

# 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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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—4f]

**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—4f

**I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
WAYNESBORO, PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—4f

**JOHN A. HYNSSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
HAYING been admitted to Practice Law at the several Courts in Franklin County, all business engaged for him will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

**LEW. 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 6

**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. STOUTER,**  
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,**  
(Dentist 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.  
A. K. BRANISHOLTS, RESIDENT DENTIST.

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

We the undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Branisholts for the past year, can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.  
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.  
sept 29—4f

**C. A. S. WOLF,**  
DEALER IN  
**WATCHES AND JEWELRY,**  
383 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Watches Repaired and Warranted—  
Jewelry Made and Repaired—  
July 13, 1871—4f

**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—4f

**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, hair dressing, etc., in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.  
Aug 23 1871. W. A. PRICE.

## Select Poetry.

### WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,  
The birch with golden yellow;  
And high above the orchard wall  
Hang apples, ripe and yellow;  
And that's the way, through yonder lane,  
That looks so still and grassy,  
The way I took one Sunday eve,  
When Mary was a lassie.  
You'd hardly think that patient face  
That looks so thin and faded,  
Was once the very sweetest one  
That bonnet ever shaded;  
But when I went through yonder lane,  
That looks so still and grassy,  
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,  
When Mary was a lassie.  
But many a tender sorrow,  
And many a patient care,  
Have made those furrows on the face  
That used to be so fair.  
Four times to yonder churchyard,  
Through the lane so still and grassy,  
We've born and laid away our dead,  
Since Mary was a lassie.  
And so you see I've grown to love  
The wrinkles more than roses;  
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far  
Than all spring's dewy posies.  
They'll carry us through yonder lane  
That looks so still and grassy,  
Adown that lane I used to go,  
When Mary was a lassie.

### THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, while struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shore of time  
The better years begin.  
When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me like a boundless sea,  
The Great Hereafter lies.  
Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe  
Around the emerald isles.  
There, in the blue, long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of old Beulah's land.  
And far beyond the islands  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.  
Unto the great Hereafter—  
A foretime dim and dark—  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering bark.  
And in the far off Heaven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel's hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### AN INDIAN STORY.

John W. Forney, tells the following romantic story:  
Shortly after I took possession of the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer, more than thirty-four years ago—before I had reached manhood—Mrs. Dickson, the amiable and gentle postmistress of that place, handed me a soiled letter directed to "the editor of a newspaper," which she said had been in her possession for more than a year, and had not been delivered because it had no definite address. Upon opening it I found it dated Logansport, Indiana, and signed by Geo. W. Ewing, United States Indian Agent. He stated that he had only recently stopped at an Indian wigwam for the night on the banks of the Mississippi, about fifty miles south of Fort Wayne, and found it occupied by a family who were rich for Indians, and boasted of considerable property in houses and lands. He went on to say that in the course of the evening he noticed that the hair of one of the women was light and her skin under her dress white, and so he entered into conversation with her, which was not difficult, as he spoke the language of the tribe. She told him she was white, but had been carried away when a very small girl—she could only remember that her name was Sloum; that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna; also the number of her father's family, and the order of their ages; but she could not recall the name of the town from which she was taken. Fascinated by this romantic story, yet undecided how to let the facts be known, he wrote a letter and sent it to my native town, Lancaster, as the place nearest the Susquehanna that he could remember of any importance. After, as I have said, it came in the post-office for many months, it came out through the columns of my little journal, and in that way got to the Sloums of Wilkesbarre, being the first intelligence of the child which had been stolen from them sixty years before. The brother of Frances, who was only two years and a half old when his sister was carried off by the Indians, started for the Indian country in company with his eldest sister, who had aided him to escape, and another brother, then living in Ohio, born after the captivity of Frances. After a long journey they found a little wigwam among the Miami Indians. "We shall know Frances," said the sister, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. You brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They entered and found a swarthy woman who looked to be seventy-five. She was painted, jeweled, and dressed like an

Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and her covered skin indicated her origin. They got an interpreter, asked her name, and when she was born. "How came that nail gone?" said the eldest sister. She answered, "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop." They asked her Christian name. She had forgotten it. "Was it Frances?" As if smitten by a revelation, she answered, "Yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced in sixty years. Here they were met, two brothers and two sisters, after having been separated for more than half a century. The brothers were walking the cabin, unable to speak, the eldest was motionless and passionless. She could not speak a word of English. She did not know when Sunday came, she was carried off by the Indians, and when she grew up she married one of their number. He either died or ran away, and then she married a Miami chief's son. She had two daughters, both married, who, thirty-four years ago, lived in all the glory of Indian cabins, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head dresses. They had horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister accompanied her new relatives, she bridled her horse and mounted it astride. At night she slept on the floor, with her blanket around her. They could not persuade her to return to Wilkesbarre, even when the invitation was extended to her children. She had always lived with the Indians, they had been kind to her, and she promised her last husband on his death bed she would never leave them. It is now nearly ninety-five years since this white child was torn from her parents' home in Wyoming Valley. She herself has been gathered to her fathers, and most of her double family who were living in 1838, with the exception, we believe, of Mr. Joseph Sloum, now one of the most influential and respectable citizens of Scranton. Among all the changes that have taken place in this long interval, few are more interesting than this transformation from civilization to barbarism.

