



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1870.

NUMBER 34

JASON BELL,
G. F. LIDY,
MACHINE SHOP

AND
LUMBER YARD!

THE subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working Wood and Iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of Work in their Line, and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertilizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibbons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddesberger's Patent Lifting Jacks.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE
WAYNESBORO
SASH AND
DOOR FACTORY

having furnished their shops with the latest improved Machinery for this Branch of Business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL,
such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornice, Stairing, Porticoes, &c. &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER,
furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by strict attention to Business to merit a continuance of the same.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Stevenson's Kirby Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clipper Mower
MAY 7, 1869] LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"
WAYNESBORO, PA.,
DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON
PROPRIETOR.

SONG:
Ain't—Auld Lang Syne,
If my true love was sick to death,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd toll her at her latest breath
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
Her race of life could not be ran,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.
If I was bold without a hair,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd bring them back, yes, every one,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.
If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For soon a bleaching would be done
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.
Then three times three and tiger to,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For what we know that they can do,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
With chorus loud, the victory won
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST AL-
ways on hand at
PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL
Paints, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at
KEROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES
all kinds at
BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR
and Tooth Brushes at
TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT
BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM
for medicinal use on
PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-
ard Patent Medicines of the day at
EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFU-
mery and toilet articles generally at
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-
fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."
July 16

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and boys

HATS AND CAPS,
Men's, Women's, Miss's, Boy's and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES
and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses

BONNETS,
Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair Collar, osiers, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, Fans, &c.

School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery of all kinds, Notions and Fancy Goods. All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
Sept. 20 J. R. WELSH

POETICAL.



CLOUDED STARS.

The daylight was fading softly
And I shut up my book with a sigh,
To wait for the lamps of evening
To brighten the twilight sky;
And one after one they spangled
The beautiful arch above,
And answered my gaze as softly
As the eyes of the friends I love.

But soon o'er the blue sky's bosom
A shadowy cloud was drawn,
And the stars that had beamed so brightly
Were all from their places gone;
Yet I knew they were solemnly shining
Where the sky is forever clear,
And I knew that by patient waiting,
I should see them at length appear.

Then gently, oh! very gently
A delicate breeze swept by,
And brushed with its airy pinions
The clouds from the azure sky;
And there, in their tranquil beauty,
Like pearls in a crystal rill,
The beautiful stars of heaven
Were shining above me still.

Ah! thus from affection's circle
The jewels of love depart:
Thus falleth the clouds of darkness
And gloom on the mourning heart;
But when from our tearful faces
The shadows of earth shall fall,
When we put on our robes immortal,
Then, then shall we see them all.

MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF A DIVER.

It is a strange business. The danger fascinates some, but the peril is never lost sight of. I put on the helmet for the first time more than ten years ago, and yet I never resumed it without a feeling that it may be the last time I ever should go down. Of course one has more confidence after awhile, but there is something in being shut up in armor weighed down with a hundred pounds, and knowing that a leak in your life pipe is your death, that no diver can get rid of. And I do not know that I should care to banish the feeling, for the sight of the clear blue sky, the genial sun, and the face of a fellow-man after long hours among the fishes, makes you feel like one who has suddenly been drawn away from the grasp of death. I have had some narrow escapes while pursuing my strange profession; every diver has, or has been unusually lucky to escape them.

I think the most dangerous place I ever got into was going down to examine the propeller *Comet*, sunk off Toledo. In yanking about her bottom, I got my air pipe coiled over a large siver from the stove hole, and could not reach it with my hands. Every time I sprang up to uncoil the hose my tender would give me the "back" of the line, thus letting me fall back again. He did not understand his duties, and did not know what my signals on the life line meant. It was two hours and a half before I was relieved, and there was not a moment that I was not looking to see the hose cut by the ragged wood. It's a strange feeling you have down there. You go walking over a vessel, clanking up her sides, peering here and there, and the feeling that you are alone makes you nervous and uneasy.

Sometimes a vessel sinks down so fairly that she stands up on the bottom as trim and neat as if she rode on the surface. Then you can go down in the cabin, up the shrouds, walk all over her, just as easy as a sailor could if she were still dashing away before the breeze. Only it seems so quiet, so tomb-like; there are no waves down there—only a swaying back and forth of the waters, and a sea-sawing of the ship. You hear nothing from above. The great fishes will come swimming about, rubbing their noses against your glass, and staring with a wonderful look into your eyes. The very stillness sometimes gives life a chill. You hear just a moaning, wailing sound, like the last notes of an organ, and you cannot help thinking of dead men floating over and around you.

