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## ALEX. LEEDS,

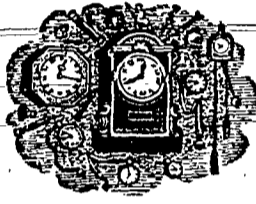
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

## CLOCKS.



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

## WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture;

## JEWELRY

cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro, all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff buttons. A fine assortment of

## FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

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Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery.  
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## OILS, PAINTS,

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Waynesboro Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1868.

## POETICAL.



### BEBREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

It is not in the parting hour, when those we fondly love  
Have bled to us their last farewell, and winged  
their way above;  
Nor yet, when in the darksome grave we lay them  
to their rest,  
The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken  
mourner's breast.

'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no  
more the smile  
Which could the darkest cloud dispel, and every care  
beguile;  
And when we meet around the board, or at the hour  
of prayer,  
'Tis then the heart most feels its loss—the loved ones  
are not there.

And thus, while days and months steal on, as  
memory brings to view  
The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirred anew;  
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature  
will rebel,  
And feel how hard it is to say, 'He hath done all  
things well.'

O mournful memories of the past ye wear our lives  
away;  
Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, and through  
each weary day;  
The home which late, like Eden's bower, in bloom-  
ing beauty smiled,  
Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert waste and  
wild.

But why thus yield to fruitless grief? are they not  
happier far,  
The sainted ones for whom we mourn, than we who  
linger here?  
Our hearts should glow with grateful love to Him  
whose watchful eye,  
Saw dangers gathering round their path, and called  
them to the sky.

Not long shall we their loss deplore for soon the  
hour will come  
When we with those so fondly loved, shall slumber  
in the tomb  
Then let the remnant of our days be to His service  
given  
Who laid our idols in the grave, lest we should fall  
of Heaven.

Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor grieves the sons  
of men;  
'Tis but to wean our souls from earth and break the  
power of sin;  
He saw us wandering from His paths, and sent the  
chastening rod  
To turn our feet from error's way, and bring us  
home to God.

Shall we defile His wise design, and waste our  
days in tears,  
Ungateful for the numerous gifts that Heaven in  
mercy spares?  
Let faith and hope be cherished still, and brighter  
days shall dawn,  
And plants of peace shall spring anew from seed in  
sorrow sown.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

'For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if  
you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease  
this trifling which is but cruel playing with  
my feelings, and let us treat this subject as  
it deserves, soberly and seriously.'

'Well, then, then?' cried the laughing,  
black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westery  
spoke. 'There, then, is that grave enough?  
See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned  
down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as so-  
ber as a patient who has caught sight of the  
dentist's instruments. Do I suit you so?'

'You suit me anyhow, and you know it  
well, you witch!' cried Charles, gazing with  
a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its  
affectation of demureness. But he was not to  
be driven from his point, as he resumed  
gravely, after a pause—'The time has come,  
Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand  
an explicit answer to my suit. You have  
trifled with my earnest feelings long enough.  
I have grown restless under my fetters.'

'Shake them off, then Charles!' inter-  
rupted the saucy girl, with a defiant toss of  
her head, which plainly said, 'I defy you to  
do it.'

'I cannot, Susy, and you know it,' replied  
the hapless lover, impatiently.  
'That being the case,' said Susy, 'take my  
advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull  
and jerk so; it only makes them hurt you.'

The young man turned away, and walked  
silently up and down the room, evidently fret-  
ting and fuming internally. Susy, mean-  
time, looked out of the window and yawned.  
Charles continued his moody walk.

'Oh! what a beautiful bird is on the filio  
tree!' cried Susy, suddenly. 'Do you come  
and see it.'

Charles mechanically approached the win-  
dow and looked out.  
'Don't you think, Charles,' said Susy, lay-  
ing her hand on his arm, and looking up  
overtly in his face; 'don't you think you  
could manage to—'

'What, Susy?' asked Charles, all his ten-  
derness awakened by her manner. 'What?'

