

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

NUMBER 28.

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

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VERTISEMENTS—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—17.]

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—17

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—17.

JOHN A. HYSONG,
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. DETTICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Will give prompt and conscientious 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. 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, Pa. 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., in the Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871—17.

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

WAYNESBORO', PA.
We the undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Branisholts for the past year, can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY, J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
Sept 20—17.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jewels Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871—17.

BARBERING!
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid's Grocery Store, and is at all times prepared to do hair cutting, shaving, shampooing, etc., in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23 1871. W. A. PRICE.

CHOLERA MEDICINE.
DR. WICKES' celebrated Cholera Medicine prepared by DAVID M. HOOVER of Ringgold, Md., can be had during the season at F. FOURMAN'S Drug Store, and of dealers generally. Travelling Agents,
July 27, 71—6m HENRY MYERS.

FIAD AND HERRING.—Mess. Shad and Sotomac Herring in bbls. for sale by
W. A. REID.

Select Poetry.

THE ISLE AND THE STAR.
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In the tropical seas
There's a beautiful isle,
Where storms never darken,
The sunlight's soft smile.
There the song birds in the breeze
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one.

Like sweet sounds in a dream,
There the song birds at morn,
From the thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts
From the poet's full heart.

There the song birds at noon
Sit in silence unbroken,
Like an exquisite dream
In the bosom unspoken.
There the flowers hang like rainbows,
On wildwood and lea—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky
There's a beautiful star,
Where no yew casts a shadow
The bright scenes to mar.
There the rainbows ne'er fade,
And the dew's ne'er dry,
And a circle of moons
Ever shines in the sky.

There the songs of the blest,
And the songs of the spheres,
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft airs float down
From the amaranth bowers,
All faint with the perfume
Of Eden's own flowers.

There truth love and beauty
Immortal will be—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet star with me?

Miscellaneous Reading.
A DRUNKARD'S DREAM.
BY MARY A. L. LESTER.

It was Christmas Eve, and the shadows were falling fast and gray in the snow-clad country, and that gentle hush that seems to pervade the air on Christmas-tide, was setting over all things; but in the great city all was light, and bustle and confusion. Crowds of gaily dressed people thronged the brilliantly lighted streets and squares.

From one of the workshops on B-street, came among others, one who by his dress was evidently a fireman. He was in the prime of life, but alas! the run fiend had set his mark upon his victim. His eyes had that bleared, vacant expression that stamps those who drain the poisonous cup to the dregs, while his bloated face, tattered garments and shuffling tread, all told the sad tale. Although among all the other workmen, he seemed not of them, and many a glance of contempt, and a few of pity were cast on him as he followed hurried away. A few words float back to his ear as he shuffled along behind a couple of his co-workers.

"Whatever did the boss mean by bringing that drunken dog for an assistant fireman?" asked the first speaker. "He's picked him up in the gutter, I'll warrant you."

"Yes," replied his companion quietly, "Barton did find him in the gutter, and a lot of villainous boys were pelting him with mud, and like the man that he is, he just helped him out, and brought him to the factory, and when he was sober set him to work. You know it's one of his hobbies to try and reclaim all the drunks he can."

The men turned out of one of the side streets, but the man of whom they had been talking shuffled along until he came to one of those miserable alleys, where sin and shame dwell in hideous companionship together.

Into this alley he turned, walked a few steps, and then stopped short before one of those low groggeries that always infest such streets, like huge spiders waiting to ensnare the weak and unwary.

The man stopped and looked longingly into the brilliantly lighted windows, his day's wages, and a few dollars extra, the gift of his generous-hearted friend, were in his pocket.

He moved toward the door but stopped. He thought he heard a voice say: "Herbert Lylo, you promised your friend, Boss Johnson, that you would let liquor alone, and to-morrow take the pledge. Your place is at home with your family, who are hungry and cold enough, I warrant."

Yet still he lingered, and at last opened the door and went in. Truly his good angel must have covered her face and wept for this man's folly.

The place was very full, and the man Lylo (he had been a gentleman once) took a seat by the fire, to wait until there was a vacant place at the bar.

He began to nod soon, but he thought he awoke himself and went to the bar. Once there, he lost all self-restraint and poured down glass after glass of liquid poison, until he was half maddened, and went reeling home to his suffering family. Up, up the flights of rickety stairs he went until he reached the miserable garret he called home.

