



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 5

### OH! HO!

JUST THE THING

### WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. N. BEAVER, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old foggy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

### EXPLODED.

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be RUINED

by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere. We will challenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- BOOTS, all kinds and prices, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
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- TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CIGARS, which cannot be beat for sale, by C. N. BEAVER.
- SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- INK and PAPER, of every description, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SPICES, for sale at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CRACKERS, of every kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- INDIGO BLUE, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- KEROSENE, of the very best, - Pitts. Oil, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- LAMP CHIMNIES also, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly,  
CLARENCE N. BEAVER.  
Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

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### SEWING MACHINES,

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Perfection and simplicity of Machinery.  
Using both threads directly from the spools.  
No fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread.  
Wide range of application without change of adjustment.  
The seam retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.  
Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and ornamental work.  
The Highest Premiums at all the fairs and exhibitions of the United States and Europe, have been awarded the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done by them, wherever exhibited for competition.  
The very highest prize, THE CROSS OF THE LION OF HONOR, was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1869, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines.  
For sale by D. W. ROBISON, Waynesboro.

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We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach-trimmers' use. Call and see us.  
D. W. ROBISON,  
Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.

N. O. MOLASSES.—The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses at the holidays. PRICE & HOEFLICH

### POETICAL.



#### THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the "parting hour,"  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part;  
But this I've seen—and many a pang  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier  
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,  
To solitude or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dares  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home  
With doubts and with tears;  
But does not hope her rainbow spread.  
Across her cloudy fears?  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
What comfort can she find,  
But this, the one she is happier  
Than one she leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is;  
The pilgrims on their way,  
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are,  
Then all the rest who stay.  
And when, at last, poor man subdued,  
Lies down to rest resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind?

### MISCELLANY.

#### WILLIAM HAVERLY.

'About thirty years ago,' said Judge P., 'I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.'

'Plenty of them,' said the salesman. 'How much do they cost?'

'One dollar, my lad.'

The little fellow drew back in dismay, and taking his hand out of his pocket, he commenced to count some pennies and small silver pieces that he had held until they were all damp with sweat. Three or four times he counted them, at last looking and saying:

'I didn't know they were so much,' he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back 'I have only got sixty-one cents, said he, 'you couldn't let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?'

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked up for the answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not do it.

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile, and then left the store. I followed and overtook him.

'And what now,' I asked kindly.

'Try another place, sir.'

'Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?' I asked.

'Oh, yes, if you like,' said he in surprise. Four different stores I entered with him, though none of them knew that we came together, and each time he was refused.

'Will you try again?' I asked, as we left the fourth one.

'Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I shouldn't know whether I could get one or not.'

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

'You want the book very much?' asked the proprietor.

'Yes, sir, very much.'

'Why do you want it so very, very much?'

'To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places where he used to go.'

'Does he go to those places now?'

'He is dead,' said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, 'I am going to be a sailor too.'

'Are you though?' asked the gentleman raising his eyebrows curiously.

'Yes, sir, if I live.'

'Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you can pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.'

'Are all the leaves in it, and just like the others, only not new?'

'Yes, just like the new ones.'

'It will do just as well, then, and I'll have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I'm glad they didn't let me have any at the other places.'

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice, new pencil and some white paper in it.

'A present my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark.'

'Thank you, sir, you are very good.'

'What is your name?'

'William Haverly, sir.'

'Do you want any more books? I now asked him.

'More than I ever can get,' he replied,

taking in at a glance the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a back note. 'It will buy some for you,' said I.

Tears of joy came into his eyes. 'Can I buy what I want with it?'

'Yes, my lad, anything.'

'Then I'll buy one book for mother,' said he. 'I thank you very much, and some day I hope to pay you back.'

He wanted my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until we neared the end of our voyage; then came a terrific storm that would have sunk all on board, had it not been for captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class, but after pumping for one whole night, and still the water was gaining on them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boat, though they might have known that no small boat could ride in such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered, every man back to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and then said rebukingly:

'Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water. When I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before; nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Come bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps.'

Three during that day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will, mastered every mind on board that ship and we went to work again.

'I will land you safely at the dock, in Liverpool,' said he, 'if you will only be men.'

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

'Judge P., do you not recognize me?'

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

'You saw me years ago in Cincinnati. Do you remember the boy in search of a geography?'

