

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BA 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 28, 1871.

NUMBER 14.

## Professional Cards.

**J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug Store." [June 29-4t.]

**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 20-4t.

**JOHN A. HYSOING,**  
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. 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]

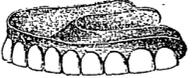
**JOSEPH DOUGLAS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.  
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.  
December 10, 1871.

**D. A. STOFFER,**  
DENTIST,  
GREENCASTLE, PA.  
Experienced in Dentistry, will insert your 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, 1871-4t.

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



**MILINERY 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.  
apr 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 14.

**C. A. S. WOLF,**  
DEALER IN  
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,  
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewels Made and Repaired.  
July 13, 1871-4t.

**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 2-4t.]

**BARBERING!**  
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid'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 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. B. Kinschard, 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 11-1f

**CONCAVE CONVEX** spectacles, at ALEX. LEEDS.

## Select Poetry.

**"ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."**  
BY ALICE CAREY.  
The boy who does a stroke and stops  
Will ne'er a great man be,  
'Tis the aggregate of single drops  
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth  
A mountain so to speak,  
The little atoms of sand and earth  
Have made its peak a peak.  
Not all at once the morning streams  
The gold above the grey,  
'Tis thousand little yellow gleams  
That makes the day the day.

Not from the snowdrift May awakes  
In purples, reds and greens,  
Spring's glow bright retinue it takes  
To make her queen of queens  
Upon the orchard rain must fall,  
And seek from branch to root,  
And blossoms bloom and fade withal,  
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,  
And wait the wheaten bread,  
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill  
Before the bread is bread.  
Swift heels may get the early shout,  
But spite of all the din,  
It is the patient holding out  
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto then to start,  
'Twill help to smooth the way,  
And steady up both hand and heart—  
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

## FRIENDSHIP.

A tiny, slender, silken thread  
Friendship, and we make it  
Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives;  
But when a breath may shake it,  
And oft it takes but one wee word—  
But one wee word—to break it!

It draws the look of pleasure  
From eye to eye when hands touch hands  
When two hearts beat one measure;  
And draws a meaning from a word  
Which makes that word a treasure.

Like string of a tuncful harp or lute  
Between glad souls 'tis holden,  
And love's fond fingers on the thread  
Make music rare and golden—  
Make music such as tender hearts  
Could live, and ne'er grow old, in.

But if a breath may shake it, let  
That breath come near it never;  
And never spoken be that word  
Which friendship's tie might sever;  
But let the cord grow stronger still  
The dawning of Forever.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

**THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE.**  
"Eustacia!" said Mr. Glenburne, a little impatiently, "how you delight in teasing!"  
The scene was a pretty little room, hung with apple-green silk, with a shade light, casting a very pale green radiance through the room, like moonlight shining through the translucency of sea waves; a bright coal fire burned in the polished grate, and Miss Evelyn sat in a low sewing chair, busy at some delicate needle work. She was a pretty girl, with soft hazel eyes, hair of beautiful black, a radiant expression, skin tinted with carmine while her full scarlet lips were mischievously dimpled at the corners.

"Yes," said Eustacia, "I don't deny it, Charles. But if you would only put those scissors down I should feel so much easier about their points, and it's only the sharp pair I have."  
"But do you really mean to say, Eustacia, that you would not marry me if I were a poor man?"  
"I didn't say any such thing, and you will only please tax your memory a little as to the accuracy of the quotation."

"At least you asserted that you never would have become engaged to me if I were not wealthy."  
"I think it extremely probable," said Eustacia, throwing her needle with rose colored silk. "Dear me, Charles, you need not look so astonished—in society, girls are brought up to consider these matters from a common sense point of view."  
"But, Eustacia—"  
"But, Charles, if I had been your washerwoman's daughter you might have thought I was a tolerably decent looking girl, but you never would have allowed yourself to entertain the idea of proposing marriage to me."  
"Most certainly I should," asserted Mr. Glenburne, stoutly.