'Drop a pinch of salt on his back?' re-  
turned the provoking girl, with an affectation  
of simplicity; 'for then, you know, you could  
easily catch it.'

His answer was to turn angrily away.  
His walk this time was longer than before,  
and his cogitations were more earnest; for  
he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless

devices to allure his notice. At last he stop-  
ped abruptly before her, and said:

'Susy, for three long years I have been  
your suitor, without either confession of love  
or promise of marriage on your part. Often  
as I have demanded to know your sentiments  
toward me, you have always coquettishly re-  
fused me an answer. This state of things  
must cease. I love you better than my life;  
but I will no longer be your plaything. To-  
morrow you are going away, to be absent for  
months, and if you cannot, this very day,  
throw aside your coquetry, and give me an  
honest 'yes' for my answer, I shall consider  
that I have received a 'no,' and act accord-  
ingly.'

'And how would that be? What would  
you do?' asked Miss Susy, curiously.  
'Begin by tearing your false and worthless  
image from my heart!' cried Charles, fur-  
iously.

'It would be a curious piece of business,  
Charles; and you would not succeed either,'  
said Susy.  
'I should and would succeed,' said Charles,  
'as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless  
girl!'

'But I don't wish, Charles dear—I love  
dearly to have you love me,' said Susy.  
'Why, then,' cried the foolish youth, quite  
won over again, 'why, then, dearest Susy,  
will you not consent?'

'Remember, I said I liked to be loved,' re-  
plied Susy; 'I did not say anything about  
loving. But pray, how long did you say you  
had been courting me, in that pretty little  
speech of yours?'

'Three long years,' replied Charles.  
'Neatly and accurately—quoted—Charles—  
But you know my cousin Rachel was only  
won after five years' courtship. You don't  
suppose I am going to rate myself any cheap-  
er than she did, do you? Suppose we drop  
this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps  
by that time I may be able to work myself  
up to the falling-in-love point—there is no  
knowing what wonders time may effect.'

'If you are not in love now, you never will  
be,' returned Charles, sturdily; 'and I will  
have my answer now or never.'  
'Never, then,' laughed Susy. But she  
had gone a step too far. Her often severely  
tried lover was now too much in earnest to  
bear her trifling any longer.

'Never be it, then!' he cried; and seizing  
his hat he strode from the room.  
Susy listened to his receding footsteps with  
dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigi-  
ble love of coquetry, lost him? It smote her  
to the soul to think so. As she heard him  
open the front door, impelled by a feeling of  
despair, she raised the window sash, and,  
leaning forward, whispered:

'Charles, Charles! you will be at the boat  
to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you?—  
Surely we are still friends?'

As she spoke she tore a rose from her  
bosom and threw it to him. It lodged on his  
arm, but he brushed it away as though it  
had been poison, and passed on without look-  
ing up.