### One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Then, what was the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the mysterious mountains of the moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing all those grand exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and within his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three wars of Europe combined. Washington was a young Virginia colonel, and the great events in history of the two worlds in which these great but distinguished men took leading parts were scarcely fore-shadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years after established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America! Steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of men. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century just past has been allotted more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

### "He Never Advertises."

There is a bright picture of the man who does not advertise. He is distinguished very easily by his care and dejected countenance. He is grasping, holds fast to what he has, and looks upon all customers with distrust. The miserly eagerness with which he clutches the pay for his goods creates an antipathy for him in the minds of his patrons, and they generally leave him. His store is anything but inviting, as the goods are not displayed at all, and a bleak appearance of the walls is the consequence. At night he lights his store with the poorest quality of candles, which shed a pale glimmer over his goods, giving them an old dusty look. At his store you will be certain to find mean whisky, soft soap, damaged groceries and dry goods—all last years fashion, &c. He seldom gives anything for public improvements or charitable purposes, and measures mankind generally in his half bushel. Such a man never helps to build railroads, steamboats, telegraph lines, or anything of that kind. If the balance of mankind were like him, stage coaches would not have been thought of, and bluish ignorance would now reign supreme. He is never posted on the "top of the day," nor is he informed in regard to commercial affairs, because he shuts himself out from that source of information by discountenancing the press, the only means through which it can be attained. And when he dies he is not generally lamented.

Every man's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

## The Rivals.

Franky A. was a young man who followed his trade of carpenter. He was an honest, industrious, and religious young man, quiet and unobtrusive, but, withal, naturally shrewd and observant. Jimmy M. was a hardworking young farmer, who cultivated his own land, and thought a humble man, he was regarded as a well-to-do person in his neighborhood, and as a fair "catch" by maidens with marriageable daughters. It so happened that Franky and Jimmy conceived a liking for the same young lady, the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighborhood. Franky had been a regular visitor at the farmer's house for some time, and had established very intimate relations with the family. He would go of a Saturday night, after finishing his week's work, and stay until Monday morning, so that he came to be looked upon almost as "one of the family." One Saturday afternoon, Franky was at the farmer's house, as usual. The table had been spread for supper, and they were about setting down a very plain repast of mush and milk. Just then Jimmy was seen riding up the lane on a fine spotted young horse. The farmer went out to meet him. The mother gathered up the plain delf cups and saucers, together with the milk and mush and brown tablecloth, and disappeared into the kitchen, the daughter whipped up stairs, and exchanged her dull calico for her best silk, and soon joined the gentlemen in the parlor, radiant with smiles, and metamorphosed into a fine lady. In the meantime the supper-table had been re-spread. The china glittered upon a white tablecloth, and a "dinner" and a "cock" of the plainest mush and milk. Supper was announced. It was the custom in the family to have "grace" at meals, and the farmer, usually called upon Franky, to render that service. He did so on this occasion. Franky, who had been a silent but attentive spectator of all that had passed since the coming of his rival, and who was somewhat of a wit, withal, drew up to the table, and with becoming gravity, commenced as follows:

The Lord be praised! how I am amazed to see how things are mended. Hers' shortcake and tea for supper I see. When mush and milk were intended. The meal was eaten in silence. It was the last "grace" Franky ever said at that table. When supper was over, he took his hat, and bade them good evening. His rival remarked the young lady some months afterward.

A REMARKABLE BLIND MAN.—James Richard Golliday, of Bowling Green, Ky., is now thirty-six years of age. When two years old one eye was put out by a piece of rock, and soon after the other was put out by an acorn thrown by one of his little playmates. He grew vigorously, and has enjoyed good health and cheerful spirits. He was educated at the blind institute at Louisville, graduated with distinction, becoming especially proficient in mathematics. Determined to support himself, he became a traveling pedlar of books. He invested his gains in a book-store in Bowling Green, and was thriving until 1862, when his store was destroyed by Federal soldiers. He afterward traveled with a panorama, and four years ago resumed his store. He is noted for foresight in business, accuracy in counting money, and the admirable system of his store. He recognizes persons whom he knows by their footsteps. It is said that he goes from his store to the railroad, buys his ticket, rides to Louisville, travels all over the city without a guide, and returns after transacting his business. In spite of his total, life-long blindness, he has made a small fortune, being one of the most remarkable illustrations on record of the power of will and talent in triumphing over the most malignant degrees of luck.

