

# 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, NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

NUMBER 19.

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING  
By W. BLAIR.

**TERMS**—Two Dollars per Annum if paid within the year; Two Dollars and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.  
**ADVERTISEMENTS**—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Three-fifths Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
**LOCALS**—Business Local Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

## Professional Cards.

**J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO, PA.  
Office at the Waynesboro Corner Drug Store. June 20-47.

**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, and joining the Western School House.  
July 20-47

**I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
WAYNESBORO, PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-47.

**JOHN A. HYSNONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBORO, 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. 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 10-47.

**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. STUFFER,**  
DENTIST,  
GREENCASTLE, PA.

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

**DR. A. H. STRICKLER,**  
(Formerly of Mercersburg, Pa.)  
OFFERS his Professional services to the Citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity.

Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an Office in Waynesboro, at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.  
July 20, 1871-47.

**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. HEERING, J. M. RIPPLE, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRIDGE, T. D. FRENCH.  
sept 29-71

**C. A. S. WOLF,**  
DEALER IN  
**WATCHES AND JEWELRY,**  
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Watches Repaired and Warranted. See Jewelry Made and Repaired. See July 13, 1871-47.

**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 2-47

**BARBERING**  
The undersigned 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.

**CONCAVE CONVEX spectacles,**  
A. E. LEEDS.

## Select Poetry.

### THE DUTY OF LIFE.

Look not mournfully back to the Past,  
The Present's the hour for duty,  
And Life, be it ever so dark,  
His moments of sunshine and beauty.  
Look up! for the sun is still shining,  
Although a black cloud may be there  
Remember the bright silver lining  
From under the cloud will appear.  
Sit not with the hands idly folded—  
Each one has a duty to do,  
And if life has its struggles for others,  
Why have only pleasures for you?  
Seek not to pluck only the roses,  
Faint not in the heat of the strife;  
But put on the armor of courage,  
To fight in the battle of Life.  
Look around on the highways, and gather,  
Not only the flowers and sweet,  
But take up the stones that are bruising  
Some weary, worn traveler's feet;  
Seek out some cool spring in the desert,  
And give to the lips that are dry—  
Speak a kind word of hope or of comfort  
To each sorrowing one who goes by.  
Pluck a thorn from some poor bleeding  
bosom,  
Make strong some faint heart for the  
strife;  
Rouse up the weak feet that have fallen—  
Ah, this is the mission of Life;  
Ask not if the world will applaud you—  
No matter since duty is done;  
There's One who will better reward you,  
With the crown you have faithfully won.

### THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

BY W. R. WATERTON.

Though September's suns shine brightly,  
And September's skies are blue,  
Though Autumn breezes lightly  
Stir the leaves of varied hue,  
Still a not unpleasant sadness  
Stealth softly o'er our hearts,  
While we mourn the vanished gladness  
Of the Summer which departs.  
Though the Autumn foliage glows  
In its green and gold array,  
Yet its splendor tells a story  
Of incipient decay,  
Let us listen to its teaching,  
For analogies profound,  
And throughout all nature reaching,  
Are within us, and around.  
Yes, the Autumn foliage gaining  
Tints of beauty as it dies,  
Like the setting sun, which waning,  
Spreads no glory o'er the skies,  
Tells the Christian that as nearer  
To the grave his footsteps tend,  
All his grace should shine clearer,  
And beam brightest at his end.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### BEARING TROUBLE.