Susy spent the remainder of the day in  
tears. Early the next day the bustle of de-  
parture began. Susy was going to accom-  
pany her widowed and invalid mother on a  
trip for her health. As they reached the  
wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's  
eyes made themselves busy searching for a  
wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be  
seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing,  
seemingly impatient to be let loose. Susy's  
mother, aided by the servant man who ac-  
companied them, had already crossed the  
gangway which lay between the wharf and  
the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following,  
when the sound of a voice behind her—the  
very voice she had longed to hear—startled  
her. She turned to look round, and missing  
her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant and Charles had thrown  
off his coat, and calling out loudly, 'Tell the  
captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to  
lower me a rope!' he sprang into the water.  
But of her whom he was risking his life to  
save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might  
have carried her a little forward, he swam  
around the wheel but still he saw her not,  
and despair seized his heart as he conjectured  
that she might be under the boat. He  
strained his eyes to see through the water,  
and at length discerned, far below the sur-  
face, what seemed the end of a floating gar-  
ment lodged between the wheel and the  
rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl,  
the least movement of the wheel must inevi-  
tably crush her, and Charles, in his terror,  
fancied it was already beginning to turn. He  
dived and clutched at the garment, but miss-  
ed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted;  
but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again  
plunged below. This time his efforts were  
rewarded with success, at least so far that he  
was able to bring Susy's form to the surface  
of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.  
Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he  
had only sufficient presence of mind left to  
clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept  
afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support, seemed  
also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it  
was now really beginning to turn slowly a-  
round. By a desperate effort he struck his  
foot against one of the paddles so as to push  
himself as far from the danger as possible—  
As he did so something touched his head,  
and his hand grasped a rope. New life  
seemed now infused into him. He gathered  
all his energies, and fastened the rope round  
Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely  
forsook him. In the meantime the witnesses  
of the scene, after giving Charles' instructions  
to the captain, had watched his struggles  
and exertions with breathless interest. The  
friendly rope had been flung to him again  
and again, but in the excitement of his feel-  
ings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been  
incapable of availing himself of the proffered  
aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite ex-  
hausted, and must inevitably soon let go his  
hold on the wheel, and then probably sink  
to rise no more, the captain judged it best to  
run the risk of moving off, so that a small  
boat could be sent to the rescue. The result  
of this hazardous experiment was successful.  
Susy was raised by means of a rope, and a  
boat reached Charles in time to save him  
also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the  
steamboat, which now moved off to make up  
for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his con-  
sciousness he found himself many miles from  
home. Of course his first anxious inquiry  
was for Susy, and when informed that she  
was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed  
complete. He showed his contentment by  
falling into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that  
Miss B— desired to see him. He found  
her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-  
room, which had been given up to her. Her  
mother was sitting beside her. She looked  
very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she  
held out her hand to him very gratefully,  
while the tears stood in her eyes.

'Charles,' said she, without offering a word  
of thanks, 'I want to see a clergyman. Is  
there one on board?'

'I will go and see,' said Charles, moving  
to the door; but a dreadful thought struck  
him, he turned, exclaiming, 'Susy, you do  
not think that—'

'That I am going to die?' said she, anti-  
cipating him. 'No, Charles; but I want to  
see a clergyman.'

Charles went, and soon returned, accom-  
panied by a minister.  
'I thank you, sir, for coming to me,' said  
she to the latter as he entered. 'I have a  
strange request to make of you. Would you  
object, sir, in the presence, and with the  
consent of my mother, to unite me to that  
gentleman?'

If the minister was astonished at this re-  
quest, Charles was infinitely more so.  
'What did you say, Susy?' said he. 'Did  
I hear aright?'

'I believe so,' said Susy, smiling at his  
eager amazement. 'Does the scheme meet  
your approval?'

'It was heaven-inspired,' cried the poor  
fellow, frantic with joy—but a shade com-  
ing over his radiant face, he added, gravely,  
'But, Susy, have you considered? Remem-  
ber, I want your love—not your gratitude. I  
will be satisfied with nothing less.'

'Do not be concerned about that, dear  
Charles,' replied Susy, gazing at him very  
tenderly through her tears; 'be assured you  
have them both, and had the first long, long  
before you had the last.'

'But, Susy, you said yesterday—'  
'Never mind what I said yesterday,' in-  
terrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit  
breaking out. 'Just mind what I say to-day.  
If I was a fool once, is that any reason I  
must be one always? But, indeed, Charles,'  
she added more softly, 'I have always meant  
to be your wife—the only scruple I have is  
that I am not half good enough for you.'

It is needless to say how the discussion  
ended. The reader has already divined that  
Charles continued his journey; and thus in  
the course of one eventful day he risked a  
life, saved a life, made an impromptu mar-  
riage, and set out on a most unexpected  
wedding trip.

