

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, SEPTEMBER 26, 1872.

NUMBER 16

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum, in Advance, paid within the year; Two Dollars and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.

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. [June 29-41.]

DR. B. FRANTZ,
Has resumed the practice of Medicine.
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House.
July 20-1

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

JOHN A. HYSOING,
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.

R. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)
OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity. Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for more than thirty years in the practice of his profession. He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-17.

DR. J. M. BIPPLE, DR. A. S. BONEBRAKE,
RIPPLE & BONEBRAKE,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, offer their professional services to the public.
Office in the room on the North East Cor. of the Diamond, formerly occupied by Dr. John J. O'Neill, dec'd.
July 18, 1872-17

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
WAYNESBORO', PA.
CAN be found in his office at all times. Where he is prepared to perform all Dental operations in the best and most skillful manner.
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts, and professionally recommending him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.
Dr. F. A. HERING,
"J. M. BIPPLE,"
"A. H. STRICKLER,"
"J. B. AMBERSON,"
"L. N. SNIVELY,"
"A. S. BONEBRAKE,"
"T. D. FRENCH,"

L. O. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures, Frames and Mountings. Call and see specimen pictures. June 17.

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, no effort 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. 14-17
Brick for Sale.
The subscribers would inform the public that they have now for sale a good article of brick and will continue to have a supply on hand during the summer season.
B. F. & H. C. FUNK.
June 13-17

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.
A fine lot Fine Building Lumber for sale and will be furnished in rough, or hewed in proper sizes to suit purchasers of Bills, Apply at MONTZERY STRINGS,
April 3, 1872-17

Select Poetry.



COLUMBIA.

[The following prophetic piece of poetry was published by request. It was perhaps composed soon after the Revolutionary war.]
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies,
Thy genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold;
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, or wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them and glory attend.
A world is thy realm, for a world be thy law,
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with skies.

Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar,
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy powers shall display,
The nations admire, the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory thy tribute unfold,
And the east and south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'er-spread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expir'd,
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sang
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE WHITE PHANTOM.

Major Rupert Stanley, a "bold dragoon" in the service of his majesty George III., found himself one dark, blustering night in autumn, riding towards London, on the old York road. He had supped with a friend who lived at a village some distance off the road and he was unfamiliar with the country. Though not raining, the air was damp and the heavy clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. But the major, though a young man, was an old campaigner; and with a warm cloak wrapped about him and a good horse under him would have cared little for the storm and darkness, had he felt sure of a good bed for himself and comfortable quarters for his horse, when he had ridden far enough for the strength of his faithful animal. So he jogged along; but mile after mile was passed and no twinkling light in the distance gave notice of the appearance of the wished-for inn. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at the turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, and trotted forward with spirit and soon halted beside a one-story cottage. The major was disappointed, but he rapped loudly with the butt of his whip. The summons brought a sleepy cotten to the door.
"My good friend," said the major, "can

you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"
"Eh! it is about seven mile, zur," was the answer in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.
"Seven miles!" exclaimed the major, in a tone of disappointment, "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put my horse somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."
"Eh! Goodness zakes!" said the rustic, "I be nought but a ditcher! There be noa place to put the nag in, and there be only one room and one bed in the cot."
"What shall I do?" cried the major, at his wit's end.
"I tell ee zur," said the rustic, scratching his head violently. "There be vone house about a mile further on. It's noa inn but the colonel zees company vor the vun o' the thing—'cause he likes to zee company about 'um. You must 'a heard of him—Colonel Rogers—a used to be a soger once."
"Say no more," cried the major, "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman. Here's a crown for your information my good friend. Come, Marlborough!"
Touching his steed with the spur, the major rode off. A sharp trot of a few moments brought him to a mansion which stood unfronted by the roadside. He made for the front door, and, without dismounting, plied the large brass knocker till a servant in livery made his appearance.
"Is your master up?" asked the major.
"I am the occupant of this house," said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance.
"I am a benighted traveler, sir," said the major, touching his hat, "and come to claim your hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night? I am afraid that my four-footed companion is hardly able to carry me to the next inn."
"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house, and it happens to be in a room that is haunted; that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."
"My dear sir," said the major, springing from his horse, "you enchant me beyond expression! A haunted chamber. The very thing—and I have never seen a ghost. What luck!"
The host shook his head gravely.
"I never knew a man," said he, "to pass a night in that chamber without regretting it."
Major Stanley laughed as he took out his pistols, saying, "With these friends I fear neither man nor demon."
Col. Rogers showed his guest into a comfortable parlor, where refreshments most welcome to a weary traveler, stood upon a table.
"Mine host" was an old campaigner, and had seen much service, and he was full of interesting anecdotes of adventures. But while Major Stanley was apparently listening to the narrative of his entertainer, throwing in the appropriate ejaculations of surprise and pleasure at the proper intervals, his whole attention was in reality absorbed by a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the colonel, who graced the table with her presence. She, in turn, seemed very favorably impressed with the manly beauty and frank manners of their military guest.