I have been down especially to rescue the bodies of those drowned. About four years ago the propeller *Buckeye*, belonging to the Northern Transportation Company, went down in the river St. Lawrence, in seventy-eight feet of water, and it was known that a mother and child were sleeping in their state room at the time of her sinking. The father begged of me, and offered me a great deal of money to take out the corpses, and though I dreaded the work, I at last consented. I had been all over the wreck two or three times, and knew just where the state room was. The door was fast locked, and I waited a good while before bursting it open.

Of course a dead person couldn't harm you; but even in broad day, on shore, and with people around you, don't you know that the sight and presence of a dead person brings up solemn thoughts and nervous feelings? I knew how they would look, how they were floating around in the room, and if the father hadn't been looking so wretched above, there was no money to tempt me in there. But at last I got a crowbar from forward, and not letting myself think, gave the light door a blow which stove it in. The water came rushing out, the vessel just then lurched over towards my side, and out they came, the woman first, her eyes wide open and hair trailing behind, and in her left hand she held the hand of the child. I knew how

they would look, but I screamed out, and jumped back. Her face was fearfully distorted, showing how hard death had been made, and the eyes looked through the green waters at me in a way that made my flesh creep. The child had died easily, its little white face giving out no sign of terror.

It was a good while before I fastened the line to them and gave the signal to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I was not long in following. This is one of the drawbacks to any feeling of curiosity a diver might otherwise have. I never go down the hatchway or the cabin steps, without thinking of a dead man floating about there. When the *Lac La Belle* sank on St. Clair flats, the engineer was caught in the rushing waters, and no trace was ever found of his body.—His wife came to me, hearing that I was to go down to the wreck, and asked me to find the body if possible. I remembered this when I went down, and went groping through the engine-room in momentary expectation of encountering the dead body. I looked so long without finding it that I got nervous, and had started for the ladder to go up, when I felt something strike my helmet and give way, and a chill went dancing over me as I thought the dead body was at hand.—But on reaching, I found that I had run against the fire-hose, the end of which was hanging down, and that which I so dreaded was still hidden beyond my sight.

A diver does not like to go down more than one hundred and twenty feet; at that depth the pressure is painful, and there is danger of internal injury. I can stay down for five or six hours at a time at a hundred and fifteen or twenty feet, and do a good deal of hard work. In the waters of Lake Huron the diver can see thirty or forty feet away, but the other lakes will screen a vessel not ten feet from you.

Up here, you seldom think of accident or death, but a hundred feet of water washing over your head would set you to thinking. A little stoppage of the air-pump, a leak in your hose, a careless action on the part of your tender, and the weight of a mountain would press the life out of you before you could move. And you may foul your pipe or line yourself, and in your haste bring on what you dread. I often get my hose around a stair or rail, and generally release it without much trouble; but the fear of what a slender thing holds back the clutch of death off my throat makes a cold sweat start from every pore.—*English Magazine.*

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Sixteen years ago Rev. J. W. Moffit, then in his prime, delivered a lecture which closed with the following passage:

"The Phoenix, a fabled bird of antiquity, when it felt the advancing chill of age, built its own funeral urn, and fired his pyre by means which nature's instincts taught. All its plumage and its form of beauty became ashes, but then would rise the young—beautiful from the urn of death and chamber of decay would the fledgeling come, with its eyes turned to the sun, and essaying its dark velvet wings sprinkled with gold and fringed with silver, on the balmy air, rising a little higher, until at length, in the full confidence of flight, it gives a cry of joy, and soon becomes a glittering speck on the bosom of the aerial ocean. Lovely voyager of earth, bound on its heavenward journey to the sun! So rises the spirit bird from the ruins of the body, the funeral urn which its Maker built the death fires. So towers away to its home in the pure elements of spirituality, intill the Phoenix, to dip its proud wings into the fountain of eternal bliss. So shall dear precious humanity survive from its ashes of the burning world. So beautifully shall the unchanged soul soar within the disc of eternity's luminary with undazzled eyes and unscorched wings—the Phoenix immortality—taken to its rainbow home, and cradled on the beating bosom of eternal love."

PROPERTY.—Merriment at a funeral, or in the house of worship, is not only disgusting, but painfully abhorrent to all our kind and respectful feelings. There is a simple and beautiful propriety, pleasing to all, which gives grace to the manners, beauty to the person, sweetness to the disposition, and loveliness to the whole being, which all too gay strive to possess. It is to be neither too gay nor too grave—too gleesome nor too sad; nor either of these at improper places. It is to be cheerful, without being silly; joyous, without being foolish; sober, without being despondent; to speak plainly without giving offense; to be grave, without casting a shadow over others. In fine, it is to be what every body loves and nobody dislikes, and just what makes us and others happy.—This is propriety; and these who possess this richest flowering virtue of the soul, which breathes ambrosial sweetness along every walk of life, get the credit of possessing its counterpart, that rare quality of character honored everywhere, humbly christened *common sense*, universally acknowledged to be the best of all sense.