### "Do Not Give Up."

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voice of children, and paused to listen. Finding the sounds proceeding from a small building used as a school house, he drew near, and as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were speaking.

One little fellow stood apart, sad and despondent.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him—I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few kind words to him, then placing his hands upon the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Do not give up, but try, my boy, try!" The soul of the boy was aroused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious, ambitious, to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible; a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Do not give up, but try, my boy, try!"

A lady who had refused an awkward but wealthy suitor, said to a friend as he passed: "Look at him! Could you marry him even if he had a carriage and horses?" "No, indeed, not if he kept a livery stable," replied the other.

## Christians Temperance.

A few years ago, two men were caught in the rapids above Niagara Falls. They were hurled on to destruction. The end of the rope was thrown out. One of them seized, but the other caught hold of a floating log. The first was drawn to the shore, the other in a few moments passed with the log over the falls.

So we look at two men endeavoring to save themselves from the rapids of a terrible appetite. One of them seized on the rope of Christian faith, that is fastened in heaven, and is saved. The other depends merely upon the uncertain purposes and resolutions, he has made and appetite sweeps him on to ruin.

He who would successfully struggle with temptation and appetite, and he who would not accept of the saviour of the degraded, must not only add patience to his perseverance, but also godliness to his piety.

The madness of appetite is like the demoniac of the Gadarenes. You may bind it with the fetters of laws, and pledges, and resolutions, and they may all be broken. You cannot bind intemperance. "No, not with chains." You cannot tame it with constant watching. Christ must come near and bid the fiend. "Come out of him," changing his heart with divine love, he can be seen "clothed, and in his right mind."

## Business Law.

It is not legally or necessary to say, on a note "for value received."

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor, with twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A note from a minor is a void. Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels one to do impossible things.

An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a minor is void. A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Failure not a Failure.

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything; no matter what happens to annoy, let it all glide along as easily and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible.

"Little inconveniences" will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to be master of every situation is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in a constant hum over what amounts to nothing; and, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a household. We cannot have everything just as we want it in this world; and the sooner a person understands that fact the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness.

It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and then, if disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled.

Do the very best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strives with his best knowledge, energy, and untiring labor to accomplish a certain object, working with skill and patience, he is a success whether the scheme fails or succeeds; and he ought to reconcile himself to failure if it is inevitable.

If his labors have been of brain and hand, he is better fitted to succeed in other undertakings.

Beware of evil thoughts. They have done great mischief in the world. They prepared the way for evil words and deeds, and for utter ruin.

Beware of evil books. They beget evil thoughts, and thus commence the process of ruin. A ruined man once said: "It was ten minutes on the street corner, reading a bad book, that destroyed my whole life."

Beware of evil deeds. These may be small acts of evil, but they are none the less of that. "It was a penny I stole when I was a small boy," said an old man, "that sent me four times to prison, and confined me there twenty-eight years out of sixty of my life, and all for stealing less than thirty-eight dollars."

Beware of evil associates, for they have ruined thousands. You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose friends are all good, and whose enemies are all characters decidedly bad.

Who is Old.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

## Married For a Dime.

A correspondent at Rock Hill Station sends us the following:  
A good joke is told on Judge Houchin, of Brownsville. The Judge was seated near the bar door at the hotel of York & Houchin, when a rather pale, slender youth approached the hotel, and inquired for Judge Houchin, a gentleman seated near by pointed to the Judge, and observed, "There is the gentleman." The young man said to him, "Step this way, Judge."

The Judge stepped to the edge of the porch, when the young man said, "I have come over here to get married."

Well said the Judge, "I have no objections."

"Well, I want you to go over to the corner house with me. I want my license."

"You must go to the clerk."

The lad started off in great haste, and in a few minutes returned.

"They say you will marry me?"

"Yes, I do marry people sometimes, but it is customary to get a minister."

"What do you charge for marrying?"

"I never make any charge; I marry the boys and they pay me whatever they think it is worth."

"You will marry me for a dollar, won't you?"

"Yes, I always marry the boys, and they pay me whatever they think it is worth."

"Well, then, won't you marry me for a quarter in silver?"

"Oh, yes; the law allows me two dollars; but I always marry the boys, and they pay me just what I said, just what they think it is worth."