At length she retired. The colonel who was a three bottle man, was somewhat inclined to prolong the session, but finding that his guest was fatigued, and beginning to nod in the midst of his choicest story, he felt compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire. Major Stanley replied in the affirmative, and the old gentleman ceremoniously marshalled his guest to a large old-fashioned room. A comfortable bed invited to repose; a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cosy and quiet. The major looked round him with a smile of satisfaction.
"I am deeply indebted to you, colonel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like a top."
"I am afraid not," answered the Colonel, shaking his head gravely. "I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in this chamber."
"I shall prove an exception," said the major, smiling. "But I must make one remark. It is ill sporting with a soldier, and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they will have occasion to regret it." And he laid his pistols on the stand by his bedside.
"My servants, Major Stanley," said the old gentleman, with an air of dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any trick upon my guests. Good night, Major!"
The door closed. Major Stanley looked at it. Having done so, he took a survey of the apartment. Besides the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon this second door, but a heavy table placed across, completely barricaded it.

The major threw himself into an arm-chair before the fire, and amused himself with building castles in the air, and musing on the attractions of the host's daughter. He was far enough from thinking of spectral visions, when a slight noise struck on his ear. Glancing in the direction of the inner-door, he thought he saw the heavy table glide backwards. He caught up a pistol, and challenged the intruder. There was no reply, but the door continued to open, and the table to slide back. At last there glided into the room a tall, graceful figure, robed in white. At the first glance, the blood curdled in the major's veins; at the second he recognized the daughter of his host. Her eyes were wide open, but it was evident she was asleep. The young girl walked to the fireplace and seated herself in the arm chair from which the soldier had risen.

His first impulse was to vacate the room, and go directly and alarm the colonel. But, in the first place he knew not what apartment his host occupied, and in the second, curiosity prompted him to watch the denouement of this singular scene.— Julia raised her left hand, and gazed on a ring that adorned one of her fingers, pressing it repeatedly to her lips. She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms drooping listlessly at her sides.

The major approached her, and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed, but did not awaken her. She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping hopelessly for it, rose and glided through the doorway as silently as she entered. She had no sooner retired than the major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done, he threw himself upon the bed and slept soundly until a late hour of the morning. When he awoke, he sprang out of bed and, after completing his toilet, descended to breakfast. Here he met the colonel and his blooming daughter.
"Well, major—and how did you pass the night?" asked the host, anxiously.
"Famously," replied Stanley. "I slept like a top."
"Then, thank Heaven, the White Phantom has ceased to haunt that chamber, at last!"
"By no means," said the Major, smiling, "the White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honor."
"A token!" exclaimed father and daughter, in a breath.
"Yes, my friends, and here it is!" And the major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Julia?" exclaimed the colonel. "The ring I gave you last week."
Julia uttered a faint cry and turned deadly pale.
"The mystery is easily explained," said the major. "The young lady is a sleep walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed."
The major's business did not press and he was easily induced to spend a few days with the old colonel. The mutual liking of the young folks increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ring, inscribed with the names of Rupert Stanley and Julia Rogers, served as the sacred symbol of their union for life.

