

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1870.

NUMBER 38.

MACHINE SHOP

AND

LUMBER YARD!

THE subscribers have 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; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddleberger'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; Cornices, Siding, 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 & Stevensons' Kirby Yalger 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!

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.
If my true love was sick to death,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd tell her at her latest breath,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
Her race of life could not be run,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald 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'd buy 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 AT—

WAYS ON HAND AT
PAIN'S, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL
Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

KEOSAUKEE 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, Misses', Boy's and Children's
and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses

BONNETS,

Baynet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hair
Ribbons, Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair
Coils, Garters, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas,
Fans, &c.
School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Station-
ery of all kinds; Notions and Fancy Goods.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
Sept 20 J. E. WELSH

POETICAL.



THE MISTIC CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateh on, and beateh on,
From morning until o'een.
And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks, the living night,
And never rattleth down.
Oh, wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er found, nor mind conceived,
The litte-clock's magic power.
Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth or pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like wavellet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.
When threaten'g dar'kness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sudden stroke of the muffled ear,
It beateh heavily.

When passion heats the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heed not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended—
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
'Till this strange life is ended.

MISCELLANY.

REVEL'S SPEECH

Mr. Revels, colored Senator, spoke as follows:

Mr. President, I rise at this particular juncture in the discussion of the Georgia bill with feelings which perhaps never before entered into the experience of any member of this body. I rise, too, with misgivings as to the propriety of lifting my voice at this early period after my admission into the Senate. Perhaps it were wiser for me, so inexperienced in the details of Senatorial duties, to remain a passive listener to the progress of this debate. But when I remember that my term is short, and that the issues with which this bill is fraught are momentous in their present and future influence upon the well-being of my race, I would seem indifferent to the importance of the hour and recalcitrant to the high trust imposed upon me, if I hesitated to lend my voice on behalf of the loyal people of the South.

I therefore waive all thought as to the propriety of entering into this discussion—breaking through a generally understood etiquette of this body, when questions arise which bear upon the safety and protection of the loyal white and colored population of those States lately in rebellion. I cannot allow any thought as to mere propriety to enter into my consideration of duty. The responsibilities of being the exponent of such a constituency as I have the honor to represent are fully appreciated by me. I bear about me daily the keenest sense of their weight, and that feeling prompts me now to lift my voice for the first time in this council chamber of the nation; and, sir, I stand to-day on this floor to appeal for protection from the strong arm of the Government for her loyal children, irrespective of color and race, who are citizens of the Southern States, and particularly of the great State of Georgia.

I am well aware, sir, that the idea is abroad that an antagonism exists between the whites and blacks; that race which the nation raised from the degradation of slavery and endowed with the full and unqualified rights and privileges of citizenship are instead upon power at whatever price it can be gained. It has been the well-considered purpose and aim of a class not confined to the South to spread this charge over the land, and their efforts are as vigorous to-day to educate the people of this nation into that belief as they were at the close of the war. It was during the rebellion, prognosticating a servile war.

It may have been that 'the wish was father to the thought.' And, sir, as the recognized representative of my down-trodden people, I deny the charge, and hurl it back into the teeth of those who make it, and who, I believe, have not a true and conscientious desire to further the interests of the whole-South. Certainly no one possessing any personal knowledge of the colored population of my own or other States need be reminded of the noble conduct of that people under the most trying circumstances in the history of the late war.

When they were beyond the protection of the Federal forces, while the Confederate army pressed into their ranks every white male capable of bearing arms, the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the Southern soldiers were left defenceless and in the power of the blacks, upon whom the chains of slavery were still riveted, and to bind those chains the closer was the real issue for which so much life and property were sacrificed; and now, sir, I ask how did that race act? Did they in those days of Confederate weak-

ness and impotence evince the malignancy of which we hear so much?

