

# The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1871.

NUMBER 16.

## Professional Cards.

**J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO, PA.  
Office at the Waynesboro, "Corner Drug Store." [June 29—tf.]

**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—tf.

**JOHN A. HYSNONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HAYNESBORO, PA.  
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. DEBIBO,**  
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—tf.]

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

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

Experienced in Dentistry, will insert you sets of Teeth at prices to suit the times.  
Feb. 10, 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—tf.

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

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

**MILLINERY GOODS!**  
TO THE LADIES!  
MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER 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—tf.

**C. A. S. WOLF,**  
DEALER IN  
**WATCHES AND JEWELRY,**  
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Watches Repaired and Warranted. [Sept 13, 1871—tf.]

**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—tf] A. B. STOLER.

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

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

## Select Poetry.

**"ONLY."**  
Only a straying sunbeam, yet perchance  
Its golden light had passed through many a leafy branch,  
Had kissed the mosses, where the violet's glance  
Grew brighter for its coming.

Only a straying sunbeam, yet its gleam  
Has wandered through a grating, where no beam  
Of life is wont to cheer the convict's dream  
Through years of sad-repeating.

Only a straying sunbeam, yet its light  
Has filled a sufferer's soul with hope, clear bright;  
It comes from Heaven, where there's no pain, no night—  
The home-quick'ning.

Only a gentle breeze, yet on its wings  
A cooling balm to aching brows it brings;  
And to the weary, burning soul it sings  
Of pine trees waving.

Only a tender smile, but it may part  
And drift the clouds around the breaking heart,  
Inspire with hope, lessen the stinging smart  
Of false friends scorning.

Only a kindly word, spoken in love,  
May lift a shining soul to strive for life above;  
Leave in a heart storm-tossed and torn, the dove  
Of peace, soft nestling.

**FOR EVER.**  
For ever and ever the reddening leaves  
Float to the sodden grasses.  
For ever and ever the shivering trees  
Cover and shrink to the chilling breeze,  
That sweeps from the far off, sullen seas,  
To wither them as it passes.

For ever and ever the low grey sky  
Stoops o'er the sorrowful earth.  
For ever and ever the steady rain  
Falls on bare bleak hill, and barren plain  
And flashes on roof and window pane,  
And hisses upon the hearth.

For ever and ever the weary thoughts  
Are tracing the selfsame track.  
For ever and ever, to and fro,  
On the old unchanging road they go,  
Through dreaming and waking, through  
Joy, and woe.

For ever and ever the tired heart  
Ponders o'er evil dole.  
For ever and ever, through cloud and gleam  
Tracing the course of the strong life stream,  
And dreary and dull as the broken dream,  
For ever the rain rains on.

**Miscellaneous Reading.**  
**A KEEPERS STORY.**  
It was in the year 186—, that important business called me from the small town of N— to the city of A—.

On my saying that I should like to hear the story, he commenced as follows: "I was formerly a night watchman in the Insane Asylum over in A— I had been at my employment about two years, when the incident I am about to relate happened. My wife and I had been married about a year, and she had tried to get me to leave the asylum and find some less dangerous employment as she termed it. I had laughed at her fears, but as she seemed so anxious about it, I had promised in one month more to do as she asked. The month had nearly expired; only one more night remained. I had to get on my watch at ten o'clock. On this particular night I was seized with a nervous fear of—I knew not what—but still I felt that something was about to happen. In vain I argued to myself that I had watched there two years, and nothing had happened, but as I argued, I had three galleries still hung over me. I had three galleries to go through, and on each side of those galleries were cells in which the patients were confined. As I passed along, I would occasionally see some bony hands thrust through the gates, or some poor fellow would rave at me, accusing me of—he knew not what himself. As I passed into the third gallery it was with such a feeling that I could hardly help turning and feeling back to awaken some of the attendants, but laughing at my idle fears, as I then termed them, I resumed my duty. Passing along, I became aware of an uncommon noise in one of the cells in which a new patient had been confined. I walk-

ed along and looked through the gates, but saw nothing out of the way, and was about passing along when an agonized groan passed from the lips of the man on the straw in the corner—he was one of the worst patients, we could not give him a bed to sleep on as he would tear it into pieces. I immediately unlocked the door and passed into his cell. I approached him leaving my keys in the lock. As I stooped over him to see what was the matter, he sprang to his feet, and before I knew what he was about, planted a stinging blow in my face, which sent me reeling into the further corner. The same time that he struck, he sprang past me through the door, and before I could prevent him, had closed and locked it, making me a prisoner. Then picking up the lantern, which I had set on the floor outside, he held it up, glared at me with his terrible, bloodshot eyes, and muttered: "I know where they put the big carrying knife, and now that I have got the keys, I will get it, and death will be your portion."