A Text for Boys.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant, "whose word was as good as his bond," "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name."
"Why so?" asked the other in some surprise.
"Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it."
The honorable character which was at the bottom of the good name he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.
But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed, it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a capital any boy or girl may secure. Honestly must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says, "That is a boy I can trust," he will always find himself in demand, provided he joins with it industry. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."
It seems hard at the time, maybe,—this ceaseless round of work, while other boys are lounging about store-steps, or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While loungers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember this, boys, if you desire to make your way in the world. There is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a lounger about the streets and a shirk at your business. Everybody suspects a lad who is often seen about saloon-doors or tavern-steps. It undermines a boy's character for honesty very rapidly to mix with the society he finds there; and such habits tend to anything but industrious ways.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Print that text on your heart, and carry it with you in all your walks and ways. It is worth far more than silver and gold to you.—*Presbyterian.*

A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER WORLD.

Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a Michigan farmer recently died under circumstances the most extraordinary. Two of her sisters were dead, one but lately, one a few weeks ago. The cause of Mrs. Gardiner's death was a congestive chill, and she had been considered dead for six hours, and was being prepared for the grave, she returned to consciousness and talked freely with her attendants. She stated to those around her that she had been to the better land and had seen both of her departed sisters, with other friends; that it was a most beautiful land—beyond all description! She said that she had permission to return to tell living friends of what she had seen, but that she was anxious to return again. She passed away soon after making her statement, and seemed overflowing with joy and happiness.—*The Detroit Tribune* says that there can be no question as to the circumstances above stated.

WHO WILL CARE?

Who will care?
When we lie beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ill of earthly life—
Sleep to know no sad to-morrow,
With its bitterness and strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us?
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life gay and tender,
Full of beauty rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall ever repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
When Queen Autumn's flowers blossom,
And she stoops in pity down,
With a white flower for our bosom
Taken from her royal crown?
Who will come to kneel in pity
By our long and narrow bed,
When the wild winds sing their dirge
In the grasses o'er our head—
Who will care?

Who will care?
When the spring-time's glad smile lingers,
And the meadows far and wide,
And the drops, from rosy fingers,
Bloom and leaf on every side;
Who will come with tender yearning
To the graves of those they miss?
Who will sigh for our returning
To their presence and their kiss—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hand-lying
On a still and silent breast,
Never more to know of sighing,
Ever more to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
What it matters if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all.

Greenland and Its Ice.

I ascended once to such a level plain, says Dr. Hayes, "reaching eighty miles from the coast at an altitude of five thousand feet. I was set upon by a tempest. The temperature sank to thirty-four degrees below zero. Nothing could be more terrible than a wind under such circumstances, except, perhaps, a furnace blast. Mercury hardened almost to the consistency of lead. The moisture of the breath froze on the beard in solid lumps of ice. The snow which came whirling along the ice plane was like the sand-clouds of the desert, which oftentimes overwhelm travelers. There was no chance for life except in flight. It would be difficult to inflict greater torture upon a man than to expose him to such a storm. First comes alarm, then pain, then lack of perception. One of my comrades said: "I cannot go any further, I do not want to; I am sleepy; I cannot walk." Another said: I am no longer cold; I am quite warm again, shall we not camp?" There was great need of haste and exertion, or we should all have perished. The whole continent of Greenland is, say, twelve hundred miles long, by six hundred broad. This gives seven hundred and twenty thousand square miles of superficial area; and assuming the ice, which covers the greater part of it, to have the very moderate average depth of five hundred feet, we have a grand total of seventy thousand cubic miles of ice. All this vast accumulation is the property of Denmark.

In evidence of the change in climate since then, we observe that in the old chronicles of those ancient Northmen, there is very little mention made of ice as a disturbing element in navigation.—From the glaciers come the icebergs, and a fiord which receives a glacier is not habitable. The colony was destroyed by the Skraelings, savages now represented by the Esquimaux, who have held undisturbed possession of the country until now, when they are dwindling away. There is no story of ruin and decay more sad than this; the ruthless hand of nature has nowhere pressed so heavily upon the children of men. The little town in the wilderness is a quaint, happy place, where everybody is and smells more or less fishy, where the women wear fur boots and trousers, do not know that petticoats exist, but as fond of jewelry as their Southern sisters, and perfect adepts in dancing and flirtation. The little company on board the Panther had a pleasant time of it in the "fiord of the deserted homes" before they steamed away southward to that of Sermilik, which means "the place of ice," there to witness phenomena such as are not to be seen elsewhere in the whole known world.

