

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, JANUARY 18, 1872.

NUMBER 30

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

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum if paid in advance; One Dollar and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.

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

LOCALS—Business Locals Ten cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Store," June 29—4.

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—4

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

JOHN A. RYSSONG,
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. 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,
GREENCASLE, 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 the past few 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 1 times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871—4

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, aether, 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. RIDDLE, J. J. OELIGS, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29th 71

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—4

BARBERING!
THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Bell'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'S celebrated Cholera Medicine prepared by DAVID M. HOOVER of Ringgold, Md., can be had during the season at F. FOURMAY'S Drug Store and of dealers generally. Traveling Agent,
July 27, '71—6m HENRY MYERS.

SHAD AND HERRING.—Mess. Shad and Potomac Herrin in bbls. for sale by W. A. PRICE.

Select Poetry.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.
BY MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS.
Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your arms, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
O'er my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Backward, flow backward, tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil, and of tears:
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain,
Take them—and give me my childhood again
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of fingering old wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you,
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet, with yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the "silence so long and so deep,"
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
O'er my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother's love ever has shown,
No other worship abides and endures,

Since I first listened to your voice,
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been only a dream
Wasp to your heart in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face
Nearer hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother's love ever has shown,
No other worship abides and endures,

MORNING.
The sun is rising, o'er the lea,
On the brooklet, on the tree,
Rests a glorious stream of light—
Rests a ray of crimson bright;
Gone the shadows, dark and drear,
Speaks all nature, "Day is here!"
Breaks the morn—the shining day—
Fades the night's dark streaks of gray;
Nature rises from her couch,
Bids deep sleep in darkness crouch;
Chants the sky-lark far and near,
Shrilly: calls the chanticleer.

From the mountain and the glen;
From the forest and the fen,
Comes a cry, a song of glee,
Hums the brooklet merrily;
On the air, so bright and clear,
Floats light music, "Day is here."

MISCELLANEOUS READING.
AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.
The burglars had been very active and bold in their operations, but as the thermometer marked above the nineties for several days, and I had little of value in my room, I preferred to risk that little and leave my window open, although easy access, rather than undergo partial suffocation. If an uninvited guest made his appearance and I did awake, I could feign sleep and let him take whatever he might find.

"This class of visitors," I reasoned with myself, "do not generally commit personal violence if they can accomplish theft and make good their escape without it."
These were my reflections every night as I undressed and threw myself on my bed, leaving my castle open to the enemy, I had been asleep one night an hour, when I was awakened by the falling of a small china ornament. Starting slightly and opening my eyes, I saw the gas burning and a tall broad shouldered man with his back turned toward me, his face looking over his shoulder to see whether the noise had awakened me. My self possession did not, however, forsake me. What followed illustrates the value of presence of mind.

Opposite the side of the bed, and about eight feet from it was the door of my room, two or three feet from which was the stairs leading to the hall. The burglar must have used a ladder in ascending the roof, from which he entered the window. It was some thirty feet from the ground, and isolated. My plan was only to escape myself, but to effect his capture. I knew the policeman's beat, and he would pass in a short time.

Sitting bolt upright, then as I opened my eyes and saw the burglar looking very unpleasantly at me, I said, rubbing my eyes drowsily—although to tell the truth, I never was more wide awake in my life: "Hello John what are you looking for? Can't you come into my room without making such a confounded noise?"
"The fellow taken somewhat aback at being addressed in this way, said in a low but menacing voice, and pointing a revolver at me:
"Shut up! what do you take me for?"
"I took you for John," I replied, with a well-assumed nonchalance.

But I didn't suppose he was after anything valuable in my room, except one thing, and—by the way you are the unluckiest fellow in the world."
"How's that?" growled my visitor.
"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it you must pay a visit to the watch-maker's after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good fortune, to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."
"You're a precious cool one!" he said evidently astonished at my indifference.
"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you?"
"You are armed, and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your own fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half."
"I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds I would not lift my finger to save them—
"Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise."
"Hold!" said the fellow, "where's your keys?"
"I suppose you want to make as much of a haul as you can," I said: "so look in my pants hanging over the bedpost there and you'll find my pocketbook with a few stamps in it."
It was nearly time for the policeman to pass and I paused to listen. I must in a few moments put my plan into execution.