**Beauty of the Heavens.**  
How delightful to contemplate the heav-  
ens! We can find no limit, no boundary.—  
Millions of miles may be traversed from any  
given point of space, and still the heavens  
appear limitless. Infinity is stamped upon  
them. And with what gorgeous splendor  
and magnificence is that certain adorned!—  
In every direction it is studded with worlds,  
suns and systems, all harmoniously moving  
in perfect and unvarying obedience to the  
Almighty will. The soul, in such a con-  
templation, is absorbed. Earth ceases to  
hold us with its silver chain. The mind,  
set free from groveling pursuits, mounts up  
as if on the wings of an eagle, and soars away  
through immensity of space, surveying and  
admiring the innumerable revolving orbs,  
which, like so many 'crowns of glory' and  
'diadems of beauty' spangle that firmament  
'whose antiquity is ancient days,' and which  
so wonderfully attest that 'the hand that  
made them is divine!'

The immense distance of the fixed stars  
claims our attention, and awakens the most  
captivating feeling in the mind. Reason is  
compelled to give the reins to imagination,  
which tells us that there are stars so distant  
that their lights have been shining since the  
creation, and yet, amazingly rapid as light  
travels, no ray from them has yet reached  
us!

**DEAD MEN.**—'Have you ever read the  
ancient Mariner?' asked the Rev. Mr. Spur-  
geon one day of his congregation. 'I dare  
say you thought it one of the strangest im-  
aginations ever put together, especially that  
part where the old mariner represents the  
corpses of all dead men rising up to man the  
ship—dead men pulling the ropes, dead men  
steering, dead men spreading the sails. I  
thought what a strange idea that was. But  
do you know that I have lived to see it done!  
I have gone into churches, and I have seen  
a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as a  
deacon, and a dead man handing the plate,  
and dead men sitting to hear.'

The acquisition of riches seems from the  
beginning of time to have been one of man's  
universal passions. Many causes have tended  
to inspire it. In the hands of the good  
riches have been a blessing; but who will say  
that in the hands of the majority riches have  
not been a corrupter and a curse? Yet it is  
not money which is the root of all evil, but  
the love of money for its own sake, or merely  
for the luxuries and pleasures it can bring  
one's self. This feeling is the real cause of  
gold.

**The Sea-Elephant.**  
At present, the true sea-elephant is found  
only in the Antarctic Ocean; a monster not  
unfrequently thirty feet long, and measures  
over sixteen feet in circumference! His  
powerful teeth are formidable enough in ap-  
pearance, and above them he raises, when he  
is roused to anger, his inflated trunk, which  
ordinarily hangs loosely over his upper lip.  
His whole body is covered with stiff, shining  
hair, and underneath his fur coat he has a  
layer of fat at least a foot thick, which pro-  
tects him effectually against the terrible cold  
of the polar regions. The two awkward feet,  
mere stumps encased in fan-like coverings,  
are of little avail to the giant when he moves  
on firm land; after a few yards he begins to  
groan and to rest, while the whole huge body  
shakes as if it were one vast mass of jelly-  
like fat. Here he falls an easy victim to the  
sailors, who come in search of his ivory and  
his oil; they walk along fearlessly through  
the thick crowds, and knock them over by a  
single blow on the nose. The giant opens  
his enormous mouth, and shows his formid-  
able teeth, but as he cannot move he is vir-  
tually helpless. Very different, however,  
are his motions in his own element; as soon  
as he is under water he swims with amazing  
rapidity, turns and twists like an eel, and is  
thus enabled to catch not only swift fish and  
seals, but even the web-footed penguins.—  
He must find it difficult, at times, to provide  
his enormous body with sufficient food, for  
he swallows masses of tangled seaweed, and  
large stones have been found in his stomach  
to the number of twelve. When he wishes  
to sleep he floats on the surface and is rocked  
and cradled by the waves of the ocean.

What has, in all probability, led to their  
being taken for human beings by credulous  
and superstitious mariners of early ages, is  
the beauty of their eye, and the deep feeling  
they manifest at critical times. They not  
only never attack men, but, unlike the sym-  
pathetic seals, they also abandon their  
wounded companions, and purposely turn a  
side so as not to witness their sufferings and  
their agony. When they are mortally wound-  
ed they drag themselves painfully inland, and  
hide behind a large rock to die in peace and  
unseen by others. If they are prevented  
from thus retiring, they shed tears, as they  
also weep bitterly when they are ill-treated  
by cruel sailors.—Putnam's Magazine.

