



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1870.

NUMBER 6

OH! HO!
JUST THE THING
WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interests 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 fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

EXPLODED.
Call and examine our fine stock and don't be **RUIED**

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, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- BOOTS, all kinds and prices, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, 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, 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, by C. N. BEAVER.
- HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, C. N. BEAVER.
- GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- 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, 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, 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.

GROVER & BAKER
FIRST PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES,
495 Broadway, New York.
730 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.
Beauty and Elasticity of stitch.
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.

NOTICE.
The undersigned having had 17 years' experience as a practical operator on Sewing Machines, would recommend the Grover & Baker Family Machine as the cheapest and best machine for family use. The simplicity of construction and elasticity of stitch made by these machines are two very important points in their favor. 250,000 of these machines are to-day bearing witness to the truth of our assertions and the demand is steadily increasing.
We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach trimmers' use. Call and see us.
D. W. ROBISON,
Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.
\$ 17 ff.

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

POETICAL.



MODERN WEDDING RIGHTS.

"Wilt thou take this brown stone front,
These carriages, this diamond,
To be the husband of thy choice,
Fast locked in bonds of Hymen?
And wilt thou leave thy home and friends
To be his loving wife,
And help to spend his large income,
So long as thou hast life?"
"I will!" the modest maid replies,
The love-light beaming from her eyes.

"And wilt thou take this waterfall,
This ostentatious pride,
With all these unpaid milliner's bills,
To be thy chosen bride?
And wilt thou love and cherish her
Whilst thou has life and health,
But die as soon as possible
And leave her all thy wealth?"
"I will!" the fearless mate replies,
And eager waits the nuptial ties.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife,
And what I've joined forever,
The next best man may dispute,
And the first Divorce Court sever."

SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long;
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain;
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whoso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we it's fruits shall see.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whoso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we it's fruits must see.

MISCELLANY.

WRECKED.

BY D. E. GROVE.

To you the sight of that drunken beggar, possessing the form of a man, but none of the noble attributes that comprise true manhood, is suggestive of nothing but the fearful curse of 'drink,' but to me the sight of that degradation brings to life old memories of a pale, spirituelle face—long since laid beneath the sod—of a patient, broken heart, that hopefully waited to lie peacefully beneath the ever green live-oaks of Louisiana.

Think not that those bleared, leaden eyes always had that dazed, blank expression; that those marked locks and that unkempt beard were always thus. I remember when that man was a well-to-do architect and builder, dressed neatly, and was a highly respected, promising young man, whose only fault was the love of 'drink.' That one fault was his own damnation, and wrecked as pure and true a woman's heart as it was ever the good fortune of a man to win, or his curse to crush.

As if she stood before me now, do I see her as she appeared when I saw her—a small, delicately formed creature, with deep, earnest, blue eyes, and golden hair, upon whose pale features ever rested a shadow that was apparent to the most careless observer. At a casual glance it seemed an over present dread of death from consumption, upon the first stages of which she seemed entering; but it was not that dread consumption of the lungs that left its impress, it was the decay of the fondest dreams and hope of a trusting woman's heart, that had so grown and entwined themselves there, that they had become a part of herself, and in fading their dust had buried forever the germ of hope within. The shadow seemed to say that the light of her life had gone forth never to return this side of the tomb. This expression was so marked to me that I sought an opportunity to learn her history and know the secret that was sapping her life at its fountain.

She had met and loved that brute you see lying there in the torper of beastly intoxication, when he was respected as a gentleman, and seemed on the high road to wealth and honor among his fellow men. Then she heard of his fault, learned of his love for drink, but with a woman's strong, confiding love, she hoped to win him from his curve, to lead him from its debasing paths into a higher and better life.

But beneath all this was a Christian heart, in which the love of God was first in that heart, an altar upon which was offered up to Heaven the first incense of a loving soul; and when he would have married her, she replied 'No.'

"I love you better than I love the world—better than I love myself—better than I love my life and its hopes—better than everything beneath the stars; but I love my Heavenly Father, too, and he cannot smile on my marriage to a man of your habits of life, and I cannot accept you. Oh, Henry, be a man! Assert your manhood's power over this appetite for drink! Then gladly will I lay my hand in yours, and be unto you a true and loving wife.

"Make no promises, dear, but go forth with a determination to conquer, for my sake and your own, remembering that morning and evening, my first and last thoughts will be a prayer that Heaven will give you strength to conquer; and be assured that the hour I know you have conquered will be the happiest one I have ever known."

