wending their way from their farms and cottages to church the sun was brightly shining, although clouds were seen in the heavens. It was a day not now common in this State at this time of the year. The pastor of the church, Rev. G. W. Hurd, ascended the sacred pulpit and commenced his discourse, which was not interrupted until it was nearly through, when the evidences of the coming disaster began to be apparent. First it was perfectly still, and then a noise was heard in the distance as of the roaring of a mighty antalect. The windows began to shake, and some one called out from his seat, 'Mr. Hurd, a bad storm is coming up.' The minister answered, 'Never mind the storm; there is a day coming when there will be a storm compared with which this will be nothing. I will be through soon.'

Just then the hail and wind commenced breaking in the window lights, and in almost an instant the windows of the church, sash and all, were torn out. The only persons who succeeded in getting out were Geo. Vero and Harrison Wixor, who were instantly killed. The building reeled like a drunken man, but none could make their way out. Wives clung to their husbands, children to their parents, brothers and sisters to each other, and despair was depicted upon every countenance. Suddenly the crash came, and with a deafening sound, mingled with the shrieks of the pent-up people, timbers crashing and all came down with a sudden crash upon the devoted heads of the congregation—men, women and children. Some had skulls broken, others arms, others received internal injuries from which they can never recover. There are several who did not receive a scratch, but nearly all were more or less injured. Services were to have been held at the same hour in the Methodist church, but owing to the non-arrival of the minister, the services were postponed. This church was also entirely demolished.

The tornado extended to Iowa, and occasioned great loss of property in the vicinity of Muscatine.

## Hints to Farmers.

A writer gives the following advice which we fully endorse:

Don't buy a piano for your daughter while your sons need a plow.

Don't let your horse be seen standing at the tavern door. It don't look right.

Don't give the merchant a chance to dun you. Prompt payment makes independent men.

Keep good fences; they promote good feelings between neighbors.

Decent and substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doc or away.

Don't starve your land if you do you will grow lean.

Don't buy patent rights to sell again.

Don't become surety for him who waits for the Sheriff.

Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage.

If you have a yoke of oxen, don't be ashamed of them, and give your note for a span of horses.

Keep your sons away from horse races; they are the highway to ruin.

Don't run for constable; you may get it; and let the plow stand.

Teach your boys to look up and forward and never down and backwards.

Don't leave to memory what should be written; it makes lawsuits.

**YOUTHFUL INFLUENCE.**—Men are accustomed to look upon the excesses of youth as something that belongs to that time. Men say that of course the young, like colts unbridled, will disport themselves. There is no harm in colts disporting themselves, but a colt never gets drunk. I do not object to any amount of gaiety or vivacity that lies within bounds of reason or of health, but I do object and abhor, as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, every such course in youth as takes away strength, vigor and purity from old age. I do not believe any man should take the candle of his old age and light it by the wicks of his youth. Every man that transgresses nature's laws, in youth is taking beforehand those treasures that are stored up for his old age; he is taking the food that should have been his sustenance in old age and exhausting it in riotous living in his youth. —Beecher.

**A Puzler.**—Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns around and eats the rope; the skiff, thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and in its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now has the man who owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

## TWILIGHT.

Now the sunset's glow is over,  
And the daylight fades away,  
While the twilight, ruddy twilight,  
Throws around its shadows gray.  
In the valley and the wildwood,  
By the crystal river's shore,  
They are stealing, twilight shadows,  
Like as they were wont in yore!

Through the window of the cottage,  
Like the sunbeam's noiseless light,  
Steals the twilight, mystic twilight,  
As comes on the dusky night,  
And the young stars begin to glow,  
With their brilliant diamond glow,  
Come out peeping, dimly peeping,  
As they used to long ago.

## A Good Yarn.

In the village of W., lived a man who had once been a Judge of the county and well known all over it by the name of Judge L. He kept a store and saw-mill and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he had gained an ample fortune; and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited, withal, and used to brag of his business capacity, when any one was near to listen. One rainy day as quite a number were seated around the store, he began as usual, to tell of great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression:

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

Judge L. said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so," said the Judge.