A colored man, to whom meat was a rare  
blessing, one day found in his trap a fine rab-  
bit. He took him out alive, held him under  
his arm, patted him, and began to speculate  
on his qualities. 'Oh! how berry fat! De  
fattedt I eber did see! Let us see how me  
cook him! Me roast him. No, he so berry  
fat, he lose all de fat. Me fry him! Ah!  
he so berry fat, he fry himself! Golly, how  
fat he be. Den me stew him.' The thought  
of the savory stew made the negro forget  
himself, and in spreading out the least to the  
imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped  
the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly  
distance, eyed his late owner with great com-  
posure. The negro knew there was an end  
of the matter, so summoning all his philoso-  
phy, he thus addressed the rabbit: 'You  
long eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat,  
you not so berry fat, arter all!'

The tyrant fashion makes us slaves, the  
tyrant fashion dign our graves. Last month  
I had a sweet young friend, a martyr die to  
the 'Grecian bend' her doctor said, 'her  
spinal marrow had really grown as fat as  
tallow; he plastered, blistered, did leach  
and cup, but yet the ghost she did give up;  
some thought her case was treated wrong,  
that she took medicine too strong, that sim-  
ply homoeopathic pills would have saved her  
life (and doctor's bills), but others tho't the  
true cause found, as the decision seemed  
profound, beneath the sod she sleeps to-day;  
all her fine clothes are laid away. Alas! had  
she been spared a while, they would have  
soon gone out of style; rending her heart  
with pain and grief, which seldom ever finds  
relief, the spirits say, her friends to cheer,  
'that she is hovering ever near; these words  
with joy, their hearts did fill, she is a Grecian  
bender still.'

For the benefit of our farmer friends,  
many of whom do not remember how many  
pounds of the various grains it takes to  
make a bushel, we publish the following  
table.

Wheat, sixty pounds.  
Corn, shelled, fifty six pounds.  
Rye, fifty six pounds.  
Oats, thirty two pounds.  
Barley, forty-six pounds.  
Buckwheat fifty six pounds.  
Irish potatoes, sixty pounds.  
Sweet potatoes, sixty pounds.  
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.  
Beans, sixty pounds.  
Bran, twenty pounds.  
Clover seed, sixty pounds.  
Timothy seed, forty five pounds.  
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.  
Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.  
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

Burns being in church on Sunday and  
having some difficulty in procuring a seat,  
a young lady, who perceived him, kindly  
made way for him to her pew. The text  
was on the terrors of the gospel, as de-  
nounced against sinners, to prove which the  
preacher referred to several passages of scrip-  
ture, to all of which the lady seemed atten-  
tive and somewhat agitated. Burns, on per-  
ceiving this, wrote with a pencil, on the blank  
leaf of her Bible, the following lines:

'Fair maid, you need not take a hint  
Nor idle texts pursue;  
'Twas only sinners that he meant  
Not angels such as you.'

Men will argue more forcibly about the  
human heart, but women will read the heart  
much better. Women have most wit; men  
the most genius. Women observe; men  
reason. The world is the book of woman.

**Just such Neighbors.**  
A man stopping at a tavern for rest and  
refreshments, began to talk about his journey.  
He had come from a neighboring town, he  
was moving away, and glad enough to get a-  
way too. 'Such a set of neighbors as he had  
there, unkind, disobliging, cross, and con-  
trary, it was enough to make any one want  
to leave the place, and he had started, and  
was going to settle in another region where  
he could find a different set of inhabitants.'

'Well,' said the landlord, 'you will find  
just such neighbors where you are going.'

The next night another man stopped at  
the inn. He too was on a journey, was  
moving. On inquiry, it was found that he  
came from the same place from which the  
former traveler had come. He said he had  
been obliged to move from where he lived,  
and he did not mind moving so much as he  
did leaving his neighbors; they were so kind,  
considerate, accommodating, and generous,  
that he felt very sorrowful at the thought of  
leaving them and going among strangers,  
especially as he could not tell what kind of  
neighbors he would find.