A glance quick as lightning showed me that the key of the door was on the outside. My listening expression did not escape the sharp and practical ear of my grim visitor. It was a curious scene, no doubt, I sitting in my bed, in my night clothes, unarmed and this stalwart ruffian, pistol in hand, glaring half-suspiciously, half-fierciously at me and almost in the crouching attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. But there I sat, coolly conversing with him, the necessities of the moment keeping the wits too wide awake to allow my fears to get the upper hand for an instant.

What are you listening to? asked the burglar.
"I thought I heard the cry of fire."
In an instant, and in the dead stillness of the night, I heard the tramp of the policeman. It was still some distance off.
"You will find," I said, "some clothes of mine in the press; they will, however, be too small for you. Good night: the keys are in the middle drawer."
He turned to the drawer indicated and as he did so, with an tremendous bound I cleared the space behind my bed and slammed the door and locked it upon him. Oblivious of my dishabille, I sprang to the steps. I had two flights to descend and open the door before I could reach the yard, but it was hardly possible for him to descend the ladder more, quickly. Bounding rather than running down stairs, I flung back the bolt and dashed into the yard. He was half way down the ladder. Shouting "Police!" lustily, I seized the ladder at the bottom, and using all my power, brought it and the burglar to the ground with a crash. The pistol he held in his hand fell from his grasp. I made a dash for it and he springing to his feet like a cat, rushed at me and as I stooped, he seized me by the back of the neck. I turned the pistol upward and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped—there were no more charges in it. With a terrible oath, the buffed villain wrenched the weapon from my grasp and raised it aloft to deal me what might have proved a fatal blow, when there was a rush behind him and he was felled to the ground. The policeman had heard my shout, and was just in time to rescue me.

The burglar was soon secured, and an excitement I was about to relate the story I have told, when the policeman, with a smile, suggested that I might "ketch cold in them clothes."
I then remembered for the first time since I had sprung from bed, that I was shoeless and stockings and had nothing on but my night shirt, and beat a hasty retreat. With a long drawn breath I took my fine gold repeater, which had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watch-makers after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.

It is almost needless to add that the above story, narrated afterward to a jury, had the effect of giving the visitor lodging in a public institution, and secured me against a repetition of his call for at least ten years.

THE YANKEE BOY IN RUSSIA.
One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, "I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions and I want to get sight of the Emperor."
"Why do you wish to see him?"
"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerably, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."
Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered:
"It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowed heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"
"An acorn!"
"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"
"Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we

thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Think, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it and I want to get at him."
"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach an Emperor, and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."
"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut: and when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short of it is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I shall like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."
"Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed."
"Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the Vice Chancellor and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."
"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."
In two or three days he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he would set a great store by it, that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired as much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it, for I see him with my own eyes; he wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and her daughters are nice girls."
"What did the Empress say to you?"
"Oh, she asked a night of questions—Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants."
"But then you don't call 'em servants," said she, "you call 'em help."
"I guess ma'am you've been reading Mrs. Trollope," says I, "We had that 'er book aboard our ship."
The Emperor clapped his hands and laughed as if he'd kill himself. "You're right," said he, "you are right; we sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!"
"Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased.—He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought with me, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-bye, all around and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you did not calculate to see me run such a rig?"
"No indeed I did not my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."
A few days after, he called again and said:
"I guess I shall stay a spell longer; I am treated so well. 'Tother day a grand officer came to my room and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I have been to the theatre and museum; and I expect I have seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"
It seems so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or to say.
In a short time his strange visitor re-appeared. "Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home, so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, is there anything else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?" I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow, for I'd heard considerable about 're setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonapart; but it would cost a sight of money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye and came off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man, in regimentals to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see.—And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think of that."
And sure enough the next evening the Yankee boy passed the Ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief and shouting, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"
Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on Ambassadors.—Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

A southern editor is bitterly opposed to the education of women as surgeons. Suppose, he says, a gentleman were put under the influence of chloroform by such a doctress—what is to prevent the woman from kissing him?