"If you will promise you won't go to law 'bout it, nor do anything. I'll tell you; or else I won't, you're too much of a law-chaser for me." "Let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat in the bargain if you have."

"Well do you remember that wagon you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of any wagon I only got the best of the bargain," said the Judge.

"Well, I made up my mind, to have it back, and—"

"You never did!" interrupted the Judge.

"Yes I did, and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down by the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you had bought your own log of me twenty-seven times!"

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated Judge, turning to his book and examining his log accounts; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender in logs, "by drawing it back and forth, the end wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it, and when it got so short, I drew it home again and worked it up into shingles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back—and stowed away in my pocket-book."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat.

## The Past.

Gone, forever gone from us is the past, with all its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains. Never again, but in memory, shall we grow happy in the sunlight of its afflicting hand. Yet we love to wander back through its desolate halls, and imagine them again peopled with their former inhabitants.

We love to go back to childhood's hours and imagine ourselves surrounded with those who were our companions when our highest ambition was some schoolboy triumph; and our greatest grief no more lasting than a summer's day. We pause and consider if the hopes of those happy hearts that surrounded us in our youth have been realized; if, in the great battle of life, they have achieved the triumphs they anticipated. Ambition, the guiding star of youth, seemed to point an easy path to fame's summit. Hope whispered sweet words to the panting heart and all was joy and gladness.

But we pause not long for reflection; a grassy mound, beside the stream where often we had wandered, marks the resting place of some; and anticipations, never realized, tell the fact of many still numbered with the living.

Yet, how instructively are the simple records of the past. There is a lesson read to us from our own midst, that is not to be mistaken. As we review the season of youth we may learn this lesson from its departure; life is fast passing away and before we are aware of it another stage of existence will be ushered in upon us. Let us remember that hope gleams out from every action of a well spent life, and true happiness is only found in doing good.

A man had a recipe put up by an apothecary, and after he had gone the clerk discovered that he had passed a counterfeit twenty-five cent piece and a five cent bit. He informed the boss. "Never mind," said he, "if the five cent bit is good there's still a profit of three cents."

A lady was urged by her friend to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful children. "Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks. A person wants her own."

## The Old Regime.

"Sam, have you whipped Molly as I told you?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you delivered Sue's young 'un to the trader who bought it yesterday?"

"Yes, father."

"Did you cut down the rations of the field hands?"

"Yes, father."

"Did you tell the niggers that if they wore any clothes to the cotton field, except for women a tow skit, and for men a pair of tow pants, you would give them twenty lashes each?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you rubbed Jim's back with salt?"

"Yes, father."

"Did you string up that nigger that had the spelling book?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you heard what they did up the creek yesterday; with that d—d Abolitionist, that was psalm singing around that neighborhood?"

"Yes, father."

"Well?"

"They give him five and forty and rode him on a rail!"

"Cuss it, why didn't they hang him? But come in now, Sammy, we are going to have prayers."

That's the style of things that the Union men are endeavoring to rid this country of—forever, that's the style of things that the Copperheads in league with the old nigger-drivers, would re-establish. —Chicago Post.

## A Religious Courtship.

A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, and desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:

He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck at the following text: Second Epistle of John, verse fifth: "And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new command unto thee, but that which we have had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth, "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face that our joy may be full."

From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

**FLOWERS.**—It is said that almost all kinds of flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun and rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning and closes at nine in the evening. The daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours toward evening. The ivy-leaved lily opens at eight in the morning and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day, it begins to expand its magnificent, sweet scented blossoms in the twilight; it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. So says a celebrated author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them in their slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night he styles the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.

**TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.**—The following is none the less good for being old:—Connecticut, Mr. Ewing had borrowed twenty dollars of his neighbor, Squire Robinson, and had failed to make payment according to promise. After two or three such discrepancies, he at last told the squire that he would pay him on the following Saturday, if his life was spared. The day came and went, but no money. The next morning, bright and early, the squire sent word to the sexton that Mr. Ewing was dead, and, as was customary in those days, the bells should be tolled. The sexton tolled forty-nine times, indicating the age of the deceased. "Who is dead?" asked the neighbors.

"Mr. Ewing," said the sexton. But in the course of the morning, as was his wont, Mr. Ewing was on his way to church, to the surprise of all who had heard of his death. And he was not the least confounded when told that he was dead. The next day the squire got his money.

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 been arranged, and sat down glibly until the question of the absence came, when the teacher asked, "In whom do you 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."

A pretty girl forcibly and truthfully says: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to be single, when there was not a woman upon earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

Make no friendship with an angry man.

## KIND INQUIRIES.—Oleiss!

Kate was a sweet, wide awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down to Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends. The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time.— At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Jess, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by asking—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Jess was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday-hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion of laughter that made the woods ring.

**A DUTCHMAN IN HOT WATER.**—A Dutchman and his son, while on a peddling tour through Virginia, with a load of various commodities, found themselves far from any habitation; and being exceedingly thirsty, the old man left his son in charge of the wagon while he went out in search of water. After roaming about for half an hour he saw, at a very short distance from him, a bubbling spring. Eager to slake his thirst, he ran toward it so rapidly, that he stepped into the water before he could stop himself. With a yell of fright he roared, "Gott in Himmel! do water ish red hot!" He was not aware that there are such natural wonders as hot water-springs. As quickly as possible he made his way from the spring, and ran back to his son, to whom he said, "Shon, Shon; let's get out o' d'ish place so quicker as never vas afore, for de tuffel lifts only about a mile from here, and I shepped into his hot water kittle und shkalded all mine toes!"

**A CRACKING BRIDGE.**—An observing man, who was recently traveling in the train noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. When near a certain town the train passed through a long dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the carriages could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like a concussion of lips. Such hearty snacks startled all the party. As we emerged into daylight one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed, "Well, I think dish ish a bad bridge, I hears him crack one, two, three, four times." The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip looked mute and quiet.

**DON'T YOU KNOW ME SHERMAN?**—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal tells the following of Gen. Sherman: "At one of the Connecticut towns, where he was brought out on the platform to be seen by his fellow-citizens just before he train left he observed a tall awkward looking fellow approaching the car, elbowing the crowd in the most exciting manner, and bellowing, 'Sherman! Sherman! don't you know me?' The General intimated that he did not, at the moment, recognize his questioner as a familiar countenance. 'Don't you remember, down in Georgia, stopping one day on the march where there was a crowd of fellows looking on at a chicken fight?' The General laughed. 'Yes, he did remember. Well,' said the fellow, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction and modest triumph, 'that was my rooster what whipped!'

**DE DOVE IN YOUR HEART.**—Were there ever richer truth and sweeter poetry incarnated in a few lines of homely prose, than in these words of Aunt Judy—an old colored woman—on herlerin at camp meeting:

"Taint de rule grace, honey; taint de sure glory. You bollers too loud. When you gets de dove in your heart and de lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in de stable at Bethlehem, and de blessed virgin had lent you de sleepin' baby to hold."

An old bachelor, in New York, offered a young lady a pony for a kiss; she gave him the kiss, he refused her the pony, she sued him, he pleaded "no consideration," the court decided that a kiss was a legal consideration, and made him pony over.

A Methodist exhorter recently bewailed the coldness of his flock in religious matters, saying very truly that the church members of late attended too much to their conversion of seven-thirties.

Why was Gullah astonished when David hit him with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

"Sal," said one girl to another, "I am so glad I have no beau now." "Why so?" asked the other. "Oh, cause I can eat as many onions as I please."

Some fool wants to know if there was ever an eclipse of the honeymoon.