

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

VOLUME 24.

DAILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1871.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

NUMBER 9.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug Store. June 29-47.

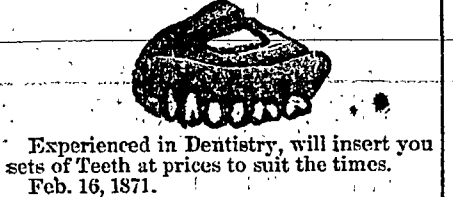
DR. B. FRANKS,
Has resumed the practice of Medicine.
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School, House.
July 20-47.

JOHN A. HYSSENG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HAVING been admitted to Practice Law at the several Courts in Franklin County, all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW. W. DETRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Will give prompt and close attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building.
July 6-47.

JOSEPH DOUGLASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. E.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

D. A. STOFFER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.



Experienced in Dentistry, will insert you sets of Teeth at prices to suit the times.
Feb. 16, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)
OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity. Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Can be found at all times at his office where he is prepared to insert teeth on the best basis in use and at prices to suit the times. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas or the freezing process, in a manner surpassed by none.

We the undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Branisholts for the past year, can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.
D. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPLEY,
J. J. OELLI, A. S. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29[47]

MILLINERY GOODS!
TO THE LADIES!
MRS. C. L. TOLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.
apr 20.

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Framed and Mountings. Call and see specimen pictures.
June 17.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted.
Jewelry Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871.

SHREVEING AND CONVALESCING.
THE undersigned having had some ten years experience as a practical Surveyor is prepared to do all kinds of Surveying, laying out and dividing up lands, also all kinds of writing usually done by Surveyors. Parties wishing work done can call on, or address the undersigned at Waynesboro', Pa. (Feb 2-47)
A. B. STOLER.

BARBERING!
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Besore's Grocery Store, and is at all times prepared to do hair cutting, shaving, hampooning etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23 1871.
W. A. PRICE.

NEW MILLINERY STORE!
MRS. KATE G. STOVER announces to the ladies of Waynesboro' and vicinity that she has commenced the Millinery business in front room next door to the Hardware Store of E. H. Rinehart, and has opened out a full line of all the latest styles. Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods.
May 11-47
ALEX. LEEDS.

S. A. ROSADALS

It is a certain cure for Scrophulous, Syphilis in all its forms, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint and all diseases of the Blood.
ONE BOTTLE OF ROSADALS will do more good than ten bottles of the Syrup of Sassaaparilla.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.
ROSA RUNDL
O Rose of May-time,
Whose lips in play-time,
By night, or day-time,
Like leaves divide,
What verse could render,
Though ne'er so tender,
The summer splendor,
The scented pride?
What flag that quivers
By running rivers,
What star that shivers,
What bud that blows,
Than thine is wearer
Of beauty rarer,
More perfect, fairer,
O mystic Rose?

Whence came thy lightness,
Thy warmth, thy whiteness,
Thy ruddy brightness,
Thy sheenful shower?
What soft airs sped thee,
What rich dew fed thee,
O fleshy flower?
What suns, what thunder
Give thee 'thine wonder,
What moist mould under,
What clouds above?
Under thy sweetness
Of thy completeness
Took earth to witness,
O Rose of Love?

The fervid petals
Seem molten metals;
For on them settles
A crimson bloom;
Thy leaves, broad-blowing,
With sunshine glowing,
Are overflowing
White warm perfume,
And oh! each blossom
Upon thy bosom!
Would any lose 'em,
That once had found?
Who would surrender,
That held its splendor,
Thy stalk so slender,
Thy flexile and round?

O Rose of pleasure,
O endless treasure,
But little leisure
For joy is ours,
The birds of laughter
Build in man's rafters,
But flee it after
The first bright hours,
In Summer blended,
The Spring is ended,
The earth is splendid,
Life is at noon;
All seems repeating;
While Time is fleeting,
Love is retreating,
O Rose, and June!

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of the treasures—
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe forever all they took away,
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping;
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

How the children leave us! and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone, and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand

Yet we have some little ones still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers
On their dead, white faces long ago.

In love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings as our own
And cold and cruel damn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrow.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love that to death's loyal care has fled
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

—All the Year Round.

Miscellaneous Reading.
MY LITTLE KATE.
BY TENORBOON.

