

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS—Business Locals 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 29-41.

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 29-41

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-41

JOHN A. HYNESONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING been admitted to Practice Law in the several Courts in Franklin County, all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW W. DETRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Will give prompt and close attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building. July 9

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

D. A. STOFFER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.
And then the word was winged with fire, Its mission was a thing of pain; For soon it fell like lava drops Upon a widely tortured brain.



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 upwards of twenty years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Senore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-41.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
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.



WAYNESBORO', PA.
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.

Des. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, J. E. HERRING, J. M. RIPPPE, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
833 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewellery Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871-41

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 2-41

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.

CONCAVE CONVEX SPECTACLES,
ALEX. LIEBES.

Select Poetry.

THE PAST.

The heart is like a river,
Wherein the currents flow—
One to the future leading,
One to the Long Ago.

On both the banks are roses,
On both the sun is cast,
But the current which is smoothest
Flows ever to the past.

Upon this ebbing river
Our thoughts like vessels go—
Some to the Future sailing,
Some to the Long Ago.

Bringing, at their returning,
Relics we dearly prize.
Brought from those distant islands
Bound by youth's sunny skies.

Strange that the past remaineth
Shut in the hearts for aye—
Strange that we are willing
To say to the Past good-bye.

The future is a shadow,
A cloud whose golden sheen
Makes every cloud look golden
That's in the distant seen.

The Past so full of pleasure,
A rainbow bright, whose bow
Connects the present moment
With those of long ago.

A bridge we oft are crossing,
Passing the friends of old,
With faces fair and youthful,
And hair as bright as gold.

Strange that the gold must vanish
Out of the sunny hair,
Strange that silver spinneth
Nets for the old to wear.

Strange that the wrinkles trample
Out the young faces bloom.
Life shadows that, in evening,
Over bright pictures come.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As this—down it seemed as light
It paused a moment in the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word in its career.

The rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until the little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then the word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain;
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a widely tortured brain.

And then another page of life,
With burning, scalding tears was blurred;
A load of care was heavier made;
It added weight, that careless word.

The careless word, oh! how it scorched
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart;
'Twas like a hungry fire that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How widely throbbled that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountain stirred.
It calmed—'but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

A CARELESS WORD.
'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As this—down it seemed as light
It paused a moment in the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
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Miscellaneous Reading.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A New York paper tells the following romantic story which proves that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Within the past fortnight a romance has been enacted in this city, which more than realized the fine story of the Bohemian Girl, the facts of which have thus far escaped the eager eyes of the reporters, and which have been given us on the condition that we omit the names of the parties connected with the affair. Briefly, then, the story is as follows:

Some fifteen years ago, a wealthy family, then residing in Union square, lost their little daughter, a bright, beautiful little fairy, aged four years. She had been out with the nurse, wandering in the square, and while she was engaged in taking care of an infant sister of little Saiside, the child joined with several others about her own age, and in company tripped hither and on through the paths and over the green grass.

Year after year rolled by, and still no tidings of the lost one, although the father and mother never ceased to mourn, to hope and to search. It was a sad night to see the half frantic mother going about among groups of school children, and starting suddenly as a bright face beamed on her, that had in it some slight resemblance to the lost darling and for several years she never allowed a little girl to pass her, without scrutinizingly looking into her face, hoping to find her own.

But the great antidote of time brought its relief by degrees, and the keenest anguish wore away from the hearts of the mourning parents. Possibly some of our readers may remember the excitement the case created, and the newspaper comments upon it, but at all events this is the story as related to us.

Now comes the strangest, happiest part

of the story. A short time since, an organ-grinder made his appearance upon the streets of our city, accompanied by a beautiful girl with an abundance of bright blonde hair, who played upon the tambourine, and received the pennies that were proffered in return for the music they afforded. This, on account of the uncommon beauty of the fair tambourine, was no puny sun.

One day they were playing in front of a noble residence on one of the new avenues above Central Park, when the mistress of the mansion chanced to look down upon them from the parlor window. There was something in the face of the girl that not only attracted her attention, but almost fascinated her. Going to the window she handed a few pennies to the girl, who approached with her tambourine.

