

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1871.

NUMBER 24.

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, \$1.00; 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 20-41

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

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

LEW. W. DETMICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Will give prompt and close attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building.
July 6

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

D. A. STOEFFER,
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 many 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, 1871-41.

A. K. BRANSHOLTS,
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. Bransholts 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. HEIKING, J. M. RIPLEY, J. J. OLLIGER, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29-41

O. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewelry 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, and 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 29 1871. W. A. BRICE.

Select Poetry.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY GEO. HORRAT.

I've wandered through the village, John,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Just east you house on the high ground,
Which sheltered you and me.
But none were there to meet me, John,
And few were left to know,
Who worked with us within the mill,
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, John,
And weeding girls at play,
Are working just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay,
When Hobart lived upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place,
Some twenty years ago.

The Cotton Mill is altered now,
The looms have been replaced,
By new ones, very like the same,
On which the shuttle raced,
The same old press and clinking bar,
The mill swings to and fro,
The music just the same, dear Wallis,
As twenty years ago.

The river ran beneath the hill,
Close by the spreading beach;
It's very low, 'twas once so high,
That we could scarcely reach.
In kneeling down, to get a drink,
Dear John, I started so!
To see how very much I'd changed,
Since twenty years ago.

Near by the barn, upon the Elm,
You know I cut your name,
And Lathrop Armes' beneath it, John,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut,
Died twenty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, John,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of those I loved so well,
'Mid Oxford's broken ties.
I visited the old church yard,
And took some flowers, to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved,
Some twenty years ago.

Some are within the churchyard laid,
Some fell by Traitor Lee,
But few are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, John,
'And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we worked,
Just twenty years ago.

OUR FLAG.

BY WM. H. VAN NORTWICK.

Our country's flag, whose silver stars,
Hath lighted land and flood;
Has been upheld by Lason's sons,
And crimson'd with their blood.

Where'er that banner hath been borne,
Wherever yet unfurl'd;
It spoke of liberty to man—
Redemption to a world.

It speaks with silent voice to-day,
To every sighing soul;
Bids each press on with earnest zeal,
Toward freedom's happy goal.

Why then should Lason's sons permit,
Corruption's hated throng;
To find protection "neath our flag,"
For tyranny and wrong?

Shame on the cowards who bow down
And worship sordid knaves;
Who meekly kiss oppression's rod,
And live the life of slaves.

Up, brothers up, the hand of time
Has mark'd the coming hour;
When tyrant might shall be o'erthrown,
And right assert its pow'r.

Up, brothers up, let not our flag
Wave o'er a robber's den;
Come, swear that sheet shall symbolize,
A race of freemen men.

Come bear it on from clime to clime,
A galaxy of light;
Whose silv'ry beams shall dissipate
The toiler's gloom of night.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purposes to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience, of grievance and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

trembled violently and was deadly pale. "If you touch me I will kick you, said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said."

"Will you go, Alfred?"
"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.
"Then follow me," she said, as she grasped my arm firmly.

"I raised my foot—oh, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as I think of that! How my heart beats as I think of that! How my heart beats as I think of that! How my heart beats as I think of that!"

"Oh! my heavenly father," said she, forgive him—for he knows not what he does. The gardener just then passed the door and seeing my mother pale and unable to support herself, he stopped she beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look of agony mingled with the most intense love!

"It was the last utterable pang from a broken heart.
"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I was afraid to do so. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride arose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on a bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell mother for you?"
She asked.
"Nothing! I replied.
"Oh, Alfred!" for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night.
Another footstep slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.
"Alfred my son shall I come?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment made me to speak adverse to my father's feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilling through me, and melting the ice of my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back.—But I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my name called and my sister stood at my bedside.
"Get up, Alfred. Oh! don't wait a minute. Got up and come with me. Mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed cold as a marble lay my mother. She was not addressed: She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest; and arising to gain to me, she was seized with palpitation of the heart, and was borne senseless to her own room.

I cannot tell with what agony I looked upon her; my remorse was ten fold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a light motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but no speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother! mother!" I shrieked "say only that you forgive me!" She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me and lifting her thin, white hands, she clasped my own between them, and cast her eyes upwards: She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. That joy of youth had gone forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

Manners and Taste.
We will prize good manners at their real worth, which is high, when they are truthful, when they faithfully represent what the heart is and wills. Good manners promise much; let the promise be fulfilled. If it is not, they are false manners, however good they may look. There is nothing hypocritical about the genuine gentleman, and the heartiest would rather have his outward mien below than above his interior self, and under no circumstances other than simple.