She stood in the door-way that July morning, and as the gentle breeze caught her drapery and moved it lightly to and fro in the sunshine, I fancied I saw visions on Katie's shoulders.

Katie lived in Maine. I had always lived there, too, but now I was going to California going to seek my fortune, and I had come to bid Katie good-bye. Katie wore a little band of gold on her finger; I placed it there weeks before, when I gave myself to Katie and Katie gave herself to me. I had her good-bye the previous night, and under the starlight kissed her little wet cheeks over and over again.

The roses that crept in and out of the lattice-work have long since faded and gone; the little vines that twined around the wires as her love seemed to twine around me are under the snow, and the stars were too far away to hear—so there is nothing to tell you of the castle we built, and the hopes we erected; nothing to tell of our pledges of love the one to the other.

I went back four times to kiss Katie good-bye, and found her waiting every time. I wasn't to come next day, for Katie hated scenes, and so did I—but

somehow, when the morning came, I felt I must have one more look—one more word—one more kiss from my Katie.

The brave, little darling knew my step, and met me at the door, and I muttered some excuse as I looked down into her little, pale face; but she only grasped my hand the tighter and said she was glad I came. Her little, red lips were pressed tightly together, and her blue eyes were heavy and sad; but my little woman didn't cry—the brave, little heart ran down those steps with me to the gate, and the sun, proud of her no doubt, threw his glory all around her. She looked like an angel, and I couldn't help telling her so.

She gave a little, sad laugh, took both my hands in hers, told me all that was in her heart in one, long, yearning look from her eyes. And then shutting them tightly, she kissed me good-bye, and ran up the steps into the house, shutting the door behind her.

I knew why she ran so—her courage was failing, and the tears wouldn't stay back; but I glanced up at her window as I passed down the street, and though the blinds were closed; yet through those shutters was one of Katie's little hands, —the one with the ring—and oh, how I wanted to go back and cheer the little, lonely heart that I knew was aching so behind the blinds—how I wanted to go back and kiss away the tears from her little wet face, and comfort my own, little Kate. But I walked on and on away from her, away to the depot, for I had a fortune to make, a home to win for Katie, and the sooner I went the sooner I would return.

Ah, I've worked hard—since I came here—two years last August—No money to start on, no friends to lean on, though I could have got both. But I came to work! I came to earn with my own hands a home for Katie and me.

You thought me gloomy when the drought came, and overjoyed at little successes; but my love for money, is no greater than yours—neither was my fondness of labor bred in my bones—but I've been working for Katie, saving for her. She has wound herself into all my plans. I planted those roses for her; my shoulders have grown broad, my hands coarse and large, my heart big and deep for Katie.

If you see this little pen-holder with the little gold pen, there's a little blue ink on the pen yet. Yes, the holder is worn, it belonged to Katie. That pen never spoke to any one but me, and it only spoke for Katie! Oh, the words it has uttered; oh, the comfort it has said; oh, the strength it has given me, as I have toiled here day after day.

But it will never talk again. My life is dreary, desolate; my heart is lonely; lonely; the days are long; there's no rest for me at night; there is no blessed thought coming to me as I work; I've nothing to look forward to my Katie, my little, my womanly darling—dear—gone out of my life so softly, so suddenly. Oh Katie was your courage failing that you went away so soon? Were you tired, Katie darling?

She went to ride they say. Did the horses know the precious treasure they wrecked by the roadside? Did they know the value of the burden they had borne along so safely, so many times? Why, why drag that golden-crowned head in the dust? Oh, I cannot bear to think of it—I shut my eyes to shut it out—Why wasn't I there to save you, Katie? Did I do wrong to leave you? You bade me go, and gave me your blessing—Oh, it was right, but it seems all wrong—so hard, so cruel, so dreadful.

Dear little Katie! They sent me this pen with this letter half completed to me. I have asked the little pen over and over again to tell me the rest, but the little pen remains unfinished and there is nothing else that will chime with it on this earth—the music to me is a heavenly harmony, no one but Katie could sing it. The roses are withering the flowers are fading, but what matters? Katie will never come. I haven't a plan I can finish, they began and ended in Katie.

