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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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POETICAL.



THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break— Arouse its senses and awake To see how soon Life in its glories, glides away, And the stern footsteps of decay Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide, Down which our flowing minutes glide Away so fast, Let us the present hour employ, And deem each future dream a joy Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind, No puppet let us hope to find To-morrow than to-day; Our golden dreams of yore were bright, Like them the present shall delight— Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be, That into one engulfing sea Are doomed to fall— The sea of death, whose waves roll on O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne, And swallow all.

Alike the river's torrid tide, Alike the humble rivulets glide, To that sad wave! Death levels poverty and pride, And rich and poor sleep side by side Within the grave.

Our birth is but a 'tasting-place; Life is the running of a race, And death the goal; There all our glittering toys are brought— That path alone of all, unsought, Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth Are all those glittering toys of earth That lure us here; Dreams of a sleep that death must break; Alas! before it bids us wake We disappear.

MISCELLANY.

THE LITTLE HAND.

A STORY

DEDICATED TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

I read in the Bulletin, a few days since, an item copied from an Eastern paper, giving an account of a case of discipline by a female teacher—perhaps I should say lady. The subject was a small boy, and the method of punishment fatally injured the boy—What the grave offense was that called for so grave treatment, we are not informed.—The almost immediate consequences were fever, insanity and death.

'Troubles do not come singly,' an aggravating circumstance added torture to anguish. The father had already been called by telegraph to the bedside of another dying boy, when this last bolt struck, and the tree that had been shocked was not peeled and blasted. We said we do not know how the teacher had been troubled; whether or not she had been annoyed, tried or insulted till patience was wearied, reason abandoned and passion had been allowed to usurp the throne; so we have no judgment to enter—no blame to measure. Retributive justice came speedily: all through the delirium the poor boy kept begging piteously, 'Don't strike me.' The memory of this scene will be judgment enough.

We wish to use this bit of school history as a text upon which to say a few words. It brings to mind another case that happened not long ago nearer home, and which, therefore, speaks more directly to us. In this case the teacher is a female, also, and the pupil was a little girl—a dear, sweet child, tender, sensitive, affectionate and altogether lovable; and the point we wish to press is, that such natures are not to be dealt with as may be, possibly, those that are naturally rude, low in mental and spiritual organization and development—never at home, knowing nothing of love, kindness, sensibility, beauty, whose whole treatment is of an animal character.—Though we do not wish to infer that such may be abused. It would seem that at school our teachers would all appreciate this difference in character and discriminate, and act accordingly; even the 'very young teachers—of which there are a large number, and the one referred to was one of them.

The case to which we refer in the following little story was not one of discipline properly, only of harsh treatment—and which when seen under the clear eyes of that revealing lens, truth, with all attending circumstances contributing their item—it was cruel and—to her little heart—was torture.

The teacher not naturally a cruel teacher, by any means; on the contrary, I believe her to be a gentle, amiable lady, as much so as any of us—and that event may happen any day in almost any school room. But want of consideration—lack of judgment—carelessness—thoughtlessness in speaking, hasty action, giving no chance for reason to dictate, measuring all minds, all spirits, by a machine of fixed calibre—crushing some and stretching others—is what works mischief perpetually, and is a course to be condemned and protested against as a hardening process, not to be known out of a heathen community.—There are traits of character in the American Indian, the Spartan, and the Hindoo, that, upon the page of history, may seem admirable; but they are not a Christian growth.

Such are stolid indifference to bodily pain—and an equal indifference to the sufferings and sorrows of others. By persistent training the cords of sympathy may be shriveled and the fountains of feeling dried up. Certain routines of habit, of thought and action, may turn a human nature into a metallic one, that shall—ever under the conditions—be deaf and dead to all appeal from the gentle, tender, blooming side of our being. It blights childhood, as frost blights those modest flowers that cling to sunny banks only. The 'crimson sweat' of Jesus, it has been thought—was the result of suffering in a nature immaculate, sensitive and sublimated beyond human conception—a grocer nature would never have manifested it. Too often we seem ashamed of tenderness; we steel our hearts against it; and so every day sees a thousand times repeated—the sweet violets of human life torn—crushed, trampled—and laid out of our sight. 'Tis a bald mystery, ruthless, inscrutable as fate—an endowment of pain without compensation—that no heart can bear that is not fossilized or heathenized, or that has not a martyr's faith in the beatitudes of the life to come.

