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NUMBER 18

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS-One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1,50; for each subsequent insertion, Thir-five Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly adver-

·LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per Cents for subsequent insertions

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WAYNESBORO', PA. Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug

Liane 29—tf. 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-tf LN.SNIVELY,M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

WAYNESBORO' PA. Office at his residence, nearly opposite he Bowden House. Nov 2-tf.

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

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FERS his Professional services to the itizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity. sive practice at Mercersburg, when he has been prominently engaged for annuol. 'years in the practice of his profession.

He has opened an Office in Waynesbord, at the residence of George Besore, Esq., '18 Father-in-law, where he can be found at 1 times when not professionally engaged.

DR. J. M. RIPPLE. DR. A. S. BONEBRAKE. RIPPLE & BONBRAKE.

WAYNESBORO', PA. Having associated themselves in the pracsice of Medicine and Surgery, offer their professional services to the public. Office in the room on the .orth East Cor. of the Diamond, formerly occupied by Dr. John J. Oellig, dec d. July 18, 1872—ly

A. K. BRANISHOLTS, RESIDENT DENTIST



WAYNESBORO', PA., (AN 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. Branis-

holts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

- Dis. E. A. HERING,

 " J. M. RIPPLE,

 " A. H. STRICKLER,

 " J. B. AMBERSON,

 " I. D. WILLIAM
- I. N SNIVELY, A. S. BONBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH,

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AS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Frames and Mouldings. Call and obs specimen pictures. June tf.

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Their tables will be spread with the best the Market affords, and their Bar

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The favor of the public solicited.
Extensive Stablingand attentive Hostlers. Dec. 14-1-y

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 sea son.

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NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

A fine lot Pine Building Lumber for sale and will be furnished in rough, or hewed in proper sizes to suit purchasers of Bills. Apply at Monrerry \$121868.
April 4, 1872—tf

Select Poetry



SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

BY PAUL II. HAYNE.

Sweetheart, good-by! Our varied day Is closing into twilight gray, And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea The storm wind rises mournfully; A mystic prescience, strange and drear, Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air, It fills the earth, it chills the sky-Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Our joys are passed And night with silence comes at last; All things must end, yea, even love-Nor know we, if reborn above, The heart blooms of our earthly prime Shall flower beyond these bounds of time. "Ah, death alone is sure!" we cry-Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! Through mist Pass the pale phantoms of our years, Once bright with spring, or subtly strong, When summer's noon thrilled with song, Now wan, wildeyed, forlornly bowed. Each rayless as an autumn cloud Fading on dull September's sky-Sweetheart, good-by!

Sweetheart, good-by! The vapors rolled Athwart you distant, darkening world, Are types of what our world doth know Of tenderest loves of long ago; And thus when all is done and said Our life lived out, our passion dead, What can their wavering record-be But tinted mists of memory? Oh! clasp and kiss me ere we die-Sweetheart, good-by!

Miscellaucous Reading.

JUSTIN'S WIFE.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

The room was exceeding bright and comfortable, with the morning sun creeping through the rich curtains and beaming mildly on the breakfast table, with its burden of white china, silver, hot muffins, fragrant coffee and delicately broiled birds, looked anything but bright and comfortable.

There was an open letter beside the plate of the lady, and glancing over her shoulder you might have read the follow-

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER :- I hardly know how to get around my subject, so I'll come directly to it. I am married. I love Lucille very dearly, and she was too poor to gain your admiration, so I married her without asking leave. As my wife. I know you will receive her. At all events I am going to bring her straight to you, and I will trust to your natural goodness of heart. Your dutiful son. JUSTIN YORKE.

"Your dutiful son!" said Mrs. Yorke, holding a bit of chicken on the end or her silver fork, and eyeing it as though it was the son in question. "I cannot see where he finds the shadow of an excuse for daring to style himself thus-Justin is not a dutiful son Mr. Yorke."