It was a cold, dismal evening in November, that two laborers might have seen wending their way along the streets of a large manufacturing town. Slowly they proceeded, with dejected countenance, not exchanging a word until the one whom we shall call Smith, halted before a neat little house and unlocked the gate. Then there was such a look of utter misery and despair gleaming from his eyes that his companion murmured, "We must trust in God, Smith."  
The words were unheeded, and his companion passed on, while Smith entered the house.  
A tall, dark-eyed woman was flitting about, getting supper. She gazed up at her husband, exclaiming: "You are late to-night!"  
"Yes, he articulated gloomily, and going to the cradle he took up the six weeks old baby, and sorrowfully pressed it to his heart.  
"I do wish you would put that child down and get ready for supper," exclaimed his wife, after enduring his gloominess for some time.  
He slowly obeyed, and then seated himself at the table, with a deep sigh.  
"What in the world is the matter with you to-night?" she asked, as she sat down opposite him.  
His voice trembled as he replied, "I suppose you might as well know first as last, I have been discharged."  
"There!" exclaimed his wife, quickly, pushing back her chair. Just what I might have expected! I'd like to know what we are going to do now. Winter coming on and all. I declare, Smith, you will torture me to death!"  
"I am very sorry, Lydia, but I cannot help it."  
"Sorry! No you are not sorry at all. You would just as leave your wife and child to starve as not. It's nothing in the world but your poor maning."  
"Lydia, you are cruel. Instead of helping me to endure my great trouble, which is bearing me down to the very earth, you make it ten times harder for me to bear. I was not the only one discharged. There was Jim Hawley, and ever so many others. 'Business is dull.' 'Business is dull!' she mimicked after him.  
"Always an excuse for a worthless man. To think that you should be discharged now, just as your rent is due; and then we are out of wood; and look at my shoes, won't you? My feet almost on the ground. I wish I had never married you, and a dark look accompanied the last words. The poor husband now covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. This

seemed to encourage his wife to go on; for she uttered words more and more bitter, until at last, almost in a state of frenzy, the wretched man rushed from the house to the tavern, and there sought to bury his thoughts of the past and the future in the rum-cup.

In the meantime, James Hawley, his companion in labor, entered his home with a very sad countenance. But before he had stepped over the threshold, a loving pair of arms were thrown around his neck, and a pair of sweet lips were pressed to his. He returned the salutation sadly, and then inquired for the baby.  
"She is sleeping sweetly in her cradle. She has been a perfect little darling all day. Supper is waiting; so make haste. Here is warm water and towel. Are you not later than usual to-night?"  
"Yes, Mary, and I bring bad news to you."  
"Bad news!" she exclaimed, turning pale, for the first time, she noticed that something was wrong.  
"Yes; I was discharged to-night, and I do not know as I can get anything to do before spring. 'Business is so dull.'"  
"Is that all?" asked his wife with a sigh of relief. "I thought it was something terrible, the way you looked."  
"And is it not terrible enough? What will become of this winter, if I am out of employment?"  
"The same God who feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies in the field, will not let us suffer, dear James! There is sweet comfort in your words."  
"And now let us have supper," exclaimed his wife cheerfully. "See, I have your favorite dish—shortcake and toast. Do not let your troubles impair your appetite, and then, after tea, we will talk it all over. God doth everything for the best. And as our day so shall our strength be."  
In the evening it was determined that the quarter's rent should be paid immediately, a new supply of coal obtained, and the remaining portion of the money placed in the wife's hands to be dealt out as sparingly as possible.  
Then Mary suggested that all her pretty parlor furniture should be put away in the garret, and the front room let out. Further than this they could lay no plans, and as the husband went out to pay the rent the future looked so dark to the young wife that she could not altogether restrain her tears; but seeking strength from on high, her face wore the same cheerful smile when her husband returned, and little did he know that during all that long night, while he and his baby were so soundly sleeping his wife lay awake, planning out the future.  
Three months have passed, with scarcely a day's work, in all that time, and now another quarter's rent is due. In vain the laborer thrusts his hands into his empty pockets, and in vain racks his brain for some solution of the problem how that rent is to be paid. The lodger had paid his money monthly; but then that was not enough to meet the sum, if he had it, and of course his wife had spent that as fast as she received it, and it was an every day wonder to James how Mary managed so well.  
With feelings of great despair he entered the house. The table was spread with the same favorite dish. There was the shortcake and toast, flanked with a golden lump of butter, a plate of honey, and a deep dish of roasted apples to be served with sugar and cream, while at his plate sat the steaming teapot. As James took it all at one glance, he greatly wondered at the frugal yet comfortable way of living. How his wife had been able to make the small amount of money last so long was a mystery to him, and yet he could not help wishing inwardly that she had been more economical, then perhaps, the rent might have been paid, and he felt that it would be better to have subsisted on one crust of bread rather than to be turned out of doors homeless.  
He refused to sit at the table, pleading that he had no appetite. And a great large tear arose in the strong man's eyes as he informed his wife that on the morrow he would be turned out of house and home, to go he knew not where, as he had not a dollar in his pockets to secure them a room elsewhere.  
"Is that it?" exclaimed his wife in a soft tone, and tripped up stairs, and soon returned, and placed two ten dollar bills in his hand.  
"Where did you get them?" he asked eagerly turning them over in his hands, as though to ascertain whether they were really genuine or not.  
"I earned them," replied his wife gaily. "I knit afghan shawls, children's hood's, and acquiesced as first only for those whom I providentially heard wished articles of the kind; afterwards I was employed to furnish a trimming establishment with my work."  
"And kept it a secret from me?"  
"Yes, because I thought you would be worried for fear I was doing too much. I love to knit dearly, and consider it more of a pleasant pastime than labor."  
"God be praised for giving me such a wife!" exclaimed her husband, earnestly; and pressing his wife and child closely to his bosom and said: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her; for many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years have passed, and James Hawley is a rich man. But Joseph Smith is a confirmed drunkard, while his wife has long since passed from earth a victim of misery and want.  
Why will not wives assist their husbands to bear their trials with helping hand and hearts? If they would but do this, how many families would be saved

