

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

12.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1871.

NUMBER 11.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug Store, June 29—41.

DR. B. FRANTZ,
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—41

JOHN A. HYNSONG,
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. DETRICK,
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

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and Adams Counties, and is also a Notary Public. Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

D. A. STOUFFER,
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—41.

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.

Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, J. M. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPLE,
J. J. OELLIG, G. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29th]

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

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Frames and Mountings. Call and see specimen pictures. June 11.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
833 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewellery Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871—41.

SURVEYING AND CONVEYANCING.
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—41

BARBERING.
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to the Reids Grocery Store, and is at all times prepared to do hair cutting, shaving, shampooing, etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23 1871.

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 S. B. Reinhardt, and has opened out a full line of Spring and Summer Goods, embracing all the latest styles.
Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods.
May 11—41

CONCAVE CONVEX Spectacles,
ALEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.

TRUE GREATNESS.
Say, where doth greatness dwell? In courts,
On thrones of glory seated,
Mid glittering ranks of bright cohorts,
By pomp and grandeur greeted?
A crown, indeed, may make a king,
But crowns true greatness can not bring.

Or shall we find on battle-field,
By victory attended,
The truly great, unless the shield
The cause of right defended?
For oft hath might the battle gained,
While nations wept th' escutcheon stained.

Shall hoarded riches greatness grant
Where mortal worth is needed,
What time the sons of woe and want
To vain their sorrows pleaded?
True greatness surely must be more
Than misers seek and fools adore.

But he who feels another's woe,
And strives to sooth his sorrow,
Whose sympathies spontaneous flow
To brighten his to-morrow,
Shall beesteemed both good and great,
And Heaven shall bless his last estate.

Good service makes the meanest great,
Zeal pure shines, and brightest;
Devotion smiles at frowning fate,
Love's labor is the lightest;
Who lives to purpose lives indeed,
And good works best adorn his creed.

Then say not wealth, or rank, or power,
Or crowns, confer true glory;
The goodness that survives the hour,
And reads the best in story;
And though obscure the good man's name,
His glorious still, though lost to fame.

Miscellaneous Reading.
THE GROCER'S CLERK.
BY E. S. GETCHELL.

Rap-tap-tap, sounded at my office door,
And Bane Darwell, without waiting for a reply to his summons, rushed in, and, seizing my hand with a vicelike grip, looked into my astonished face, with eyes brimming over with fun, mischief and hearty good humor.

"Why—where in the name of the wonderful did you come from this morning?" gasped I, as soon as I was able to command my speech.

"Rather sudden isn't it, old friend? Well, I became tired of folly and flimsy fashion, and thought I'd experiment a little by way of change. I came to your city as an employee of Crank & Grinder, grocers."

"An employee of—oh—what?" I gasped, in consternation, as my brain digested the possibility that my rich, elegant friend Bane Darwell, in one of his strange freaks had conceived the idea of serving the prosperous firm he had mentioned.

"Listen," he answered, taking a chair and lighting a cigar. "I have become tired of the hollow, unsatisfying routine of fashion. I am smitten upon and caressed by the fickle fair ones—not because I am Bane Darwell, a good enough fellow, social, obliging and agreeable, perhaps—but because I am master of a fine estate—owner of a mansion, with a brown stone front—the envied possessor of a goodly amount of bank stock, and like appendages. I say I am tired of this, and as I am old enough to marry, I am determined to find some one who will love me for myself—some one who will prefer my society to the lispings, shallow, bewiskered, ballroom beaux and devotees of fashion. Oh! you needn't stare your eyes out at me; I mean every word I say, and I'm in my proper senses, too!"

"If I should act according to my impression of duty," I replied, at length: "I should summon the proper authorities and have you placed in an asylum for all such poor informants, for I verily believe you are crazy."

"No, no, old fellow, I'm just recovering myself after a long season of hallucination," he replied, with a musical chuckle, at the same time puffing a huge volume of fragrant smoke from his mouth.

I tried to convince him of the utter unreasonableness of his plan, but my arguments were lost on him, and he soon left me, as intent on his project as when he entered.

The next day, as I glanced from my window, I saw him, mounted upon a grocer's wagon, dressed in plain, coarse garb, his beautiful curls tossed in the breeze, and his fine face flushed with exercise; he threw a contemptuous, half-defiant glance at me as his rough vehicle rattled by, and I, with a sigh, fell to cogitating on the absurdity of human nature in general, and of Bane Darwell in particular.

"If, by any strange, lucky chance I ever get rich, I'll never voluntarily place myself in any such position," I muttered, as I busied myself among innumerable documents and illegible manuscripts.

