

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 28, 1871.

NUMBER 27.

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-five 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."
[Jan 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 29-4f.]

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-4f.]

JOHN A. HYSSENG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAYNESBORO', PA.

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

LEWIS 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. STOFFER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.

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

DR. A. N. 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 some years in the practice of his profession.
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., 115 Father-in-law, where he can be found at 1 times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4f.]

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 nitroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas or the soothing 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. RIPPLE, J. J. OELLING, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29-4f.]

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Watches Repaired and Warranted.
Jewelry Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871-4f.]

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

CHOLERA MEDICINE.
DR. WICKLEY'S celebrated Cholera Medicine prepared by DAVID M. HOOVER of Ringold, Md., can be had during the season at E. FOURMAN'S Drug Store, and at dealers generally. Traveling Agents,
July 27, 71-6m. HENRY MYERS.

SHAD AND HERRING.—Messrs. Shad and Potomac Herrin in bbis. for sale by
W. A. REID.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WOOD'S Household Magazine is offered free during the coming year to every subscriber of Merry's Museum, the Toledo Blade, Pomeroy's Democrat, etc., etc., etc.

Which is an evidence of its worth and popularity. Horace Greeley, James Parton, Theo. Tilton,
Gail Hamilton, etc., write for every number.

In clubbing, it offers three first-class periodicals for the price of one of them. A variety of premiums on equally liberal terms. It is an original, first-class Magazine, Vol. X begins with
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S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N. Y.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
IN THE TREATMENT OF
Chronic and Sexual Diseases,
A PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.
The cheapest book ever published—containing nearly 300 pages, and one hundred and thirty fine plates and engravings of the anatomy of the human organs in a state of health and disease, with a tissue on early errors, their deplorable consequences upon the mind and body, with the author's plan of treatment—the only rational and successful mode of cure, as shown by a report of cases treated. A truthful adviser to the married and those contemplating marriage, who entertain doubts of their physical condition. Sent free of postage to any address, on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps or postage currency, by addressing Dr. L. O. ROWE, Prof. 31 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y. The author may be consulted upon any of the diseases upon which his book treats, either personally or by mail, and medicines sent to any part of the world.

\$125 A MONTH! Horse furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. Stebbins & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

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IN CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPERD, D. D., of Chicago. Only complete history, 700 pages; 60 engravings. 70,000 already sold. Price \$2.50. 2000 agents in 20 States. Agents go to suffer. Agents WANTED. H. S. Goodspeed & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

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WANTED.
ACTIVE AGENTS to sell the Finkle & Lyman Manufacturing Co's Improved New Family Sewing Machine,
"VICTOR,"
General Office for Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware,
No. 1227 Chestnut St., Phila.
J. L. Ferguson, Manager.

\$57.60. Agents profit per week—will prove it or forfeit \$500. New articles, patented, July 18th. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, New York.

SAVE YOUR LIFE,
BY PROMPTLY USING
WINCHESTER'S Hypophosphites,
A Chemically pure preparation of PHOSPHORUS!
which is a most important constituent of the human body existing largely in the Brain Nervous System, Blood and Bones. It is the UNDOING WASTE or DEFICIENCY of the life-giving and life-sustaining element, which is the IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, Etc., Etc.

The proper remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Diseases consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs and Blood, their due proportion of Phosphorus.
Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., CHEMISTS, 36 JOHN ST., N. Y., and sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 and \$2 per bottle.

IMPOTENCY.—Victims of early indiscretion, self-abuse, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., will find a most effective, safe and permanent cure by addressing, confidentially, DR. WUNDER, Post-Office, Philadelphia.

UNION HOTEL.
Corner of Main & Queen Sts.,
CHAMBERSBURG, Penn'a.

LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors.
THE UNION has been entirely refitted and re-furnished in every department, and under the supervision of the present proprietors, efforts will be spared to deserve a liberal share of patronage.
Their tables will be spread with the best Market affords, and their Bar will always contain the choicest Liquors. The favor of the public solicited. Extensive Stabling and Attentive Hostlers.
Dec. 14-1y

ANOTHER ARRIVAL.
MRS. KATE G. STOVER, has received a full supply of Millinery Goods. Also stamping done to order. Ladies are invited to call and examine her assortment.
Dec. 14-4f]

Please Notice.
THE undersigned will send to his Patrons, through the Post-office, their accounts for the year, at the beginning of the New Year in accordance with his established rule
Dec 14-3t E. A. HERRING, M. D.

Select Poetry.

THE PAST.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
Who, looking back from manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind,
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse!
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we vain would shun
We do, and leave the wish'd-for good undone:
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we always.

Yet who thus looking backward o'er his years
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow man?

If he hath hidden the out-cast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent—
He has not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to him in whom he loves and lives
With thankful heart
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

BROKEN TIES.
BY J. MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each dissevered chain,
In sparkling ruin lies;
And earthy hand can never again
Unite those earthly ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arm perchance may roam,
To desert seats removed.
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes;
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved one of our youth,
Or too have gone or changed,
Or worse than all, their love and truth,
Is darkened or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SERPENTS IN HOMES.
BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The late terrible "frank tragedy," followed closely by other tragedies, well as terrible, have started and shocked the nation. This time the serpent has thrust his hissing tongue into our very faces; but there is a whole brood like unto him nestling still in dark concealment. Two or three dens of death the day-light of detection has streamed; but they are only specimens of a class more numerous than we have dreamed of. There are fresh proofs of the fact that in our great cities there exist a distinct class of "institutions," organized for the sole purpose of extinguishing human life. They "run" by a body of infamous creatures, whose only trade is to murder. While we are sending our money and missionaries to convert heathen women who are flinging their babes into the Ganges, we have among us scores of dens to which our own women go voluntarily for the murder of the unborn: So prosperous are these abortion dens that their proprietors can buy farms and drive fine carriages—Such prosperity bespeak large patronage. Who are the patrons?

It is an undeniable fact that many of them murder the solemn vows of wedlock. Some of these having broken the seventh commandment in order to conceal their transgression. They commit murder to hide adultery. But another and larger class are those who regard the sweetest blessing of wedlock as a burden and a bane. Instead of feeling that "children are a heritage of the Lord," these most unnatural "monsters" regard them as a plague and nuisance—a heavy tax on time and strength and purse, a hindrance to their gayeties, or a hateful intruder upon their ease and self-indulgence. So, rather than become mothers they are willing to become murderers. Nor is it only in those hideous slaughter houses where the modern Herods slay the innocents that these deeds of darkness are done. This crime is perpetrated in hundreds of private dwellings. The "Medicines" and "reliefs" so widely and wickedly adver-

tised are sent for and used for the prevention of maternity. Medical art has devised a dozen "sure and easy" methods of destroying the germs of infant life. That they are used to an extent almost incredible is well-known by family physicians who are called upon to repair the ravages of these vile potions. For these methods are not so "easy" after all. They cost many a woman a ruined constitution. They cost the power of after propagation. They sometimes cost the life of the guilty wife who harbors this serpent in the home nest. We heard recently of the death of a gay and beautiful wife in the pangs of premature child-birth. The terrible secret came out that her constitution was utterly ruined by a half dozen previous crimes of abortion. The broken law of God "found her out" at last. Every woman who practices any method to destroy an unborn life does it at the peril of her own. This serpent stings the breast that harbors it.

That secret crimes for the prevention of offspring are fearfully prevalent and on the increase is an undoubted fact. One proof is found in the relative decrease of the size of families. A fine, bountiful progeny is frequently spoken of as an "old-fashioned family"—such a one as was common before the discovery of "sure and easy" arts of feticide. Other proofs are found in the shattered health of wives.—Others still are furnished by the family physicians. Is it not time that this dangerous and diabolical crime was stopped? Should not every pulpit thunder against it? Should not physicians be plain and emphatic in their warnings to the wedded pair whom they are not so secret as their perpetrators imagine. Murder will out! But it is not alone among the married that the dens of child-murder or the arts of abortion find their patrons. Thousands of the unmarried who have sinned against God's law of chastity, flee to these accursed arts to hide their shame. The poor Patterson girl, who was stung to death by this serpent, was but one of an increasing army of victims. Let us not stop with results, but go back to cause. Why is the sin of licentiousness in all its phases growing so rapidly?