from ruin, and how sweet would be their reward, not only upon earth, but also in Heaven.

### Kicked by a Mule.

John Johnston had a mule, there was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He—the animal—could kick higher, bite harder on the slightest provocation and act uglier than any mule on record.  
One morning riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly.  
"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."  
"Fine, weather. That's a nice mule you have," said Jim.  
"Will he do to bet on?"  
"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this county."  
"Great smash is that so?" ejaculated Jim.  
"Solid truth every word of it."  
"Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly from any man within its hurting him."  
"Now, I ok here squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."  
"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money."  
"Don't be alarmed squire, I'll take such bets as seem every time."  
"Well if you are determined to bet, I will bet a small stake—say five dollars."  
"All right squire, you are my man. But who'll he kick the fly off?" there is no one here but you and I. You try it."  
"No," said Johnston, I have to be by the mule's head to order him."  
"Oh! yass," said Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Waal I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if I risk it."  
"All right," quoth the squire.  
"Now there's a fly on your shoulder, stand still." And Johnston adjusted the mule.  
"Whist, Jerry, said he.  
The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.  
Raising in a towering rage exclaimed: "Yass, that is smart! I know your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them one stakes for it any way."  
"Not so fast, Jim, Jerry did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish."  
"The duce take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."  
And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself, "Sold by thunder and kicked by a mule!"

**THE NOBLE REVENGE.**  
The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found rest, and health.  
"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker was screwing down the top.  
"You cannot; get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"  
"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed up the rough box agonized tears crept down the cheeks, on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words, "Only once, let me see mother, only once!"  
Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glittered through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh and screamed—"When I am a man, I'll be revenged for that!"  
There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built in the boy's heart the memory of the heartless deed.  
The court-house was crowded to suffocation.  
"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.  
There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye to plead for the erring. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius enhanced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.  
"May God bless you, sir; I cannot," he said.  
"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.  
"I—I believe you are unknown to

me." "Man, I will refresh your memory.—Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his dear mother's coffin. I was that boy."  
"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"  
"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have a greater revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."  
The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible.

