The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. | A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTD TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. | $2,00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24. | WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1871. | NUMBER 15.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SRGEON,
WAYNESBORO',
Office at the Waynesbor "Corner Drug Store." [June 29—tf.

DR. B. FRANTZ,
Has resumed the practi of Medicine.
OFFICE—In the Walke Building—near the Bowden House. Nigh calls should be made at his residence on ain Street, adjoining the Western Scho House.
July 20-tf

JOHN A. HYSONG,
ATTORNEY AT LW,
HAVING been admited Practice Law at the several Courts in ranklin County, all business entrusted to is care will be promptly attended to. Pos Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW W. DETICH,
ATTORNEY AT LW,
WAYNESBORO' PA,
Will give prompt and closttention to all business entrusted to his ca. Office next door to the Bowden Hous in the Walker Building. [july 6

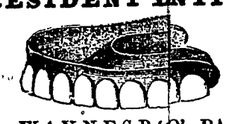
JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Practices in the several Cos of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

D. A. STOUFER,
DENTIT,
GREENSTLE, PA.

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

DR. A. H. STECKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERG, PA.,)
OFFERS his Professionervices to the citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity.
DR. STRICKLER has relinched an extensive practice at Mercersbu where he has been prominently engaged a number of years in the practice of his profession.
He has opened an Offic Waynesboro', at the residence of George ore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he ce found at all times when not profession engaged.
July 20, 1871.-tf.

A. K. BRANISOLTS,
RESIDENT DNTIST,



WAYNESBO', PA.,
Can be found at all times s office where he is prepared to insert h on the best basis in use and at price uit the times. Teeth extracted, *without* by the use of chloroform, eather, nitrou egas or the freezing process, in a man surpassed by none.

We the undersigned beir quainted with A. K. Branisholts for the year, can recommend him to the pub nerally to be a Dentist well qualified to form all operations belonging to Den ry in the most skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, . RIPPLE,
J. J. OELLIG, BONBRAKE,
T. D. FREN
sept 29tf]

MILLINERY ODS!
TO THE LS!
MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supp new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited and examine her stock.
apr 20.

L. C. BRACBILL,
PHOTOGRAER,
S. E. Corner of thmond,
WAYNESBORO',
HAS at all times a fine tment of Pictures Frames and Mogs. Call and ee specimen pictures. June tf.

C. A. S. OLF,
DEALER
WATCHES AND WELRY,
883 WEST BALTIM STREET,
BALTIMORD.
☞ Watches Repaired a arranted. ☜
☞ *Jewelry Made* epaired. ☜
July 13, 1871.-tf.

SURVEYING AND COYALCING.
THE undersigned has ad some ten years experience as atical Surveyor is prepared to do all k of Surveying, laying out and dividing nds, also all kinds of writing usually by Scriveners. Parties wishing work d an call on, or address the undersigned nesboro', Pa.
feb 2—tf] B. STOLER.

BARBE ING!
THE subscriber inform public that he continues the Barbe usiness in the room next door to Mr. Grocery Store, and is at all times prep to do hair cutting, shaving,s hampoo tc. in the best style. The patronage of blic is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23 1871. . A. PRICE.

NEW MILLIN STORE!
MRS. KATE G. ST announces to the ladies of Wayro' and vicinity that she has commenc Millinery business in front room ner to the Hardware Store of S. B. Ri , and has opened out a full line of and Summer Goods, embracing all test styles.
Ladies are invited ll and examine her goods. May 11-tf

CONCAVE CONVE tacles, at LEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.

NO TIME FOR HATE.

Begone with feud! away with strife,
Our human hearts unmating;
Let us be friends again, since life
Is all too short for hating.
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're faring;
Far better wend with faithful friend
Than stalk alone, uncaring.

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living,
But souls that give, like thine and mine,
Renew their life by giving,
While cypress waves o'er early graves,
On all the way we'er going,
Far better plant where seed is scant
Than crush the fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! since die we must,
And rest on one low pillow;
There are no rivals in the dust,
No foes beneath the willow.
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers
Our weary path discloses;
Far better stop where daisies droop
Than trample over roses!

O, what are all the joys we hold,
Compared to joys above us?
And what are rank, and power, and gold,
Against the hearts that love us?
So fleet our years, so full of tears,
So closely Death is waiting—
God sends us space for loving grace,
But leaves no time for hating.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestone, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with one child—a fine boy only four years old. The country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the dominion of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necesity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feeling, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent in a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment the sachem came. Judge W—— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced that his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country; to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said: "Brother, you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good for the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian!"

