

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

NUMBER 13.

Professional Cards.
J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug Store. June 29—4f.
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—4f.
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 9
JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.
D. A. STOUTER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.

DR. A. N. 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 at 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—4f.
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 pertaining to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPLE,
J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
sept 20f

MILLINERY GOODS!
TO THE LADIES!
MRS. C. L. HOLLNBERGER 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 Mounted. Call and see specimen pictures. June 11f.
C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewellery Made and Repaired. July 13, 1871—4f.
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—4f.
BARBERING!
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Red's 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. W. A. PRICE.
NEW MILLINERY STORE!
MRS. KATE C. 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. Kinchard, 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—4f.
CONCAVE CONVEX spectacles,
ALEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.
FORSHADOWS.
Beautiful morning of light,
Cloudless grace of the sky,
Waters bathing the sight,
Birds with their minstrelsy
Singing gladness of day,
Making the fugitive sweet—
Till a red leaf drops at my feet,
And summer has vanished away!
The maple-tree swings in ether,
The ripples are washing the sand,
Winds give the waves a white feather,
And they fling them back to the land;
The black ducks watch their play;
But the crowding swallows we see
In the scarred old juniper tree
Say, Summer is wearing away.
Shadows lie dark on the hillside,
Sunshine lies warm on the shore,
But the Golden Rod waves in his pride
And the clover blossoms no more;
Gone are white blossoms of May,
There robe is a purple leaf;
And the corn stands ripe in his sheaf,
For summer is gliding away.
Turbulent mornings of prime,
Joy of the first rude endeavor,
Dawn of a blossoming time,
Birds no October can sever!
The violet days are done,
But the lily-fans in his strength,
And the beam of autumn at length
Shall be grand in the setting sun.
THOSE EARLY YEARS.
BY M. L. MATHESON.
Those early years! those early years!
Of childish hopes and childish tears!
How sweet their cherished memory seems
Of guileless hours and fairy dreams,
When erst a child in careless glee,
I sported round my mother's knee.
Those olden days! those olden days!
The joyous tones of other days;
How oft their memory o'er me steals,
And youthful dreams of life reveal,
When o'er my eye of earnest blue
No carking ringers sit shadow throw.
Those buried loves! those buried loves!
Time's fading treasure aptly proves;
What'er my change, as life decays,
The thoughts of those far happier days,
Shall glide, through grief and gloom,
Till I shall rest within the tomb!

Miscellaneous Reading.
LOVED AND LOST.
Silver threads are gathering in your hair, and you are growing old, and you often sit in the twilight and think of the times that have passed.
You think of that Wednesday evening, long, long ago, when you stood out in the maple grove to the east of your father's house, and saw the young lady walk down the road to Squire Watson's corner, and turn into the long lane which led into his house. The golden and parti-colored leaves were falling from the great oaks and maples which stood on either side, forming a rich, soft carpet for her feet as she walked along.
It was one of those mellow autumn days, when the entire world seems to be wrapped in a soft, summer haze, and when one loves to sit down, and ruminate on the past, and dream bright day-dreams of the future.
You were only a boy then. Twenty summers had passed over your head, but as yet no trouble had come to you, and you felt as free and as happy as the merriest bird in the air. You had your gun in your hand and your faithful dog Rover stood by your side. You were just returning from an afternoon's hunt, and you felt rather proud of the game you had shot.
As you looked again at the young lady you felt a strange sensation at your heart. How beautiful she appeared, as with her jaunty hat and crimson coat she passed along. You half fancied that she glanced up into the grove where you stood, as if looking for you.
You felt sure it was the young lady who had been engaged to teach the village school, for you had heard that she was going to make her home at Squire Watson's, and you knew she must be on her way there now.
You went home and put your gun away, but could not stop thinking of the young lady. You thought she formed such a pretty picture as she walked along under the soft haze which seemed to have gathered around the great branches over her head, and you wished that you could have been an artist to paint it all just as it looked to you.
When you went to sleep that night you dreamed of her, and you felt almost ashamed of yourself for going the next day up into the grove, and standing in the same spot you stood before, to look down the lane and imagine that she was passing along as she did the day before.
You remember the time when you, in company with other "big boys," started to school. It was the day after Thanksgiving, and the wind was roaring in the valleys, and the leaves of "sere and yellow" were flying before the angry gusts.
You remember how beautiful you felt as you went in and received the kindly greeting of the fairy-like Julia, and how ill at ease you felt the live-long day. You wondered how a city lady, just your age, should know so much more than you; and then, after consulting Tom Blake about it, you accounted for it by saying, that she had