Weeks rolled away. I saw nothing of Bane Darwell, except occasional glimpses, which I caught of him as he passed my office. "Doubtless he is too much occupied in his new vocation to bestow a thought upon an old friend," thought I, as, with a curling lip I tried to dismiss the subject from my mind.

Time passed on—the holidays drew nigh. Bane had found time to give me a hasty call, assuring me that he was thus far well satisfied with his scheme, and that he had a young lady who was the embodiment of all his wild dreams of truth and sincerity.

"In fact there are two," said he. "One of them is a niece and ward of my employer and the other is a friend of her's, visiting

at her father's. They are to give a party the coming week. I will manage to secure you an invitation, that you may judge if my opinion of the young ladies is not correct." Luckily I am pretty well up in the estimation of Mr. Crank, and am treated more as a member of the household than as an employee. It was by this means that I became acquainted with the young ladies of whom I have spoken. You'll attend the party, won't you, dear friend? I am anxious to hear your opinion of them, especially of sweet Anna Langdon, Mr. Crank's niece. I must confess that I love her, while I only respect her friend, Lucy Merton."

So saying, the curious fellow waltzed out of the room, without giving me time to reply, and I saw no more of him until the evening of the party, when, having received the invitation promised by him I presented myself at the stylish residence of the Cranks.

Bane Darwell was there before me, attired in an elegant suit, which was in ill-keeping with his position as a grocer's clerk. Of course, I was introduced to the ladies in question, and at the first opportunity, Bane grasped my arm, exclaiming:

"Is she not beautiful? Do you wonder that I love her?"

"One question at a time, if you please. I do think her pretty, and very sweet looking," I replied.

"Ah, yes! I tell you, my friend, she is destitute of the mercenary principles which actuate the ladies of my acquaintance, in my own city; her beauty would attract attention of many a millionaire, while she bestows her kindest smiles upon a grocer's clerk."

I could not dispute his assertions in regard to her beauty, and he went on:

"Such lustrous, bewitching eyes of midnight darkness, such a beautiful, olive complexion, such glossy, ebony curls—"

"Hold, Bane!" I cried, "you are talking about another girl altogether. I was speaking of the girl with blue eyes and brown hair."

"Oh!" he answered, somewhat dependently, "that is Miss Merton. What do you think of the other—of Miss Langdon?"

"I have had very little time to decide," I answered evasively, for I felt assured, according to my ability to judge of persons by their faces, that he was greatly deceived in the disposition and character of his innamorata.

He soon left me, joined the lady in question and I saw them afterwards, strolling arm-in-arm, upon the piazza, as, with an acquaintance, I passed out of the crowded rooms to enter a few moments in the cool air. On re-entering the house, feeling somehow disinclined to mingle with the throng, I sought a quiet nook, where I was not likely to be disturbed. I entered a small room—a sort of boudoir, at the extreme end of the hall. The gas was turned off, so as to afford only a wisp, partial light, and I sank upon a sofa, thinking to enjoy a reverie, for I certainly felt in the mood.

The soft, velvety carpet had not echoed their footsteps, and I had been but a moment seated, when I found that I was not alone in the room. By the dim light I detected the outlines of two figures at the opposite side, seated by a window.

I was about to retire, when my ears caught a few words, which arrested my steps, and decided me to remain, even though I was playing the despicable role of eaves-dropper.

"Oh, Annie, how could you be so cruel!" said a soft, sweet voice, in a distressed tone. "You know you have encouraged him, led him to believe that you cared for him, and he is so handsome, so polished, and, above all, so good and noble—why, I should be proud to win such a man."

"Don't be a niddy," was the reply, in a harsh, ringing tone; "one would think you were in love with him yourself. If persons will be so foolish and conceited as to aspire to marry their superiors, why they must expect to be tried with Mary Bane Darwell, my uncle's clerk? indeed, I'm not insane, quite, I think."

"Ah! then 'tis not the man whom you will one day marry—'tis the money?"

"Yes, if you will have it so; since you are so much interested in the affairs of Uncle's clerk, I fancy you ought to rejoice that I have rejected him; you may win him yourself."

"For shame, Annie, you are ungenerous!" replied the other, indignant tones. "I only hope that I may be fortunate enough to win one so noble, even though he be ever so poor. I have money enough for both, thank Heaven."

So saying, she rose to leave the room, as a tall form glided from the doorway, and I quietly crouched closer in my seat, feeling that a discovery, at least, would be unpleasant.

The next day Bane called to see me, and, although his manner was somewhat depressed, no allusion was made to the affairs of the previous evening.