Died of Whisky.
If epitaphs always told the whole truth these words would be cut on many a tombstone. Not only on the rough stones and the poor, but also on the marble monuments that rise above the dust of the children of wealth and genius, would appear the words, "Died of Whisky!"
How sad and disgraceful the record! What volumes are condensed into three words! Read them, ponder them, be warned by them. They will give you food for thought. They tell of character ruined, money squandered, families beggared, hopes crushed, the mind besotted and soul lost. They will recall sad memories in the life of every reader. There is hardly a man who cannot go back through twenty and call up the face of some friend or acquaintance of whom he must say, "He died of whisky."
Not that the kind and considerate physicians so pronounced, but that the families of the deceased so admitted, but still the sober, candid conclusion of disinterested parties, and interested ones, if they would utter their honest thoughts, is, "He died of Whisky!"
Now, reader, recall the past, and see how many start up at memories bidding to attest this fact. Young men of fine talents and brilliant promise; men of mature years and the best capacity for professional or practical business; old men, whose last years grew darker and more sorrowful as they hastened to complete their epitaph—Died of whisky; these from all the classes, swell the grand army of victims to the insatiable demon in the bottle. The warnings are abundant and impressive against a death by whisky.

Knowing, then, all the evil that whisky has done, and all the evil that it is now doing, in churches and out of churches can any man who loves his race refuse to take up arms against such a foe?—Richard Advocate.

A Nice Little Story.
As pleasant a little story as was ever told is this regarding an "Albany physician," by a correspondent of the Fort Jefferson Independent Press, writing from New Haven:—An aged widow in Massachusetts received a telegram that her only son was dying at Lawrence, Kansas.—Notwithstanding her extreme age and feeble health she must see her son. She undertook the journey. The train was delayed. When it arrived at Utica she was taken violently ill. A young physician assisted her to a hotel, and provided every thing he could for her comfort. Her detention by sickness and moderate means would not have allowed her to pursue her journey, but for the kindness of the attending stranger. He paid her bills, assisted her to the cars, and accompanied her to Buffalo.

At parting she requests his address.—Two months later this stranger was seated in his office at Albany. A stranger entered, and with some conversation presented the doctor with a Government Bond of \$500, as a reward for his kindness to the old lady, saying, "She was my mother." She died a few days after reaching me, and I recovered. Had it not been for your kindness she would have died on the road. I am her son who can never repay the debt I owe to you for your generous kindness to my dear, good mother. God bless you! May God bless and the world applaud such noble act of benevolence Dr. D. T. Crothers, of Albany bestowed on this occasion, and which the old lady's son so richly rewarded.

Home Life.
One marked difference between the animate and inanimate object consists in the need of the former for a home. Most of all is this necessity manifested in the human race; and greater the civilization, the more tenacious is the clinging to home and the more profuse are the means brought to bear to perfect its arrangements.
If this need of home be so inherent in our nature, and so important to our welfare, it becomes the duty of all to see to it that they contribute their share to its establishment and perpetuation. This obligation, in some of its many forms, rests upon every one. The father, who maintains the household, the mother who directs it, the children who are its joy, are all active and responsible agents in making the centre of their trust life, the birthplace of noble aspirations and generous affections, and the spot to which the memory of future years will cling most fondly.

The conception of the felicity possible to be realized by true home life falls usually far short of a true standard. The means of happiness within this reach of every household are greater than they are aware of, and lie promiscuously within their reach. Riches may purchase luxuries, but never can buy the sweet content and satisfaction that flow over the humblest household where affection and order reign supreme. Let us, then, cherish our homes as our most sacred treasures.

Many persons seem to think that a church is the grand emporium of "art and fashion" where the milliner, dress maker and tailor each exhibit his or her skill on human dummies, said to be got up in the image of their Creator!

It is an exploded theory that women dress to please the man. They dress to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is just as easy to break a man's heart in a two dollar muslin, neatly made up, as it is in a five hundred dollar silk costume made by a man milliner.

Subscribe for the Record.