Granting for the sake of argument that they were ignorant and besotted—which I do not believe yet with all their supposed ignorance and credulity, they in their way understood as fully as you or I the awful import of the contest. They knew that if the gallant corps of soldiers were beaten back and their flag trailed in the dust, that it was the passage of still heavier bondage. They longed, too, as their fathers before them, for the advent of that epoch, over which was shed the hallowed light of inspiration itself. They desired, too, with their fathers, to welcome the feet of the stranger shod with the peaceful preparation of good news. Weary years of bondage had told their tale of sorrow to the court of Heaven.

In the councils of the Great Father of all they knew the adjudication of their case, albeit delayed for years, in which patient suffering had nearly exhausted itself, would in the end bring to them the boon for which they sighed—God's most blessed gift to His creature, the inestimable boon of liberty. They waited, and they waited patiently. In the absence of their masters they protected the virtue and chastity of defenceless women. Think, sir, for a moment, what the condition of the land would be to-day if the slave population had risen in servile insurrection against those who month by month were fighting to perpetuate that institution which brought to them all the evils of which they complained. Where would have been the security for property, female chastity, and childhood's innocence! The bloody counterpart of such a story of cruelty and wrong would have been paralleled only in those chapters of Jewish history as recorded by Josephus, or in the still later atrocities of that reign of terror which sent the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Nay, the deeds in that drama of cold-blooded butchery would have out-Heroded the most diabolical acts of Herod himself.

I remarked, Mr. President, that I arose to plead for protection for the defenceless race who now send their delegation to the seat of Government to sue for that which this Congress alone can secure to them, and here let me say further that the people of the North owe to the colored race a deep obligation which is no easy matter to fulfill—When the Federal armies were thinned by death and disaster and sombre clouds overhung the length and breadth of the Republic and the very air was pregnant with the rumors of foreign interference, in those dark days of defeat, whose memories even yet haunt us as an ugly dream; from what source did our nation in its seeming death-throes gain addition and new-found power? It was the sable sons of the South that valiantly rushed to the rescue, and, but for their intrepidity and ardent daring, many a Northern fortress would wies to-day paternal counsels or a brother's love.

Sir, I repeat the fact, that the colored race saved to the noble women of New England and the Middle States men on whom they lean to-day for security and safety. Many of my race, the representatives of these men on the field of battle, sleep in the countless graves of the South. If those quiet resting places of our honored dead should speak to-day, what a mighty voice, like to the rushing mighty wind, would come up from those sepulchral homes. Could we resist the eloquent pleadings of their appeal? Ah, sir, I think that this question of immediate and ample protection for the loyal people of Georgia would lose its technicalities and we would cease to hesitate in our provisions for their instant relief. Again, I regret this delay on other grounds. The taint is frequently flung at us that a Nemesis more terrible than the Greek persecution of the anger of the gods awaits her hours of direful retribution. We are told that at no distant day a great uprising of the American people will demand that these reconstruction acts of Congress be undone and blotted forever from the annals of legislative enactment.

I inquire, sir, if this delay in affording protection to the loyalists of the State of Georgia does not lend an uncomfortable significance to this boasting sneer with which we are so often met? Delay is perilous at best, for it is as true in legislation as in physics, that the longer we procrastinate to apply the proper remedies, the more chronic becomes the malady that we seek to heal.

The land wants such as dare with rigor execute the laws.
Her fettered members must be loosed and tended.
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares
'T he part corrupted till the gangrene spread
And all the body perishes. He that is merciful
Unto the bad is cruel to the good.

A La Fayette minstrel, riding a pumpkin colored sorrel, perpetrated a heavy pull on a toll gate keeper near La Fayette, the other day. He rode up unobserved and quickly turning his horse's face about directly opposite to the direction he wanted to go, called to the toll keeper who by this time had come out: "How much to—?" "Twenty cents," replied the toll keeper. "Too high!" replied the solitary horseman, "can't pay it. Guess I'll go back." He turned his horse about proceeded to precisely the direction he wanted to go—the toll gater never dreaming of the sell.