'Little Lizzie was six years old. She was too young to be put into the crowd of a public school, we thought, and we hesitated a long time before agreeing to do it. But her cousin, several years older, was going, and we finally concluded to allow her to go, though she had just risen from the measles. She was earnest to go, and when permitted, was delighted and enjoyed it highly to the end. She felt proud and dignified with her books and little tasks, and we all enjoyed witnessing her enthusiasm, and felt satisfied we had not erred in gratifying her. So she continued. She had been in school just one month. One day she came home, under escort of her faithful cousin, in sad humiliation and disgrace; her little heart seemingly crushed, and she sobbing piteously: 'Oh mamma, mamma!' By degrees she was able to speak—she told her story, in fragments and fitfully: 'I—felt sick—mamma—I—held—up—my hand again—and she called me up—before all—the children—and scolded me—and sent—me home—Oh! mamma.' That was all. Stifled with sobs, she could say no more. It was enough. Too sick to sit in her seat, she had been rudely scolded before the pupils and dismissed—and that too, when she had done all she could—under the law—and in the politest manner, viz: holding up her little hand, as a token of petition, pleading—This one thought had burned into her very soul. She dwelt on it till dark. We tried in vain to soothe and comfort her.—She had been hurt—disgraced beyond help. We laid her in her little crib, tortured with a terrible headache; and in a high fever. We had hoped in sleep, rest is the elastic spring of childhood. We trusted that in the freshness of the morning air—the bright sunlight; the love of all her friends; and the caresses and petting of the dearest, that she would forget the agony of this first crushing mortification, and would be herself again. Alas! it never came. We had to stifle that hope. Before midnight, the flame color on her cheeks, suffusing all her neck and chest, told the fearful story—scarlet fever. All that night, and the forty-eight hours of life that followed, the little white hand could not be kept below the sheet. It was held up constantly, and that touching moan—'Oh! I hold up my hands'—was continued as long as strength would permit. At last she lay still. The celestial aurora was dawning on her young spirit, and presently there came the messenger with inverted taper, and she went up to where the shining ones will answer all her pleadings. Lizzie sleeps under the California violets; but her story I shall hear uttered, every hour, forever through life, and the spiritual photograph of that little hand is set unalterably upon memory's immortal tablet.

Shall we blame any one? The devoted mother of that dear child—cultivated, refined, thoughtful, gracious—had no reproach to cast—no blame to lay upon any; not even in that last hour of exquisite pain, when a formal note from the school was sent into that chamber—shrouded in the fearful eclipse—'Lizzie had been absent from school three days, please attend to it.' No, not even when 'tinting with sorrow' in bereavement; nor when the dark curtain was drawn that shut the sweet star—forever—from sight;—and we must have eyes. Only let the costly lesson stand in letters of fire before us to-day, to-morrow and forever—Etc.

Beautiful and True.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow closed a recent speech as follows: Nations live by the practice of justice—and then die by injustice and wrong. We are told by theorists on the rise and fall of empires, that nations, once great and powerful, have crumbled to decay, by reason of the extent of their territory or vastness of their population. No nation ever yet died, or ever will, no matter what the extent of its territory, or how vast its population, if governed by just laws, and imbued with a humanity as broad as the race. Any nation will die, and deserves to, that incorporates into its institutions, its customs, or its laws, a barbarism that blunts the sense of justice and obliterates the humanity of its people. National disasters are not the growth of a day, but the fruit of long years of injustice and wrong. Every sigh wrung from crushed humanity, by organized wrong, ascends on the prayers of the victim to Eternal Justice, and sooner or later comes back bitter retribution on the head of the wrong doer. If the rulers and law makers of a people fail to profit by such lessons—then, in the Providence of God, Pharaoh-like, they must be taught by multiplied woes. A nation whose people shall practice the great precept first proclaimed on the seashore and along the hillsides of Judea: 'Whosoever ye would that others should do to you, do you even so to them'—will live forever!

The Washerwoman's Daughter.

In one of the prominent cities of Italy, more than a score of years ago, the tattered figure of a little girl lay at the door of a little house occupied by an eminent American lady, then pursuing her professional engagements as a vocalist. Time and again the child would seek her accustomed place, and as the sweet notes of the wonderful songstress woke the quiet of the street, she would give her whole swelling heart to the theme, drinking it in with an interest contrasting strongly with her humble appearance. Continuing her favorite vocation with unabated patience, it was not long before the circumstance attracted the observation of the lady, who kindly drew the little admirer into her apartment, while she resumed her practice. Delighted and charmed, the child silently followed each enchanting passage too full to utter the gratitude of her little heart. 'Would you like to learn to sing?' asked the lady at length. 'Oh! so much!' Well, then, you shall? Testing her young pupil she discovered a voice of rare promise and sweetness. 'Now, who are you, my little girl?' 'Only your washerwoman's daughter,' replied the other. And from that began a rigid course of instructions until the lady's time for departure was fixed, and soon she was sailing for America.