Make no vows of emity while you are smiting under a sense of neglect or cruelty; pain speaks with little propriety. Busy-bodies are almost always idlers. The less business a man has the more he meddles with that of his neighbors. Make no exert of this. Never suffer your courage to exert itself in fierceness, your resolution in obstinacy, your wisdom in cunning, nor your patience in sullenness and despair. Whatever parent gives his children good instruction and sets them at the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand and poison in another.

Just make up your mind before you start out from home that you will look on the sunniest side of everything, enjoy yourself as much as you can, and use every endeavor to make the journey as pleasant to those around you, and it will be very singular if somebody isn't the better for it!

Pearls of Thought.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune; or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation. Condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected. Be great.

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside.

Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

As the ship however rich it may be, cannot be so primitive without culture, so the mind, with cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

To think indy of each other is good, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly toward another, best of all.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed? Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and, doing this, never reckon the cost.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

Many of the ways of trouble like those of the ocean, will, if we await them calmly, break at our feet and disappear.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose. It dignifies nature, and insures success.

Under the greatest provocations, it is our wisdom and duty to keep our temper, and to bridle our passions.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scornful, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice listen at once to what it teaches.

He who would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

Endeavor for the best, and provide against the worst.

What am I to be?

This is an important question for all, but it has a special pertinency to the young.—The problem of their personal destiny, in the cause which determines it, is not yet solved. What sort of men or women they will be, what position they will occupy, and what part they will act in the after-history of life, are questions as yet held in reserve. Being in the commencement of their journey, they have before them the programme of the coming future.

The child is the man in embryo, and the man is but the child matured. What the one is, usually decides what the other will be. Here is a lad of ten years. How will he appear in adult age? What position will he fill? What attainments will he possess? What will be his bits and character as then formed? Will he be an industrious, competent, virtuous, and well finished man, or an indolent, careless, incompetent, and useless being? God has established a connection between the earlier and later periods of life that we can no more change than we can tear the stars from their positions in space. Childhood and youth form the elementary basis of manhood.

It is the sad misfortune and fault with a great many young people that they do not see this truth in season to profit by it; yet in after-years they will see it, and in after-years they will feel its power. There is no dodging it, and no changing it. Later years may regret the follies of the earlier period; but this does not recover the period, or by any means remedy all its entailed evils.—Recollect this, young man, you who have a future of honor to secure, or of disgrace to suffer.

First, be right in the foundation principles of life, and then be what you are with all your might.

"A MAN AND A BROTHER" IN THE VIRGINIA SENATE.—In the Virginia Senate, a few days ago, quite a sensation was created by Mr. Mosely, a negro Senator from Grocheland. He arose to explain a vote he had given, when the President told him his explanation was out of order, and upon Mosely insisting upon speaking, ordered him to sit down. The order was obeyed. Subsequently, by general consent, Mosely was allowed to make his explanation, in the course of which he uttered this home-thrust:

"Moreover, gentlemen, I have some of the best white blood of Virginia coursing in my veins. On one side I can claim as high and honorable descent as any Senator in this chamber. Gentlemen, I am your brother! I am also the colored man's brother, I represent both races. I am Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-African, and I desire to do justice to my kin on both sides."

Mosely is described as a dark mulatto, of good form, fine and intelligent face, about 45 years of age, and a fluent and tolerably correct speaker.

"Now, sposin' you was to be turned into an animal," said Jim, "what would you like to be, Bill?" "Oh, I'd be a lion," replied Bill, "O, I'd be a lion, because he's so—" "Oh, no, don't be a lion, 'Bill,'" interrupted little Tom, who had some recent painful experience at school, "be a wasp, and then you can sting the school master."