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is not that an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed!"

"So much so well," replied the chief; confidence; if you will trust him he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and, running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with the Judge. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said.—"Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated a moment, and then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flow of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow. He rose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days.—She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she woke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore away slowly—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass.—The morning waned away, noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W——walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance.—He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his har. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors, that he seemed about two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W——lived for many years at peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in lying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

Dyeing and Wishing.

A SHORT PLAIN STORY.

A lady refused to be introduced to a gentleman last evening at Congress Hall, and no amount of urging could induce her to change her mind.

"What are your reasons for not wanting an introduction?" urged a friend.

"Because he wears a paper collar and dyes his moustache," replied the lady; "and I never knew a thorough gentleman to do either."

The lady was very near the truth. A dyed moustache is a foul thing—as foul as a cigar in the mouth of a Venus; and a paper collar is an evasion of the laundry as culpable as the lady's who chose colored crockery because it would not show dirt.

About dyeing the hair black, I will also say a word. Light hair makes the eyes look brilliant by contrast. So, by-and-by, when the eyes becomes dimmed by age, God paints the hair white, and the dimness of the eye is unperceived. Look at a man or woman with dyed hair! The eye is as dead as that of a sleeping ox.—And still these sily people think they are deceiving somebody—think that they are making themselves look younger when in fact everybody with a particle of sence discounts their foolish attempt at deception. Powdering the hair gives the eye an unnatural brilliancy, hence it is frequently resorted to in court circles in Europe. But, as a general thing, young gentlemen and old! don't try to improve on divinity. God knows best what to do, and when He silvers your hair white or paints your moustache with auburn, He has a purpose as grand as Himself. Here is something I heard Mr. Seward say once (you know the ex-Premier is the homeliest man, except General Sherman, in America)—well, old homely handsome Secretary Seward said: "The cleanest man is the most comely to look upon; so bathe well, eat well, and love well, and some how or other, the homeliest will be beautiful."

Now it has struck me a thousand times that Mr. Seward, who looks always so neat and sweet, is really a handsome man! The cleanest man is the best man—I mean morally and physically too! How may young ladies—and now I beg their pardon for saying it—look beautiful at a distance, but when you come close to them they have a soiled look. The hair will look greasy. Now there is no more excuse for putting grease on your hair than there is for putting it on your hands. You people I say who grease your hair, are just as barbarous as the Camanche Indian who greases his face. A gentleman will never fall in love with soiled woman. She must be sweet. Have you never, in so-called polite society, met a young lady whose face would have been improved by a good square washing? Now, this is plain, homely talk. European Court circles do more bathing, ten to one, than the *bourgeois*.—Indeed, in Russia—in Moscow, where you see the sweetest blonde woman in the world—they have four bath houses, each as large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Once daily, every man and woman of patrican blood plunges all over, head and all, under pure, sparking, rejuvenating water.—This makes the hair light colored, gives to the homeliest, something of the angelic.

I beg pardon for this plain talk.

A Singular Indian Tradition.

Among Siminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men. All of the men had fair complexions; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water had become black with mud, and he came out black with its own color. The Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each package, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest. The copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and impliments of labor; and the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatuses; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

Elegiac Lines.

[Several years' since, a distressing occurence took place which was published at that time. A Mrs. Blake, of Salem, N. Y., who, with her husband and child, had set out on a visit to Vermont, passing over the Green mountains, in crossing which, the snow was found to be deep and pathless, and the weather extremely cold. Having rode till they nearly perished with cold, they attempted to exercise themselves in walking. Mr. B., who had proceeded on in haste, in order to search some dwelling for assistence, soon became exhausted, and sunk down in a perishing condition, but afterward recovered. Mrs. Blake, in the course of the night, froze to death, leaving her tender offspring wrapped up in her cloak in which situation it was found the next morning alive. The following elegant lines from the *Eastern Argus* were written on the occasion, and we now re-publish them.]

The cold winds swept the mountain's height
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child,
As through the drifted snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on.
And deeper grew the drifts of snow;
Her limbs were chilled. her strength was gone.
O God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
An bar'd her body to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smil'd to think the babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil:
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He mov'd the robe from off the child;
The babe look'd up and sweetly smil'd.

Will A Lady Ever be President.