"Saying this, he started off, leaving me in the dark. He was a large and powerful man, weighing nearly fifty pounds more than I did, and in his present state a match for two like me. In vain I tried to think of some way of escape; there was none. The window was strongly grated; the door a dozen men like me could not move. I thought of my dear wife and darling babe and tears would come in my eyes in spite of all I could do. What would she say when I was born a ghastly, bleeding corpse to the house. Sometimes I would try to hope he would forget me, and not come back, but reason told me better.

I tried to pray, but instead of having my mind on what I said, I was continually listening for his returning footsteps. At last they came in sight I noticed he carried a carving-knife in his hand. As he approached the cell he accidentally dropped the lamp, leaving me in darkness. A faint ray of hope pierced my mind.—Could I not dodge out as he unlocked the door? Nearer and nearer he came and at last stopped at the door. I could hear him groping for the keyhole. At last I heard him insert the key and turn it.—Drawing in a long breath, I nerved myself for the encounter, and as the door opened I made a spring at him and providence favoring me, caught him by the collar. Putting forth a desperate effort, I twisted him, and tripping him at the same time, sent him to the further side of the room. I immediately sprang out and was locking the door when he rushed to it, but finding it locked, reached through the grating and with his knife struck me across the hand, when I was removing the key. As he went to draw back his hand I seized it by the wrist and catching hold of the knife with my wounded hand wrenched it from him. The next day I left the asylum for good, and have not been inside of one since. We bought this farm, and have lived here ever since and now friend, you can judge whether I can ever look back to that night without a feeling of horror."

**Does He Drink.**  
When riding in Central Park New York, not long ago, two gentlemen were thrown from a carriage, and one of them—a distinguished politician—was instantly killed! A sensible and sympathizing lady, on hearing of the unfortunate event, instantly enquired, Had they been drinking? Yes, verily. They had been "dining and wineing." They were imprudent enough to attempt when in an estate of partial inebriation, to drive a span of spirited horses! The wonder is that both horses and men had not been killed.

"Does he drink?" Then no matter what accident happens, nobody is surprised. He was expected to come to a bad end. Accidents are, nine times in ten, the result of drink. The man was tired or sleepy, he took a glass, and was run over by a railway train; or he lost money, his hat, his coat, his boots or his life.

"He was a promising boy; but like his father took to drink, and was ruined." He graduated at the top of his class, was an excellent scholar, but, in an evil hour, gave way to his appetite and is now a public pauper.

He was an only son; all the hopes of his fond parents were centered on him; but he became a drunkard and is lost! lost! lost!!!

Charlie was a handsome fellow. Popular with all the lads and lasses; but, all that fatal "but"—drink, sent him to an untimely grave, and bowed the heads of the bereaved parents with unutterable sorrow for his heartless conduct and his impudent folly and sin.

Reader, cast about for a moment, and in your own experience recount the human wrecks which lie stranded on the coast of time! There was handsome William, Stately Henry, plucky John, noble Abraham, benevolent Jonathan, magnanimous James, wise Daniel, the kindly Oliver, and numerous others cut off prematurely by "drink." Oh God! save us from this destroyer. Frequent accidents must inevitably happen to all who drink alcoholic stimulants. Misfortune will surely and swiftly follow in the tracks of dissipation. Calamity awaits the transgressor. "God is not mocked." Little sins of body and mind grow daily, as the weeds, and if not checked in time will choke down the better plant and prevent its maturing. Young man do you drink?

Ships are lost at sea. Steamboats are blown up, or collide on the river and lake, horses are killed or crippled, carriages smashed, railway trains thrown off the track, public buildings and private dwellings are burned, and the lives of thousands are sacrificed or jeopardized. Why? By what? Because men give way

to a perverted appetite and indulge in that which is an enemy, and only an enemy to their bodies and souls. Young man do you drink?