Over-dressing is vulgar, especially in women for the glare of the sun-lit and eye-lit street. Toilets, even when tasteful as to color and style, denote, if habitually rich and showy, mental vulgarity, their transparent design being by superficial, material means, to impress the beholder. The refined beholder is unfavorably impressed, suspecting such outward richness to be the mask of inward poverty. A prevalent fashion of costly dressing is a sign of general vulgarity. The finest type of ladyhood would recoil offended from her mirror at seeing herself beset, and befattered, and bejeweled, for a morning walk or drive. She will be as simple elegant in her attire, and will not exhibit, either in the one or the other, the slightest effort to outvie her neighbors.

"The Gentlemen." Coleridge.

Farm Life in China.

I have good opportunities now, says James Brooks in a letter from China, to see farm life, garden life—rural life, in general. The agriculture, especially the terrace agriculture, is not what I expected to see. Farming is not carried to such perfection as in Japan. Mountain land is put under cultivation for millet, or sorghum, or corn, or peas, or beans, &c. The sorghum runs up to 12 or 15 feet high, and its stalks and roots are used for fuel in winter. There is no grass land in this part of China; and hence, few or no cattle raised here. There are no green fields, therefore, though often green hills, and these, now, as green as in Switzerland, and very Swiss-like among the mountains, with the Swiss disease of the goats among women there. And on these hills there are sometimes cattle and goats. A country thus all ploughed, and hoed, and cultivated, or its plains, now full of crops and teeming with agricultural wealth, is a novelty to an American eye. I could see nothing but crops for miles, as I wandered through the fields, and the field-paths, called roads. There are some few fruits here—the apple, now ripening, not bad—the peach, not good nor bad, and the grape, excellent as a garden grape. Figs and pomegranates are growing in the garden of the Legation about me, and they are housed in winter.

The winter here, indeed, must be terrible, judging from the good, thick ice I see on the table, and from the abundance of furs and skins of all sorts in the markets, offered for sale as clothing. The sun in summer is too fiery hot, and in midday the safest way is to keep out of its rays. But the climate of Pekin I have found agreeable and healthy, and in the mountains not far off the air is as pure as in Switzerland, or in Oregon, or in New Hampshire. Every one below in the unhealthy regions told me "it was as much as a man's life was worth" to come to Pekin as a tourist in August; but I have found improved health and vigor. April and May, and September, and October, however, are the safest months to be here. Pekin is cut off from the rest of the world in winter, as ice blocks up every stream everywhere about here, and only long and tedious overland travel then is practicable.

Walter and the Judge.
One day, passing through Washington Market, New York, Walter observed a gentleman making a payment for some purchases, who, in so doing, dropped a bank-note. A draft of air blew it toward the boy, while the gentleman passed on ignorant of his loss. In a few moments, however, he was overtaken by the boy, who said, as he held up the bill, "You've lost some money, sir."

"It was a fifty-dollar note," said the gentleman, whom we shall call Judge Russell, looked surprised, but on examining his pocket-book, found that it was so, and handing the lad a smaller bill, said, "You're an honest little fellow; take this."

"No, sir, thank you," replied the boy, firmly.
In his astonishment Mr. Russell surveyed the boy from head to foot. He was evidently poor, for his clothes bore the indications of poverty. The Judge said:

"Why, my boy, what is the reason you will not take the money?"
"Because I did not earn it, sir. I don't think my mother would like me to take pay for doing as I would be done by."

"A fine little fellow! Would you like to live with me and be a lawyer?" said the Judge.
"Yes, sir," replied the boy, as they parted. About two months after, a boy was shown into the Judge's study, who came up to him and asked, "Are you ready for me now, sir?"

"For what, child?" asked the Judge who now recognized the finder of the bank-note.
"Why, to have me live with you and learn to be a lawyer," replied the lad.

The Judge now recollected that these were his own words to the boy, and struck with the artlessness of the little fellow, he restrained his mirth and asked, "Why do you want to be a lawyer?"

"I have a father; but my mother says you are a good man, and that God has answered her prayers in providing a good place for me; and here is a letter from her, sir."

The Judge was much moved, and more so after reading the letter, containing the mother's committal of her "precious child." Consulting with his wife she became much pleased with the boy—the result was, he was adopted, and ultimately became eminent in his profession, and the comfort of his foster parents in their declining years.—School Visitor.