We hope so, if she is pretty. What fun to be under petticoat government, without any immediate danger of a broomstick or a scolding! Every good looking chap would have a chance for office then. How glorious to be closeted alone with the fair Executive of the nation, on business of a private and confidential nature! The old custom of kissing the hand might be revived; and from the hand to the lips isn't such a great distance, you know. The Presidentess must be either a widow or a maiden lady so as to give an ambitious fellow a chance. Her bust in marble, and her portrait on canvass, would look well, displayed all over the country, instead of some low-browed, common-looking rooster, with stubbed beard and the air of an "ornery cuss." The fair head of the nation would of course set all the fashions. Her administration would inaugurate an era of love and elegance, to the utter confusion of dusty politics. Let us have a lady President by all means, say we. The electioneering will be rich when two rival lady candidates are up for the highest office in the gift of the people. Fancy one of them a plump, comely female, and the other a lean, lank specimen of womanhood. We should have torchlight processions, with banners bearing such mottoes as "Full Bosoms Forever," "Down with Paint and Power." "Hurrah for Full Garters." "No Withered Shanks," "Pretty Ankles are the Nation's Bulwarks." "No Cotton Brest-works for Our Country's Defences." "To Arms, Ye Brave, when they are Fair and Dimpled," and so on. At the polls, huge placards would be everywhere seen, with such inspiring legends as "Vote for Full Corsets and Lovely Women," "Give the Kissing Candidate a Chance," "Go for the Belle of the Nation." These will be high old days in the history of our republic, and may we live to see them. We speak for the berth of Private Secretary.

The Wages of Royalty.

Royalty is, perhaps, the best business going, regarded from a peculiary standpoint. The salaries of Emperors and Kings are for the most part liberal, and no deduction is made on account of absence from duty.

The Czar of Russia has the most profitable berth, his wages averaging $25,000 per day, or 365 times as much as President Grant receives. The Sultan of Turkey struggles along at $18,000 per day. How he can do it, with his large family, and the inevitable enormous dry goods bills—is not easy to understand. Louis Napoleon, last September, lost a place that paid him $14,000 per day; but he has been prudent, and has saved up something handsome, which will keep him comfortable in his old age. What the pay of Emperor William, of Germany may be, we don't know; but as King of Prussia, he was paid only $8,210 per day, or $3,000,000 per year. Victor Emanuel, of Italy, enjoys an income of about $3,000,000. Queen Victoria is a good manager, and keeps the pot a-bilin on about $2,000,000 per year. The Prince of Wales finds $625,000 unequal to his expenses. Some time ago, a man named Neekly left Queen Victoria $1,750,000, and Prince Albert left her $5,000,000. It is believed that she will "cut up" more richly than any other soverign of Europe.

In contrast to these magnificent figures it may be interesting to know that the average income of nine millions of people in England and Wales is less than two shillings per day.

A woman's heart is the true plate for a man's likeness. An instant gives, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface the impression.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

The following is from the correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, writing from Rome, and gives quite an interesting account of America's favorite author and artist:

Buchanan Read, the painter poet, is another remarkable man in the Roman art circle. He divides his time also between his two pursuits. Read, unlike most literary men, is an early riser. He goes to bed betimes, and is awake always with the birds. At 4 o'clock, summer and winter, he is at his desk; writes until 7 and then breakfast and goes to his studio. In the wintor he paints all day, returns home at dark to dine, his wife reads aloud to him until nine o'clock, when he goes to bed. At the head of his bed, fastened to the wall, is a huge slate at least three feet square; a pencil hangs on a cord beside it. In the night—for Read is a light sleeper—this slate is at hand to use for quick passing fancies and thoughts. His wife copied from it for me, the other day, the new verse which Read has lately added to his popular lyric "Drifting." Read wrote "Drifting" fifteen years ago, before he had visited Naples and the Bay which the poem describes. Since then he has been there and discovered that his poem needed, to make the landscape complete, one more chord—another bit of harmoneous coloring—a description of Sorrento. As the verse is entirely new and has never been published, I am glad to have the chance of sending it to you. It comes in the poem just after the second verse:

"In lofty lines
"Midst palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms and vines,
Sorrento swings
On Summer wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings."

Why Flirts Don't Marry.

It is remarkable, but nevertheless true that, as a rule, flirts, both male and female, do not marry quickly. The chances are that a girl who becomes engaged at 18, and goes on becoming engaged and disengaged, as it is the custom for flirts to do, ultimately settles down into a confirmed old maid, too. If she does wed, as a general rule, she developes into the most virulent wasp, makes her husband miserable, and brings up her children badly.