"So the judge started for the clerk's office with the pallid youth, and administered the marriage ceremony in these few words: "By the authority which I hold in my hands, I pronounce you man and wife."

Somebody called out: "You are a married man now."

"Well, Judge, you ought to have done that for nothing. It isn't worth more than a dime, no how."

A tremendous burst of laughter followed, and the Judge stood there—*Lowville Commercial.*

WASTE PAPER.—But a few houses keep are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blacked, it can be kept looking very well by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing it with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in soda. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tinware after scouring.

This saves wetting the knife handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when walking over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between other coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper on it, and thus save the paint on wood-work from damage.

NAPOLÉON'S PRESENCE OF MIND.—On the eve of the battle of Waterloo, as Napoleon was rummaging in his tent upon what might be the event of the conflict about to commence, he took his snuff box off the table and proceeded to make use of its contents, but, so familiar was he with its quality, as he took a pinch between his fingers and thumb he perceived it felt gritty to the finger instead of being as usual, though the difference was not visible to his naked eye. He immediately, by way of trying its genuineness, gave some to a dog that was lying in his tent. It had an almost instantaneous effect on the animal, and in the end deprived it of existence. Bonaparte's suspicion was now confirmed; he saw plainly that an attempt had been made to poison him; but such was his great presence of mind that he took care to let none of his officers composing his staff know of it at such a critical time; his only precaution to prevent a like occurrence taking place, was the substitute of his waistcoat pocket for his snuff box.

No MOTHER.—What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single sentence—no mother. We must go far down the hard, rough path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our experience, the dreary reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how and the story summed up in that one short sentence. Who now shall check the wayward fancies—who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless girl?

Dead gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overfilled by the harshness or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing? Is she forgetful of her duty? Remember, oh, remember, "she has no mother!"

Avoiding Imprisonment.—The Philanthropist Howard's rule for avoiding infection in the prisons, hospitals, and dungeons which he visited, were thus stated by himself: "I never enter a hospital or prison before breakfast, and I never leave it after dinner. I seldom draw my breath deeply." These excellent precautions were worth remembering.

## Wit and Humor.

What is the lightest place in Ireland? Cork.

What is higher when the head is off? The pillow.

What kind of a bat flies without wings? A brickbat.

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

How all ye sorrowful sinners—bear in mind, but a few days intervene until the leap year comes.

Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf? Because they can not make them hear.

The best illustration of perpetual motion that we know of is a woman's tongue when talking of her baby.

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

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

A gentleman in the country, a few days ago, sat down on a horse's nest to rest himself. It did not take him long to rest.

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

Over the door of a cobbler's shop in Savannah, Ga., appears this legend: "Boots and shoes are made here—ladies and gentlemen repaired."—Kum la ha!

If small girls are wails, are large ones wailers? "Certainly," says sweet sixteen, "at least the boys have the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man; "One who is careful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash day without grumbling."

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on seeing a young man give the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

A man in Boston, on getting soda, was retiring from the store without the usual ceremony, which follows that operation. "Recollect, sir," said the polite proprietor, "if you lose your pocket-book, you didn't pull it out here."

A good story is told of President Grant's dry, sarcastic remark when he was shown a copy of a Western paper, which purported to give a list of the number of trips he had made and miles he had traveled since the close of the war. Looking it over casually, he observed that it was pretty nearly correct, and then remarked: "I wonder if that chap kept a full list of my trips during the war?"

A Western paper observes of Mr. Wentworth, member of Congress for a district of Illinois, that "he is so tall that when he addresses the people, instead of mounting the stump, as usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in." Another paper, which goes the whole circle against Mr. Wentworth, politely observes that they "dig a hole for him, not because he is too tall, but because he never feels at home unless he is up to his eyes in dirt."

Patrick, annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped up, out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in mid-winter, when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran out to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his night suit, his teeth chattering, and his whole body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Holy mother, Pat," said she, "what was he after doing?" "Hush," said he, "don't ye see? I'm tryin' to fraze the beast!"

SHE COULD SEE HIM.—At a trial, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opening counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight.

"Can you see me?" said he.

"Yes," was answered.

"How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer.

"Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

The answer brought down the house.

A man who was once traveling through the state of Illinois, and coming to a ferry, and being out of money, the following colloquy took place between him and the ferryman:

Ferryman—I say Mr. have you got any money?

Traveler—No, sir.

Ferryman—Have you got any at home?

Traveler—No, sir.

Ferryman—Can you borrow any?

Traveler—No.

Ferryman—Do you expect to get any on the other side?

Traveler—No, Sir.

Ferryman—Well, then, you had better stay where you are; for it makes a little difference which side you are on.