After that he came often to see me, and appeared more like his old self, though still attending rigidly to his duties as a grocer's clerk. He often spoke of Miss Langdon, but more frequently the name of Lucy Merton dwelt on his tongue.

He still continued visiting at the house of my employer, and I, having become acquainted, through him, often accompanied him there of an evening. It was a little curious that Mr. Crank and his family should be on such familiar terms with the poor clerk, but then, he was so gentlemanly and nice, the ladies said, it was really a treat to enjoy his society.

One evening I accompanied my friend to the home of his cruel charmer; and we were seated in the parlor, with all the members of the family except Mr. Crank. Bane Darwell and Lucy Merton sat apart from the rest, apparently absorbed in the examination of a book of drawings though I thought it quite unnecessary

that they should be so utterly oblivious to all else.

Bane had seemed of late to ignore the fact that Annie Langdon had refused him, and, at times, I was puzzled that he had never betrayed by word or glance the fact that he had overheard the conversation between the two young ladies on the night of the party.

I fancied Miss Langdon half regretted that she had not accepted him; but if she did, it was evident that her regrets were useless, for he treated her with a cordial friendliness that utterly banished all sentiment.

I busied myself in attempting to play the agreeable to Miss Langdon and her aunt, until the evening was nearly spent when Mr. Crank rushed in, and, without giving a look to any one else in the room seized the hand of Bane, exclaiming:

"Ah, you sly dog—to impose on us all at this rate! Now to punish you I shall read aloud a letter which I have to-night received!" and, fumbling in his pockets, he produced a letter and read

OFFICE OF—BANK
No.—ST., N. Y.

MESSES CRANK & GRINDER—Yours is at hand requesting an extension of your note, without extra endorsements. This we cannot do, as our rules will not allow it, on such a large sum. We would refer you to Mr. Bane Darwell, who is one of our directors and largest stockholders. We understand that he is at present in your city. If he will endorse your paper we will agree to your proposal.

Truly yours,
A. BOND, Cashier.

I looked at Bane, who, with flushed cheeks and brow, arose and said to me: "Mr. Crank, I have to apologise to you and your family for the part I have been playing. I grew tired of being valued for my money, and not for myself and I conceived the idea of performing the role of a poor man. I came to your city and producing reliable references, I was enabled to secure a situation with you, where I have endeavored to perform my duties faithfully. I will cheerfully endorse your paper, thanking you and your family for the belief you have placed in me. I now ask you to congratulate me in having secured the love of a noble girl, who loves me for myself alone, for until this moment, she believed me poor, and she has promised to be my wife."

Mr. Crank glanced at Annie, and Lucy, covered with confusion, as having their engagements thus announced, hurried her blushing face in her hands, while Annie, evidently enraged at the turn of affairs had taken, hurried from the room.

Bane Darwell now resumed his prostration in life, and ere long I received an invitation to his wedding, when Lucy Merton became the wife of the rich and elegant Bane Darwell.

Annie Langdon is yet unmarried, no doubt regrets her folly in refusing to wed with

THE GROCER'S CLERK.
Confession of faults make half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself. Foolish fears doubles danger. God reaches us good things by our hardships. He has hard work to do who has nothing to do. It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them. Judge not that ye be not judged. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear consciences is the way to sorrow. One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul play on fair faces. Quiet conscience gives sweet sleep. Small faults indulged in are little thieves. The thoughts that bear most bend low. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunity than they find. You never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

A Hundred Years to Come.
No man appears to think how soon he will sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have, through countless ages, come marching hand in hand—the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is but a reputation of life's story: we are born, we die; and hence, we will grieve over these venerable piles, finding the common level of their prototypes in Nature—ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come; No living soul shall weep. A hundred years to come; But other men our lands will till and other men our streets will fill, And other birds shall sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day A hundred years to come.

If you want to eat such a pudding as your mother made when you were a boy, you must somehow revive a boy's appetite and palate.

Cleanliness is next to godliness and it is soap that is next to charity.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Every young man, as he enters upon life, should take an account with himself and decide in his own mind upon the course which he will pursue. He should ask himself, "Will I enter upon a course in which I can render a fair equivalent for everything that I obtain or will I enter upon a course in which, for the things that I receive, I shall render an equivalent where I must, and palm off empty appearances where I can?" It is a glorious ambition, a manly purpose, with which a person begins life, when he goes forth saying, "I mean to make my fortune, to be sure, and to pluck honor from the highest boughs of the tree of life; but I am determined not to go one step in honor or wealth or power that is not a real step. What I have, I will pay for. I will not take anything without giving a fair equivalent for it." And what a contrast there is between this and the ambition and purpose of those who set out in life with a determination to make their fortune and gain honor at all hazards, by whatever means, it may be necessary to employ, and without regard to whether they render an equivalent for that which they received or not?