An Incident of the War.
When our troops under General McClellan, penetrated the mountain range of West Virginia, in May, 1861, they encountered in a quiet nook on the side of Laurel Ridge, a venerable matron standing in the door of a log cabin. One of the men accosted her with:
'Well, old lady, where's your flag?'
'I hain't got no flag,' was the prompt reply.
'Well, then, which side are you for?'
'I don't know what you mean,' she answered, in astonishment.
'Are you secesh?' asked the man, amused at her ignorance.
'No, I hain't,' she rejoined, emphatically.
'Are you Union?'
'No, I tell you.'
'Well, what are you?'
'I'm a good, plain Baptist—that's what I am.'
The man laughed heartily, and at last one of them said:
'You'll not refuse to hurrah for 'Old Abe,' will you, old lady?'
'Who is 'Old Abe'?' asked the dame, growing more astounded every minute.
'Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States.'
'Why, hain't Gien'ral Washington President?'
'No, he's been dead for more than sixty years.'
'Gien'ral Washington dead!' she fairly screamed. Then rushing into the cabin, she called 'Sam! Sam!'
'Well, what is it, mother?' said a voice within.
In a moment she reappeared at the door with a veteran of fifty, who the men afterwards learned was her son.
'Why, only think, Sam,' she cried, excitedly. 'Gien'ral Washington's dead. Sakes alive! I wonder what's going to happen next!'

Circumstances Alter Cases.
A good story is told of a colored member elect of the Virginia Assembly, who, being nearly white, was able to pass at the leading Washington hotels for a Cuban. Here his official position brought him in contact with hungry Virginia politicians who treated him with considerable deference, and were careful to say nothing of his African origin.—About this time an old Virginia Judge came along and recognizing in the supposed Cuban one of his former slaves and he, in turn, recognized the Judge, addressed him familiarly. The old Judge was furious at his presumption, saying: 'You impudent nigger, you, I don't want your acquaintance.' 'Oh, but you may need my services, Judge,' said the humble legislator. 'No, I will die first,' replied the Judge, growing more irate at the presumption of his ex-slave. Just here one of the Judge's friends, who was familiar with all the facts whispered in his ear, that the negro was a member of the Assembly of Virginia, and that as (the Judge) was a candidate for a district judgeship—which, under the new constitution of Virginia is made elective by the assembly—it might be as well for him to treat the darkey civilly, with a view of getting his vote. This put a new phase on things. The Judge's demeanor toward the darkey was suddenly changed.—When he had dispelled the late 'proprietor's' sufficiently, to admit of the proposition, the judge said, looking directly at the negro assemblyman: 'Gentlemen, suppose we all go up to my room and take a drink.'

PARTING WITH DEAD HEADS.—The *Albany Express* had a supply of non-paying 'patrons'! It bids them good bye in the following tender terms: 'This week we strike from our list about fifty names who will not pay their dues to the printer. In doing so we take them by the hand, and with tears in our eyes, bid them an affectionate farewell. Good-bye, old subs! Take care of yourselves. Sometimes think of the *Express*, which you have had so long for nothing.—Sponge upon other printers now for awhile. A change of diet will doubtless be good for you. Poor old fellows! We are a little sorry to turn you out upon the dark night, without a lamp, but it must be so. Strike for the nearest neighbor's light. He may let you in and feed you for a year or two, upon the strength of your honorable promises to pay at the end of time. For ourselves we have enough of those curies pledges to supply our cabinet for the present. We have labeled them carefully, and they are open to general inspection. With many thanks for your self-sacrificing indulgence to us, and your honest appreciation of obligations existing toward our office, we again and finally say, farewell forever.'

A Nice Young Man.—The only practical joke in which Mr. Barham was ever personally engaged, was as a boy at Canterbury, when with a school fellow, now a valiant Major, famed for deeds of arms, he entered a Quaker meeting house; looking around at the assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly:
'Whoever speaks first shall have this pie.'
'Go thy way,' answered a drab colored gentleman rising, 'go thy way; and—'
'The pie's yours, sir,' exclaimed Barham, placing it before the astonished speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an hearse might be carried off. 'You cannot do it with safety,' said the counsellor, 'but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you.' The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

There is a young lady in town so modest that she had a young man turned out of doors for saying that the wind had shifted.

Hanging a Husband.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says: Hans is good at 'pitch,' but not successful as a provider. He won't make money for himself, and spends what Gretchen makes. She interviewed a druggist. He promised arsenic, smelt a rat, put Hans on his guard, and gave Gretchen starch instead of poison. Hans threw up his hand and went home. It was somewhat late, and she could risk it for an hour or two by the side of the would be murderer. The next day everything moved on just the same. Hans didn't eat a very hearty breakfast, and went up town to buy his provender.

At dinner time he came home hungry, and pitched into the victuals with unspeakable avidity. His jaws soon lighted on the treacherous starch. He gave a yell and doubled himself up like a wounded box coactor. He fell on the floor and had spasms. In short, he took on scotlops high. His wife sat by, enjoying the spectacle and tenderly inquiring: 'What is der matter mit Hans?' When he had become insensible she went up stairs, three at a time, and let down a good sized rope through an auger hole into the room where Hans lay. Then she came down and fastened the rope around his neck, propped him up in a sitting position, and again went up stairs.