**A Curious Legend.**  
When Adam was far advanced in years, and at the point of death, he sent his son to angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that he could not until fifty hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod and Moses' staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole upon which the brazen serpent was raised up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but he continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The queen of Sheba would not walk upon, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had buried it deep in the ground, when afterward the pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Hard on Office Seekers.**  
A certain king I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgement he always depended. Now it happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain.—The philosopher told him that it would not rain, and they started. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted on a jackass.

He advised them to return "for," said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him, and then passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as showers coming up drenched them to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you.—He told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king then gave him his discharge and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, how you knew it would rain."

"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," said the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office of the philosopher filled.

"And here, is where the king made a great mistake, for ever since that time every jackass wants office."

**GOLDEN WORDS.**—Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Without love, what were the palace with its appointments of splendor. With it, what is not the poor cabin with its thatched roof? With love, a kitten on the hearth, and a babe in the cradle, says somebody, a man may be in heaven most of his time.

Be loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labor for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angels will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you would be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

**THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.**—A correspondent of the Easton (Pa.) Argus, who has just visited Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, says: "The mansion is nothing but a heap of ruins. It is a disgrace to the nation that the home of the author of the Declaration of Independence should be permitted thus to rot and tumble into decay." The Monticello estate comprises about three hundred and fifty acres, and is now in litigation, having been confiscated by the Confederate Government and bought by a citizen of Charlottesville. The stone over Mr. Jefferson's grave is ruined like the house; relic hunters having chipped into it until the very shape of the original obelisk is destroyed.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth into Heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last SATURDAY night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

Smoking cures hogs and kills men.

## THE R. R. QUESTION.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE

As the committee of twelve are now making a final effort to raise money to build a railroad we desire to say a last word upon the subject.

The ground has been pretty thoroughly gone over in these columns during the last four months, but as statements of unfamiliar facts are apt to be forgotten unless impressed upon the mind by frequent repetition, it may accomplish a good purpose to sum up succinctly the arguments in the case.

**COST OF WAGON TRANSPORTATION.**  
We have no means of determining exactly the cost of wagon transportation (freight and passengers) to this community, and from the Cumberland Valley R. R. I presume however it is no exaggeration to put it at \$100,000 per annum for the townships of Washington and Quincy, at least two-thirds of which or \$67,000 would be saved yearly by a railroad through the center of these townships. The sum represents the interest at 6 per cent on \$1,117,000, which is the actual capital thus needlessly invested. It thus appears that these townships expend yearly, unnecessarily, more than 2 the amount they are asked—not to give—but to subscribe to a paying stock.

**ADVANTAGE OF RAILROAD TO FARMERS.**  
It would enhance the value of real estate at least 25 per cent. Thus a farm worth \$16,000 would become worth \$20,000, and the owner would be actually a gainer, to the amount of \$4,000 on that score alone.

If any body doubts this, let him call to mind familiar examples along the line of other railroads in the valley. It would stimulate production, by making fertilizers cheap and abundant. It would enhance the value of agricultural products, by the amount saved in wagon transportation. It would create an active and remunerative market at home, by largely increasing the population of these producers. It would stimulate the production of many things now unprofitable, for want of railroad facilities—vegetables, fruits, the products of the dairy, &c, which have so enriched our communities. It would cheapen building materials and every article used on a farm.

**ADVANTAGE TO MANUFACTURERS.**  
It would save the large sums now paid for wagon transportation of the materials of manufacture and of the completed product.

It would largely increase the home demand, and give cheap access to all the markets of the country. Thus production, necessarily limited without railroad facilities, may be increased to an almost unlimited extent. These remarks are especially applicable to manufacturers whose materials and manufactured products are bulky and heavy.

**ADVANTAGE TO MERCHANTS.**  
The essentials to success in mercantile business are cheap freights, an active market and the general prosperity of the purchasing community, making payment prompt. These things produce competition, but an energetic merchant who understands his business and has a adequate capital, does not fear competition, so long as he has an active market.

Large sales (though profits be small) and payments sure and prompt, are the secret of mercantile success. The profit of all which may be found in the large and thriving manufacturing or commercial towns on important railroads.

The prosperity of farmers, manufacturers, and merchants necessarily implies the prosperity of their employees, and of all who do not properly come within the classes above considered.