'Oh, well,' said the old landlord, 'you will  
find just such neighbors where you are going.'  
Does it not seem possible that men will  
generally find about such neighbors as they  
are looking for? Some people are always in  
trouble; others follow peace with all men.  
Who knows but we can have just about such  
neighbors as we wish for, simply by treating  
them as we ought?

**WHAT HE WANTED.**—'Fellow citizens,'  
said a stump orator, 'we have the best gov-  
ernment in the world, and the best country.  
No people on the face of the globe enjoys  
more privileges than we do. We have the  
liberty of the press without onerous despot-  
ism. What, fellow citizens, is more desira-  
ble than this? Can you want anything  
more, my countrymen?'

'Yes, sir,' shouted a listener, 'I want a  
suek out of that flask sticking out of your  
coat pocket behind.'

A tavern keeper in a town of Wisconsin  
employed a German blacksmith to do a cer-  
tain job of work for which he paid the cash  
at once. Afterward a neighbor got a simi-  
lar job done on credit for a less price. Up-  
on being asked the reason, the blacksmith  
replied: 'You see, I've so much charged  
on my book, and I sometimes loose 'em;  
and so ven I have a good cash customer I  
sharg good price, but ven I puts it on my  
book I do not like to charge so much; zo if  
I never gets 'em I not lose so much.'

As Father Taylor was giving a temper-  
ance address in Rocky Hill meeting house  
a certain drunkard was so much offended with  
his severe, but truthful remarks, that he  
rose up and began to hiss the speaker. In-  
stantly Father Taylor turned the attention of  
the audience to the insolent rowdy, and then  
very forcibly said, as he pointed to his victim,  
'there's a red nose got into cold water; don't  
you hear it hiss?'

A bachelor friend of ours passing up the  
street yesterday, picked up a thimble. He  
stood for a moment meditating on the prob-  
able owner, when pressing it to his lips he  
said:  
'Oh that this were the fair lips of the  
wearer.'

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly,  
black wench, looked out of an upper window  
and said:  
'Boss, jis please frow dat fumble in de  
entry, I jis drap it!'

In repairing the old Minister Hayes  
flour, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, re-  
cently, an entrance into an unused closet  
was found in the chimney on the second  
floor, and in this place were two smoked  
hams, in good preservation, which had been  
there over fifty years.

An old minister enforced the difference of  
opinion by argument: 'Now, if everybody  
had been of my opinion, they would all have  
wanted my old woman.' One of the deacons,  
who sat just behind, responded: 'Yes, and  
if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would  
have her.'

A fellow was lately brought before a mag-  
istrate in York on a charge of poaching.—  
The moment the justice saw him, he exclaim-  
ed in a violent passion, 'I see the villain in  
your face.' 'I never thought,' said the  
prisoner, very coolly, 'that my face was a  
looking glass.'

A prudent man advised a drunken servant  
to put by his money for a rainy day. In a  
few weeks the master inquired how much of  
his wages he had saved. 'Faith, none at  
all,' was the reply; 'it rained yesterday;  
and it all went.'

A mild tempered man who had fallen on  
an icy sidewalk, picked himself up with the  
sigh: 'I don't cherish the least ill-will,  
but for interesting reading matter recom-  
mend to me the obituary of the man who  
owes the sidewalk.'

'It is strange,' muttered a young man,  
as he staggered home from a supper party,  
'how evil communications corrupt good  
members. I have been surrounded by num-  
bers all evening, and now I am a fumbler myself.'

'That's very singular' said a young lady to  
a gentleman who had just kissed her. 'Oh?  
well, my dear miss,' was the reply, 'I will  
soon make it plural,' and the villain did.

Of all the dust thrown into men's eyes,  
gold dust is the most blinding.  
If you cannot do as well as you wish, do  
as well as you can.  
Why are the girls in Missouri sweet? Be-  
cause they are Mo. asses.