He left her, fully resolved to prove himself worthy of this devotion, if such a thing were possible; but with all in sight—despite everything that success held out to him, he failed, and in failing, fell deeper in the mire, and that, too, with the consciousness that he was breaking the only heart that loved him.

In this way years rolled by, and with an occasional attempted reformation on his part she still hoped against reason, though it told on her health and strength. When he did not drink she was bright, buoyant, hopeful, and happy; then would come rumors of a change, and with throbbing temples, aching

head and a pain at her heart, she would be ill for days. Thus he alternated between good and bad, knowing full well to what he was subjecting the lady who so wildly and madly loved him.

At last he looked candidly at his own fate—scanned what the future held out to him—read his own ruin in this life and in the world to come, and resolved to face his destiny and tell her all—told her that his life was an insane failure, his path led only to darkness and to ruin—the future held out nothing he could ask her to share; and then, as if to mock her despair, he asked her to forget him.

She then felt as if there was nothing else for her to do but to lie down and die. It was in vain she argued with herself that the same strength that had given her courage to refuse the man she thus loved, should enable her to tear the impress of the past from her heart and insert other histories in their stead. Alas! The last few dreadful years would not drop out, but held tenaciously their place in her chain of life, corroding the whole.

It was in vain she attempted to control over the heart, or argued that this idolatry; if such it was, she could only bow her head and beg forgiveness for not stemming the tide when she could; but now it was flooded-tide, and too late! Too late! Out on that tide, at the mercy of the winds and waves, rode the one dream of her heart, all there was of life that was dear to her, and that, too, while she knew that wreck was certain as destiny itself. She could only answer, 'Love comes and goes not at will.'

When first I met her she had long since given up every hope of the reformation of the man she yet loved, but her heart still vacillated with his conduct. When he attended to business for a few months she seemed in the sunshine again, and only amid it all there seemed to linger a shadow, undefined, but felt—consciousness that this was soon again to turn to darkness.

Never will I forget that pale face, those earnest, expressive blue eyes, as I once saw her standing at the window, watching that man pass along the street. If ever the yearnings of a heart were reflected from the features, they were from her's; but as she passed from view, she dropped almost helplessly, semi-lifelessly into a chair, and after a long, lingering gaze in the direction he had disappeared, there came a sigh from the heart with which it seemed a soul was struggling to escape.

But the physical system could not always stand this fretting and chafing of the soul, and gradually her health and strength failed. Despite the kind attention of sympathizing friends and the surroundings of wealth and luxury, she faded from life as gradually and quietly as the light of sunset fades from the sky. Being taken to the health-giving springs of Virginia, she protested, saying that no earthly remedy would reach her disease.—When she felt the end had almost come she was brought home, where she wished to die.

At last, when the icy hand of death was laid on her brow, she shuddered not—she shrank not from his cold embrace; but welcomed him as the friendly turnkey who was to release her soul from out its prison cell of clay. Then she sent for that man, to whom she had not spoken for years. Every vestige of manhood had not left him yet, and he invested his last dollar in suitable apparel, and making a presentable toilet, knowing full well that he was to meet the sundering of the last tie that bound him to a single human being.

Though perfectly sober, he had nerved himself for the interview by potions of brandy, the odor of which he smothered with perfume, and entered the room as though it were himself who were there to feel the icy fingers of the fell destroyer about his heart. With a glance and a faint wave of the hand she beckoned him to the waiting chair by her side.

"Henry," his name, pronounced thus fondly by those lips, convulsed the frame of that strong man as if in the throes of death.—She observing it, laid her thin hand on his head as carelessly as a mother entertains her fingers in her baby's curls, and proceeded:

"Do not look that way. I did not send for you to chide you. I don't know why I did so, except to gratify the unsatisfied yearnings of my heart to see you again in this life.—Though with a faint hope that this sight and my dying entreaty might yet change you; that the assurance that I hope still to watch over, and—if it's God's will—shall always be near you while you live, would encourage you to regain your lost manhood, and prove worthy of God's smiles, that he may forgive your idolatry as he has forgiven mine. Make no promises; but always remember that I am watching over, waiting for you, and— I am—good bye—good bye!"

Her words from the first, though distinct, came slower and slower, while she yet spoke the eyes were closed in death; the angelic expression settled on her features. Though the lips still moved to pronounce words, they

seemed only reflecting the commination of a far off soul that was already on its upward flight, upon which the last ties of mortality were fast losing their hold, and at the last words were parted when the seraph, freed from the fetters of its prison house, floated away to its haven of rest beyond the stars.