What a mockery of that tender word seemed that cold and cheerless garret! No fire gleamed in the rusty grate; but the winds swept through the broken roof at the two little shivering children, who huddled together under an old rag-

ged quilt, were trying to find in sleep a short respite from cold and hunger.

And she, the wife—Heaven pity the woman who lives to see her happiness turned to dust and ashes, as this woman had done! you would never have dreamed she was once a beauty. Want, and care and sorrow had robbed her bloom and she crouched beside her fireless hearth, striving in vain to hush the starving babe at her breast heedless that in its frantic efforts for substance it was drinking her very life-blood.

Memory was busy leading this poor creature back to her girlhood, when the drunkard stumbled over the threshold. She looked at him silently, and drew her babe shudderingly, closer to her heart.

Her sickness angered him. He was mad with drink. One blow, and she was lying dead at his feet, and her little ones were awake and calling for her to awaken. Then came the gaping crowd, the inquest, the weary hours spent in the cell, the trial—and that, too, was over, and he was condemned to die.

It was the morning of his execution; all night long he had been awake, listening to the sound of hammers as the carpenters went steadily on with their ghastly task. He knew they were building his gallows, and now he could see it looming up in the gray morning light outside his windows; he thought of his poor children, left alone to meet life's trials, with no help but the orphan's God; he thought of his murdered wife—then the sound of footsteps were heard coming nearer to his very door. They were coming to lead him to death!

Suddenly a great roaring filled his ears and over all, the chime of bells rang loud and clear, and with a loud cry for help the dreamer awoke. He looked around the filthy grogery with strongly softened eyes.

"How long have I been here?" he asked. "All the evening," responded the liquor seller, "and ye must have been howling for the last ten minutes. I thought I'd never get you woke up. Take suttin now my boy?" he inquired moving nearer the bar—for mark you, he had caught the chink of coin in the man's pocket.

"What'll I take?" repeated the drunkard, "nothing! never again will I touch, taste or handle the accursed poison that has robbed me of a manhood—I swear it!"

Something of his old manner—a remnant of the days when Herbert Lylo had been a prince among men—aved the rough group as he left that den of misery forever and a free man, along the dark alley with the sweet peal of bells, that had awakened him from that fearful dream, ringing out their message of love and good will to his penitent heart. Only once he stopped, at a small grocery, and when he came out he carried a huge basket laden with a store for his loved ones.

He reached that same miserable garret, and it seemed more wretched than he had dreamed. His wife was kneeling beside the ragged bed, where lay her two elder children, while the babe at her bosom moaned low and piteously, as she rocked it to and fro. She turned as he entered the room, and showed him her tear-stained face.

"Carrie, wife," he said tenderly, setting down his basket; "there are some provisions for you; I'll keep Christmas to-morrow. Wife, I am sober; I have sworn never to touch liquor again. I've been a brute to you and the children, but heaven help me, I'll be what I once was—a man again. Are you content, Carrie?"

She had risen to her feet, still holding her infant, and stood drinking in his words as the parched earth drinks in the dew of the evening, and as she realized that it was once again the husband of her youth, speaking of future happiness, she sprang toward him and lay sobbing on his breast.

"O the depth of a woman's love, who shall fathom?" Forgiven was all the weary past with its record of sin and shame, and amid tears and sobs, they thanked that tender Father who had at last brought up a soul out of the depths.

A little later, when all gathered round a cheerful fire, they heard the bells ringing out in gladness peals a welcome to the new born day, and the voices of singers came faintly to their ears, chanting a Christmas carol:

"Good will on earth, and peace to men. Now and forevermore. Amen."

Sam Johnson and Banking.
Henry Ward Beecher tells this story of Sam Johnson, of New Orleans, a mulatto financier of an early day, but one who lived in advance of his generation. Sam was a great authority on the levee, and one day he called his satellites together and addressed them on the importance of adopting a fiscal policy more nearly resembling that which had raised to opulence their Caucasian neighbors.

"Niggers," said he, "if you want to get rich, you must save your money. You must have a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." These words fell on a propitious soil. The project went into swift execution, and the earnings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," says Sam, "I'll be de cashier; 'you must pize de money wid me and when you want any you must draw out it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went merrily for a while, and the depositors were highly elated about "de bank." But by-and-by there began to be trouble—not with the deposits, but with the drafts. It was found easier to get funds into this model institution than to get them out again, and Sam was compelled to face the angry customers and explain.