**CHOICE OF RAILROAD.**  
These effects would, in a greater or less degree be produced by any railroad but that road would produce them in largest measure which should afford easiest access to the best markets for our products, and to the sources of supplies which the community requires or may require, and which should by reason of these facilities and others be most likely to attract the investment of capital in manufactures, and thus a large accretion of population.

This is a matter of great importance—greater than might at first appear—and it behooves the people, now that they have a choice, not to make a mistake, and by a short-sighted economy, lose an opportunity, which may never occur again, or entail upon themselves disabilities, which generations may not remove.

**ORGANIZATION OF R. R. COMPANIES.—STOCK—BONDS.**  
Many people hesitate to subscribe to the stock of a R. R. Co., or to subscribe liberally because while acknowledging the general benefits of railroad facilities, they have an indefinite idea that such stock does not pay, or if it pays, that the first holders get no benefit, but are "sold out," or by some *hocus postus*, deprived of their stock.

Such ideas are fallacious.—In these days, no stock companies are so uniformly successful, or pay so well as railroad companies, and there is not an example of a road of any length in such a country as this built at reasonable cost and properly managed, which does not pay, and most of them pay largely. The stockholders own the road and manage it, through their chosen representatives, who must be stockholders and are generally large stockholders, and thus interested in good management. The bond holders are simply mortgagees, having a lien upon the road for money loaned, and have nothing to do with the

management. Under no possible circumstances can a stockholder lose his stock unless the road fails to pay the interest on its mortgage bonds and of all the railroads in the U. S. not six have failed to do that, even in the most depressed periods. In these days such a thing is almost unknown and could not occur in such a country as this, except under the grossest fraud and mismanagement. But it must be observed that the larger amount of stock the smaller the mortgage and the less the risk of a failure to pay the interest.

The case of the C. V. R. R., as one familiar to the people of the Valley is generally adduced by objectors as an example of the sacrifice of the first stockholders, but is really an illustration to the contrary. It is not true, as everybody knows, that these stockholders were sacrificed.—The road always paid the interest on its bonded debt and was never "sold out."

It never ceased, therefore, to be the property of the stockholders, and whatever sacrifice they suffered was by their own act in selling out at 25 or 50 cents on the dollar. Had all held out to their stock (as some did) the investment would still have paid handsomely, notwithstanding no dividends were received for fifteen years—just as one who buys a piece of land, unproductive for ten years, but which then becomes worth twice or thrice its original cost, makes a good investment.

As to the causes which made the C. V. R. R. unproductive for fifteen years, all are familiar with them, and they need not be repeated here. It is sufficient to say that the same causes do not exist now and never can again.

Usually, railroads have to build up a country. In this case the road will build a country ready built. The existing business would support it. The business to be developed will, without doubt, make it one of the best-paying roads in the country. Does anybody doubt for example, that a road from the Susquehanna to the Potomac would, in the first year of its existence earn, per mile, one half as much as the C. V. R. R. now earns? who can say that its earnings will not be when it shall have become a thoroughfare, when it shall have developed the rich ores of the South Mountain and the contiguous valley, where furnaces, rolling mills and manufactories of all kinds and numerous popular towns and villages shall dot its line from end to end.

The net earnings of the C. V. R. R., for the year 1868—70, were \$268,818— or more than eighteen per cent on the total cost of road and equipment, and these earnings are increasing yearly, with increase of population and business. The total cost of road (built in cheap times) was about \$20,000 per mile.

It is estimated that a road along South Mountain equipped for business, will cost about \$27,000 per mile. If therefore the earnings per mile, equal those of the C. V. R. R. there will be 134 per cent of total cost of road and equipment (rolling stock) which leaves a wide margin for possible overestimate of business at first.

Short branch lines do not pay so well, because it costs as much, or nearly as much to run a road 10 miles long as one 60 miles and because through lines, with many connections, have through business which local roads do not and because such lines create business men rapidly and largely.

But the chief superiority of through lines is that they build up a country, stimulate manufactures, increase population and thus immensely enhance the wealth and general prosperity of the people to a very much greater extent than mere local roads.

**DUTY OF THE PEOPLE.**  
It is the plain duty of everybody in this community, who has his own interest and the general good at heart, to subscribe liberally and promptly to this enterprise. The benefits are so manifest and so enormous that he must be blind who cannot see them.