"Then, sir," said Eustacia, elevating her pretty eyebrows, you would have been a sentimental idiot. For if you had been the upholder's journeyman, on a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, I never should have given you a second thought."  
"That is a very worldly doctrine, Eustacia," said Glenburne, with contracted brow, "to be married merely for the unmeaning accessory of wealth."  
"Oh, dear, dear, there you go again, at a worse tangent than ever. I never said I was going to marry you because you happened to be rich. Isn't old Mr. Beckers worth twice as much as you are? and do you suppose there would be any earthly inducement strong enough to make me marry him? You are a cross, unreasonable being, and hardly deserve that a girl should take the trouble of reasoning

with you."  
Mr. Glenburne's countenance relaxed a little. "Then you ought not say such things, Eustacia."  
"I was only speaking the truth. We live in a worldly world, Charles, and you can hardly expect but that we should be swayed in some degree by circumstances. You might have been second Rothschild, and I would not perhaps, have cared for you, but as I did happen to take a fancy to your black eyes and frowning brow—there is no use to try to straighten them out now—it was rather gratified than other wise that you were worth a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Mamma never would have allowed me to marry a poor man in any event, so you see what a treasure you have gained by the trifling circumstance of wealth."

She looked at him with an arch glitter in her eyes. He could not but smile.  
"So you own up that you are a fortune hunter after all," he said, half laughing.  
"I did not hunt the fortune, sir, the fortune came to me and asked me to be good enough to take it, together with the accompanying circumstances of a nice young man. Was I to say no?"

"I'm to have a private box of my own when we are married, am I not?" said Eustacia. I do not object; we never could afford a box of our paper's income. Another advantage of marrying rich."  
"Eustacia!"  
"Does it really tease you, dear? Well, then I won't say another word about it the whole evening long."  
"And with this promise, given with the scarlet lips very close to his face, and the melting hazel eyes fixed beseechingly upon his, Mr. Glenburne could not but be satisfied.

Yet the pretty girl's words haunted him for days afterward. Charles Glenburne's nature had the fault of being over sensitive and attached to much importance to words and phrases that were trifling in themselves, and it had always been a fear in his mind lest he should one day be married for his money. He loved Eustacia Evelyn devotedly—he believed that affection was returned with equal ardor—yet there were times in which her gay, impulsive frankness jarred painfully upon the more sensitive cords of his being. If he had not loved her so dearly, she would have been powerless to wound him, but since his engagement, Mr. Glenburne had more than once regretted his wealth.

"She says herself she would never have allowed herself to love a poor man," he repeated again and again to his own soul. Does she know what the real meaning of the word love is?  
More than once the idea had come into his head that it would be a fortunate thing did something unforeseen happen to divest him of his wealth—a strange, romantic yearning for meeting with the world without the shield of gold which had kind fate had provided him; but he had occasion to learn one day how widely separated are reality and romance. He was sitting in the luxurious library of his house, on Landry Square, when his lawyer came in and told him, in as few words as possible, that he was a ruined man.—Some dazzling speculation had proved but an empty bubble—sundry securities deemed as solid as the United States Treasury itself had unaccountably given away—one bank failure had necessitated another—and the end of all was that Charles Glenburne, together with some scores of others, were ruined.

He looked at Mr. Redfate with vague staring eyes, as if not sure whether he was awake or dreaming.  
"There's no mistake about all this I suppose?" when the lawyer's silence warned him that he was expected in some way to break the silence.  
"Dear, no, sir, not at all. I wish there were any such a possibility. It is only too certain," said Mr. Redfate with a sigh. "Then perhaps you will have the kindness to leave me to myself a little while said Mr. Glenburne. "I think, perhaps I could comprehend matters more perfectly if I were to look over those papers which you had the kindness to bring for my inspection, in solitude?"  
"Certainly, certainly," assented the lawyer, as anxious to get away as his client was to get rid of his presence, and, with very visible relief, he laid down the ominous bundle of paper and bowed himself out of the room.

"Took it very quietly, I'm sure," said Mr. Redfate, as he tiptoed down stairs, "but I don't suppose he realizes it properly as yet. He'll be in a pretty temper when he does."  
But Mr. Glenburne, left by himself, did not look at the vouchers of his impoverishment. He left his head fall on his breast and sat quite silently for a minute or two.  
"Ruined!" he repeated softly to himself. "Ruined!" And Eustacia! It will be easy enough for me to begin the world again, and earn my daily bread by work. But Eustacia!

For the loss of wealth he cared not—but for the loss of the black haired girl, with the laughing eyes, and the merry lips—how could he give her up?  
For nearly an hour he sat in the same position, scarcely moving or stirring—then he drew the silver standish toward him and wrote a few words.  
Yesterday when I saw you, Eustacia I was a rich man; now I am penniless. I recognize the altered condition of things as full as you can do, and hereby return to you your truth. C. G.