"It's all right, says he, 'de bank's only suspended, and in a few days she will 'again resume'; dat's de way de white folks does." This expedient lasted but a

little while, however. Suspicious of a foul play day by day increased, and the storm was about to burst on the head of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather one more his infuriated depositors, and "face the music" frankly. "Niggers," said he, "dar ain't no use a mou-in' about it! De money's spent and de bank's broke; and dat's de way de white folks does!"

WHAT LOVE IS TO A WOMAN.—What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her; that he rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer, to one at least, than faces that are more beautiful—that one great holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all women! She can do anything, be anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influence—brighter, kinder, stronger—and life seems but a forest of heaven; and all she sees is beautiful and all her dreams good.

But when this is gone—when the sods are piled over the true lover's breast—or when her sole has been played in one of those too frequent tragedies, and the curtain has dropped and the footlights are out, and it is all over forever, then God have mercy on the woman, life holds nothing more for her.

How weary is her work when no one helps or praises! How desolate her leisure! How joyless the things that gave her joy! The pain that she could bear when some dear voice praised her patience and pitied her, grows insupportable; ambition perishes? The little innocent vanity that made wearing of pretty things a pleasure, forsake her soul when no one smiles to see her look so well, or praises her with a word or glance. Her heart withers; her life fades; she grows old as love-filled years could not make her grow in a very little while, for love is all to woman—her hope and comfort and power. And let those who have it, thank Heaven, and pray that they may live no longer than love dwells with them, for all that cometh after is but Dead Sea fruit—cold, bitter ashes at the heart.

A BACHELOR'S PARADISE.—There is only one Territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. Yet such a place exists to-day, and has existed for centuries. As far back as history reaches, to all females it has been forbidden ground. This bachelor's Arcadia is situated on a bold plateau between the old Peninsula of Aote, in the Grecian Archipelago, and the mainland. Here, in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwell a monastic confederation of Greek Christians with twenty-three convents, and numbering more than seven thousand souls, and not one of the monasteries dates from a later date than the twelfth century. A few soldiers guard this anti-female land, and no woman is allowed to cross the frontier. Nor is this all; the rule is extended to every female creature, and from time immemorial no cow, mare, hen, duck or goose has been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley of Mount Athos Territory. A traveler was startled by the abrupt question: "What sort of human creatures are women? The very idea of woman, whether as wife or mother or sister, is almost lost. To all women hating; to bachelors of over forty years standing; to all men who seek refuge from the wives and ways of the opposite sex, this region can be safely recommended as a haven of refuge.

THE CROWS.—Henry Ward Beecher says of crows: "Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human; he takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is manlike, he is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence, he learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy nature, he likes his own color best, and loves to hear his voice, which are eminent traits of humanity, he will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait; he eats whatever he can get, with his claws open, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like man, he is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them he has nothing to do. No wonder, then, that men despise crows, they are too much like men. Take off his wings, and put him in breeches, crows make fair average men. Give men wings and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be good enough to be crows."

FARMING AS A BUSINESS.—A man who is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to run a farm.—Farmers are not to be made out of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers and merchants are sorted and picked out. And if a man fails on a farm, he is not likely to succeed in a store, for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than an average merchant. The one great failure is the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is skill, and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more; he can't run a farm, he must have his personal labor. Every acre beyond that is an incubation. One acre well worked is more profitable than twenty acres skimmed over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not the capital to work it that keep so many poor. Small farms are better than large ones, simply because they are better suited to the capital of common farmers.

WELL-DIRECTED BENEVOLENCE.—Every week or two we read of the princely gifts of some rich man to an institution of learning, art, or charity. And this is well. All honor to such benefactors. Their munificence deserves the highest commendation, and the more it is recognized and extolled the stronger will the public sentiment in favor of charity and generosity become. But we hope that our generous men will remember that there is no institution so grand and useful as a truly noble man, and that a few hundred dollars given to the struggling talent and aspiring genius will often yield a richer return than as many thousands locked up in the safe investment of a college or hospital. Brick and mortar beneficence is a splendid thing, but the kindness, sympathy and encouragement put directly into the heart of some young man or woman struggling under a mountain of difficulties, by the gift and friendship of a wise patron, is worth more than all the marble in the world. One of the very best uses to which generous people can put their generosity is just this of cheering and helping worthy men and women to realize their highest aspirations.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON THE GOAT.—A goat is longer than a pig, and gives milk. He looks at you. So does the doctor; but a goat has four legs. My goat butted Deacon Tillingham in a bad place, and a little calf wouldn't do so. A boy without a father is an orphan, and if he haint got no mother he is two orphans. The goat don't give as much milk as a cow but more than an ox. I saw an ox at a fair one day, and we went in on a family ticket. Mother picks geese in the summer, and the goat eats grass and jumps on a box. Some folks don't like goats, but as for me, give me a mule with a paint-brush tail. The goat is a useful animal, but don't smell as sweet as bear's oil for the hair. If I had too much hair I would wear a wig, as old Captain Peters does.—I will sell my goat for three dollars, and go to the circus to see the elephant, which is larger than five goats.