"You are correct, Elizabeth; he is a most undutiful son, to thus repay the years of care we have bestowed upon him," said

"What shall we do? Lucille, indeed! out of the way sort of person. Probably she is some frivolous, ignorant creature, with a pretty face and an empty head, who ruin him. Oh, James, I reasoned against allowing him to remain in the store after we came to the country. What can we

"Lock up the house at once, this very day, and go to Newport. Then if he brings his wife, he can take her back the way they came. I'll teach him a lesson that he will not soon forget."

So, in their wrath, the old couple packed their trunks, tocked the summer cottage, and, with their two servants, departed for Newport.

Justin was the last of a large family of boys and girls. One by one they had passed away, until only the one handsome boy was left. As a sequence he was idolized, and grew up an odd mixture of good nature and waywardness.

The Yorkes were highly respectable, and glorified in the fact. There was not dy twirled her parasol. Then he looked a member of the family far or near, that had a disgrace attached, and each member was extremely sensative upon this particular point.

To be justly considered respectable was the ambition of the race.

Now, what had this wretched representative done? Married a pauper without the customary wedding festival, and the talk, the envy, the bustle, the carriages, the church, the crowd, the cake, the cards. the lace, the satin, and the fol-de-rol which had attended the marriage of every Yorke from the beginning!

Mrs. James Yorke shivered at the thought, as they rode on towards Newport, even though the thermometer was

most thick enough to be cut with a knife. As good luck would have it they obtained rooms without inconvenience, and in two hours after their arrival, Mr. Yorke | the circumstances, he thought better of it,

airing himself at one of the chamber winbeach, Elizabeth? There is a fine breeze

"Isn't the sun a little too hot," suggested the lady. "Not at all. I will take an umbrella

along.' So Mrs Yorke donned her bonnet and transported themselves down to the beach. It was quite too early for the fashionable crowd to collect, and there were only here and there a gentleman, a nurse with children, or some invalid, who preferred this hour to that used by flirters and bathers; so the old couple had the broad sand beach pretty much to themselves, and they sauntered away, enjoying the cool breeze and the musical murmur of the sea as much as people so fflicted are expected to. As they passed along, Mr. Yorke said, nodding his head in a certain direction to where a lady sat in a cool dress, of pale

blue muslin': "There's a pretty creature!" "So she is—and an extremely lady-like person. Quite odd to see a young lady out at this hour. Probably, the most of my way. Leave your sheep and show me "Yes-very. It's a great pity that Jus-

"Pray don't mention that unfortunate boy's-name !" "You are right. We will dismiss him from our thoughts for the present. It looks

comfortable up there among the rocks.-Supposing we should go up?"
"I dare-say-we-would-find-a-good-seat," said Mrs. Yorke.

low, and were on the point of seating themselves, when Mrs. Yorke, unhappily, stepped on a loose stone, and fell heavily among the jagged rocks, and laid there, very still and white, with the blood tricklng down from a cut on her forehead. For a moment reason forsook her companion, and then, with a wild shout, he called for help. It came almost instant-

ly, in the person of the beautiful girl he had observed a few seconds before, who ted her head, and sought to staunch the hunter, angrily. "It is only a little cut, sir, and the lady is stunned," said she binding her hand-kerchief around the wound. "Please take know that you would keep your word

her in your arms for a moment and I with me.' will bring some water." The water, which the fair stranger brought in her hat, had the desired effect; Dr. Strackler has relinquished an exten- but the pair who sat over the little feast and after a little, Mrs. Yorke opened her

eves and sat up. 'You are feeling much better, my dear?" "Very much. Ah! I think I have you to thank for it," said Mrs. Yorke, looking

up at the sweet face above her. "By no means. It was a trifling service, I assure you. I am only too happy. Let me remove the handkerchief, and bring some water."

Mrs. Yorke's daughters, had died beyoung girlhood; but, as the soft fingers touched lightly her aching head, she thought attention might have been her own, had God spared her dear children. "Your mother is blessed, my dear," said she, looking at the perfect face, "in having such a daughter as yourself." "My mother is dead, madam."