Good manners are sure to procure respect.
This is a good day to stop chewing tobacco.

Farmer saw an advertised receipt to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer: "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights and keep it by the fire."

A man out West read that dry cop persus into a bed of ants would cause them to leave, and he thought he would try some on his mother-in-law's bed, and so if she wouldn't go, it didn't affect the old lady in the least. At last accounts she occupied the best bed in the house, and "bossed" the whole family.—He thinks next time he'll try whether three or four pounds of nitro-glycerine won't move the old woman a peg or two.

"What is home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to chop some wood.

"But I didn't suppose he was after anything valuable in my room, except one thing, and—by the way you are the unluckiest fellow in the world."
"How's that?" growled my visitor.
"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it you must pay a visit to the watch-maker's after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good fortune, to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."
"You're a precious cool one!" he said evidently astonished at my indifference.
"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you?"
"You are armed, and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your own fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half."
"I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds I would not lift my finger to save them—
"Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise."
"Hold!" said the fellow, "where's your keys?"
"I suppose you want to make as much of a haul as you can," I said: "so look in my pants hanging over the bedpost there and you'll find my pocketbook with a few stamps in it."
It was nearly time for the policeman to pass and I paused to listen. I must in a few moments put my plan into execution.

A glance quick as lightning showed me that the key of the door was on the outside. My listening expression did not escape the sharp and practical ear of my grim visitor. It was a curious scene, no doubt, I sitting in my bed, in my night clothes, unarmed and this stalwart ruffian, pistol in hand, glaring half-suspiciously, half-fierciously at me and almost in the crouching attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. But there I sat, coolly conversing with him, the necessities of the moment keeping the wits too wide awake to allow my fears to get the upper hand for an instant.

What are you listening to? asked the burglar.
"I thought I heard the cry of fire."
In an instant, and in the dead stillness of the night, I heard the tramp of the policeman. It was still some distance off.
"You will find," I said, "some clothes of mine in the press; they will, however, be too small for you. Good night: the keys are in the middle drawer."
He turned to the drawer indicated and as he did so, with an tremendous bound I cleared the space behind my bed and slammed the door and locked it upon him. Oblivious of my dishabille, I sprang to the steps. I had two flights to descend and open the door before I could reach the yard, but it was hardly possible for him to descend the ladder more, quickly. Bounding rather than running down stairs, I flung back the bolt and dashed into the yard. He was half way down the ladder. Shouting "Police!" lustily, I seized the ladder at the bottom, and using all my power, brought it and the burglar to the ground with a crash. The pistol he held in his hand fell from his grasp. I made a dash for it and he springing to his feet like a cat, rushed at me and as I stooped, he seized me by the back of the neck. I turned the pistol upward and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped—there were no more charges in it. With a terrible oath, the buffed villain wrenched the weapon from my grasp and raised it aloft to deal me what might have proved a fatal blow, when there was a rush behind him and he was felled to the ground. The policeman had heard my shout, and was just in time to rescue me.

The burglar was soon secured, and an excitement I was about to relate the story I have told, when the policeman, with a smile, suggested that I might "ketch cold in them clothes."
I then remembered for the first time since I had sprung from bed, that I was shoeless and stockings and had nothing on but my night shirt, and beat a hasty retreat. With a long drawn breath I took my fine gold repeater, which had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watch-makers after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.

It is almost needless to add that the above story, narrated afterward to a jury, had the effect of giving the visitor lodging in a public institution, and secured me against a repetition of his call for at least ten years.

THE YANKEE BOY IN RUSSIA.
One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, "I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions and I want to get sight of the Emperor."
"Why do you wish to see him?"
"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerably, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."
Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered:
"It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowed heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"
"An acorn!"
"An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"
"Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we

thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Think, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it and I want to get at him."
"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach an Emperor, and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."
"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut: and when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short of it is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I shall like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."
"Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed."
"Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the Vice Chancellor and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."
"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."
In two or three days he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn, he said he would set a great store by it, that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired as much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it, for I see him with my own eyes; he wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and her daughters are nice girls."
"What did the Empress say to you?"
"Oh, she asked a night of questions—Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants."
"But then you don't call 'em servants," said she, "you call 'em help."
"I guess ma'am you've been reading Mrs. Trollope," says I, "We had that 'er book aboard our ship."
The Emperor clapped his hands and laughed as if he'd kill himself. "You're right," said he, "you are right; we sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!"
"Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased.—He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought with me, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-bye, all around and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you did not calculate to see me run such a rig?"
"No indeed I did not my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."
A few days after, he called again and said:
"I guess I shall stay a spell longer; I am treated so well. 'Tother day a grand officer came to my room and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I have been to the theatre and museum; and I expect I have seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"
It seems so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or to say.
In a short time his strange visitor re-appeared. "Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home, so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, is there anything else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?" I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow, for I'd heard considerable about 're setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonapart; but it would cost a sight of money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye and came off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man, in regimentals to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see.—And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think of that."
And sure enough the next evening the Yankee boy passed the Ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief and shouting, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"
Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on Ambassadors.—Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

A southern editor is bitterly opposed to the education of women as surgeons. Suppose, he says, a gentleman were put under the influence of chloroform by such a doctress—what is to prevent the woman from kissing him?

Died of Whisky.
If epitaphs always told the whole truth these words would be cut on many a tombstone. Not only on the rough stones and the poor, but also on the marble monuments that rise above the dust of the children of wealth and genius, would appear the words, "Died of Whisky!"
How sad and disgraceful the record! What volumes are condensed into three words! Read them, ponder them, be warned by them. They will give you food for thought. They tell of character ruined, money squandered, families beggared, hopes crushed, the mind besotted and soul lost. They will recall sad memories in the life of every reader. There is hardly a man who cannot go back through twenty and call up the face of some friend or acquaintance of whom he must say, "He died of whisky."
Not that the kind and considerate physicians so pronounced, but that the families of the deceased so admitted, but still the sober, candid conclusion of disinterested parties, and interested ones, if they would utter their honest thoughts, is, "He died of Whisky!"
Now, reader, recall the past, and see how many start up at memories bidding to attest this fact. Young men of fine talents and brilliant promise; men of mature years and the best capacity for professional or practical business; old men, whose last years grew darker and more sorrowful as they hastened to complete their epitaph—Died of whisky; these from all the classes, swell the grand army of victims to the insatiable demon in the bottle. The warnings are abundant and impressive against a death by whisky.

Knowing, then, all the evil that whisky has done, and all the evil that it is now doing, in churches and out of churches can any man who loves his race refuse to take up arms against such a foe?—Richard Advocate.

A Nice Little Story.
As pleasant a little story as was ever told is this regarding an "Albany physician," by a correspondent of the Fort Jefferson Independent Press, writing from New Haven:—An aged widow in Massachusetts received a telegram that her only son was dying at Lawrence, Kansas.—Notwithstanding her extreme age and feeble health she must see her son. She undertook the journey. The train was delayed. When it arrived at Utica she was taken violently ill. A young physician assisted her to a hotel, and provided every thing he could for her comfort. Her detention by sickness and moderate means would not have allowed her to pursue her journey, but for the kindness of the attending stranger. He paid her bills, assisted her to the cars, and accompanied her to Buffalo.

At parting she requests his address.—Two months later this stranger was seated in his office at Albany. A stranger entered, and with some conversation presented the doctor with a Government Bond of \$500, as a reward for his kindness to the old lady, saying, "She was my mother." She died a few days after reaching me, and I recovered. Had it not been for your kindness she would have died on the road. I am her son who can never repay the debt I owe to you for your generous kindness to my dear, good mother. God bless you! May God bless and the world applaud such noble act of benevolence Dr. D. T. Crothers, of Albany bestowed on this occasion, and which the old lady's son so richly rewarded.

Home Life.
One marked difference between the animate and inanimate object consists in the need of the former for a home. Most of all is this necessity manifested in the human race; and greater the civilization, the more tenacious is the clinging to home and the more profuse are the means brought to bear to perfect its arrangements.
If this need of home be so inherent in our nature, and so important to our welfare, it becomes the duty of all to see