A few years since, a lady distinguished and beloved for a past glory that only age could limit, received a brief note, inclosing a complimentary card, and lines stating that the writer would be pleased and honored with her presence during the opera season in which the author was to sustain the principal roles. There was no name inscribed, the note simply ending, 'The Washerwoman's Daughter.'

In an instant the truth recurred to her; the little renowned prima donna was none other than little pupil. The favorite of our people's, at this day, the washerwoman's daughter, is the acknowledged queen of song.

Fate of a Prussian Spy.

In an inn at Strasbourg some Algerines, officers, sub-officers and French soldiers, were engaged in eating a comfortable dinner, the first for eight days.

A stranger entered and asked permission to join them at the table. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'alho! I do not have the honor of being known to you, I am not a stranger to the grand family of the army. Capt. Brunet, of the twenty-first line, is my best friend—almost my brother.'

On account of Capt. Brunet, although no one present knew him, the stranger was allowed to take a seat. He had already eaten the cotlette and the ragout, and had commenced to chat with his companion, when his evil destiny brought into the room an officer of the twenty-first.

'Ah!' said one to the stranger, 'here is some one who will give you news from your friends.'

'Lieutenant, we present to you an intimate friend of Capt. Brunet.'

'What Brunet?' 'Of the twenty-first.'

'We have never had any Capt. Brunet during the ten years I have been in it.'

The intruder was visibly embarrassed. He stammered, and in his confusion, betrayed a foreign accent.

Some Turcos took the lieutenant aside and said: 'Are you sure Capt. Brunet is unknown in the twenty-first?'

'I give you my word of honor.'

'They were a going to make short work of the spy, but his next neighbor, an officer of the trauilleurs, arrested them with a gesture, and said:

'This gentleman is under my care. Dine at your ease, sir. Permit me to pass the cheese. Take some of these mirabelles.'

The dinner was ended in silence. They went out. The officer took the arm of the spy, passed into the street, drew his revolver, and gravely and without a word of remark, blew out his brains.

THE DEAD PICKET.—On the 14th of the left rear Hillton, where our cavalry engaged the enemy, a beautiful garden, clothed in all the loveliness that rare plants and Southern flowers could give it, attracted my attention, and I was drawn to it. The house had been deserted by its owners, and the smiling magnolias and the roses seemed to guard over the deserted premises. I entered through an open gate, stooped to pluck a rose from the bush, when I discovered one of the enemy's pickets lying partially covered by the grass and bushes, dead. He was a noble-looking man, and upon his countenance there seemed to rest the remnant of a smile. The right hand clasped a rose which he was in the act of severing from its stem, when he received the messenger of death. In the afternoon the cavalry dug a narrow grave, and with Federal soldiers for pall-bearers and the beautiful flowers for mourners, he was laid to rest, the rose still clasped in his hand.—Nothing was found to identify him, and in that lonely grave his life's history lies entombed. No sister's tears will baptize the grave among the roses where the dead picket fell.—Letter from Resaca.

Post office clerks occasionally get off a funny thing; at least so says the Binghamton Daily Republican. A clerk in our post office heard a tap at the window of the ladies department, when who should he find there but a man by the name of Drake, to whom he said, 'Mr. Drake, will you please go to the other side, this department is for ducks!'

A man who went fishing to a private pond in a suburban town, complains that he only got one bite, and that was from a dog whose master owns the pond.

The Arab's tent is small, but he has sun-ribs for his front door.

Words of Wisdom.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. There is always time enough to boast; wait a little longer.

Govern your thoughts when alone and your tongue when in company. Better have a lump on your back than in your character.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash. Never stand aside for trifles. Let them do that honor you.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself. Keep company with good men and you'll increase their number.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet. In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom.

Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies with us. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money after your own kin.

See the sack open before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Never shout hallo! till you are out of the wood; and never cry fried fish till you have them in the net.

If a man is honest and truthful, there is little need of saying much about it. The man who loves truth with all his heart, likewise loves those who suffer for the sake of truth.

We should more seldom take offense at each other, if we looked oftener at the why than the what. Learn to say no. No necessity of suspending it out, but say it firmly and respectfully.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them a stock of money. A good kick out of doors is better to some than all the rich medals in the world.

By no means put yourself in another person's power; if you put your thumb between two grindstones, they are apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.

Beware of a man who swears; for a man who would blaspheme his Maker, would make no bones of lying or stealing. Good nature, like the busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honey flowers.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others. Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain after the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.

It is usual with obstinate persons to regard neither truth in contradiction nor benefit in disputing. Positiveness is a certain evidence of a weak judgment.

Every parent is like looking glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass clear and bright, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

He who has not learned the resolute lesson of self help has made little progress as a student; he grows little toward real manhood. Half the world refuses to do its own thinking, to toil through the solution of its own knotty problems; hence, half the world who will not do this must be subject to the other half will die. They who do the thinking will either directly or indirectly do the government.—Wesley.