Elephants have the bitterest enmity to camels. When the camel scents the elephant it stops still, trembles in all its limbs and utters an unintermittent cry of terror and fright. On persuasion, no blows can induce it to rise; it moves its head backward and forward and its whole frame is shaken with mortal anguish. The elephant, on the contrary, as soon as he perceives the camel, elevates his trunk, stamps with his feet, and with his trunk thrown back, snorting with a nose like the wand of a trumpet, rushes toward the camel, which with its neck outstretched and utterly defenseless awaits with the most patient resignation the approach of enemy. The elephant, with its enormous shapeless limbs, tramples on the unfortunate animal in such a manner that in a few minutes it is scattered around in small fragments.

A WARNING.—Will young men never give up the habit of lining both sides of the walk in front of the churches when services are out in the evening? Every young lady who comes from the church sees—

Eyes to the right of her,
Eyes to the left of her,
and it is not very pleasant, even if her own beau is among the stagers. How would these young men like it if some day they should see their names in print all in a line just as they stood at the entrance of each place of worship, on a previous Sunday evening? Several young ladies hold themselves in readiness to furnish catalogues of these statues whenever required.

WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.—Young friends, education is to you what polish and refinement is to the rude diamond.—In its rude state, the diamond resembles a stone, or piece of charcoal; but when cut and manufactured, it comes out a bright and beautiful diamond, and is sold at a great price. So it is with you. Education call forth the hidden treasures and latent brilliancies of your minds, which previously lie dormant and inactive, or in other words asleep. It cultivates and develops your understandings, and fits and prepares you for the duties and responsibilities of coming years, which, we trust, will be years of usefulness—useful to yourselves, to your associates, and society at large.

We hear of several weddings on the "tapis."

Carrier's Address for 1872.

The clock of time has struck again, A link is severed from the chain; For some the golden bowl is broke, The cistern's wheel has lost a spoke, Time is dying, dying, dying, And the years are quickly flying, Like the last, they all have past swiftly by; Let us not supinely lie, for eternity is nigh, Let us see what has been done In the year of seventy-one.

As CARRIERS, I know who's who, But to tell you what's what, Would be hard for me to do. So if I say ought in making my rhyme, That's not just in tune or not quite in-time, I'll make it all right if I possibly can, And next year adopt a different plan.

The Record you know has got a new dress, And now is worked on an improved press, A column is added, which makes it some bigger, And with the new type it presents quite a figure.

Of things that have happened in the year seventy-one, I do not have time to dwell much upon. To some it brought sorrow, and to some it brought joy. To others there came a nice little boy; Here and there too, a dear little daughter, Was brought from the land where the angels had caught her.

The railroad committee still has its existence, But the horse that eats fire is off in the distance. On the "man in the moon" there has been thrown some light, But without the explanation the light is not bright.

Other things too there's been some discoveries, Copper and iron have each had their turn, And now I'm for 'a I want you to learn.

Some too have got tired of living alone, And have built up a fire on a new hearth stone. May the fire that's on them never get low, May it always be burning with a bright steady glow.

A Forney went over to Scotland for dice, He won the whole box and came back in a trice. Next Beaver broke in, and stirred up a Ripple, Who carried with him a Cook for a mate, And Walter 'tis said is in the same state. Some time in October or chilly November, A fellow came over and took a Miss Bender, Whose name he had changed, And carried her off to some other range.

Of Doctors we have quite a good number, And there scarcely is room for any new-comer. We think this a healthy and temperate climate, Yet the doctors are having a right good time. Fevers are billions and fevers typhoid, And awful to tell, one case of varioloid; But just where it was, or who it was had it, No one can tell but the doctor who said it. Prevention is better than cure, to be sure, So a dab and a scab, a bird on the arm, For small-pox, they say, will act like a charm, And the plague can't do you the least bit of harm.

And now lest I weary you, I'll bid you adieu, And hope that the year seventy-two may be happy to you.