Don't hang back, in the hope that the money will be raised without your help, first because it is the duty of every good citizen to do his best in every enterprise acknowledged to be for the public good, secondly because, when this stock is raised 10, 15, or 20 per cent, you will bear your share of the cost, and you will bear your share of the benefit. You will bear your share of the cost, and you will bear your share of the benefit. You will bear your share of the cost, and you will bear your share of the benefit.

This is the last chance for a railroad. Let us then give a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

A Minister was lately endeavoring to enforce upon a negro the truth of the miracles of the Bible. The poor darkey submitted with a proper humility to the recitals and explanations of his teacher, making but one answer to all. "Massa, b'leve 'em, I b'leve," though he hesitated a little at the story of Jonah. But when the wondrous escape of Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego was recounted, it was too much for his understanding. "What no burne too?" "No." "Not singe his wool?" "No." "Den," says cuffed, "I no b'leve bin—nor do fish tale neither."

**TRAINING OF CHILDREN.**—The task set to children should be moderate. Over exertion is hurtful, both physically and intellectually, and even morally; but it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfill all their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact, conscientious discharge of their duties in after life. A great step is gained when a child has learnt that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

An Irishman, quarreling with an Englishman, told him that if he didn't hold his tongue, he would break his impetuous head and let the brains out of his empty teacup.

Up jumped our devil in a rage, and set two lines to fill this page.

## Wit and Humor.

Time on the jump—leap year.  
A fainting fit—Tight lacing.  
Not a good buss—a blunderbuss.  
The world in arms—the babies.  
A green grocer—one who trusts.  
Glasses of liquor are the horns of Satan.

A miracle—a woman without hoops.  
The best frontispiece—an honest face.  
Misery loves company and so does a marriageable young lady.

What can a man, have in his pocket when it is empty? A big hole.  
Albums may be said to be dip nets wherewith young girls catch flattery.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark. On the head.  
In the darkest hour of misfortune, there is a hand to guide, a love to save.

When is a ship like a scarf pin? When it is on the bosom of a heavy swell.  
A beer barrel exploded and killed a boy in Boston the other day.

A paper that takes—A sheriff's warrant.  
Why is this Republic like a child learning to walk? Because you must stand by it, or it will fall.

An ugly disease in females—the wriggles. Common sense is the "only remedy."  
Saratoga girls organized an Anti-Kissing Society—but 15 out of the 23 members were fined the first week.

An experienced old gentleman says all that is necessary to the enjoyment of love or sausage is confidence.  
A shrewd confectioner in Bangor has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters the shop. "His business is rapidly increasing."

An amorous swain declares he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall. "A hopeless case, that."  
"I say, boy, stop that ox!"  
"I haven't got no stopper!"  
"Well, head him then."  
"He's already headed, sir."  
"Confound your impertinence—turn him!"  
"He's right side out already, sir."  
"Speak to him, you rascal, you."  
"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

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 handsomely.—I've willed you the whole State of Virginia, to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murderer, forever haunts the steps of the malfactor. The paths of virtue, though very seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—Sir Walter Scott.

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:  
"Here lies John Shaw,  
Attorney at law,  
And when he died  
The devil cried,  
"Give us your paw,  
John Shaw,  
Attorney at law."

A young lady of Bainbridge, made a bargain with Curtis Cooper some fifteen years ago, whereby she was to have a "two lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years old," in exchange for a gold watch and key. She was but six years old at the time, and now Mrs. Cooper for 18,064 lambs, or their value, at \$4 per head, which is \$64,528.

An eccentric friend of ours stepped into a store of a village, which shall be nameless, where some "colored brother" was doing a little trading.  
"Ah Mr.—" said our friend, "you have your cousins in I see."  
The young merchant said nothing, but looked mad. Our friend stepped out, but in a few minutes returned, after the same customers had departed.

"I hope you won't take any offense at what I remarked here just now," said he.  
"Oh, no," said the merchant, "I never take offence at anything you say."  
"Glad of it," replied our quizzier, "the niggers are as mad as the d—!"  
And then he sloped, narrowly missing a flying yard stick.

The dying prayer of a dog—guide my bark.  
Up jumped our devil in a rage, and set two lines to fill this page.