Their eyes met again. The rich lady called her to come nearer and asked her name. This she gave, but it was not Saiside, but Mary. But the woman was confident of something more, and calling to the servants, she directed them to furnish a repast to the organ grinder while she took the girl to her own room. Here she questioned her, relative to her life. What she knew of herself was quickly told.

She had been brought up by an old Italian in Crosby street, and as soon as she was old enough, she was sent out upon the streets with her tambourine, in company with different organ players. Her first appearance was in New Orleans, and from there she had strolled through the larger cities and towns through the United States, and had only been in New York about one month. All this time she had been under the direction of the old Italian, who had first trained her for the profession, and he had made a large amount of money by her exertions.

A very strict watch had been kept on her of late, and since she had become old enough to think for herself, for she had tried on several occasions to escape—the life she was leading, and to graft herself to something more respectable.

Then the woman told her story, the story of having lost a daughter years ago, and while they were speaking her husband came in. He was in doubt, but his wife was not, and then and there pronounced the beautiful tambourine girl to be her lost daughter. The organ-grinder was questioned in the affair, and when all the rich, gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season, and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R.—once the belle of the court of George III., but all this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments, which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by): these things were her fascination, her benevolence, and—a set of the most matchless and perfect amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept was hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the highest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night on his mistress at her toilet.

One evening Mrs. R.—had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on a table, and dismissed her weary maid, intending to put them away her self, but before doing so knelt down, as usual, to say her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful vision, she saw, as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze; and still the eyes looked down upon hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good sense enabled her, after a cleverly-managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked, and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands. "We can well imagine what those prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind the tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless; and she laid down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only mis-

sion being that she did not put away her jewels. They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived.

She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes and resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had been craving.

The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang the bell, and ordered the carriage round just after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most probably all her jewels. However she drove off; she went straight to the magistrate.

"Seize my coachman!" said she; secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disembowel himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.

A MELTING STORY.

One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon him, and in a very few minutes found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun, to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old institution.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now on such a cold night as this a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation was settled by the owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders, and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner covered by the boxes and barrels, that while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain Grocer; so he opened the stove door, and stuck in as many sticks as the place would admit; "without it you'd freeze going out such a night as this."

Seth felt very certain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come I've got a story to tell you," and Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! I see," here said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I've got the cows to odder, and the wood to split; I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away. Seth, in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself easy; you appear a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two glasses of toddy, the very sight of Seth's situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well-roasted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter to baste it with; come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up; as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away, as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright with his back against the counter, and his knees tucked under the red-hot furnace below.

"Cold night this," said the grocer.

"Why, Seth, you seem to pempire as if you were warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No, I must go! let me out! I ain't well! let me go!"

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots; so that literally he was in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go," and added, as he went out of the door. "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninnepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

A Dutchman's Letter.

My family vast ferry moomch draken mit him. My son Fritz was taken det de doubles in dar trout. Ven I heere, dat I tells de: oit voman vat shall I? She tells me I vil go for Dr. Vita. I goe. He comes in ter house un tells ter poy he shall steek out ter tung. Ven hee sees dat, he says Ieth ferry put mit to hiprotetia dejects v. He gve me ten apout four quarty five minutes until he git better. But de more bills I gif 'im to worsen he kit so I go fur aunder Doctor. He squees his arm a little vile in ter rist, and ses to poy got to digestion of dar lungs ferry put he can't lif more as an hour; but if I gif 'im fifty tollars he makes him all right. I dells him I don't cares for all money, put hurry up make im well. He puts dar monish in his ferry fat booklet-book. Den he gif me som powders vat look like sawdust ground up, and says I shall gif im so much as I can, but on der-pier of der wife, vonce in effy seconds. I pitch in an gif der bowders so fast as I can, but he kits no petter fry fast, uns I don't know vat I shall do. Den I heere a man vat makes him well mit some litching in a box. I runs right a way to an kit him, an he comes in an says ferry for you gif der poy der bills an der powders? Vat enough to make der well horse sick. I say can I make im well mit litchin. I says holt on you make im well like de older feller for fifty tollar. He says he first try, ses vat he do. Ten he dakes some dings in der hants un put der fingers on der poy, an ter poy make some noises like der pees in der schwarm, un der poy, he kit right away up an says Ieth tinner reaty, vor I vat to go vishing ist afternoon; and he is smart as I vas now. I tell de doctor how moomch I shall pay him. He say tree tollar. I say all right, dat issh koot, ven I have some vokes vat issh koot I can right away for you.