One cause is the growth of a licentious literature. The unclean "frogs" are now creeping up into our "kneading troughs." The news stands and the news rooms are stocked up with pictorial journals that are enough to make a harlot blush. One of these filthy sheets is reported to surpass Harper's Weekly in extent of publication. And every such lecherous paper that enters a family becomes a serpent in the nest. But the filthy journals do not stand alone. Some of the fictitious literature that is read by the rich and the cultured is fairly rotting through with immorality. I have seen scores of well-dressed people in cars and cabins, who had in their hands a poisonous book called "Terrible Temptation." I only know of its contents by credible report; but I should think the volume is a "terrible temptation" to lash soundly its author and its publishers. Passion exciting books have poisoned more than one seduction. It is said that the only books found in brothels are novels.

A second source of demoralization has been the attractive indecencies of an indecent stage. Thousands of men and women have gone together (are we sure that there were no church members among them?) to gaze on these low exhibitions. One thing these patrons of the licentious play house ought to know, and that is that in the sight of God those in front of the stage are just as guilty as the half nude creatures on the stage. Who can tell how often an evening at the theatre has paved the way to such dens of death as Rosenweig's or Restell's.

A third root of licentiousness is found in the prevailing passion for display. The history of prostitution has proved how often infatuated women have been ready to defile their souls in order to decorate their bodies. A good man in Chicago took the trouble lately to answer some of the "personal" advertisements, and discovered that several of the female authors of them lived in respectable streets, and were intent on selling their honor to purchase dress. Satan baits his hooks for men with dollars, and for women with dress.

A fourth source of sexual immorality is the growing rage for social dissipations. These weaken the conscience, inflame the passions and sensualize the very soul.—The ball room with its indelicate dress and its promiscuous carresses, and its wine suppers, leads the giddy young man and maiden to the verge. The next step is—over the precipice. And young people ought to know that it takes but one step to go down Niagara! The poor, pitiable girls whose names have lately been dragged before a horror-stricken public, took but that single step. When and how they did it is known now only to Him into whose presence their sad and fatal sins have summoned them.

We are tempted to add still other fruitful causes of the sins against chastity that terminate in disgrace and self-destruction. But we have said enough to warn those who are most in danger. We have written these plain words mainly for the eyes and consciences of parents. Blessed be that household that has no serpents in the nest! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." This whole subject is one of infinite moment to our whole people; for no nation has yet survived wide spread unchastity.

A few days since a little ragged urchin was sent by a tradesman to collect a bill. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted he said to him: "You need not run me so sharply; I am not going to run away."

"I don't suppose you are," said the boy scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

Bear Hunters Troubles.
Bear hunting is not always the pleasantest kind of amusement. So thinks Mr. Hamilton of Missouri. The gentleman shouldered his rifle one morning and went into the timber about a mile off to shoot squirrels. At night he had not returned, nor did he make his appearance during the night. As squirrels are not apt to devour a man, several neighbors the next morning went in search of him. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a tree thirty feet from the ground, and unable to extricate himself. He said that about 3 o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear and shot at him but missed him, when the bear made for him with all his might. He ran and finding the bear gaining on him he threw away his rifle and climbed up a sycamore tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of this tree had been broken off, and was hollow, in which hole he trust one of his legs to keep himself from falling, but he soon found that his leg was fast when he tried to extricate himself, and could not draw it out. The bear in the meantime had torn the boot off on the outside and was knocking and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton, took his pocket-knife out and cut at his eyes, but with one sweep of his paw the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his fingers. He could not see no help, and gave up to die expecting to be eaten alive by the beast. But soon a happy thought struck him.—That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had runing in the timber, which providentially he had not found. Of this he took a small handful and sprinkled in the bears eyes. It had the desired effect. He shook his head, growled and went down. He soon, however, returned, when a little more salt drove him away the second time when Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight, he now saw him trotting off into the forest. And now Mr. Hamilton advises all hunters in Osage county to carry a pocket full of salt with them, or else to be sure that they are "dead shots" before they practice target shooting on a black bear.