In Greenland the snow falls dry. The mountains are lofty; it never rains upon them, and a fresh layer of snow is laid upon them every year. Enormous quantities break loose and roll down the mountain sides in avalanches; but the amount is small in comparison with the deposit. The glaciers are the means of drainage of these great snow fields, which are turned to ice by a very simple process, and the ice flows to the sea. In many places in this awful country the valley are so filled that they have become level with the summit of the mountains, and there is a desert waste of whiteness, smooth as the sea and void of life as Sahara.

How doesthisline look without spaces.

The Old Homestead.

There are but few places so dear to us as the scenes of our childhood. Around the associations of our early years our heart's best affections have twined themselves, and though we roam over the dark sea foam, or wander in far distant lands, yet we will often fly back on memory's swift pinions to the golden moments of life's morning, and fondly linger around the sights and scenes of our juvenile rambles.

Emotions swell the heart and tears fill the eyes as we think of the old house at home. That old house may not have been a palatial structure, with its magnificent dome and gorgeous surroundings; it may have been a humble cot in which poverty had left its footprints, and where grim want stared out from wall and floor and bed of straw. No matter how humble, still how dear to us is that old house at home.

We love that old building, and our attachment to it increases as years roll on. We may dwell in a palace of golden brightness, the steeples of which may penetrate the very clouds, and millions of earth's richest treasures may lie in our coffers—still our heart never changes for the old house at home.

Did you ever visit the home of your childhood after years of absence? What a gush of recollection come throbbing through the heart! Every place and almost every object that meets our gaze has some associations with our childhood days. The brook flows on just as it did in days of yore. The very gurgling of the current seems familiar. Here, in this brook, we had our dock yard, and here we sailed our mimic fleet. There stands the "old oak tree" under which we conned our boyish task. From here we had rolled stones down the steep hillside and watched them disappear in the clear waters below; on that grassy knoll we had stood at sunset, and had gazed upon the golden clouds which so gracefully slumbered on the bosom of the western sky.

The fields and lanes and trees are familiar, recalling old memories and scenes. Over the hills we had wandered forth with brothers and sisters in merry mood to gather wild flowers. Under this tree we had gathered nuts; there have we plucked blackberries from the branches; through yonder meadow we have sauntered in childish glee in search of the fresh sprung mushroom. Little did we know of the cares and perplexities of life.

The old school house is gone—a new one has taken its place. The cluster of trees is still there. Here is our old playground, upon which we have sported in those halcyon days of old. We almost fancy that we can hear the shrill voices of schoolmates, subdued by the distance, bor upon the breeze, but, no these voices can never reach us again. Where are our school fellows? Ask time and change! Ask sickness and sword and boundless ocean! Ask accident and death! For all these have been at work. What a dream is the past!

But what emotious rise in the heart as we stand and gaze upon the old house "where my father dwelt, and where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt."—What hallowed memories cluster around that sacred spot. What endeared associations still linger there!

It was in that old time-honored dwelling that I knelt by my mother and lisped my evening prayer; receiving her warm kiss, felt the hot tear fall on my cheek, and heard her in her broken accents say, "God bless my child." When far away from that dear home, made radiant by her smiles, we feel that her prayers still bless us as we roam; her words we never forget. Those were sacred seasons. How sweet their memory, when in childish innocence we communed with heaven and felt the angels near!

The old house stands as a monument to departed days. There have been changes there. The foot-prints of time are seen. The moss covered roof, the ivy-bound pillars, the decayed columns and the crumbling walls seem in keeping with scenes and memories. The inmates of long ago are gone—some sleep in the grave, over which the weeping willow droops and the winds bowl a mournful requiem—the rest are acting their part in the great drama of life, far away from that sacred old domicile.

But still there are hallowed associations and reminiscences which crowd and cluster around that old house, long silenced voices which still linger and echo there. There are affections centered there that will make that place ever dear to us. An although our heads may grow white with age, our eyes grow dim, and our frames may totter beneath the weight of years, yet still dear to our hearts will be the scenes of our childhood, when fond recollection presents all of them to view.