### After a Great Fire.

Says a correspondent, writing from Chicago: Never was presented a more mournful scene as last night I walked through the desolate ruins of the South Division of this city. In my front and on my left were lurid flames, rising from the great beds of coal along the banks of the river, and here and there among the ruins were little patches of flames, blue or red, where, apparently, solid granite had been yet ablaze. From all these flames arose a baneful light, that dragged the ruins from the shadows of the night and made every ragged remnant of wall seem a monument of general desolation. And these remnants were by no means few! Stout walls of granite have been blistered and cracked by the fierce heat, but portions of many yet stood erect amid the ruins. As far as the eye could reach on every side in the red light of the distant coal fields, was a chaos of smouldering fire. In the silence and solitude came a sense of desolation no other ruins could cause.  
If the ruins are weirdly grand by night it is only by day that a correct idea of the destruction which has been wrought can be obtained. The strong light of day enables the eye to reach for miles on every side, only to view the wreck of what last week was a busy hive of commerce. Imagine an area of 2,500 acres covered with heaps of bricks and ashes, with here and there the remnants of wall yet erect, to tell more plainly the story of destruction. And area four miles long, by an average of three-quarters of a mile wide, with not a house left standing. In this space was the bulk of the wealth which Chicago had accumulated. Stately buildings, devoted to commerce, art, literature, and religion, covered a part of this territory. Never was wreck so complete—there is an amusing absence of debris for the fire seems to have literally swallowed all these huge houses, leaving nothing behind but heaps of ashes, and a few scraps of iron. I had expected to find the streets encumbered with huge masses of bricks, iron and other refuse, but found them almost entirely clear, and nowhere so blocked as to be impassable for vehicles. It seemed as if the fire devoured the buildings so rapidly, that only insignificant fragments fell to the ground, and I can readily believe the statement that the flames spread from block to block faster than a man could walk. But complete as is the destruction in the South division, it is as nothing compared with that in the North Division. There, with one exception, everything is leveled even with the streets.—Not a timber remains, nor a single brick in its place. The one exception is another marvel of this great conflagration, as it is a frame house that was in the midst of the fire, and yet it is scarcely touched.

### A Cross Examination.

One of the most prominent ornaments of the bar, celebrated for his genial disposition, found himself about the close of the war washed ashore high and dry peculiarly in the city of Richmond, where he was forced to hang out his shingle in the Hustling Courts. One of his first clients was a youth, who was arrested at the instance of a respectable negro man of family, for having "rocked" his house and severely injured his daughter with a stone thrown through the window. At the examination, old Pompey was put upon the stand, and proved the charge in such undeniable terms that it would have gone hard with our friend's client had it not been for the cross examination.  
Lawyer—"You say one stone came into the room when you were sitting with your family, and struck your daughter?"  
Pomp—"Yes, boss."  
Lawyer—"Where did it strike her?"  
Pomp—"Silence for a while!" "I don't like to tell, boss."  
Lawyer—"But you must tell, I demand again, where did it hit her?"  
Pomp—"Dat all foolishness, boss: I tell you it hit her. I don't like to tell where 'fore dese ladies in court."  
Lawyer—"But you must answer—Where did it hit her?"  
Pomp—"Slowly." "On the buzzum, boss."  
Lawyer—"Well, how severely did it injure her?"  
Pomp—"Oh, quit this foolishness. I ain't gwine to tell."  
Lawyer—"Again I must insist upon my question being answered. Did it injure her?"  
Pomp (in despair). "No sah! It did not injure her, but it hit the man's hand that was payin' 'em out so her."  
The case was dismissed immediately for want of jurisdiction.

A lady in Brooklyn is known to be so humane that she will not allow even her carpet to be beaten; and was frightfully shocked on hearing a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his comrade to cut his tail short; she actually fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.  
Subscribing for the Record.

## Wit and Humor.

The reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat, is, that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

What is the difference between a swallow and a cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

Burrows was the most absent-minded of men. It is said of him that he was found standing by the fire one day with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucerpan.

A compassionate Boston lady, seeing a vegetable huckster beating his horse cruelly, cried out, "Have you no mercy?" To which the astonished man replied, "No, mem; I've nothing left but greens and cucumbers."