Mrs. Yorke's chubby fingers sought the slender ones of the young lady, and closed over them in a warm, sympathetic clasp. "My daughters are dead, and my heart and home are quite desolate!" said the good woman, with a dash of tears. "Halloa !"

The word came in a cheery cry across It has the sound of an actress, or some them, with a face as bright as a half dozen men, however, were all in for the pledge, summer days. At once Mrs. Yorke grew very nervous

will sirely bring disgrace upon us and in the face, and thumped his cane energetically on a rock; and the pretty young lady's eyes glowed, and a smile played about her dimpled mouth.

"Why, father and mother!" cried the aforesaid young man. "How came you here? I am overjoyed to see you." "I shall not return the compliment,"

gruffly replied Mr. Yorke. "Why not?" "Because, sir, you are a base ingrate! How dare you marry without my leave?" "But, father, I loved her, and knew

that you would when you came to know "I shall never know her. You shall never bring her into our family. If you old fellow looked about, chuckled, and have disgraced our honorable name you may suffer the disgrace alone."

The young man dug up the sand with his cane for a moment, and the young la-

"Well, Lucille, we had better come away," he said, and the young lady stepped over to him, and put her hand upon his arm. "What! Who is this?" cried Mr. Yorke. "My wife, father."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" blustered the irate old fellow. "Elizebeth, cheap."

the fair girl.

"Yes, madam." "Here, Justin! Why are you standing there? Don't you see that your mother up among the nineties, and the dust al- has met with an accident? Give her your arm, and take her up to the hotel. Lucille,

my daughter, take mine,"

Justin would have laughed, but under was arrayed in a suit of snowy linen, and and the quartette walked up to the hotel. tween two ladies,

The Newport visit came to an abrupt dows, in a state of quietude quite pleasant termination, for the Yorke party left in to contemplate after his recent trouble. "Hadn't we better walk down to the when they reached home, Mr. Yorke said: "If we hadn't been a pair of old fools,

selecting a wife."
Mrs. Yorke passed her hand lightly over her wounded forehead, and concluded, as a lace shawl, and the portly pair slowly I did long ago, that love and marriage are For brightest eyes would open to the summatters beyond the control of humanity.

> A Faithful Shepherd Boy. Gerhart was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day while watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and inquired: 'How far is it to the nearest village.'

'Six miles replied the boy, but the road is only a sheep track and very easy ${f missed.}$ The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said:

'Ay, lad I am hungry, tired and thirsty.

I have lost my companions, and missed them are yet asleep, and trying to wear away the effects of last night's dissipation.

She is very fresh and sensible looking.

Gerhart. 'They would stray into the forest, and be eaten up by the wolves, or be stolen by robbers.

'Well, what of that? queried the hun-

'They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year.'

'I cannot go, sir,' rejoined Gerhart, very firmly. My master pays me for my Accordingly they clambered up, as well time, and he trusts me with his sheep.—
as age and a superfluity of flesh would albelong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them. 'Well,' said the hunter, 'will you trust

your sheep here, while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you.' The boy shook his head. 'The sheep don't know your voice, and'-Gerhart stopped speaking. 'And what? Can't you trust me? Do

running up, leaned over the lady and lif- I look like a dishonest man? asked the 'Sir,' said the boy, you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to er woman who had no more manly ocbreak my word to my master. How do I

out myself." Gerhart now offered the contents of his script to the hungry man, who, coarse, as it was ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhart, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for

fore they had reached even the dignity of him shortly aftar, and had him educated. Honesty, truth, and fidelity, are precious jewels in the character of a child.-When they spring from piety they are diamonds, and make the possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honorable, and very useful. May you, my readers wear them as Gerhart did. Then a greater than a king will adopt you as his children, and you will become princes and princesses royal in the kingdom of God.