A CHILD'S FAITH.
Nellie Parsons went to a school in the country. It was about a mile from her home. It was too far for her to walk in the winter. Her father always sent her to school in the morning in a carriage or a sleigh, and brought her home in the night in the same way.

One afternoon he stopped at the school house, and calling Nellie out, said, "I am going up the road several miles, and may not return till after school is out. But wait for me till I come I will be here before dark."

When school was out, the children wrapped themselves in their cloaks and overcoats and shawls, and set out for home. "Are you not going?" asked one of the last that left the school room, as she saw Nellie take her seat by the stove. "Father told me to wait for him," said Nellie.

"Are you not afraid to stay here alone?" "What is there to be afraid of? It is nice and warm here." "I should be afraid to stay here alone," said the girl. "It'll be dark pretty soon." "Father said he would be here before dark."

"What will you do if he don't come?" "Father will come for me; he said he would." Nellie was left alone. Time seemed to move very slowly; yet the sun went down, and it began to be gloomy. She went to the door and began to look for her father. He was not in sight, although from the door of the school house you could see nearly a mile along the road. Presently a man came along with a yoke of oxen and sled. He was a neighbor of theirs. "What are you doing here?" he asked of Nellie, when he saw her standing in the door. "I am waiting for father," was her answer.

"It will soon be dark," he said, "you had better get on my sled and go as far as my house. It would not be pleasant for you to stay here all night." "Father will be sure to come for me," said Nellie; "he told me to wait for him till he comes."

It was nearly dark, but not quite, when her father drove up to the door. He had driven so fast to get there that his horse was all covered with perspiration. He had been detained longer than he expected, and he had left his business unfinished, in order to keep his promise and get back to his dear child before dark. "Were you afraid I would not come, Nellie?" he asked, as he wrapped her up in the nice, warm buffalo robe.

"No, sir," was the answer of the loving child; "you said you would come, and I knew I could trust you."

How beautiful this is! If we could have the same trust in our Heavenly Father that Nellie Parsons had in her earthly father, how happy we should be! And yet Nellie's father had not done one hundredth part as much for her, as our Father in Heaven has done for us. He is the God who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names? and we should trust, with our whole hearts, every word that he has spoken.

Why are hens immortal? Because in addition to having their necks twirled in this, their sons never set.

"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 spelling.

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 financier. 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 well known: "Do not give up, but try, my boy, try!"

Would You.
Would you keep your rosy complexion, wear thick-soled shoes.
Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretense.
Would you have others respect your opinions, respect and never disown them yourself.
Would you marry and be happy, to announce of love add at least a grain of good sense and judgment, in choosing a companion.
Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than freckles.
Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.
Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.
Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer, on a small salary.
Would you never dread to look any one in the face, pay your debts.
Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.
Would you sleep well and have a good appetite, attend to your own business.
Would you command the respect of men, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar jokes or conversation.
Would you deserve the name of lady, never, either to men or women, decend to obscenity or low allusions. To your face they may laugh at your wit, but to others they will speak disrespectfully of you.—
Elm Orlow.

I Cannot, Sir.
A young man—well, he will call him honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of a rich merchant. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods, which had been received the day before. The merchant handed it to honest Frank, and, with a persuasive smile, said: "Frank, replied to this note. Say that the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order." Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied: "I cannot, sir." "Why, not, sir?" answered the merchant, angrily. "Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel, and going away. Honest Frank did a bold, as well as a right thing. What do you suppose happened to him? Did he lose his place? No; quite different. The merchant was so shrewd to turn away one who would not write a lying letter. He knew the untold value of such a youth, and at once made him his confidential clerk.