Kinging a bell, he dispatched a servant at once to Mr. Evelyn's house with the note.  
"All new flies fast," he said to himself, with a bitter smile; "and I may as well anticipate the puffy tongue of rumor. It may save her some embarrassment, at least, me taking the initiative first."

Half an hour afterward, and the clock was ticking in the silence of the lonely room where Mr. Glenburne still sat, when a light footstep sounded on the stairs.—He started up with an intent attitude of listening.  
"It cannot be possible," he thought; "and yet—"  
But all doubt was presently ended by the opening of the door, and Eustacia came in, her cheeks growing crimson and her eyes glittering beneath their long lashes.  
"Charles!"  
"You have come to me Eustacia? It was kind of you," he said rising to greet her.  
"I have come to tell you that I will not be cast off," she exclaimed, vehemently. "What must you have fancied me to be moulded of, Charles? I love you—I have promised to be your wife, and nothing short of death itself shall part us."  
Her hand was on his arm, her magic eye shining up into his, through a dew of emotion.  
"We shall be so happy together, Charles in a cozy little house, when I will sit at home, blessed in the consciousness that you are working for me, as a husband should work for his wife. I am not afraid of poverty, if shared with you. Charles, you will not send me away?"  
"My own Eustacia," was all he could say—but his eye, told the rest.  
He had lost his wealth, but he had found something more precious—the certainty of a true woman's disinterested love. Now, years subsequently, when he had worked his way to the top round of fortune's ladder once more, he was wont to tell his wife that the happiest day he ever spent was the day he was ruined.

**The Enchanted Mountain.**  
In one of the north-eastern counties of Georgia is a natural curiosity, called from Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain. The mountain is not large, and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get to the top, when human tracks, or impressions in the solid rock, which appear to be human tracks are seen. How these wonderful tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain is one of the many mysteries of this mysterious land of ours. There were a great many traditions among some of the Indians in regard to this mountain, but none of them are satisfactory, and it probably never will be known who it was that left the tracks upon the enchanted mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they had a vague idea of Noah and the flood before the advent of the white man. The story has been handed down among the aborigines that it was the landing place of the great deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe as they stepped upon the rocks which had been made soft by long inundation.

One of the tracks and the largest one is seventeen and a half inches in length, and seven and three quarters inches wide. Unlike the others it has six toes. This must have been Noah's track, and if there was anything in the Mosaic account of the flood concerning the size of Noah's feet we might have confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore eighteenes.

There are one hundred and sixty impressions of feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot-track is four inches in length and in perfect shape. Another tradition is that a great battle was fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is essentially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size.

**A Singular Story.**  
A singular story is told of a person who held a promissory note of another's which had run for several years, but which, on maturity, he found he had put away so carefully that he could not find it. He therefore called on the one who had given the note, stating that he had lost it, and proposing to give him a receipt as an offset to the note if it should ever be found. To his surprise, the person owing the money not only declined to this, but positively denied ever having given such a note, saying he owed him nothing. Without a legal proof, he was of course obliged not only to let the matter drop and lose the money, but also endure the suspicion of trying to obtain money under false pretense. Several years passed away without the note being found, when the person who owned the note, while bathing in the Thames one day was seized with cramp, and rescued by companions just as he had become unconscious, and sunk for the last time. The usual remedies were resorted to to resuscitate him; and though there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of sufficient strength to walk, he went to his book case, reached down a book, opened it, and handed the long lost note to a friend who was present, stating to him, that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, never to rise again, there instantly stood out before his mind, in a moment, seeming as though a picture, every act and event of his life, from the hour of his childhood to the hour of his sinking in the water; and among his acts the circumstance of his putting this note in a book, the name of the book, and the very spot it stood in the book case. Of course he received his money, with interest.

**Incidents of a Stage Robbery.**  
Some of the delights of stage traveling in California are thus described by a San Jose paper:  
From Sheriff Harris, who has just returned from an unsuccessful pursuit of the Visalia stage robbers, we learn further details of the transaction. The operations of the robbers were boldly planned and resolutely executed in a thickly settled neighborhood. The first thing the robbers did was to capture a gentleman named Moore. He was riding in a buggy. They took him aside privily, near the road in the field, tied and blindfolded him, and robbed him of \$55. By this time the two horse stage came along. The robbers fell upon it, and ordered the driver to go through an opening they made in the fence. The stage was stopped at the point where the man robbed lay *hors du combat*. The passengers were four men and a woman. The men were compelled to alight and keep their eyes on the ground while each was securely bound, searched and blindfolded. One of the robbers asked the woman: "Which is your husband?" She pointed to Mr. Simmons, Canal Superintendent, who sat on the back seat with her. "All right," said the robber, and Mr. Simmons was searched and bound, but the lady was not molested. The robbers secured something over \$500 from the stage company and a gold watch or so.