MECHANICS.—They are the palace builders of the world; not a stick is heaved, not a stone is shaped in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the skill of the mechanic. The towering spires that raise their giddy heads among the clouds depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. No edifice for devotion, or business, or comfort, but bears the impress of their hands. How exalted is their vocation, how sublime their calling!

Neither God nor man expects a wife to submit to brutality, but a woman finding herself outgrowing her husband, or disappointed in him, yet takes up her cross and fitting her shoulders to it, bears it in silence to her life's end and has joys that the world knows not of and attains to the highest type of womanhood.

If women would cultivate their minds more, they would be more companionable to intelligent men. Many a husband goes out for his evenings, and many a lover tires of his betrothed, because he finds her conversation insipid. Ladies try not only to look pretty but to talk well also.

A man that has a friend must show himself friendly, no doubt. But don't defend a friend of the expense of principle and truth. If a friend does wrong, either acknowledge it or be silent. Most hurtful as well as sinful is it to sacrifice truth to friendship.

The rising generation in Iowa is hopefully bright. At one of the Sunday schools in an Iowa town the superintendent, reviewing the lesson, asked the question, "Why are we commanded to 'gird our loins?'" One sharp little shaver sung out, "To keep your breeches up."

Every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor.

Wit and Humor.

How long ought a lady's crinoline to be? Not much above two feet.

How to overcome your sorrows.—Strike out one of your own sighs.

What is the difference between lumber and timber? A good deal.

The happiest age for young women—Marriage; at least so they say.

What age is the most cold-hearted? The cabbage.

Josh Billings says knowing how to sit square on a pile, without hurting it is one of the lost arts.

An exchange wants to know whether a lover can be called a "suiter" when he don't suit her?

There is a man at Niagara Falls who actually succeeded in cheating the hackman there.

The best Bus—Kissing a pretty girl.—Best Re-bus—Kissing her a second time. A terrible Blunderbus—Kissing the wrong girl.

Some one says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that!" Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

A young married man was remarking to some ladies that it was always the woman who ran after the men, when his wife indignantly said, you know my dear, I never ran after you." That may be," he replied; but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way!"

A friend of ours courted a lady for twenty-eight years, and then married her. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died in a few days after the wedding.—"Now," said our friend, in a self-congratulating tone, see what I have escaped by a long courtship."

A Chicago lover went visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, probably that the fire had materially changed his condition in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor for a few moments, but finally made a movement toward the door, remarking that "he guessed he'd go." "Oh!" said she, starting from a beautiful condition of semi-unconsciousness, won't you take a chair?"

"Well, I don't care if I do," was his reply; and he took the chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing, and green cover—just what he wanted. But he is down on the girl—and declares he wouldn't marry her—not if her father owned a brewery.

A Fish Story.—We met a boy on the street yesterday and without the ceremony of asking our name he exclaimed: "You just order to been down to the river a while ago."

"Why?" we inquired, "Because a nigger was in swimming, and a big cat-fish came up behind him and swallowed both of his feet and went swimming along on the top of the water with him, and there came behind another big fish, and the nigger swallowed his tail, and the nigger and two fish went swimming about."

"Well what then?" we asked. "Why; after a while the nigger swallowed his fish, and the other swallowed the nigger, and that's the last I saw of either of them."

"Senny," said we, with a feeling of a farm for the boy, "you are in a fair way way to become the editor of a Democratic paper and we left him."

DIDN'T WANT A MINISTER.—Scene in a western State. A village composed mostly of rude mining huts called "houses," "cottages," "averns," etc., though really they were but "shanties." An old man sick on his bed. A friend, Governor J. W. Nye, seeing that his end was close at hand, showed him many kind attentions and endeavored to ease his sufferings in every possible way. One day when it was quite evident that the poor patient could last only a few hours, the Governor said to him: "It is undoubtedly best that you should know the truth; you are a very sick man, and will in all probability live but a short time. Are your affairs in the condition that you should wish to have them? I should be glad to do anything for you, you know."

"Yes, they're all right."

"Well, would you like me to write to any of your folks East?"

"Not now—after it is over."

"Would you like me to call in a minister?"

The sick man, by a great effort of will over a weak and shattered body, drew himself up in bed so as to be in a sitting posture, and sternly, most soberly and earnestly said: "Why Governor! What should I want a minister for? I never voted the democratic ticket in my life."

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that every stroke some immortal passes to his maker; some fellow-jogging crosses the river of death; and if we think of it we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.