A young man, delicately reared, is sent into the world, and he goes into a shop where he finds many companions, and where, unfortunately, the strongest-minded men are not the sweetest-hearted. And all around about him the conversation is low, the allusions are coarse, the expressions are vulgar. The things that in home life he never dared to shape into words, or hints even, are freely handled for the purpose of exciting laughter. Now, under such circumstances, a man may lose sensibility to these things. At first he is shocked and sick. I have known persons of an organization so delicate that this violence done to their moral and social feelings amounted to absolute sickness of body. But that cannot continue. In the course of a month a young man will get used to obscenity in one of two ways. If he sets his heart against it; if he calls the memory of all that he loves to his help; if his whole conscience bears witness; if he makes a covenant with his lips, and sets his heart to watch over his issue, then little by little he will come to a state in which he will hear obscene talk as though he did not hear it. And he comes out better than he went in, although he suffers less by the outward countenance of corruption than in the beginning. He has carried himself in such a way with reference to it, that it has worked out in moral purity.

I was called once to a consultation in reference to a young man belonging to a large establishment, who was detected in some criminal act; and in a confidential interview that I had with him, he told me that it was not because he was in need that he yielded to the temptation, but because he wanted property. His dishonesty was simply the result of avarice. And if a young man abuses his trust and is dishonest, there is not a word to be said in his justification.

There are temptations to dishonesty, there that spring from extravagance. Our society is very vicious in its whole structure in this regard. We make no provision for the respectability of people who are in humble circumstances. We hold out inducements to them to live beyond their means.

Young people want to begin further along than they are able to. They want to keep house as twenty years successful and fruitful industry have enabled other men to do it. They measure everything on the pattern of somebody else.

There are many young men who have enough to support them; but that is not all that they want. They have had companions with whom they associate. These companions are not very temperate. They smoke; and so, of course, they drink. They do not mean that among all men that smoke, drinking is a handmaid vice; but I say that smoking leads, or extends to, lead to the other vice. And smoking and drinking are very expensive.

Young men are very apt to reason the question of dishonesty with themselves, and to justify themselves by the examples which they see around about them of men who stand eminent, trusted, and of good reputation, and who yet do dishonest things. A young man is apt to say, "It is no worse for me to follow such and such courses, than it is for others; and many that do follow them stand high, and are prospered and respected."

I will admit that there are many men who stand high, and for a time have a certain kind of respectability and prosperity, though they do dishonest things; but I say this: You cannot afford to be like them. There is nothing else in this world that is of so good consequence to you, as that you should keep peace with your own self. Blessed be the man that can say, as the apostle did, "I trust that I have a good conscience." Blessed be the man that has lived till thirty years of age, and can say, "I have a good conscience; that is, 'I never willingly do anything that violates my conscience. God knows that it is my purpose to live at peace with my conscience.'"

A man cannot afford to throw away the blessing of a good conscience. And it makes no difference that your neighbor is prospering by dishonesty, and people have not found him out. If you are dishonest you know it yourself, and that is enough. And there ought to be a principle of honor with every young man that should lead him to say, "Even if God could not see me when I did wrong, I should see myself, and self-respect and manhood would that I should do right."

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Some women are so good, that they are good for nothing.

There is a county in Iowa which does not contain a single tree.

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly to the bruised heart,
It shall not be in vain!
But as the sunlight, fair and bright,
That follows after rain!

Speak softly to the aged ones,
Repeat the kind words o'er;
Soon they will enter into bliss
Through heaven's shining door.

Speak softly to the obstinate—
The man with stubborn will,
(Though gentleness may fail to move,
He cannot work his will.)

Speak softly to the profligate,
The one who does not care,
You know how much bitterness
Is mingled with their life!

Speak softly to all human kind,
The brotherhood below,
As you'd have heaven speak to you
In times of sin and woe!

OVER THE FALLS.
Niagra is the sublimest spot on the continent, but almost every year it becomes the scene of some new horror that makes the blood curdle to read of it. A few weeks since it added a new chapter to the ever-growing volume of the woes of strong drink. Three young men, who had become intoxicated to the point of perfect stupidity, undertook to cross the Niagara river about three miles above the cataract. The owner of the boats refused to let one of them, but by some means they got a boat, and launched out for the Canadian side.