I watched the clouds last night as the sun set, and as I looked up I thought I saw a little hand, Katie's hand, beckoning to me from the sky. I wanted to go to her to comfort her this time, but to have her comfort me. But something held me back. I came in and lit my candle, and sat here gazing at this little gold pen. The gold seemed to change to Katie's hair, and the blue to Katie's eyes, and as I watched she spoke. "Johnnie—oh, how I thrilled me to hear her dear voice again—Johnnie, work for God as you have worked for me—and then she faded away, and I was left alone—Yes, I have been selfish. I have loved only one; I haven't done my duty by you, my friends. I saved an angel instead of God, and God gave her wings and took her to Himself." But He sent the angel back to lead me to Him, and I feel myself being led up toward the skies. We shall have a home after all Katie and I, but it will be beyond the blue—in God's own Paradise.

Domestic Affection.
[For the Tazewell County Republican.]
We sometimes in our journey through life, meet men who think any indulgence of affection is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity that would freeze one; and will move among their children with the cool and lofty bearing of a king among his subjects.

From being the wife of such an one, "Good Lord deliver us." Why I'd as soon be tied to an iceberg during my natural life, as to such a soulless piece of mechanism. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than a family whose heart is without a heart. Once in my life it

will you have? what will you have?" cried the bar-tender. A young man looked around and said, "Bitter ale."

There was nothing to do but press a lever, and the tankard, with his foamy crown, was at his lips, and the glasses were filled and refilled. When he went, home to his mother's there was no marble table, no flashing light, and he was just beginning to prattle. One night ere the mother put it into his tiny bed, she told it to first "go and kiss papa." "Nonsense, Lillian," said the husband, "don't make Willie as foolish as yourself—be a man Willie and go to bed without all that fuss."

"Be a man," indeed? Why, the little fellow was more of a man, even than his father, though he was a "wee tottling thing." The great old bear! how I hated him! "Do you know what I would have done if I had been his wife? Why, I'd have taken that little three-year old cherub by the hand and left his bed and board, and thought I had just cause and provocation—that I would. Why, a father might better extinguish his boy's eyes than harden his heart by such teachings. Who that values sympathy and affection would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of the heart? What man is there, deserving the name of man, who would not rather bury his wife or child than bury his love for them?"

"Christ, then, your heart's best affections; indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and paternal love, and deem it not a weakness. Oh, cast thou not affection from thee in this bitter world, hold to thine heart, that only treasure, fast—"

Water—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim the bright gem's purity. Teach your children the lesson of love to love God; their parents; their kindred; their playmates—yea more, the flowers and birds. Let it be the studied object of domestic culture to give them warm hearts, and ardent affections.

Bind your little family together by these strong chords—you cannot make them too strong—they will then be better children, better friends, and do more good to humankind, and grow up to bless you, to themselves, and to all around them.

How to Keep Well.
If you are a wee bit of a baby just beginning to toddle out of doors, tell your dear mamma not to stuff you with candy and rich food, but to let you have plain vegetable diet, varied with good sweet milk, or sweetened milk, with a bit of tenderloin steak once in a while, and a dose—

Tell her to get you out in the yard, to play in the shade, just as you please, and don't let her send the nurse out to fret and bother you, and take away your liberties. Tell her that two year old babies ought to have a little liberty. Let father put up the bars and shut the gate, but ask him to pay the nurse to let you alone. When you have played long enough, and have got tired and cross, then take your cracker and go right up stairs to the crib, and sleep two or three hours. If they will let you do this, you will generally keep out of sick rooms; and if you get in, it will be only for a little while. Tell your mamma that more babies are nursed and died to death than any but babies "know of."

If you are a boy or girl, the best way to keep well is to play a great deal—in the house, but out of doors; study a little—not too much, but study very hard while you are at it; tell your father and mother that you don't want to wear clothes that are better than you are, and dress like that you want coats and dresses that are not too good to play in.

If you are a young gentleman or lady, and have a good, healthy body, and a fair amount of common sense, do not let your body suffer for want of good care, and do not abuse it by dress or excesses of any kind. Keep young. Never seek to be old. Age comes too soon. Be boys and girls in heart and honesty as long as you can; for the more years you can look back upon and say, "They belong to my youth," the happier will be your remembrances, and be sure that memories of the past enter largely into the pleasures of the present.