That man then made one last effort to reform; but what can humanity do of itself? He soon relapsed, and ere long stood upon the lowest ledge upon which a human; being can stand and not be a brute indeed. There still he remains, vainly clinging the closer to his curse, hoping therewith, to shut out the sight of the pall of despair that envelopes his life for time and eternity.

The Pest of Society.

There is no more contemptible pest in society than the retailer of petty slanders against any one, especially when the object is a lady, who, by the laws of society, has only her character to depend on. They are vipers and social parasites, who grow fat on the misfortunes of others, and they merit the ostracism they aim to inflict upon others.—The habit of judging others by one's self is strong in human nature; and when a person is always suspecting of others some fancied offenses against chastity or good taste, it is pretty good evidence that he makes his calculations on the vices and virtues which go to make up his own characteristics. Look with suspicion upon that man or woman who always expresses a doubt about other people's motives, just as you can safely trust the one who keeps his own counsels, and gives every one credit for honesty and virtue until evidence is sufficient to convict in a court of law. These petty slanders deserve the lesson that was recently given to one of their number in Davenport, Iowa. A story had been for some time circulated respecting the character of a wealthy young lady there, who waited patiently till some responsible person could be implicated in aiding to circulate it. This proved soon to be no less a person than the mayor of the city, who had thoughtlessly told the story as it came to him, and told it as deploring it, if it were true. The lady promptly sued him. She was cleared of slander during the progress of the trial, but because it was thought that the mayor had no thought of vice intent in what he said, the verdict was in his favor. Since the trial the lady published a card in a local paper, in which she says: 'First of all, the failure of the jury to agree does not and cannot terminate the suit, and should the best years of my life be spent in the endeavor, I will not rest until a verdict has been given for or against me, and, either at this court or a higher one, an example set not only to me, but to all slanderers; for in bringing this suit I have not been unmindful of the many innocent girls whom I have seen injured as shamefully as I have been, and much less able to defend themselves.'

To Young Men.

Never buy an article simply because a man who sells it will take it out in trade.—Trade is money.

If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and direct with regularity, promptness liberality.

Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time.

Would you succeed in business? If so work according to rule. You have rules to guide you in building a house or playing a game of croquet, why not in building a fortune, or playing the great game of life? We will give some rules, and the young man who tries them and fails may call us by the hardest name in our language,—deceiver.

Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use profane or vulgar words, or allow yourself to use hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ; to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them.

Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and in good time your responsibilities will be increased.

Do not build until you have laid a good foundation.

Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others.

MAKE NO MAN FEEL HIS INFERIORITY.
—Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, etc. In the first it is both ill-bred, and ill-natured; and in the two latter articles it is unjust, they not being in his power. Good breeding and good nature incline us rather to raise people up to ourselves than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many friends instead of so many enemies. A constant effort to please is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing;—it flatters the self-love of those to whom it is shown; it engages and captivates more than things of much greater importance. Every man is in some measure, obliged to discharge the social duties of life; and these attentions are voluntary acts, the free will offerings of good breeding and good nature; they are received, renounced and returned as such. Woman, in particular, have a right to them; and any omission in that respect is down right ill-breeding.

A Philosopher says, if you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet and go barefoot.

To any one who can say 'Shoes and socks shock Susan,' with rapidity and fearless pronunciation, four times running, a large reward will be paid.

The Young Widow.

A census-taker, going his round, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours.

He was received by a stiff, well-dressed lady, who could well be recognized as a widow of some years' standing.

On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself in a working position, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir?" replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be; you are inquisitive, sir?"

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward, it's my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra—Elvira—has just turned into fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir, just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty five, did you say?"

"Yes sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is, but it is not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census-taker was observed running out of the house—why, we cannot say. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

From all we have heard about them the hotels of Omaha are not very desirable boarding and lodging houses. Recently a guest sent in a bill of \$63 to the landlord for killing 900 bed-bugs at seven cents a piece. Another guest of the same house, we presume, got off the following:

"Few are the joys the people feel—
This world is sorrow all;
There's cold neglect in every look,
From kitchen to the hall.
At night the bed-bugs sally forth,
And straight to work they go,
The crawling, biting, nasty things,
Sure, man was made for wo!"

While on the subject we will mention another adventure that occurred a day or so ago. A gentleman was looking over a hotel register, when his eye caught sight of one of the posts of creation traveling about leisurely over the page. He turned quietly to a friend and remarked: "Well, this is the first hotel I ever saw where the bed-bugs look over the register to see what room you occupy."