The subsequent proceedings were as cool as ice. "Don't make a move till we come back, or we'll murder every one of you," said the road agents, as, leaving the people bound and the lady sitting in the stage they drove off. In a short time they returned with a picket teamster, whom they bound and searched, and left with the stage party. They then departed again with the same threat, but were seen no more. For an hour and a half the captives lay there in the field, bound, and fearful to move. By and by the driver got anxious to go, and asked the woman to come and untie them. She refused a while, fearing the return of the robbers; but finally released the driver, and he the others, and they up in to Gilroy all right except the plunder of their property.

**A Fly Story.**  
A gentleman making a call at the house of a friend was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion, and on inquiring the cause, was answered: "Oh, we are very much annoyed here; we have an intolerable nuisance. A rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our large drawing room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer. So we have rolled up the carpets, removed the furniture, and called in the carpenters, who are just commencing to take up the floor, until we find the nuisance."  
"Now don't be too hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently." And meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows, and close the door behind me as soon I return.

He then stepped down the front steps into the garden, walked round the house to the stable, and after a few minutes' absence, came back to the drawing room with both hands tightly clasped, so as to enclose something between them. Placing himself in the center of the room, he opened his hands, and out, flew two large blue bottle flies, and buzzed round the room for a second or two. But presently one of them lighted on a plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other insect.

"Now, then," exclaimed the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found underneath it."  
The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the source of all the unpleasant smell.

**FEMALE PIETY.**—The gem of all others which most enriches the corner of the lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature lavishes much on her person, the enchantment of her countenance, the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned till piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of its charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper, uncharitably in her desires, and associations.—The spell which bound her affections to things below is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of hope and fancy, to the habitations of God, where it is her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thralldom of earth, and wreathed with garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charms over many; princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches; the sons of science and poverty may emblaze her memory in history and in song; yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl.  
With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet; pain and sorrow shall lose their sting, and the character will possess a price above rubies. Life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death an entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows expanding in foliage, and imparting fragrance to all around, till transplanted, it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the paradise of God.

An anxious mother in Virginia has sent this note to a severe school-mistress: "You will oblige me not to return that will Bone on the Ripes of my Little dauter. Give your Hart to God and Perhap you will have more Patience."

## Common events of Life.

In old times, Michael Angelo took his copies from the streets, and wrought them out of the walls and the ceiling of the Vatican, changing a beggar into a giant, and an ordinary woman who bore a basket of flowers on her arms into an angel; and the beggar and flower-girl stand there now in their lustrous beauty, speaking to eyes that wonder from every side of the green world. The rock slumbered in the mountain, and he reached his hands out and took it, and gathered the stones from the fields about him, and built them into that awful pile, which, covering acres of ground, reaches up its mighty dome toward heaven, containing the muck of the city to bow their foreheads, and to vow great prayers to their God. So out of the common events of life, out of the passions put by God in you, your hearts, you may paint on the walls of your life the fairest figures, angels and prophets. Out of common stones of your daily work, you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm, and bring down to you the inspiration of God.—*Theodore Parker.*

**To make Home Happy.**  
Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children; not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order; a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, cheerful, and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

**THE POTATO IN 1586.**—The potato, in its early cultivation, met with strange vicissitudes and great oppositions. The stern old Puritans opposed its cultivation and denied its lawfulness as an article of food because the plant was not mentioned in the Bible! Sir Walter Raleigh carried the plants to England from this country in 1586 and put them in his garden. His gardener thought the green potato apples were the potatoes, and expressed his disgust to his master at such products. He was told to pull up the weeds and throw them away. In doing so he found the true potatoes, more than a bushel in quantity; he hurried back to Sir Walter in a very happy humor to show him the sample and make known the discovery. So late as 1725 it was only cultivated in gardens in England and Scotland. During a period of more than one hundred and fifty years after Sir Walter introduced it into Ireland it failed to rise superior to the prejudices of English cultivators.