A WORD TO GIRLS.—The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant women to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe, just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose. We would lay upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply. A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiselled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and a thick pair of lips so modified by thought and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened, loveliness of good looks and mellow tones.

A Plague of Darkness Coming.

A very disagreeable prophecy is quoted by the Journal de Bruxelles. The prophecy is attributed to the venerable Anna Maria Taigi, and is to the effect that two great chastisements may be expected—the one from heaven the other from earth. The latter, which will consist in wars, revolutions and other calamities, being terminated; that from heaven will succeed, and is explained as follows:—"Great darkness is to prevail over the whole land during three days and three nights. It will be so thick that absolutely nothing will be visible, and will be accompanied by pestilences which will chiefly fall on the enemies of religion, although the scourge will not be confined exclusively to them. While this darkness lasts, no light will shine. No fire will have any brightness, and only those who have blessed things (candles?) will be able to see. All this is very horrible, and it is to be hoped that the lady may be mistaken in her predictions, and that they may turn out to be as erroneous as that of the great tidal wave which was the other day to have destroyed New Orleans. The prophetess, however, gives full directions as to the proper course to be pursued during this reign of darkness and pestilence. People are exhorted to not endeavor to scan the heavens curiously during the darkness, for whosoever shall go and look out of a window, or leave his house for the purpose of desecrating what is passing in the firmament, will be immediately struck down. The whole time that the judgement shall last ought to be employed in prayer, and above all in reciting the Holy Rosary.—The director of Anna Maria Taigi said, in August, 1864:—"It is most true that the venerable servant of God announced the scourge of three-day's darkness, extending over the whole earth." While it lasts the windows must be kept closed."

THE SILVER RULE.—"If do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is the Golden Rule, "mind your own business" is the Silver Rule. And, on second thought, I believe we may obtain the benefits of both rules in the latter.

It isn't a pleasant thing to acknowledge, but I believe nine persons out of every ten meddle with their neighbors' business. They may not carry it to the extent that the old lady did, when she crept like a thief into her neighbors' stockings yard to ascertain whether the stockings upon the line were darned or patched; but that she do, sometimes, meddle with what is none of our business, is undeniable.

If our neighbor displays more style than we think his circumstances warrant, we are quite willing, and sometimes anxious to learn whether he pays as he goes, or not. And among the ladies (bless them) the habit of minding the business of their neighbors gets to be almost a mania.

They know to a dime the cost of every dress and bonnet that comes to their church, and whether the minister's wife wears imported gloves, or gloves of home manufacture. Madame knows to a dollar the worth of every set of jewelry on her visiting list, and if there is a set of false diamonds, it is whispered about and commented upon.

But not alone among the women does this habit prevail. The men are equally ready to break the golden rule, and I'll tell you some of their ways one of these days.

Meanwhile, let us carefully attend to our own business, that we may have time to attend to that of our neighbors when we have a convenient opportunity.

A Youth Who Never Saw a Woman.
Meadows history of the Chinese, lately published in London, in a chapter on Love, has the following:

A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through the women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Cweichow, to a spot quite inaccessible to little footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods, and to stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy food.

At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and pointing to three approaching objects cried:

"Father, what are these things; Look! Look! What are they?"
The father instantly answered, with the peremptory order:
"Turn away your head; they are devils."

The son, in some alarm, turned away, noticed that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, eat no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out crying with inexplicable pain:

"Oh, father, that tallest devil! That tallest devil, father!"

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR CROUP.—A lady correspondent of the Maine Farmer, says the following is an effective remedy for croup. Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum in a little molasses. It is a simple remedy, one almost always at hand, and one does seldom fail to give relief. If it should, repeat it after one hour.

Those who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in the cloud, will find him also in the pillar of fire, brightening and cheering the shade as night comes on.

Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat, late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being well corned, they agreed that each on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him in default of which he should, the next morning pay the bill.

They then separated for the night, engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of themselves, and their proceedings at home, so far as they related to their bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance.

Walker began first;
You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of next morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late said to me, sarcastically:

"Bill, do put your foot in that batter."
"Just as you say, Maggie," said I, and without the slightest hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed.

Next Joe Brown told his story.
My wife had retired to her usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door was ajar. Not being able to navigate perfectly, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no pleasant tone, drawled out, "Do break the porcelain pot."

No sooner said than done, I seized hold of the tail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb broke it in a thousand pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture all night for my pains.

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself.
My wife gave me most unluckily call in the world, for as I was blundering up stairs in the dark, she called out, "Do break your neck, Tim."