It is not very difficult to find reasons why flirts do not marry. Sensible men admire in a woman something besides a pretty face and engaging manners. They love intellect, common sense and heart, qualifications which the flirt does not possess. The true woman allows her affections full play, and is not ashamed of them. She will not lead a man to believe she cares for him when she does no such a thing; she will not flirt with him just for the sake of flirting.

She has a truer conception of what is right, and possesses a good deal more common sense. She has derived her education from something else than three-volume novels and the society of empty-pated fops. She can be thoroughly merry; but she knows how to be merry without being idiotic. She may attract less attention in a drawing-room than the flirt does, because she is less noisy and obtrusive; but, for all that, she will get married sooner, and make her husband a better and a truer wife.

A true woman does not care for the spooney young man. She dislikes his foppishness, the vapid compliments he pays her, and his effeminacy. He quickly finds this out, and leaves her in peace. Thus, if he ultimately gets married, it is to a flirt, and the "happy pair" lead the jolliest cat and dog life imaginable.

Immensity of Creation.

Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns and have, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in the diameter 3,600,000,000 of miles, and that which it controls is much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirious, distant from our sun 22,000,000,000 of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirious is from our sun, and if the solar system of the 75,000,000 of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation?

Every sun of the 75,000,000 of suns, controls a field of space of about 10,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation, containing 75,000,000 circular fields, each of them 10,000,000 miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the water in the hollow of his hand, and meet out heaven with a span and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; Him who, sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavans as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in!

The New York *Mail* says: Few of the masculine gender have any idea of the intricacies of the female toilet, while its cost is a marvel to the most astute. There is a conundrum which explains that a ship is always spoken of as being of the feminine sex, "because the rigging costs more than the hull," and this contains a profound philosophical truth. We lately learned that a hair dresser in this city has on sale a double braid of pure gray hair, twenty-eight inches in length and about the thickness of one's wrist, on which he places the modest price of $3,000, and expects to get it too.

For Fits—Consult Mr. Reininger Tailor.

The Sea of Galilee.

What the traveler will see when he catches his first eager glimpse of the limpid sheet of water will be a small oval-shaped lake thirteen miles long and six broad. It is evidently of volcanic origin, and the earth-quakes which have rent the walls of Tiberias, as well as the hot springs at several places in the vicinity of the lake, show that volcanic agencies are still at work. All along the eastern side runs a green plain, which, except at one spot (the probable scene of destruction of the swine after the healing of the Gadarene demoniac) is every where about a quarter to a half mile in width.—Beyond this rises, to the heighth of 2,000 feet, an escarpment of dessolate looking hills, scored by various ravines, and having a plateau at the top. As there are neither trees nor villages to be seen on that side and no signs of cultivation, the view in that direction has a certain monotony, but, this is atoned for by the air of mystery derived from its very desolation, and from the fact that even in our Lord's time it was so unfrequented that he had but to visit it when he required the refreshment of solitude. It was at this lovely shore that we are reminded in the lines of the beautiful hymn—

"Come to a desert place apart
And rest a little while,
So spake the Lord when mind and heart
Were faint and sick through toil."

It was somewhere among those featureless hills—probably toward the northeastern part of the lake—that he fed the 5,000 who had flocked after him on foot; it was somewhere about those grey ravines that he spent the night in prayer. And how many times must his eye have rested with pleasure on the dimple surface of the inland sea! a sight deligthful in any region of the world, but doubly refreshful and delicious in this sultry land.

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.—The *Evening Journal*, of Jersey City, is responsible for the following:

The other day a lady and gentleman were walking along Exchange Place on their way to the ferry, when suddenly and unaccountably the lady stopped.—She flushed her face, trembled violently, and then resorted to that happy female expedient, crying.

"Why my dear Lousia, what on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed her companion.

"Oh dear me, what shall I do? I can't fix it."

The crowd surged by; some looking in amasement, while others stopped for an instant gazing at the crying lady and bewildered gentleman.

"Why, Louisa, what is the matter? Let us move on and not raise this crowd here,"

"Oh, no indeed I can't, oh, what shall I do? What a fix I'm in!"

The gentleman evidently felt as if he too, was in a truly pretty fix. What was he to do?

"Tell me, Lousia, what does ail you?"

Just then a boot black came along and offered the desired information.