ONE OF DEAN SWIFT'S JOKES.—Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix road, Dublin, when a thunder-shower came up and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the young girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go.
"Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean, and he took his prayer book, and then and their married them, their witnesses being present, and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:
Under a tree, in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together,
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman sunder.
Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Wit and Humor.

Had No Change.

While riding in the cars in Ohio, some days since, I sat beside a fellow who looked weather beaten, as though he sat out on a watermelon, for a couple of weeks. I said to him:
"What's your name?"
Said he, "Adolphus."
Says I, "Your mother's name?"
Says he, "Mary."

I looked amazed, and says I, "Mary Mary?" can it be possible that you are the lamb?"
Says he, "The what?"
He revealed the fact that he was not the lamb, and he further observed the fact that "It ain't all fired hot."
Says I, "Did you ever visit a tropical clime?"
Says he, "A what?"
Says I, "A hot clime."

Says he, "Jimmy critch, stranger, I've plowed up a site hill Fourth of July when the sun set my straw hat on fire and if that ain't a hot climb why I hain't been to one yet."
Before I had time to reply, the conductor came along and shouted "tickets!"
Greensy— "I've got none."
Conductor—"Money then."
Greensy—"I hain't any."
Conductor—"Got a pass?"
Greensy—"No, hain't got a pass."
Conductor—"You don't expect to travel on the cars for nothing, do you?"
Greensy—"You advertise to take a feller for nothing anyhow."
Conductor—"How so?"
Greensy—"Down there in your office in Cincinnati you've got a big sign stuck up in store writing, it says, 'Thro' to New York without change; and nary a cent of change have I got."

The conductor dropped his anchor and set the fellow ashore right by a big white post with some black letters on it, which read C. 30 miles.

Scene in a horse car.—Car stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full.—An old gentleman raises at the opposite end. "Oh, don't raise," said the lovely girl. "I can just as well stand." "I don't care whether you sit or stand," he replied, "I'm going to get out."

A popular doctor in Oswego gave a prescription with directions to "take one teaspoonful every three years." The patient recovered.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.—The Bible is the only guide mortal man has to rest his hope of a future life on, take it away and what remains for man to build his hope, unless he invents some other system to gratify his natural longings for a Supreme Being that he can venerate.—God created man perfect, with all his faculties to venerate a Supreme Being; to have a conscience that prompts to justice. Man reasons, and admires all that is good. The Bible and its teachings are perfectly adapted to man's nature and all his natural wants. Without such a guide all good men would be at sea without a compass. Bad men, skeptics, infidels, are defective in their moral organization.—Such men see differently, and are at least for a time willing to reject the teachings and precepts of the Bible. Such men are not looked upon as good, moral citizens. Such men see through glasses that are morally dark. Such men have no inspirations to lead them up to God and his teaching. They will scoff at things holy and sacred, but when death comes and when they find themselves lost to all hope; they not knowing where to find rest for their souls, only then will they realize the hopelessness of their unbelief, only then will they feel themselves out at sea like the mariner without his compass. The Bible is the only hope of man when he is done with this world, and it makes men good and useful for this world. It makes society better, safer and happier. Young men and young women, think of this when the skeptics tell you otherwise. Trust not their specious arguments; they are delusive and destructive to society and your immortality. Believe it not that you are like brutes when you die. Remember you have no other moral guide like the Bible. It is your safest compass.

A correspondent of the Washington Star writes:

The original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence is rapidly fading away, and, judging from the past, but a few years will elapse before the naked parchment will be the only souvenir remaining of that bold manifesto of a few colonists, who with their lives in their hands, dared proclaim themselves free men. Already nearly all the signatures are entirely effaced, and the rest cannot last much longer, unless something is done to restore the writing.
The sacred Declaration, together with George Washington's commission as General and Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Army, which is in about the same condition, have been for years on exhibition in the Patent Office, and it is a matter of surprise that no effort has been made by the Government to save them, from being lost forever to posterity. This is susceptible of being done, as we are credibly informed that the British Museum is constantly restoring old manuscripts to their almost original condition. Do we not possess like knowledge which can be put to such valuable use?

MANLY ART.—A patriotic citizen boasts that no people on earth can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base-ball.