I don't get times to rite some mors now, and hobe fees you de sameas I vas. GOETLIEB SWINIMMER.

A New Illustration of a Proverb.

The Boston Journal says: A friend just returned from Chicago related to us this morning an incident of his visit which is good enough to find a place here. He was riding in a horse car down State street from the Post-office, surveying the ruins, along with a number of gentlemen whose long, rueful faces told unmistakably that they belonged to the numerous class of "sufferers," when suddenly a man at his elbow gave utterance, without having previously vouchsafed a single word, to the old Eastern proverb, "There is no great loss without some small gain," his face lighting up with a smile at the apparently happy thought which suggested the exclamation. Our friend's curiosity was aroused and he blandly inquired of the stranger what assurance he had for his faith in view of the blackened ruins all about them. "Why, you see," gleefully remarked this new Mark Tapscott, turning a beaming countenance on our friend and speaking in a loud tone, which attracted the attention of every one in the car, "You see, stranger, I lost my house, \$6,000, worth of furniture, and just about every cent I was worth, but I got rid of an infernal old cook stove, which always smoked and would not bake at all, and which compelled my wife to send our bread to the neighbors to be baked. Well sir, that stove was done for in the great fire, and now I feel more than ever sure there is no great loss without some small gain. Just think of it, I might have had a new stove, and then there would have been so much added to my loss." And with an audible chuckle over this comforting reflection, he pulled the bell rope stopping the car, and with a graceful wave of his hand at our friend, disappeared among the ruins—possibly in search of the remains of that "infernal old cook stove."

What is This Age?

"Father," said a Persian monarch to the old man, who, according to Oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, whose head it white with the frost of age."

"And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the proffered seat, "tell me this age; how many of the suns revolutions hast thou counted?"

"Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years."

"What!" interrupted the king, "fastest thou not to answer me falsely, or dost thou just on the brink of the tomb?"

"I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man, "neither would I offer a foolish jest on a subject so solemn. Eighty long years have I wasted in folly and sinful pleasures, and in amassing wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four only have I spent in doing good to my fellow-men; and shall I count those years that have utterly been wasted? Are they not worse than blank, and is not that portion only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life, which has answered life's best end?"

What is a Million of Dollars.

People say, "The steamer took away a million dollars, just as complacently as though a million dollars could be picked up like dirt. An anonymous writer remarks that but few people have any more idea what millions, billions and trillions are than they have of the broags worn by the cobblers who inhabit the moon."

A million of silver dollars possess a vastness that is rather startling to a man who has never faced such a pile. To count this sum at the rate of one thousand five hundred dollars an hour, and eight hours a day, would require a man nearly three months. If the said dollars were laid side by side, they would reach one hundred and thirty-six miles, while their transportation would require fourteen wagons carrying two tons each. If millions became thus overpouring in their magnitude, what shall we do with larger sums? The seconds in six thousand years seem almost incalculable, and yet they amount to less than one-half of a trillion. A quadrillion of leaves of paper, each the two hundredth part of an inch in thickness would form a pile, the height of which would be three hundred and thirty times the moon's distance from the earth. A cannon ball flies swiftly; but if one were fired at the moment that one of our National Presidents takes his seat in White House, and were it to continue with unabated fury of twelve hundred feet a second during his whole term of office, it would not travel three millions of miles.

OUR HOUSE AND HOME.—Says Mrs Stowe: There are certain characteristic words which the human heart loves to conjure, and one of the strongest among them is the phrase, "Our House." It is not my house, nor your house, nor their house, but *Our House*. It is the inseparable one who own it, and it is the one and the hour that go a long way toward impregnating it with the charm that makes it the symbol of things most blessed and eternal.