BE A MAN.—The following good advice is clipped from an excellent little paper, called the *Working Man*: "Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salary or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetites, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up within expense; too proud to be stingy."

REFINED HOMES.—Seldom do we see a greater truth more beautifully expressed than this from the New York *Nation*:—"Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroad, navigating, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, are done, first of all to secure to each family the quiet of its own heart, and secondly, to surround as many as possible with grace, and culture, and beauty. The work of all nations, for five thousand years, is represented in the difference between a wigwag and a lady's parlor."

What would a pig do who wished to build himself a habitation? Tie a knot in his tail, and call it a pig-stie.

A riddle which ought never to have been printed: Why are engaged ladies like old boots? Because they are no good without their fellows.

Next year is leap or woman's year.—all unmarried men desiring to marry ladies of their choice are advised to do so before next January, as a general attack is threatened by the unmarried woman.

A writer says that lovers are not aware perhaps, that there is a vein which runs from the right finger of the left hand right straight to the heart, and that when a lady offers you her left hand at parting, there is a meaning in it—but forgets to tell the meaning, which is quite important.

"The first bird I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a fork-upin-pork-upin. I treed him under a hay stack, and shot him with a barn-shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him I hit him the same place where I missed him the first time."

A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she paroled the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows: "Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion table."
"Yes, tank de Lord, massa. I was 'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob his family."
"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said. "How about that goose?"
"She looked a little surprised, as if she did not understand the question, but catching the meaning, exclaimed:
"Why, sah, do you tink I see agoin' to let an ole goose stand atween me an my Maker?"

QUICK WORKS.—Several years ago, when new churches were erected, and prosperity dawned upon Virginia City, a certain earnest clergyman, on a Sunday morning, was exhorting those with anxious and troubled conscience to be sure and call on their pastor for guidance and prayer. Said he, "To show you my brethren, the blessed results of these visits with your pastor, I will state to you that only yesterday, a gentleman of wealth called upon me for counsel and instruction; and now to-day my friends—to-day—he sits among us a happy husband, and a father and a Christian."

A Young lady in the audience whispered to a matron: "Wasn't that pretty quick work?"

Sam at Fort Donaldson.
"Were you in the fight, Sam?"
"Had a little taste of it, sa."
"Stood your ground, did you?"
"No, sa, I run."
"Ran at the first fire, did you?"
"Yes, sa, and would, had you sooner, had I knowed it war comin'."
"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."
"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfunshun."
"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"
"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."
"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"
"It's worth more to me, sa."
"Then you must value it very highly?"
"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dot be wuth to a man wid de brest ob his mind? Self-peserbaan am de best law wid me."
"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"
"Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."
"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country?"
"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"
"Y' nuffin, whatever, sa—I regard them as among de vanities."
"If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."
"Yes, sa, dar wuld have ben no help for it. I wuld'n't put my life in de scale 'inst any Government dar eber existed, for no Government could replace de loss to me."
"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"
"May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a nig-ga—but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

There is a mysterious feeling of sadness that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes on the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet, who has not felt its bewildering influences? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting the momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

Wit and Humor.

What would a pig do who wished to build himself a habitation? Tie a knot in his tail, and call it a pig-stie.

A riddle which ought never to have been printed: Why are engaged ladies like old boots? Because they are no good without their fellows.

Next year is leap or woman's year.—all unmarried men desiring to marry ladies of their choice are advised to do so before next January, as a general attack is threatened by the unmarried woman.

A writer says that lovers are not aware perhaps, that there is a vein which runs from the right finger of the left hand right straight to the heart, and that when a lady offers you her left hand at parting, there is a meaning in it—but forgets to tell the meaning, which is quite important.

"The first bird I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a fork-upin-pork-upin. I treed him under a hay stack, and shot him with a barn-shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him I hit him the same place where I missed him the first time."

A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she paroled the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows: "Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at