'Very well, sir, William Haverly.'

'I am he,' said he. 'God bless you!'

'And God bless persevering Captain Haverly!'

### Fast Time.

We have just returned from a flying trip to central Ohio. Within thirty-six hours and thirty minutes' time we traveled a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, changed cars seven times, attended to our business, losing several hours in waiting, and were at home again in our office, wearily and sleepily attending to the large pile of letters that had collected during our absence.

We looked back at that trip and wonder—wonder that such things are possible, wonder at the means by which so much is done for us. We have no credit in the matter—except that, perhaps, we tried to appreciate and enjoy the trip. It was all done by others. A splendid car, cushioned and decorated, finer than any drawing-room we ever saw until almost man grown, made us comfortable. A lively train boy, (in whom we took especial interest, because so short a time ago we began business life by following the same trade), brought to us ice-water and fruit, newspapers and books. The thundering 'Iron Horse,' which bore us along so swiftly, needed no care from us to hasten or retard his movements or keep him in the right course.

What would Black Hawk and Tecumseh, over whose 'hunting grounds' we traveled, have thought, had they been placed in their wigwags beside our track? We doubt whether old Ben Franklin, whose wisdom saw a friend in the lightning, and whose skill and courage tamed it, ever dreamed of such grand things as are common, every-day occurrences with us.

How was it all done? An illustrated volume, larger than you could carry, wouldn't contain a history and pictures of half the slow degrees of improvement which have come between the first steam-engine and our time, to each of which something is owing for the speed, safety, and comfort with which we made our journey.

Thank God for such men as Stephenson, whom the artist and Rev. Mr. Thayer picture upon the opposite page. A little spark of genius, brighter than a diamond, hid away in the brain of a boy, a vast deal of industry, toil, patience, courage and suffering are the elements, out of which come the wonderful things which we see, and have, and enjoy.

### GOOD CHARACTER.

A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is not necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talent or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action.—Hawes.

### A Spunky Girl.

A girl living with her father in Bartlett New Hampshire, performed a deed which showed that she had the true spunk of her ancestors. Her father was a Crawford and followed the profession of a guide among the mountains. Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home—a dark eyed, brown-haired girl, of slight but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the whole care of the household.

One day Crawford went, with a party of travelers, away to the head waters of one of the many mountain streams that empty into Sagoo, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure seekers. Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by an open window in the front room, engaged in sewing, a man came up from the road and asked her if she would give him a drink of water. Bessie had seen this man before, and had not liked his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothes indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room. She did not like this, for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the tin dipper without remark. The man drank and then set the dipper down on the table. Then he turned upon the girl, and drew a broad bladed knife from his pocket.

'Look ye, my young lady; he said, 'I know there is money in this house, and I know that you are alone. Show me where the money is! If you don't I'll kill you, and then hunt it up myself! I'm in earnest and there is no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do, you'll feel this jack-knife quick.'

Bessie shrank back and looked into the man's face, and she could see that he meant just what he said.

'If I show you where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?'

'Show me, honest, and I won't harm you.' 'Then come with me. But you will take only the money—you won't take my father's papers?'

'Only the money, girl.'

Bessie led the way to a small bed-room on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man, when he saw this, thinking, doubtless, that Crawford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife and put it in his pocket. The girl opened the drawer, and quick as a thought, drew forth a large navy revolver—one with which she herself had killed a trapped bear—and cocked it.

'Villain!' she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall, and aiming the weapon at his bosom, 'many wild beasts have I shot with this good pistol, and I'll now shoot you if you do not instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second start, or I fire!'

The ruffian could read human looks as well as could the maiden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bed-room—backed into the sitting room—then leaped from the open window and disappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home; and when she told her story, search was made for the ruffian. But he was not found.—Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

### DAY AND NIGHT IN SWEDEN.

The peculiarities of the day and night in Sweden strike the traveler very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zone. In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the North Pole, and the reflection of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon—you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens.

The London Spectator gives the philosophy of the war in a nut-shell when it says, 'Europe must pass through a year, perhaps years, of misery in order that one single man may secure the career and the position of one single child. This war has no cause, no motive, no justification, save the fear of Napoleon Bonaparte, that without it his boy's succession would not be clear.' This is the fourth war he has begun for purely family considerations. Does it not seem as if a dynasty which requires so much and such costly propping up had much better come down?