been going to school all her life, whilst you lived in the country where they had but five or six month's school in the year.
You remember, too, how kindly Julia assisted you in those "hard sums," and how encouragingly she always spoke to you, when you became discouraged over the dry studies of arithmetic and grammar. You remember how she always spoke to the scholars in a sweet, kindly voice, which always sounded a great deal sweeter when addressed to you. You sometimes fancied she cared more for you than she did for the other "big boys," and the thought always sent a gladdening thought to your heart.
Ah, you loved that fair Julia; but like many another, you loved and knew it not!
You remember, too, how you used to get out on the playground at dinner-time, to play your usual game of ball, and how you used to watch the lower window of the school house to see if Julia sat there, as she sometimes did to witness the game. When her bright face was at the window, you always played better, and never failed to send the ball away up among the top of the trees.
You remember the great tall oaks that stood in front of the door, and how she used to sit at their roots, surrounded by her scholars, and sing some grand old song, or tell them of her city home. You were a big boy, and it wasn't proper for you to be one of those listening groups, yet you often turned from the playground to look at them, and you often wished that you were one of the little folks, so that you, too, might sit at her feet and listen to her sing those sweet songs, and tell those beautiful stories.
You remember, too, how you used to go to the brick church that stood on the hill, surrounded by those flowering oaks and locusts, and how you always watched and waited for the coming of the Squire's carriage. And then when the carriage came, you went up the broad steps and into the house, and waited again for the Squire's family to come in. You did not care for either of the Squire's daughters, but you knew that the pretty school ma'am would be with them, and you always felt a little flutter at your heart when she came in.
You remember the exact place in the pew where Julia sat, and you can see the square even now, as he walked down the broad aisle carrying his cane under his arm. When the hymn of praise was sung, you heard Julia's voice alone, and felt very uneasy when she sang from the same book with the Squire's son. You thought she should have had the book all to herself.
You are growing old now. Silver threads are beginning to weave themselves in your hair, yet you have always remained true to your first love. You have seen many other girls, but somehow they were not as Julia, and somehow you never cared for them.
A tear steals down your cheek, as you think of the morning she left the old school house under the hill, and bade a kind adieu to all her scholars. You think of how she clasped your hand, and how her voice trembled as she said "good-by," and then how still she stood, with your hand in hers, as though there was something more she should say. You can't forget how she again came up to you before she got into the carriage, and said "good-by" again, and told you you must not forget your friend and teacher.
Ah, she loved you then! as truly and devotedly as you loved her, but you did not know it. You could not believe that the grand city lady would care for the poor country boy.
You sit and think, and the tear somehow will run down your cheek. You wipe it away; but another follows, and you cannot keep your mind from running away back to that last winter of your going to school.
You often wonder where Julia is now. You heard that she married a farmer, and went away to the West to live, and that is all you ever heard of her. And then you wonder if she would not as willing be a farmer's wife here as away out in the uncivilized West.
Thus you sit and gaze away down the misty aisles of the past, and you become gloomy, and you wonder if there is no pleasure, no enjoyment at all in this wide world for you.
You have heard that "every cloud has a silver lining;" but no silver lining has yet appeared to your great, angry, irrowing cloud.
Ah, well! 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all; and so you believe, and you pray in your heart that the kind, sweet-faced Julia may never know a want—that she may be happy on earth, and that when the cares and vexations of life are ended, you may meet her on the other side of the Jasper walls of heaven, where no farewells are said, and where all is peace and joy and love.

Useful Information.
Salt stimulates digestion.
Pinneaples irritate the bowels.
Ripe carraways will cure diseases of the bladder.
Dry retent and rhubarb wine will cure dyspepsia.
Sunstroke is caused by a sudden check of perspiration.
Lemons will cure chills and fever, and correct a bad liver.
Onions are the best vegetable known to correct bad blood.
Ice cream produces acute dyspepsia in consumptive patients.
Cantaloupes eaten freely will cure dysentery and cholera morbus.
Cracked wheat boiled or cooked as rice is a good diet for dyspeptics.
Gooseberries contain astringent qualities, and are good in diarrhea.
Mush and milk is the best diet for those desiring an increase of avoirdupois.
Frightened to Death.—A Kentucky man who attempted to cross a high railroad bridge at Shepersdville, in that State, on the 24th ult., stumbled and fell between the ties, but, fortunately, managed to grasp a tie with his hands and there hung dangling, with 100 feet of sheer fall beneath him. He was utterly unable to regain the top of the bridge and he hung on with a death grasp until his cries brought assistance. Lifted from his perilous position he was led off the bridge and sat down for a few minutes, apparently overcome by the danger through which he had passed. Then he got up, as he said to go home, walked a few steps, and fell to the ground dead. Physicians, who carefully examined his body, say that there was no bruise or wound sufficient to disable him, much less cause death and are of opinion that his death was caused by fright.
A belle at Saratoga boasts of having had twelve offers this season.