THE SOUR LAKE IN TEXAS.—One of the most singular phenomena of the South is known as the Sour Lake, and is situated about 60 miles from Houston, Texas, in a low, wet prairie country, but itself on quite high ground, and surrounded by a fine little forest. The lake is but a few rods in diameter, and its waters are so sour that it is almost impossible to drink them. A number of wells have been dug in the immediate vicinity and the waters of these contain iron, alum, magnesia, and sulphuric acid. Large numbers of people go there from the South to bathe in the lake, and drink the waters of the wells. The effects of the baths are sedative; and persons who have not slept comfortably for weeks, after taking a bath in the lake in the evening, enjoy a refreshing night's rest.—The water after a few glasses becomes pleasant to the taste, and may be bottled and put in wooden casks, without losing its strength. The soil is so strongly impregnated with the same qualities as the water, that if the mud is dissolved in pure water, and a little soda, or saleratus put in it, it will foam and effervescence, and will be as sour as lemonade.

THE MAN WHO SMOKES.—The Democracy have been pleased to make merry over the fact that our President talks but little, smokes a great deal, and has no policy.

We rather like his smoking—he has smoked away a hundred and twenty millions of the war debt, he has smoked thieves out of the government offices, he has smoked until he has quieted the nerves of the entire nation, and we hear nothing of resistance in the South—he has smoked us all into a very quiet frame of mind and has not let his mouth go off out of place—maybe he uses a cigar to keep it shut—and, above all, we have not been troubled with a drunken ruler, trying to enforce his policy regardless of the will of the people!

This is related of a father, who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, where is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares. "What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is?" "You had 'em, Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the astonished parent, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny. "I heard mamma tell Aunt Susan you were on a tare." Johnny was sent to bed.

SUOO FLYT DEUTSCH SPRACHEN.

WEGGHEIN FLIEGE!
Ich fühle, ich fühle, ich fühle,
Ich fühle wie die der morgenstern.
Ich fühle, ich fühle, ich fühle,
Ich fühle wie der morgenstern.
Die innig ist am flügel
Mein müter sagt mir das.
Mein Kopf von dieser Negerin
Die Engeln gefliessen selchersassa

Weggheh! Fliege! nicht mich trüben,
Weggheh! Fliege! nicht mich trüben,
Weggheh! Fliege! nicht mich trüben,
Fürch ich bin an dem Companie "G."

Thought Gems.

But of all plagues, good Heaven thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the "candid friend!"

—Canning.

God helps them that help themselves —
—Franklin.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested —
—Bacon.

I never could believe that Providence has sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden —
—Tumbold.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
—C. P. Crouch.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men. —
—Lowell.

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
—Longfellow.

He must rise early, yea, not go to bed at all, who will have every one's good word. —
—Fuller.

Many wish that the tree may be felled, who hope to gather chips by the fall. —
—Fuller.

The power of doing good to worthy objects is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune —
—Richardson.

It may be that thou art entered into a cloud, which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows. —
—Jeremy Taylor.

Nervous and excitable people need to talk a great deal; by way of letting off steam. —
—Lanthorne.

The man whose political career is on a line with his conscientious convictions, can never be unfaithful to his constituents or his country. —
—Bright.

Hadst any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged, slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an insult. —
—Quarles.

The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. —
—Bishop Horne.

IMPRESSION AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject, at the supper table, was getting 'talked over,' when the lady who presided over the cup of tea said she 'always formed an idea of a person at first sight,' and that idea she found was generally a correct one.

"Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?"

"I want to know," said young America "what you thought when you first saw me?"

"There was no answer to this query; but we learn a general titter prevailed, and that 'Charlie' was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.

A Nevada editor in discoursing upon common—dreadfully common—practices of kissing a bride," says, with a good deal of sense as well as fun:

"We never had a bride that we can remember for the reason that we are too poor and indigent; but should the future have one in store for us, and if any man should attempt that privilege, we'll knock chips enough from his nose to exempt him from the draft."

SOLITUDE.—Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking and the gay, but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. In solitude the mind gains strength and learns to lean upon itself, in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection and books.

A chap in Milwaukee, in moving an old table he had bought at auction, knocked off a leg, which proved to be hollow, and to contain \$350 in gold. In fact, with his good luck, he purchased, with his \$850, all the old tables in the Milwaukee auction stores, and knocked off the legs, right and left; but he found no more gold—not a dollar; but he had a pretty respectable pile of kindling wood. (This is reliable, if true.)

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile 'is an animal that creeps,' on being asked to name one on an examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, 'a baby.'

Miss Mitford says all literary ladies are ugly. She never met but one that might not have served as a scarecrow to keep the birds from cherries.

Why do young ladies whiten their faces? Because they think the powder will make them go off.

How long does a widow mourn? For a second.