Houses have their physiognomy, as much as persons. There are common place-houses, suggestive houses, attractive houses and scientific houses, and fascinating houses, just as there are all classes of persons. There are houses whose windows seem to yawn idly—to stare vacantly—there are houses whose windows glow weirdly, and look at you askance; there are houses again, whose very doors and windows seem wide open with frank cordiality, which seem to stretch their arms to embrace you, and woo you kindly to come and possess them.

LIGHT-HEARTED PEOPLE.—There are people who habitually make the best of things, not for a sense of duty, not from dislike of sympathy, not from any shrieking pain from their own account or for others, but simply from a natural lightness of heart. These people supply the oxygen of the moral atmosphere, and should be maintained at the public expense to keep it sweet and pure. Even if instead of being, as they generally are, active or otherwise estimable members of society, they did nothing but enjoy life, they would still be worth cultivating for the sake of the light and heat which they kindle.

The only difficulty is how to regulate them. They are so irresistibly impelled to sing songs that in a world where heavy hearts are unfortunately common, it is difficult always to keep the vinegar and nitre apart.

Origin of Plants.

Peas are of Egyptian origin. Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. The nutmeg comes from Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The citron is a native of Greece. The Pine is a native of America. Oats originated in North Africa. Rye originally came from Siberia. The poppy originated in the East. The mulberry originated in Persia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The sunflower was brought from Peru. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet. The cucumber came from the East Indies. The radish originated in China and Japan.

During the recent session of the General Episcopal Convention, the subject of prohibiting the marriage of divorced people being under discussion in the House of Bishops, the Rt Rev. Dr. Clark stated that in Rhode Island divorces were obtained for such light causes as to imperil the morals of the whole community, and stated that men did actually sell their wives, mentioning an instance of a man selling his wife for ten thousand dollars. "Are such transactions common in your diocese?" inquired a brother Bishop.

"Not at that price," promptly responded the witty bishop.

We overheard the following a few days since. Wonder if it sounds as well in print as it did in the vocalistic Dutch "Katrina, I like to know who gif you de brivlege dat you shall go ant spent me fift cents for to buy that ploer ribbon vot you got died around your waterfalls? You vant to brake me up in pessiness, eh! I put you dem ting don't nefer happens a gain in dis family because I chlap you down so flat as you can't stant, ain't it?"

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient to his physician, "I want you to be thorough. Strike at the root of the disease." "Well, I will," said the doctor, as he lifted his cane and brought it down hard enough to break into pieces a bottle and glasses which stood upon the side-board. It was his last professional visit in that house.

Wit and Humor.

Nearly all women like soldiers, and some would like a good offer, sir.

"Why is a wife like a bad bill? Because she is difficult to get changed.

A cool proceeding: An ice man eloping with a nice girl.

Western Haven't been so low for a century back.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were.—It is just so with bad habits.

A Mr. Tease recently married a Mrs. Cross. We suppose he teased her till she promised not to be cross any more.

"The dearest spot on earth" has at last been located. It is at the store that does not advertise.

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husband the corn, and the other corns the husbands.

Why is a man when paying his note of hand like a father going to see his children? Because he meets his responsibilities.

A young lady lately said to her lover: "You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a bus; and the stupid fellow went looking for a bus on wheels.

One of the Oskosh ministers, when he marries a couple, wishes by saying: "Suffer little children to come unto them, amen."

Be careful not to trust the person who comes and tells you what so-and-so says about you. It is an old saying, "that they who fetch will also carry."

Some one, evidently an novice, propounds the following: "Why do they do up so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly?" Because they "can."

It is a curious fact though the rain keeps thousands away from church on Sunday, it does not detain a single man from attending to his business on week days.

A St. Louis lawyer attempted to try a case the other day, while he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him by saying: "No lawyer can serve two bars at one time."

A clergyman at Council Bluffs Iowa, has made a new departure in the matter of "hitching up" folks. He has swept away the old rules of marrying for a fee, and announces that he shall hereafter marry by weight, charging four cents per pound for the happy man and two cents for the bride. The idea is a novel one.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired a judge, who had called to see a sick neighbor.

"Well, don't know, chudge—dey say I ish de cut; but vy should I have de cut? I