On Wasting Time.

'Here you are Sir, wasting your valuable time—as they say to me,' said Charles Dickens one morning, many years ago, as his little boy ran up to the Broad-stairs sands, affixed in hand. And we have often wondered since how many people there are who know what is meant by wasting time.

It is very easy to make mistakes on this subject, for nothing is so deceitful as appearance. We all know that Penelope, that classical model of propriety and all the virtues, employed all her time in weaving a garment by day, and unravelling it at night.—She did this to keep off her lovers, who wanted to persuade her that her husband Ulysses was dead. When the suitors found her out, of course they accused her of wasting her time—but at that moment Ulysses knocked at the door, after seeing many men and cities. In fact, he had come home and the fair Penelope had her reward for all.

Surely it is waste of time for that old tortoise to try and beat the nimble hare at racing, but the silly old thing will crawl on, without once stopping, at about the pace one gets down the Strand in a cap on a rainy day. Presently, down comes the hare at a furious pace—there is no wasting time with him at all events—but alas! when he arrives breathless at the winning post, he finds the old tortoise there before him, and fast asleep too. 'Ah!' says the hare, 'I wish I had taken my nap at the end, instead of the beginning of the race, and then I should have won it, and the tortoise would have crawled in vain; as it is he has made good use of his time, and I have wasted mine.'

What an idle man that is yonder, fishing, hour after hour! Truly a melancholy spectacle, as stern old Doctor Johnson would say, 'A line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.' Wrong again! That man is an eminent statesman, who has escaped to recruit his weary brain in the company of the king fisher and the heron. What eloquence, wisdom and wholesome legislation do we not owe to such hours of idleness! Nay, do not some of our best and kindest thoughts of ten come to us as we sit on the beach and toss pebbles into the shining sea covered with its 'innumerable smiles'? Recreation is not waste when it is a rest from real work, and a preparation for more.

We confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something. There was a French statesman who wrote a huge book by snatches, in those occasional intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his dinner. We have not the slightest wish to see this anti-dramatical performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for men that are never at leisure are always dull.

Fussy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never anything else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Brougham, being in a hurry? When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his profession consists in doing nothing, and that he is doing that badly. The idler man we ever know was always so much pressed for time that he never had five minutes to spare for anything. No one need be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we ever find ourselves so, it is probably because we have been wasting our time. We have no system, and have, therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the hare, we have loitered on the way, and then we make a rush for it, and arrive just in time to miss the train. How many hares there are every morning who arrive breathless in the city, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when they clock struck seven!

But our readers have a right to ask what constitutes, as a general rule, waste of time. We answer in a single sentence—Whatever hinders or prevents you doing your work in life. Every one should realize that his duty here consists in applying himself to some worthy work, and his time may then safely and without waste be divided into three periods—preparing for work, doing work, and resting from work. Waste of time, then, becomes a thing purely relative. What is mere waste in one case is real profit in another. The idle man who travels simply for pleasure, is simply wasting his time, the man who travels for safety, or the man who travels to get rest from work, or for the sake of his health, is not wasting or abusing his time, he is turning it to good account.

Let the heart be filled with some good principle of action, and let the mind be directed towards some congenial pursuit, and then our innocent pleasures will be as 'little in danger of degenerating into original indulgence,' as our wholesome recreations into waste of time.—Cassell Magazine.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills a newly married man exclaimed: 'The glory of the world is rising!' His wife who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered. 'What would you think my dear if I had my silk gown on.'

A REMARKABLE VERSE—The entire alphabet is found in these four lines. They form a pleasant stanza for a child to learn: God gives the grazing ox his meat.
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high.

We heard of a boy a day or two since who went home singing 'Shoo Fly, don't bother me,' and was about to wake the baby, when his mother let her shoe fly at the orphan's head, knocking him out of time.

As you stood by your bride when you was married, so stand by her forever afterwards.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flurried over a ham.

Thinking.