We will go no farther, for if those who have passed from sweet chubby childhood into bright, promising youth, and through maturity into middle life, have not yet learned to preserve their health, it is very likely they never will, but may be classed among multitudes, who, like them, have neglected nature's simple teachings, violated her generous laws, and will spend the remainder of life in search of some alleviator of protracted loss of health and happiness, seeking everywhere, and trying everything, but simple obedience to her instructions.

The Prophet told the servant who came to know what his lord, the King, might do to be healed of his leprosy, to go wash seven times in a little stream not far away; and the servant angrily replied: "Is thy servant, the King, a dog, that he should do this small thing. Have not rivers better than Jordan? And the prophet said: 'If I had told thee to do some great thing, thou wouldst not have obeyed.'—It is now as then; some great thing must be done when the great thing is needed. If we have no fatal disease by inheritance, we may generally have health by keeping a clear conscience, owing no man anything, living simply, working hard, sleeping freely, eating plain food and enough of it and if we do not find recreation enough in labor, take time for it outside of work; but take it somehow, and in good measure.

Why a Dutchman did not have a Clock.
There is residing in one of the border cities of the Commonwealth of Kentucky a German barber, who is quite a character in his way. The fellow does not appear to recognize any distinction whatever among the people with whom he comes in contact. If the Governor of the State were to step in his shop to get shaved, the probability is that he would open a familiar conversation with him, and call him by his christian name before the job were ended. Not long ago Col. James T. B., a prominent citizen of the place desiring to curtail the hairy portion of his visage, called upon the teuton aforesaid to engage his professional services. It seems that the Colonel was known to the lathering knight, and of course was the recipient of much confidential remark during the operation which produced the usual feeling of annoyance. As he was about leaving the shop, the razor-strapper called to him:

"Hello, Jim told me vot time it is vore you goes away." This was too much for the Colonel's civility, and turning sharply around remarked, "Den you, why don't you keep a clock, and not bother every gentleman that come into your shop?" "Hold on dere," replied the Teuton, "come you back, Jim, just one minute and I told you how it was dat I don't got any clock." The request rather excited the Colonel's curiosity, and he of course waited for the explanation. "Vall, you see, de volder night after I shuts up de shop, I feels a little dursy, like what a man will feel sometimes, you know, and I says to my old woman, I believe I goes up to de corner end get a glass of beer. I goes up you know, and gets my glass of beer, unt vile I was a sinner dere, in comes Yake Kline and says, Heinrich, better you come mit me and take a glass of beer Vall, I say, I don't keer ven I do unt so I goes mit him unt takes de glass of beer. And den, already, after a little vile, in comes Yoha More unt Peter Myer unt some oder fellers, unt dey all ax me to come mit 'em, unt ve all got to drink in unt sing mit songs, and I guess I pretty trunk. Ve vas havin a good

time generally, unt I stays mit dem fellers till it was about near tree o'clock.—Ven I finds out vot time it is, I thinks how mine wife will gib me der teufel ven I goes home. Anyhow, I say I will schlip down mit git in te house, and schlip in de best mit der old woman, and I don't will wake her up."

Vall you know I was a little trunk, unt I stunnels ober some things so vas on der floor unt de old woman she wakes up and say, "Oh! oh! Mister Heinrich, dis is a vine time to ve a comin home? vot time it is hey?" O, I say don't gif yourself so much trouble, tish! more leffen o'clock.—Now, yust ven I tells de old woman dat it was leffen o'clock, der glock calls me a liar, unt strikes tree. Dat make me mad you know, unt so I knocks him all to pieces.

Teach self denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.

In all differences consider that both you and your opponent are drooping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

There are moments when pretty sights are harder to bear than even a serious injury.—Men have died of the festering of a great bite.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but sit with one another, and all against the evil thing only.

A man boiling the stew is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.

Public reformers had need first practice on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.

Steadfastness is a noble quality; but unguided by knowledge or humility, it becomes rashness.

Next to the man who can answer a question thoroughly, is the man who can ask it clearly.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of. No science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition.

What thou see'st, speak of with caution. A man who is lost to honor, and has a corrupt and festering heart, never finds aught worthy in the conduct of his associates; he looks as every one with a constant peering suspicion.

Good Advice.
Spurgeon sententiously expresses a number of thoughts "worth remembering" in the following appropriate sentences, which he publishes "advice gratis."

"Nobody is like an honest man than a more rogue.