Just Their Way.
"Come back sir, come back sir,
Recollect from to-day
When I tell you to leave me
I mean you to stay."
That's so, who ever knew a girl nowadays to say what she meant! Keep company with them a whole year upon a stretch, then ask them to have you and see how they'll act. Ten chances to one if they don't open their blue eyes in astonishment at what they term your presumption, and ask you "what in the world you mean." Why they never thought of such a thing as marrying; not they, "why what ever put such a preposterous idea into your head?" what had they ever done to allow you for a moment to suppose they cared a whit more for you than they did for Mr. Smith over the way, or Mr. Jones across the corner, and yet mark my word if you are green enough to still persist in your suit, it will not be long before they will tell you with seeming reluctance, that they will think of the matter, when in truth they had thought of nothing else for at least six months and wondered when you would offer yourself, calling you in their hearts "a slow catch." After they had kept you on tenderhooks until you have become tired, and you have about made up your mind to let them go and devote yourself to some other fair one, and conclude you will ask them just once more, they will simmer out "yes" with as innocent an air as possible.
Now in Bible days it wasn't so, not a bit of it. They, a woman's conduct, was an index of her heart, when for instance the Father of Rebecca asked her if she would go with the servant of Isaac! she replied at once "I will go." Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth century, she would have said: "Oh pshaw! go with him, what'll I go with him for? Why no! Isaac must be sick! Go with him? why of course I won't!" And then, she would have gone with him. Oh these girls!

Letters of Recommendation.
A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest: "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you select that boy who had not a single recommendation."
"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair was in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."
Down the Hill.
The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, although it may be up in mid heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky, and disappear. What shall light up a man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; what shall illuminate his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of the journey? What question more important, more practical, more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without a friend, without a guide, and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all men will begin the journey. There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's evening star is in good hope of Heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveler into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

Adherence to Orders.
Old Captain Tarter, who was in command of the Betsy, many years ago in the Pacific, was a most uncomfortable man who governed his subordinates on the knock-down-and-drag-out system. He was even more hated by his officers than by Jack on the forecastle.
One day he and his second mate had been at high words, and after the storm had blown over, the old man was going down below, as was his regular custom, for an afternoon nap.
"Brown!" he called to an officer, purposely dropping the handle to his name to humiliate and exasperate him, "do you know how to kill a hog?"
"Yes, sir, I suppose I can manage to mangle one."
"Well, kill, that hog!" pointing out a particular one in the herd.
And down went the captain to his stateroom. Mr. Brown called a couple of hands from forward and ordered them to catch the porker and drag him along to the cook's chopping-block.
"Carpetner!" said he, "bring me your broad-axe."
With two powerful blows the pig was decapitated, and the head and the body thrown down separately in the scupper.
"Old man didn't say anything about dressing the pork," growled Mr. Brown, as he went aft again.
Some two hours later Captain T. made his appearance. He looked to see the pork hanging by the gambrel, neatly cleaned, but couldn't see it.
"Brown, did you kill that hog?"
"Yes, sir. There he is."
The captain looked, and turned upon Mr. Brown livid with wrath.
"What do you mean by such work as that?"
"I obey orders, sir. You asked me if I could kill a hog. I told you I thought I could. If he isn't dead yet I'll try him another pull!"
TRAITS OF THE TIMES.—The New York Express has a sentimental and pointed article on the baneful love of luxury, dissipation, idleness, dress and show. It is this that makes officials corrupt, merchants bankrupt, thousands of wives, and sons and daughters shams and creatures of fashionable folly. They sap the lifeblood from old time integrity, and lead the nation in the way of old Rome in the palmy days of the Patricians. What is needed is simplicity of living and simplicity of life, in the government, in the State, in the city, in the church, in the family, and in the hearts of the whole people. Who ever becomes thus way points the road to not only a better but a happier existence.