Thinking, not growing, makes perfect manhood. There are some who, though they are done growing, are still boys. The constitution may be fixed, while the judgment is immature; the limbs may be strong, while the reasoning is feeble. Many who eat, and jump and bear any fatigue, cannot observe, cannot examine, cannot reason or judge, cannot or execute—they do not think.

Accustom yourself, then, to thinking—Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To run through a book is not a difficult task, nor is it a very profitable one. To understand a few pages only is far better than to read the whole where we're reading it is all. If the work does not set you thinking, either you or the author must be very deficient.

It is only by thinking that a man can know himself. Yet all other knowledge without this is splendid ignorance. Not a glance merely, but much close examination will be requisite, for the forming of a true opinion of your own powers. Ignorance and self-conceit always tend to make you overrate your personal ability—as a slight degree of knowledge may make a timid mind pass upon himself too humble a judgment. It is only by thinking, and much impartial observation, that a man can discover his real disposition. A hasty temper only supposes itself properly alive; an indolent indulger imagines he is as active as any one; but by close and severe examination each may discover something nearer the truth.

Thinking is indeed the very germ of self-cultivation—the source from which all vital influence springs. Thinking will do much for an active mind, even in the absence of books, or living instructors. The reasoning faculty grows firm; expands; discovers its own power, acts with increasing facility, precision, and extent, under all its privations. Where there is no privation, but every help from thinkers, how much may we not expect from it! Thus great characters rise. While he who thinks little, though much he reads, or much he sees, can hardly call anything his own. He trades with borrowed capital, and is on the high road to literary, or rather mental bankruptcy.

THE MAN WHO WILL LIVE LONG.

He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid, at any rate, too much ruddiness of youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches to the fair rather than to the black. His skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins in the extremities; his shoulders are round rather than flat; his neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project, his hands are large, but not deeply cleft, his feet are rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate. His pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent; his appetite good and digestion easy. The joys of the table are not to him of importance; they taste him to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst; the latter being always a sign of rapid consumption. He is serene, eloquent, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become violent or destructive. If ever he gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations. He is an optimistic friend to nature and domestic felicity. He has no thirst after honor or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.—[Hafeland, the Physiologist.]

THE THOUGHTS OF A DAY—If all the thoughts which pass through the mind of a person in a day could be gathered together and placed in the order in which they first appeared, what a mountain of ideas would be brought to view! They would form a monster quilt of mental patchwork, checkered with pieces of every shape, size and hue.—They would prove time, space and order, to be accidents compared with thought. The speed with which they travel from place to place as far exceeds that of electricity, that the rapidity of motion of that annihilating substance does an ordinary canal boat. (One thought is resting upon the edibles for breakfast, the next, in a second of time, has traversed the universe and reached the sun's centre, wondering what it is made of, while a third is peering into the snow wreaths that circle round the cap of the topmost point of Mount Blanc. Time follows half a thought upon death, twenty on the means of keeping alive; two on the former Presidents and ten on the President elect, three on a new car and one on getting a pair of boots mended; six on the change of life, and twelve on the change in the pocket. And if the thinker should chance to be an editor, a thought of a piece on shocking murders, horrible accidents, funny stories, sentimental poetry and telegraphic news. Never for a moment is the brain at rest; only differing in intensity, the mind of the giddy warden and the profound philosopher are ever busy with thoughts, noble or commonplace, revolving in pleasure's busy whirl, or soaring aloft into the mysteries of the universe.

Never lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly.

Why is a bottle of brandy like a haunted house? Ans.—It contains spirits.

The Power of Music.

Thalberg on a trip to Niagara, shortly after his arrival in this country, stopped at a temporary house in Albany, and upon demanding some champagne, what was his amazement on seeing the round eyes of an Irish waiter open in astonishment.

'I want some champagne,' wildly reiterated the great instrumentalist.

'Faith! and is champagne you are after asking for?' stammered forth the Hibernian.

'Certainly!'