But Hans had an inkling of her fell intent and, coming to himself, with remarkable presence of mind he quickly undid the noose from his neck and slipped it around the leg of the dinner table, then he calmly sat down in a chair and awaited developments. The way that table lit across the floor the next minute was a caution. It was yanked all out of shape, and every dish on it smashed into a thousand pieces, and then the piece of furniture drawn tight up against the ceiling. Soon after was heard the voice of his beloved wife from the upper chamber window, calling out in accents of grief that her dear lord had committed suicide, and the neighbors commenced to run to the house. Coming down stairs she met the irate Hans, who advanced threateningly, brandishing a formidable switch, with which he proceeded to belabor her most unmercifully. Gretchen could not see 'how it come to was' that Hans could swallow poison with impunity, and gives it up as a bad job. Hans enjoys his customary evening game, and has his opinion of a man who can't govern his household.

A colored cook, expecting company of her own kind, was at a loss to know how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said: 'Polly, you must make an apology.'
'La, Misses, how can I make it? Got no apples, no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it wid.'

Somebody says that Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's gaiter in the alley, and then call the old lady down from the third story to see an alley-gaiter. He might have called her just before he threw the gaiter from the window, and asked her see 'Shoo! Fly.'

An inquisitive chap asked a soldier 'with an empty sleeve, how he lost his arm.'
'In a thrashing machine,' answered the soldier.
'Were you running the machine?'
'Well, no; Gen Grant had charge.'

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable one was that which a young gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

'Biddy,' said a lady to her servant, 'I wish you would stop over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning.' In a few moments Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. 'O, your honor,' said Pat, 'don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies.'

'I say, boy, stop that ax!' 'I haven't got no stopper.' 'Well, head him, then.' 'He's already headed, sir.' 'Confound your impertinence, turn him!' 'He's right side out already, sir.' 'Speak to him, you rascal you!' 'Good morning, Mr. Ox.'

A little three-year old girl in New Orleans recently astonished her mother, who attempted to correct her, by motioning her away with her chubby little hand and scornfully saying: 'Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!'

A school-girl, under examination in Psalms, on being asked, 'What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?' answered, 'Bugs.'

The New York Commercial Advertiser says 'suicide is the sickle with which the Almighty reaps the harvest of fools.'

A dentist out West had to give in the other day; a lad wanted a new set of teeth put in a fine comb.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen? Because by so doing he rings his own *Knell*!

Why is a ben immortal? Because her son never sets. The author of this 'oon' has gone to roost.

Why are bald heads like heaven? Because there is no dy'ing or parting there.

Young ladies are generally honest, but they will look dresses.

Why is a proud woman like a music book? She is full of airs.

Somebody says that Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's gaiter in the alley, and then call the old lady down from the third story to see an alley-gaiter. He might have called her just before he threw the gaiter from the window, and asked her see 'Shoo! Fly.'

An inquisitive chap asked a soldier 'with an empty sleeve, how he lost his arm.'
'In a thrashing machine,' answered the soldier.
'Were you running the machine?'
'Well, no; Gen Grant had charge.'

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable one was that which a young gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

'Biddy,' said a lady to her servant, 'I wish you would stop over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning.' In a few moments Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. 'O, your honor,' said Pat, 'don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies.'

'I say, boy, stop that ax!' 'I haven't got no stopper.' 'Well, head him, then.' 'He's already headed, sir.' 'Confound your impertinence, turn him!' 'He's right side out already, sir.' 'Speak to him, you rascal you!' 'Good morning, Mr. Ox.'

A little three-year old girl in New Orleans recently astonished her mother, who attempted to correct her, by motioning her away with her chubby little hand and scornfully saying: 'Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!'

A school-girl, under examination in Psalms, on being asked, 'What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?' answered, 'Bugs.'

The New York Commercial Advertiser says 'suicide is the sickle with which the Almighty reaps the harvest of fools.'

A dentist out West had to give in the other day; a lad wanted a new set of teeth put in a fine comb.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen? Because by so doing he rings his own *Knell*!

Why is a ben immortal? Because her son never sets. The author of this 'oon' has gone to roost.

Why are bald heads like heaven? Because there is no dy'ing or parting there.

Young ladies are generally honest, but they will look dresses.

Why is a proud woman like a music book? She is full of airs.

There is a young lady in town so modest that she had a young man turned out of doors for saying that the wind had shifted.