Published by Request.
Liquor Drinking.
The people of the United States, according to Commissioner Wells, swallowed by retail in a single year, \$1,574,491, 865 worth of liquor poison. Of this vast sum, New York guzzled \$246,917, 928; Pennsylvania \$122,653,495; and Illinois \$119,993,948. This is the direct cost of a single year, in which poverty has been general throughout the country; in which thousands of families have suffered for the necessities of life; in which large numbers have died of starvation and exposure. Indirectly, the cost has been immeasurably greater. It is summed up in blighted hopes, saddened hearts, ruined fortunes, broken hearts, debauchery, degradation, dishonor and death. Every prison in the land cries aloud against this frightful evil; every insane asylum has its raving maniacs; every brothel and gambling hell bears witness to its depravity; every penitentiary is a monument to its effects; every gallows 'tis tale of ruin tells. And yet the great, unthinking world drives maddly along, guzzling, rioting, impoverishing, ruining, drinking up their substance, filling the land with crime and sorrow, and wretchedness. Yet so it is; and now we are officially informed that our own country, boasting its intelligence and civilization, drinks \$1,574,491, 865 worth of retail liquors in a single year.
A Curious World.
This is a curious world. Two months ago one B. F. Simmons eloped from St. Paul with a married lady, both of them leaving families behind them. Both were in "good society." Both were executed. The other day, both returned. The woman was met with reproaches and epithets. Old friends cut her on the streets. A divorce was demanded by her aggrieved husband. She was voted an outcast. How about Simmons? Simmons was a man, you see, and that makes a difference, you know. His wife and weeping friends welcomed him with embraces—the poor, wretched prodigal. His cronies laughed with him gaily on his gallantry. That night he drove around town with his family behind dappled greys, and bowing and smiling patronizingly.
Mrs.—no matter about the other name—the other reprobate—is literally spurned and driven from her home by all who knew her, while her paramour and the e-cual criminal has not even for a moment lost his business footing, and is just as much the favorite in society as ever. For this is a man, you know. Why is this? It is wrong. One of three things should be demanded by the philosopher's stone. Either a woman's lapse from virtue ought to be regarded with more charity, or else the man who drags her down ought to be held to an equal punishment—or else polygamy ought to be established at once, and Brigham Young elected President. It is simply shameful that women should be punished ten times as severely as men for the same sin.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

The following gem of thought, from the pen of Samuel Longfellow, comes to us without a title.
"The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.
"The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds
Dissolved in glory float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.
"The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.
"So when for us life's evening hour
Soft-fading shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heavens blend.
"Flooded with peace the spirit floats
With silent raptures glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know."
SONG FROM GETHSE.
Many thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night;
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upward with a fond delight.
Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story
Ever would we gaze on high.

The Philosopher's Stone.
The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out, at the top of his shrill voice: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front and no fear of those you meet. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window, in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one, and not like the laugh of a poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearth-stone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.
INDIA RUBBER INEXHAUSTIBLE.—The belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles north and five hundred miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, without injury; and the trees stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average three table-spoonsful daily. Forty thousand of these have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eighty wide. There is in America and Europe more than one hundred and fifty manufactures of India Rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of gum per year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But to whatever extent it increases, there will still be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.
REDEEM AND SAVE.—He is a hard-hearted man who will not allow the most degraded a chance to work out redemption. Many an erring mortal has died in despair, cursing his race; because, when he fell, there were none to whisper good counsel to him. Be-forebearing with you, the pharisaical sternness of the sober class of the world has driven many a drunkard to despair. He finds himself shunned, and no one to woo him back to sobriety, and he drinks deeper, feeling that none cares for him. Cold heartedness is the very worst medicine for this class. Hold out your hands to help, persuade, encourage and be patient, and you may redeem and save.
LITTLE THINGS.—Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest. Little hearts, the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little looks are the most read and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.
Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little one, and the burden of the petition is for but little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.
—Nothing so momentous as principles. As sure as August shows the work of the farmer, so sure the futurity will show the principles thou art cultivating now. "Buy then the truth!" buy it at any cost, for any amount of labor, sacrifice or talent—buy it, and when thou hast it, sell it not! Sell it not for pleasure, for prosperity, for fame or for life. Get holy principles, and thou shalt get the pinnacles of an angel, which shall bear thee above all the clouds and storms of earth, into the sunshine and calm of eternity.
Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect.

Why is a rooster standing on a fence like a silver half-dollar? Because it is head on one side and tail on the other.
One who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon.
Our devil says when he gets a grip on the girls he is hard to get loose, look out girls.
Do you call this a trunk?" growled a baggage agent. "It only needs a lightning rod to be mistaken for a boarding house."
The Columbus, Ohio papers don't have any editorials now; the alleged cause being that "the thermometer is up to three shirtcollars a minute."
Why do men not wear corsets? Because Jöhä, having surrounded himself by wholehorns for three days, found that he could not stay.
A darkey who preferred being killed in a railroad smash-up than in a steamboat explosion, gives his reasons as follows: If you is run over by de cars and killed, wy-dare you is; but if you is blowed up in de biler—whar—whar are you?
A Gentleman, on getting soda, retiring from the store without the usual little ceremony which follows that operation—"Recollect, sir," said the polite proprietor, "if you lose your pocket-book, you didn't pull it out here."
A Peckskill paper has received the following admonition: "Mr. Editors, What did you print my family matters in your paper for if it is none your business if my wife did have twins I pays for them and you get your head punched you had best tend to your own business."
**A lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog of hers to make him follow her.
"Come along sir."
A would-be wit stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with.
"Is it me, madam, you called?"
"Oh, no, sir," said the lady, "it is another puppy I spoke to."**
**Why are you lik a annual, my darling?" said a saucy lover, winding his arm around Harriet's waist.
"I cannot say. Why?"
"Because you are handsome bound,"
"Indeed!" said Harriet. "Why, then, am I like a haw book?"
"I give it up."
"Because I'm bound in calf."**
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