'By my soul, then, ye can't have it.'

'And why?' inquired Thalberg, in much astonishment.

'The likes of it, including whiskey punch, is not to be had in this hotel.'

'For a moment the thirty musician was agitated.'

'What can I have then?'

'Water, tay, and coffee.'

'Go and send me the proprietor,' said Thalberg; 'I will speak with him.'

'Ye may speak till the day of doom, but ye'll find it of no use,' was Pat's muttered observation, as he quitted the room.

In a few moments the landlord entered the apartment. His lips were closely set together, and a frown was upon his brow. He was evidently astonished that the foreigner should persist in his wish to contravene the rules of the establishment. Meanwhile he had occupied himself in opening a piano that stood in the room. It was not of the newest class, but was tolerably in tune. As the proprietor of the temperance hotel entered he began to play. First the frown gradually vanished from the brow of the landlord, when his lips unclosed, and finally relaxed into a smile. When the artist concluded, he waited for a word, but none came. Without turning round: 'The man is obstinate; I must try him with something else.'

He accordingly began his 'Taranella.'

Ere he had half finished, he heard the rattling of bottles and glasses on the tables, and wheeled around. Pat had reentered the apartment with bottles of champagne.

'I thought that it was not allowed,' said Thalberg.

'Faith! and he'll give you a dozen, if ye like it. He says a man that can knock music out of a piano in yer way, may get drunk every night if he chooses to. So, there it is for ye.'

The Bones of Braddock.

Among the many things which time has brought to light in the answer to the oft-repeated query, 'Who killed Braddock?' During that memorable retreat of the British and Provincial troops, Braddock ordered that his men should not protect themselves behind trees. One Joseph Faucett presumed to disobey this order, when Braddock, in a passion struck him down with his sword. Tom Faucett, who was but a short distance from his brother saw the whole transaction, and immediately shot the General through the lungs. The Hon A. Stewart, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, says his father often heard Faucett acknowledge this. After Braddock fell, his body was carried by the troops for four days, when he expired.

He was interred in the middle of the road so that all of the soldiers, wagons and horses might pass over and obliterate all vestiges of his grave from the eyes of the savages.—About twenty-nine years ago some laborers who were repairing the road, came upon the remains, and after taking a number of the most prominent bones, re-interred the others. Some time afterwards the scattered bones were collected and sent to Pen's Museum, which was in Philadelphia at that time.—Braddock's grave is in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, and is marked by a plain shingled tablet to a tree, where part of the bones are interred. This is the only monument which serves to point out to the traveler, the last resting place of the proud and brave but unfortunate victim of Indian warfare.

CARING FOR STOCK.—A farmer's first care is for his family, the second should be for the domestic animals. 'Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flock, and look well to thy herds.' It will not do to leave them to the care of hired men. Washington made it a rule to visit his stables every morning, and put his hand on every horse to see if it had been groomed properly, and otherwise well cared for. One of the largest breeders of Short Horns in the world, once told me that he made it a rule, every night in winter, to take a lantern and visit his stable at 9 o'clock, to see that every animal was comfortable. He has this year sold animals at \$5.00 a piece.

There are very few ordinary farm men that are fit to have anything to do with domestic animals. They never pet them, rarely speak to them, except in harsh tones, and like to use a whip better than a currycomb. If a man kicks a cow, dismiss him on the spot.—Better let crops suffer than have such a brute on the premises.

I keep quite a number of thoroughbred pigs and they are as gentle as lambs. But most men have been so long in the habit of abusing a pig, that if you ask one of them to go into a pen and drive up the pig, he will look around for a club. And it is curious to see how anxiously the pigs know that he is not a gentleman. They will commence to bark at him and manifest other symptoms of uneasiness. Beware of the man that a pig, a dog, or a child is afraid of. There is something wrong about him.—American Agriculturist.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her like a man.

'Brown, what did you clear by that speculation?' 'I cleared my pockets,' said Brown.