"I'll be cursed if I do Kate," said I, as I picked myself up; "I will sooner pay the bill." And so landlord, here's the cash for you, and this is the last time I will risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

Items in Brief.
The poorest education that teaches self-control, is better than the best that neglects it.
Payson says: "When we meet in heaven we shall see how little we know about it on earth."
Wit resembles a coquet; those who the most eagerly run after it are the least favored.

The human soul, like the water of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.
You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from chaff by thinking.
Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit.
How, noiselessly the snow comes down? You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground, if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up.
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.
Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common happiness is a far stronger link than common joy.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct, it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant bough.
One cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all.
Men are capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would be won to the good cause.
What is the love of a restless, roving man? A vagrant stream that dalfics with each flower on its bank, then passes on and leaves them all in tears.

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum, thrown together as general maxims in the journey of life: "Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be. Never to show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship. Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it; nor seek occasion to retaliate. Never to judge a person's character by their external appearance. Always take the part of an absent man who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions. Never to dispute if I can fairly avoid it.

Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from a holy impulse, and is a song of praise.

Wit and Humor.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty? A big hole.
A Wisconsin mother has actually named her poor baby Horace Greely.

When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm too. She generally does.
It would be a much better arrangement if the wrinkles of old age were to come on our heels instead of our faces.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.
A gentleman, describing a lady's evening dress, said it was low-necked and even "more so."

If you were the wife of your grand-mother's uncle's cousin's half-sister, what relation would you be to your uncle's grand-father's husband, and how many?

The most laconic word on record is that of a man who died in 1798. It ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

A Missouri lady advises for the person who is in the habit of serenading her to stand nearer the house so that she can scold him.
A boy gave a good definition of a horse in his composition, when he said, "He is an animal with four legs, one in each corner."

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put a quietus upon a young man who chaffed him about his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A French authoress says, "A kiss gives more pleasure than anything else in the world." To this an editor responds, "That writer evidently never experienced the childish rapture of descending the stairs by sliding down the banisters."

A son of Erin just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, was told by a person to whom he applied for aid, to go to "—", generally considered a very warm region. "Civility indeed," said Pat, "to invite me to your father's house."

Mr. Theophilus Popp, of Popprille, in Pop county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, popped the question to her under the popular theory, where she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger, popped him out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel!"

"See here, Jim Brown did you ever say that my father hadn't as much sense as Sam Smith's yeller dog?"
"No, I never said any such a thing. I said that Sam Smith's yeller dog had more sense than your father ever had, and that's every word I say."
"Well, it's lucky you didn't say the other thing, I tell you!"

SALT FOR CHICKENS.—A poultry man says he always lost more or less chickens every year from gapes until he has adopted the plan of feeding salted dough and loaves none; the chickens are vigorous and always commence laying early in the fall. The Ohio Farmer adds, we have chickens commence laying within one hour or two after eating salt, and laying continually.

In an Iowa breach of promise case, the plaintiff swore that the defendant hugged her every night for several months, and Sunday nights until two and three o'clock in the morning; while the defendant swore that he did no such thing. The jury based their verdict of \$1 damages on the ground that if he did hug her, it was worth at least \$1; while if he didn't he ought to be fined at least that amount for dereliction in not living up to his privileges.

D. F.—was the President of a Southern College, who professed to be correct in his language, and, therefore, expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was strictly forbidden on the school premises, but as is often the case, this law was violated by the students without being detected. A number of freshmen collected in one of their number's rooms, were enjoying a game of euchre, when a knock was heard at the door. "Who's there?" one exclaimed. "Me!" was the laconic reply. "Who's me?" "Professor F.—" "You lie! Prof. F.—would not say me; he would say, 'It is I, sir.'"

Here's yer nice roast chicken," cried an aged colored man, as the cars stopped at a Virginia railroad station. "Here's yer roast chicken 'n taters, all nice and hot," holding his plate aloft and walking the platform. "Where did you get that chicken, uncle?" asks a passenger. "Uncle looks at the intruder sharply, and then turns away, crying, 'Here's yer nice roast chicken, gent'm'n, all hot;—needn't go into the house for dat.'" "Where did you get that chicken?" repeats the inquisitive passenger. "Look-a-ye," says uncle, speaking privately, "is you from de North?" "Yes." "Is you a friend of de colored man?" "I hope I am." "Den don't you neber ask me whar I got dat chicken. Here's yer nice roast chicken, all hot!"

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.