**SALT FOR SWINE.**—Swine are such greedy feeders that not a few farmers pay very little attention to their feeding.—The swill-barrel is often very little better than a sink, and the poor hogs are expected to eat anything and everything which is refused by the other animals, human and brute alike. This shortsighted treatment, however, works its own cure, or punishment rather, for swine thus treated make poor pork, and often die before killing time. Ours who are particular about feeding their pigs forget to supply them with salt as they do other animals. They require to be salted, however, just as much as cattle, horses or sheep, and suffer as much when neglected as any of these animals. If the food is not regularly salted, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Salting the food judiciously would be much the best way.

**A SLEEPY SON.**—Jack said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighboring children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall be obliged to punish you."  
The next day Jack was there again totally oblivious of the interdiction, until he saw his father enter the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran into the barn; there he was caught.  
"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"  
"You told me father, that if you caught me there again you would punish me."  
"Well?" said the father.  
"Hold on!" said the little reprobate, who knew if he could make his father laugh it would make the matter all right.  
"You didn't catch me there; you caught me here!"  
The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped, but the interdiction was renewed.

**SCHOOL EXAMINATION.**—"John, how do you parse grandmother?"  
"I don't pass her at all, but always goes in to get a tart."  
"What is the singular of men?"  
"They is singular when they pay their debts without being asked to do it a dozen times."  
"Young women are beautiful. What is it that comes after young women?"  
"It's the fallers, to be sure—they are always arter the young women?"  
"That will do; now you are dismissed."

## Wit and Humor.

An Oregon toast, over a glass of the ardent: "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."  
A paper has the advertisement—"Two sisters want washing."—Doubtless a few thousand brothers are in the same predicament.  
Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among *elles* and *aines*, a man will always be *worsted* and *twisted*, and finally *wound up*.  
The greatest sinner, who trusts only in Christ's blood, will assuredly be saved.—The best man in the world, who trusts in his own goodness, will be lost.  
A man being annoyed on one occasion by a fiddler, who persisted in playing in front of his house, sent him out a dollar, with a message that one scraper was enough at the door.

Plain and ugly women may take comfort since history has satisfactorily proved that the women in all times, who have excelled the greatest influence on men's lives, are *not* the beautiful ones.  
A carpenter being asked for a riddle, propounded the following: "I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down, and went along with it." No one could guess it.—It was a splinter in his foot.  
Romantic Amelia (to her betrothed young doctor)—"Look, dear, such a beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson!"  
Unromantic doctor—"Ya-as, appears to have a mustard plaster on!"  
It is an exploded theory that women dress to please the men.—They dress to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is just as easy to break a man's heart in a two-dollar mullin, neatly made up, as it is in a five hundred dollar silk costume made by a man milliner.

A Louisville matron, whose husband snored badly, keeps a clothes pin underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she adjusts the pin on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.  
"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge the other morning to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady wearing the fashionable sailor-hat, indignantly exclaimed: "I am no man, sir!" "Then," said his honor, "I am no judge."

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. There is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitted his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit at the naked hook.  
An old white-haired plantation preacher thus addressed on of the meetings of the dissenting churches: "What yer grumbling about?—Dan yer better off dan yo 'spected to be—dan yer deserve to be—Did yer tink when Massa Linkum guv yer freedom he was gwine to feed yer on ice cream?"

To the watcher at night, how slowly and solemnly the clock tells the passing hour! In the daytime how the same sound is swallowed up in the hurrying tread of myriad feet, in the roll carriages, in thunder and shriek of the locomotive, and in the thousand and one mingled inanimate and animate voices that swell the chorus of a great city! Yet the moments flee all the same, and inscribe their indelible record for good or evil.

Two good natured Irishmen on a certain occasion occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:  
"Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?"  
"No Pat; did it raily thunder?"  
"Yes, it thundered as if heaven and airth would come together."  
"Why in the divil's din didn't ye wake me, ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

An Irishman who was standing on London bridge said to a youth, "Faith and I think I know yese; what's yer name?"  
"Jones," said the boy. "Jones, Jones," said the Irishman, "I knew seventeen ould maids by that name in Dublin; was either of them yer mither?"

A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who, having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take care of it for him. A year after the laborer went to another "head," to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."

At a trial in an Alabama town not long since one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady. "To see that you'r neither a nigger, an Indian, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house, and silenced the counsel.