A traveling insurance agent had been explaining to a Western pioneer the advantages of an insurance policy. Pathfinder mused a moment in grave silence, and then said:—'See here, mister, I have lived out in this country now twenty-five years, and I have bucked agin most all the gamess they've started, but darn me ef I want to play a game where you have to die to beat the back.'

### Encounter with a Rattlesnake.

Linn (Ohio) Democrat, July 23d.]

We are informed that during the late harvest, a farmer in the north eastern portion of Oaage county, while cutting wheat in his field, heard the sing of a rattlesnake. Before he could determine the precise locality of the "rattling" the snake made at him, leaping over the syth and cradle, but missed the man, who now in turn attacked the snake with his cradle. The snake was ready for the charge, and again leaped over the cradle, inflicting a severe wound on the front part of the right leg of his antagonist, who, now retreating, endeavored to defend himself against the repeated attacks of the reptile.—The snake made no less than ten different lunges at the gentleman while retreating, who at the same time called loudly for his dog.

The faithful animal finally arrived, finding his master nearly exhausted with heat and pain, and at once attacked the snake. The farmer, fully realizing the great and imminent danger of his wound, now made his way home—a quarter of a mile—as best he could. On reaching there he at once applied a thick ligature heavily soaked in tobacco juice and salt, and whilst awaiting medical aid, drank two quarts of pure peach brandy, scarcely feeling any effect therefrom in his excited and exhausted condition. He at once dispatched assistance to the scene of the conflict to rescue his dog, which, on arriving there, found the snake coiled around the faithful animal—the dog dead and his venomous antagonist in a dying condition.

The wheat, for a considerable space around, was torn down, bearing evidence of the fierce, deadly contest which had then but recently occurred. The dog received an honorable burial, while the snake was subjected to an anatomical inspection, which revealed a nearly full grown rabbit. The tail of the reptile bore seven rattles and one "button." The gentleman was confined to his room about two weeks, but is now able to attend to his business as usual. His name, as we learn, is Fred. Zontor, residing near Fredericksburg, in this county.

### Young Snobs Snubbed.

Young Smith, the colored cadet at West Point, has heavy rowing against the tide of Prejudice and hate which has set against him from the start. He is showing noble qualities, and the miscreants who have so repeatedly insulted him may yet have occasion to repent their folly. A short time ago his courage gave way, and in his despair determined upon resigning, and accordingly sent his note to that effect to Commandant Upton. General Upton sharply reproved the cadets, and sent for Smith, to whom he said: 'Young man, I shall not accept your resignation. You are here, an officer in the national army. You have stood a severe examination; you have passed honorably, and now you shall not be persecuted into resigning. I am your friend. Come to me and you shall have justice.' Smith, thus encouraged, determined upon remaining. A few days afterward Cadet Lieutenant Pardee, acting officer of police, happened to come next to young Smith in the large mess-room. Young Pardee, with all the chivalry of a Carolinian, refused to sit beside the nigger. This was open revolt. The hall was in an uproar. The commandant, true to his promise, had the fastidious Pardee put under arrest, along with Cadet Grimshaw, who refused to drill the hated student. The attention of Congress has been called to the matter, and the prospect is that if the refractory students do not make the most courteous amends they suffer expulsion.—Already there are signs of yielding, in their attempt to persuade Smith to withdraw the charges made against them. Congress can stand a colored senator, the Supreme Court of South Carolina a colored judge. The young snobs at West Point ought to be instructed after the old fashion of country school-masters, if they can learn by no other.

### HARD.

Those who never experienced what it is to be the Editor of a newspaper, have but little sympathy with those who have. The most of people think it is a light thing to run off about a column of matter every day, for a whole year, and many of them are disposed to envy the situation of the man who is thus employed. To all such we would say try it and you will find it out. An editor who discharges his duty faithfully, is about the hardest worked man in the world. He must write and fill up his columns whether he feels like it or not; and in doing this, he has so many different tastes to satisfy and interests to subserve, that it is simply impossible for him to please everybody.—When the weather is cool and his mind composed, he generally gets along very well, but with the mercury at 100 degrees, the flies lighting all the time on the end of his nose, and every other person, almost, goes to the country or taking matters cool in a comfortable parlor, who can stand it? And yet, if a line is not grammatically stated, every period handsonly rounded, and every paragraph finished in the best of style, somebody complains. Again we say, if any one thinks the life of an editor is easy, just try it and find it out.—York Democrat.