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.—An intelligent gentleman of fortune, visiting a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters. Two of these, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the evening.

The next morning the same daughter was a gain early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind, and was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies, watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about a year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now resides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman whose fortune she shares, she won by judicious department and well directed industry.

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones, were about going into a back car, when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. 'But you will have no seat for yourself, responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness as to accept it. 'Never you mind that,' said the gallant Irishman, 'you're welcome to it. I'll ride upon the cowcatcher to New York any time for a smile from such jentlemanly ladies,' and he retreated into the next car amid the cheers of his fellow passengers.

Man should remember the nobility of his nature, and in his every act and under every kind of circumstances give proof that he remembers it.

Very queer that a bit of dust will nearly put out the eye of a young man, when he may have a whole young lady in it and see better than ever.

Anecdote of Owen Lovejoy.

Lovejoy was a giant in Northern and Central Illinois, although those sections were strongly pro-slavery; but his principles were too ultra to be even listened to in the southern part of the State. During a heated campaign he applied to the State central committee of his party for an appointment to speak upon the political issues in 'Egypt.' The committee urged that it would cause the party certain defeat at the polls, and offered him all the appointments he would accept to speak in other sections of the State. By persistent effort, however, he got the consent of the committee to do as he desired; but on the condition that he should appear unannounced. Selecting a certain community most hostile to himself and his principles, he rose before a vast crowd of brassy-headed men, who had just listened to a soft-soaping oration, and without an introduction began his speech by saying: 'Gentlemen, there's a great criminal in the land; a criminal who is permitted to perpetrate the foulest outrages upon humanity without meeting punishment or rebuke. To day he is committing acts than which none more damaging are to be found in the category of crimes—With sacrilegious hands he has dragged husbands from the presence of loving wives, and wives from devoted husbands; he has separated children from aged parents; he has ruthlessly borne helpless infants from the arms of weeping mothers.' In this strain he went on in language which, though harsh to the sense was softening to the heart, to describe the institution of human slavery, holding it up before his audience all the while in the character of an individual. When the description of the character was complete and the crowd that surrounded him was roused with indignation against the criminal, he brought his speech to an apparent conclusion with the words, 'That criminal is Slavery.' If a voice more than human had rang into the ears of each one of the audience, 'Thou art the man!' they could scarcely have been more ashamed and repentant. Giving the crowd barely time to recover from the shock, the speaker, raising himself to his fullest height, and assuming the tone of one about to communicate an astounding fact, exclaimed, 'I am Owen Lovejoy, the live abolitionist. Look at me!' And the rough hands that an hour before, had his name been announced, would have torn him from the speaker's stand, were raised with waving hate, to give greater zest to the cheer that followed; or used to wipe the moisture from eyes that wept tears of repentance.

A Collector.—And so you are married Bridget? said a lady to her former servant. 'Yes, marm.'

'And pray what is your husband's business?' 'Business, is he in, marm?'

'Yes. What does he do for a living?' 'Shure, he's a collector.'

'A collector! Why, biddy,' said madame, whose ideas of a collector were of a hand-some judge of her acquaintance, who 'ran the custom house'—married to a collector! you don't say so.'

'Shure I do marm, say that some thing.'

'A collector! Why, where does he collect, biddy?'

'All over this city, marm,' said Bridget. 'All over this city,' replied madame, beginning to wonder what Bridget was driving at; 'how much does he collect?'

'Fifty or sixty pounds, and some days a hundred.'

'You mean fifty or sixty dollars, not pounds—dollars, Bridget,' said madame, with emphasis.

'No marm, I don't mane dollars; I mane grose.'

'Groase.'

'Shure I do, for Pat is a soap grose collector.'

BE SOCIAL AT HOME.—Let parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent at his own house, may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his own silence. We sometimes see persons who are the life & every company they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental store sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat and lives on potatoes; and they are as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or to amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being 'shut up' there, and the youth who does not love home, is in great danger.

We overheard two negroes the other day arguing about the creation of the world, when one said:

'De world rested on a turtle's back—de bible sez so.'

'Is dat so? What does it say de turtle rested on?'

'Hush your mouf, big niggah, you done gone and broke up de argument.'

An Iowa boy of fifty-five has had his prospects ruined by being seduced into matrimony by a gushing widow of 146. The parents of both parties are mad as blazes about it, because they didn't wait until they knew more about the natural consequences of matrimony.

They tell of a man out west whose hair is so red, that he has to wear flynets over his head to keep the candle moths from flying in.

'We know a girl,' says some one, 'so industrious that when she has nothing else to do, she sits and knits her brow.'