"When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop-window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

"Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes of ten pinch the feet.

"Do not be fond of compliments; remember, 'Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy,' kill the cat.

"Don't believe the man who talks the most; for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers.

"By no means put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders they are very apt to bite.

"Drink nothing without seeing it, and sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means nothing more than it says.

"Put no dependence on the lable of a bag and count money after your own kind.

"In any business never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom.

"See the sack open before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

"Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

"One beautiful trait of our humanity is the tenderness with which we cherish the memory of the departed. Let Death take from the household a troublesome and ungovernable child, and all that is remembered is his sweet and gentle words. His rare qualities, his loving ways, his beauty, and his manliness. The child stands before his parents' eyes, not as he was, but as he might have been had all God put in him been perfected by love and grace.—He is now always 'dear child' in their thoughts, and not selfish or unlovely. The children long for their dead companions, with real and tender grief; they would be pleased were he back again; they are surprised to find how much they loved him, friends long to have the opportunity, now lost, to show their love. Why did I not prize him more? why did I not serve him better? is the universal feeling.

Liquid Gold.—One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is pure gold in its liquid state. We saw in the Branch mint, recently, a jar containing several gallons of liquid partially precipitated. The liquid is the color of pure sherry wine, and greatly magnifies that which is precipitated in the solid state. Looking through the side of the jar at the gold which has settled on the bottom, it presented a splendor and magnificence such as we never witnessed even in the most brilliant sunset—an appearance not unlike that which one would imagine the vault of heaven would present if inverted and lined with solid gold and lighted by a summer sun. The assayer had his eye peeled while we were examining the jar.—Carson Register.

Wit and Humor.

Boasters are cousins to liars.
Never put off till to-morrow what you did the week before last.

The first newspaper ever published was in 1620.

When you encounter seeming difficulties, enough to weigh down an elephant, that is the time to struggle the harder.

Divorces are obtained in Kansas without publicity. They take their wives out fishing and lighten the boat.

Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

An enterprising farmer, in order to supply the market with fresh eggs, brings his hens along, and lets them lay in the wagon along the way.

A western obituary closes by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was very fond of ice cream and other delicacies.

An old maid, with more bones than flesh, is writing letters through papers, advising young girls not to marry. "Poor old gal! she don't know how it is herself.

Erv. T. V. Moore, D. D., at one time Pastor of the Presbyterian congregation, in Greencastle, died in Nashville, Tenn., on the fifth inst.

An Elmira editor, speaking of the marriage of a brother quill, says: "It's sad, however, this parting with old friends. One by one they drop off and double up."

Where was I, ma," said a little urchin to his mother—as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrated father.—"where was I when you married pa? Why didn't you take me along? I could have picked out a better man for he is."

Some one, wishing to be witty on a gentleman with a large mouth, asked him "if he had a long lease of that mouth of his," when he was good-humoredly answered, "No, I have it only from year to year!"

A peddler, speaking of the villainous whiskey they have out in Colorado, says after taking two drinks of it he stole his own goods and hid them in the woods, and for his life he can't remember where he put them.

A school committee in a frontier district is reported to have summed up its opinion of an examination which the committee had attended, by making the following address to the pupils: "You've spelt well, and you've ciphered good, but you haint sot still."

A noble lord asked clergyman once at the bottom of his table, "Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson." "Really," replied the clergyman, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd that I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your lordship."

Two hundred ready-made dwellings are to be shipped from Chicago to Colorado. They are to contain seven rooms each, with partitions, stairs, windows, sash and casing, roofs and trimmings for doors and windows complete, and can be placed in complete condition for occupancy in two hours after being unloaded.

Childhood is like the glass catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate on a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown on a polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

HAPPINESS.—There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love, nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, for the purest, the sweetest, the richest, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree that never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What is the name of it?"

"Axel-tree—it once belonged to a Californian omnibus."

A western "poet" gets off the following, explanatory of a steamboat explosion: "The engine groaned, The wheels did creak, The steam did whistle, And the boiler did leak, The boiler was examined, They found it was rusted, And all on a sudden, The old thing busted.

TIME AND MONEY.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and then they do just the same with their time. Their days they throw away, let them slip and slide through their fingers, as they do; they think they have an almost unlimited number of them to spend; but when fifty find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but unluckily, they have no notion how to do it.

Kansas