### PROVERBS.—Borrowed garments seldom fit well.

Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to do.

What is not needed is dear at any price. He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessities.

A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly.

A man that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

An old lady was asked what she thought of the eclipse: She replied: 'Well, it proved one thing, and that is that papers don't always lie.'

### Judge Douglas in a Fix.

Judge Douglas used to relate an amusing story at his own expense, that should be made record of. Having accepted the hospitality of a large family, occupying a single room, he was obliged to undress and 'hop into bed' in the presence of a young lady. The Judge himself, was a small man, physically speaking, and the idea of going to bed before the young lady—a modest, sensible girl, who, from habit, thought nothing of the circumstance—turned his head topsy-turvy. The idea of pulling off his boots before her was death, and as for doffing his other fixtures, he said he would sooner have taken off his leg with a saw. At length the awful crisis approached. The Judge had partially undressed, entrenched behind a chair, which offered no more protection from the enemy than the rounds of a ladder. Then he had a dead open space of ten feet between the bed and the chair—a sort of bridge of Lodi, as he describes it—which he was forced to make, exposed to a cruel, raking fire, fore and aft. Body, limbs and head, setting up a business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds of flesh, blood and bones, all told, cannot individually or collectively set up any ostentatious pretensions. 'I believe,' said the Judge, 'the young lady must have been settling in her mind some point on that head. Perhaps she did not feel easy till she knew that kind Providence had not added to poverty individual wrong. Certain it was she seemed rather pleased with her speculation, for when I arose from a stooping posture, finally disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing around the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at that critical moment: "Mr. Douglas," she observed, "you have a mighty small chance of legs there!"'

Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. 'I never made any pretensions to skill in ground-and-lofty-tumbling,' said the Judge, 'but it is strikingly true, that I cleared at one bound the open space, planted myself in the centre of the bed, and was buried beneath the blanket in a twinkling.'

### A DUTCHMAN ON THE WEATHER.

—Mine goodness gracious, vot a varm vedder spell dat ish, I can't hardly stand mit dat varm heat. I was almost poiled alive mit mine own perspiration. I never see such a 'hot vedder like dat in for de best few days, ever since a goot vile ago. Vich ever yay I duras, or vot ever I do dat makes der steam rise outer mine body, so dat I feel shant like a steam engine boiler. Some dime farder paak dar is a grate full of dalkin over dat Nie Sherders steam ma—maybe you hear something of dat—vell, dat's wodings alongside of me, for ven I gets a couple classes of peer unter mine linen tussler vestgato, unt mine sweating tertainment ish in running order, I would persit the boiler of any iron maud me before me could puff and blow out more steam ash me ven dat varm vedder vas. Dat perspiration vare raus outer mine body and pours tunder mine legs, and seetles in mine dree tollar pots so dat I ish always got vot feet. I believe it dat peforo dis varm hot vedder ish over I vill catfere mine tooth of gold shust from dat dings alone—Noddy can pe a healthy man mit vot feet, I know dat. List Montay, I dells you, ish a varm tay. I dinks anpody must find dat out. If they didn't vut I did, and I vasa't so awful long over dat too.

The following gem from the writings of Dickens has of late been going the rounds of the press. It was beautiful before, but the world's late bereavement make it sadly appropriate now: 'There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part though its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. David!—Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.'

A little keen-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture:—

'Why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?'

'DU THEY.'—A wager was laid that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by another. To sustain the assertion a downy Easter was interrogated. 'I want you,' said the better, 'to give me a straight forward answer to a plain question.'

'I kin do it mister,' said the Yankee. 'Thee why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one?'

'Da they?' was Jonathan's reply?

An orthodox minister in the North of Jersey delivered a violent harangue the other day in which he thundered against the idleness and sinfulness of farmers who kept onely one rooster to a great many hens, thus producing polygamy, which he declared sinful to the highest degree, even in chickens.

A case of feminine daring is related of a Virginia belle, who rode to the edge of a precipice and defied any one of the party with whom she was riding to follow her.—Not a man accepted the challenge; but a tantalizing youth stood on his head in the saddle and dared the lady to do that.

How to meet a man of doubtful credit—take no note of him.