"I say mum, you'd better hitch up them 'er undergarments of yours."

Something had given away.

A mechanic in New Orleans constructed a safe which he declared to be burglar proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one thousand dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, and declared that he would give the money to any man that unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths and burglars in the State have been boring and beating at that safe for a week, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the key hole that he will make the reward ten thousand dollars if somebody would only let him out. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in a blast-furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass in through the key hole a fire proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting. The inventor swears that if he once gets out, he will in future always try the experiment with a rival patentee inside. He says he never thought he should wish, as he does now, that some one would find a weak place in his armor.

A little girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine. "Only think, grandpa, what uncle Robert says." "What does he say, my dear?" "Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?" Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself." "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read the Bible. When she had read about half through the second chapter of Genesis she came back to her grandfather eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It is not true; for God made the moon before he made any cows."

SINAL.—There is nothing so striking in the region of Mount Sinai, as the death-like silence which prevails there. The tricklings of brooks, the fall of waters, the waving of trees, the hum of voices and insects are unknown. From the highest point of Ras Sasafeh to the lowest peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, is perfectly audible. Mysterious noises are sometimes heard, but they are supposed to proceed from the rush of sand down the mountain side—sand here playing the same part as the waters and snows of the North.

Who pays the highest price for a house? The woman who marries for one.

Wit and Humor.

Why is a donkey that cannot hold his head up, like next Monday? Because it's neck's weak.

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

A shrewd politician says that he always judges of the character of a house by the cleanliness of the back yard.

It is not disgraceful to any one who is poor to confess his poverty; but the not exerting one's self to escape poverty is disgraceful.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had an ear for music. "I really don't know, you can take the candle and see."

In general that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears, and he alone is a man of true courage who dares to do right.

A Brooklyn mother advised a daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that candid damsel replied, "Oh no, ma, it spoils the gentlemen's vests."

Schoenberger swears that he can drink 150 glasses of lager at a setting. As each glass is a pint nearly, and each pint weighs a pound, the question arises, which is Schoenberger and which is beer.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

A Chicago girl broke off her engagement with a young man for the reason that he sneezes in his sleep. If it would not be impertinent, we would like to know how she found it out.

An editor says the business men of a Western town have presented their editor with a fine horse and buggy as an evidence of their appreciation of his paper.—We hope there will be no such trick played upon anybody here.

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost his hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him and inquired, when he found him prostrate and still, "Mickey are yees dead?" "No," replied Mickey, "not dead, but spachles."

A young man, who has tried it until he knows, tells us that if you go to call on a young lady, and she sews diligently all the evening, and says "yes" and "no," you can go away about nine, or a quarter past, without anybody feeling bad about it."

A young fellow who wanted some money went to a man and asked him to advance him five dollars. "Why!" said he "I don't know you." "That is why I came here," answered the other, "for those who know me won't lend me five shillings."

"John," said a poverty stricken man to his son, "I've made all my will to-day."

"Ah," replied John. "You were liberal to me no doubt."

Yes, John, I came down handsome.—I've willed you the whole State of Virginia, to make a living in, with the priveledge of going elsewhere if you can do better."

Some time since a Northern Vermont clergyman visited New York, and was invited to fill a city pulpit. He knew nothing about quartette choirs and had never heard a church organ. After the first hymn showed him what the organ prelude was, he announced the second as follows: "The audience will now join with me in singing a good old Methodist hymn, and those fellows running that bag of wind in the gallery will please not interrupt."

A genuine down easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceeding tough beef at a dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smiles of the rest in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under ill success, when laying down his utensils, he burst out with: "Strangers, you needn't laugh; if you hain't got any regard for the Landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

AN APOLOGY.—"Did you say that I wasn't fit to carry swill to swine, Mr. Brown?"

"I did sir."

"Well sir, I require you, here in the presence of these gentlemen, to recall that insult, or you will have to take the consequence."

"I am ready, willingly, to repair the injury I have done you."

"Well, see that you do it quickly, sir."

"Brown turned around to the insulted gentleman, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have done my friend Mr. Smith, here, the injustice to say that he was not fit to carry swill to swine, at which he is very indignant. Now, gentlemen I wish to recall that remark, and do here take great pleasure in saying that Mr. Smith is eminently qualified to carry swill to swine. I hope this apology will be satisfactory to Mr. S., and that his excellent qualifications will be duly appreciated."

"Thomas spell integrity." "Indj knowity." go head."