A friend of ours, who tended a sable meadow," reports: Then Mr. Johnson arose and exhorted substantially as follows: "Brethren, I'm a gwine to gib you a sample ob de pious man, and an optimistic man. Now you are de optimistic, and whar do ye 'spose ye'll go when ye die! I know. Ye'll go down into de piil (Tremendous sensation.) Yah, and dar, ye'll burn, and burn foreber! No use hollerin' dar, cause you can't get out (Shuddering throughout the meeting.) But, brethren, whar shall I go?" resumed the speaker, rooping up his eyes. "I shall go up, up, up, and de good Lord'll see me cummin' and he'll say, 'Angels, make way dar,' and de Angels'll say 'whar fur, Lord whar fur?' And den, de Lord'll speak up sharp, and say, 'I tell ye, Angels, make way dar; don't you see I Johnson's cummin'!"

A few days ago, at North Adams, Mass., the State constable seized a jar of rum and arrested the party in whose possession it was found, for selling liquor.—The examination before a district judge came on, when the constable after being sworn, testified that he seized the liquor. The attorney for the prisoner asked him if he knew it was liquor. He replied: "Yes it was rum: I drank some of it."

The prisoner, a woman, was called. "Did you ever have any liquor in your house when the State constable called there?"  
"Yes, I had some in a jar."  
"How long had you it?"  
"About six months."  
"Did you have it for sale?"  
"Oh, no; I don't sell liquor."  
"What do you keep this rum for?"  
"I kept it to wash the baby."  
Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?"  
"Oh, yes, often! I used to turn the rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar."

There was laughter in court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.  
Never forget what a man has said to you when he is angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. A person has often been started from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry man, who may wish his words unsaid the next hour, but they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson with meekness to our souls. It is a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

Very few men are permitted to be successful; very few men are permitted to be wise; very few men are permitted to be eloquent; very few men are qualified for statesmen; very few men are good for anything eminent; and even those who are eminent are men with like passions to our souls. It is a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

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What is the difference between a swallow and a cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

Burrows was the most absent-minded of men. It is said of him that he was found standing by the fire one day with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucerpan.

A compassionate Boston lady, seeing a vegetable huckster beating his horse cruelly, cried out, "Have you no mercy?" To which the astonished man replied, "No, mem; I've nothing left but greens and cucumbers."

A friend of ours, who tended a sable meadow," reports: Then Mr. Johnson arose and exhorted substantially as follows: "Brethren, I'm a gwine to gib you a sample ob de pious man, and an optimistic man. Now you are de optimistic, and whar do ye 'spose ye'll go when ye die! I know. Ye'll go down into de piil (Tremendous sensation.) Yah, and dar, ye'll burn, and burn foreber! No use hollerin' dar, cause you can't get out (Shuddering throughout the meeting.) But, brethren, whar shall I go?" resumed the speaker, rooping up his eyes. "I shall go up, up, up, and de good Lord'll see me cummin' and he'll say, 'Angels, make way dar,' and de Angels'll say 'whar fur, Lord whar fur?' And den, de Lord'll speak up sharp, and say, 'I tell ye, Angels, make way dar; don't you see I Johnson's cummin'!"

A few days ago, at North Adams, Mass., the State constable seized a jar of rum and arrested the party in whose possession it was found, for selling liquor.—The examination before a district judge came on, when the constable after being sworn, testified that he seized the liquor. The attorney for the prisoner asked him if he knew it was liquor. He replied: "Yes it was rum: I drank some of it."

The prisoner, a woman, was called. "Did you ever have any liquor in your house when the State constable called there?"  
"Yes, I had some in a jar."  
"How long had you it?"  
"About six months."  
"Did you have it for sale?"  
"Oh, no; I don't sell liquor."  
"What do you keep this rum for?"  
"I kept it to wash the baby."  
Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?"  
"Oh, yes, often! I used to turn the rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar."

There was laughter in court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.  
Never forget what a man has said to you when he is angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. A person has often been started from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry man, who may wish his words unsaid the next hour, but they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson with meekness to our souls. It is a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

Very few men are permitted to be successful; very few men are permitted to be wise; very few men are permitted to be eloquent; very few men are qualified for statesmen; very few men are good for anything eminent; and even those who are eminent are men with like passions to our souls. It is a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

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