The little skiff was soon caught in the swift current of the rapids. A strong and steady arm alone could save it. The owner, who was the nearest sober of the wretched trio, stood up in the boat, and seeing the danger, gave a wild shriek and the current was too strong for him. He buffeted the fierce rapids for a few moments until his little strength gave way, and then he was whirled along helplessly to the verge, and shot over the cataract.

His two stupefied companions lay asleep on the bottom of the boat, and never awoke until their affrighted spirits awoke in eternity. The trial boat leaped off the awful cliff of waters like a bit of cork, and in an instant they were engulfed in the foaming maelstrom beneath. The next morning a single one of the poor wretches was picked up on the Canadian shore, showing that their bodies must have been dashed to fragments in their descent among the rocks below the cataract.

The word of God describes a drunken man as "one who lieth" (asleep) "on the top of a mast" in the midst of the sea. But it adds a new horror to the picture to lie on the foaming edge of Niagra. Probably the wretched creature in the boat fancied themselves on a delightful sail as they swept so swiftly through the waters. They awoke the enchanting slumber in the jaws of death.

This terrible tragedy at Niagra is but a picture of the cataract of ruin, over which 100,000 of our countrymen were swept during the last twelve months. Commissioner Wells reports that immense number as going down into the vortex of "death through intemperance" within one year. How many fathers and mothers have stood on the banks and seen their sons whirled into the abyss, God only knoweth.

But every young man or woman who is playing with the wine cup is venturing to ride the rapids. The liquor sellers furnish the boats; it is their trade to "hitch" young men, as he launches into the habit of drink, laughs at the idea of any danger. "Who's afraid? not I!" In a little while he is helpless on the bottom of the skiff, and shooting toward the brink of perdition. He is drugged with the dramseller's dose of death. He will awake up when he gets into eternity—not before.

Sometimes a poor slave of the bottle sees his danger, and like that man at Niagra, jumps out of the boat. But it is too late. He was gone too far, and the disease of drunkenness had become incurable. His will has become powerless. He cannot control himself. The rapids of fatal habit are too strong for his entreated resolutions. Now and then one, by the help of divine grace, reaches the shore. The benevolent societies pick up a few strong swimmers, and assist them with a rope of total abstinence pledge. But the vast majority of habitual drinkers go over the falls. Young man! the first glass you take is a step into the boat. The voyage may begin with a song, but it may end in a shriek of a lost soul.—Christian Weekly.

GOOD RULES.—The following rules for the Government of children, which were first presented in one of Jacob Abbot's books are said to have been of great service to many successful teachers.

When you consent, consent cordially. When you refuse, refuse finally. When you punish, punish good naturedly. Command often, never scold.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the engineer finds safe footing and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into Heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Then he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

Some women are so good, that they are good for nothing.

There is a county in Iowa which does not contain a single tree.

Wit and Humor.

A determined young lady says if she can get no other she will have a rainbow.

Never have a wooden leg made of oak because the oak is apt to produce a corn.

A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance, and often cuts them too.

Most people are glad to give their opinion. Lawyers usually sell theirs.

Money is said to be the root of all evil—yet many people spend their lives rooting for it.

A girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

A very good tonic for debilitated young ladies—iron. A still better tonic—ironing.

Why may a man stealing lard be said to be in a thriving condition? Because he is getting fat.

When is the most dangerous time to visit the country? When the trees are shooting and the bull-rushes out.

A young lady who was perfectly thunderstruck at hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

The bloom of youth will fade away, the brightness of the eye will grow dim with age, but a miserable little corn will never pass away.

It just takes 267 curls for the head of a city belle. The hair begins at 10 in the morning, and gets through about 9 at night.

A man with one eye laid another a wager that he (the one-eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted.

You have lost, says the first, "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

A farmer in Laconia, N. H. speaking of the thinness of the hay crop, said: "The grasshoppers have all got lame trying to jump from one blade of grass to the other."

Poor Mrs. Brown, to hasten things Pours oil upon the coal. The neighbors meet at night to pray "Have mercy on her soul."

A Reporter thus graphically describes the effect of a storm on the North river: "While the storm was at its height, the vessel keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another barrel of whiskey fell overboard."

A youngster, while perusing a chapter in Genesis, turning to his mother inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground. It was discovered that he had been reading the passage: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth," Smart lad, that youngster.

"Tell me, angelic host, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The shining angel then replied: "Toss iskanawledge given; delinquents on the printers books can never enter heaven."

A romantic pair were blessed with a number of daughters. The eldest was called Caroline, the second Madeline, the third Eveline, the fourth Angelina, when the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination. At length mamma pounced upon a name and forthwith the baby was baptized Crimoline.