Trapping An Audience.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night be announced that he would lecture in Easton. the sands, and looking up, the trio espied | Now Temperance was not in favor among a tall, handsome fellow trotting towoard the male portion of that burg. The woand consequently, on Hunt's first night, not a man showed himself in the hall. and distressed; Mr. Yorke grew very red | The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them through on the vanities of dress, etc. They -the sleeves-caught it; then their tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalouge of female follies; not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home hopping mad, told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt down to the lowest notch. He had announced that he would lec-

ture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed they commenced to come, and, when Hunt hobbled down the aisle the building was comfortably well filled with men. The then muttered:

Hogs, I've got you now!' The audience stared. 'Aha, hogs, I've got you now.
After the crowd had got quiet a little,

the lecturer proceeded by saying: 'Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying 'Hogs, I've got you now.' and I'll tell you. Out west, the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of ment, they catch a young pig, put a strap un-der his body, and hitch him up to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs I'm afraid we have sold ourselves very gather around to see what's the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. "Are you really Justin's wife?" said Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a Mrs. Yorke, smiling in spite of herself at little and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun and I'l roast you; and he did, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

Every human creature is sensible to some infirmities of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, partic ularly in the early period of life.

The happy medium-A gentleman be

If on my grave the summer grass were growing, Or heedless winter winds across it blowing, we would have stayed at home, and saved Through joyous June, or desolate Decemour money, time and exertions. We migth ber.

have known that our son would not err in How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember How long, dear love, how long?

And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet

newcomer, And on young lips grow kisses for the taking.

When all the summer buds to bloom were

breaking-How long, dear love, how long? To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,

Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are , lonely, would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,

Fill up your glass and crown it with new

kisses-How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you might be to regret And lisping lips might woo you to forget

But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember When wind were weary in your life's De-

cember-So long, dear love, so long.

Riches and Happiness.

In the first place, their is no such thing as complete, unalloyed bliss, in this state of existence, and even the nearest approach to it is not attained without something besides wealth. Of course the posession of property to a reasonable extent contributes most essentially to one's enjoyment. A house for shelter, fire for warmth, fool and clothing-surely it can not reasonably be contended that a person without all, or any of these, is in a condition favorable to happiness. Diogenes, with nothing but a tub, would make a sorry show these days, however he may figure as a character in classics. He would be taken for the hen pecked husband of some washcupation than to carry about her washing utensils, and probably fun would be appointment and affliction, and poverty reconciliation both with Heaven and himpoked at him for not having a clothes-The hunter laughed, and he felt the boy had fairly cornered him. He said:

'I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show the faithful boy in the faithful boy in the faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show faithful we priness depends mainly upon the cultivations of the faithful we prove the from our door, no matter how faithful we prove the bedside.

'You sent for me," are not as heavy, on the heart, as the cares brought on by the possession of uncounted riches. We cannot keep death away from our door, no matter how faithful we prove the bedside.

'Yes," answered the way from our door, no matter how faithful we prove the bedside. me the road, and I will try and make it tion of the mind and heart; on the faithful performance of duty, in secret as well that the most tender ties and associations I sent—sent for you to say that—that this as openly, and amid reproach and oblo- are not at times, snapped assunder. Let is your last —last chance to apologise!" guy, as well as when cheered by words of encouragement or applause. It depends on courage to sustain us in the trials of rejoice and give God the praise. If was not so discourteous as to spoil the dinthis life, and the hope which extends to we fail in our enterprizes and find ner of a half dezen sensible persons for another. It depends upon the love and confidence of kindred, and acquaintances. What wealth and property can do toward promoting happiness at the same time is not inconsiderable. It supplies us with the means of intellectual culture. as well as of physical comfort. It has been well remarked that money is a hard master, but a good servant. As a master it cramps both body and soul, making how the world treats us. its victim a detestible miser. As a servant it is many handed, and in ordinary affairs and extraordinary emergencies may to a great extent, be safely relied on.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

the Morman Church, has lately made a down their arms under a promise of security, and then mercilessly butchered, none but the small children being spared. One of the motives of the butchery is supposed to be revenge for the injuries and all settlements within it.

It is most important to the interests of ses over board no signals. The sentinel justice and humanity, and to the characistars challenge each other as they walk ter of this country as a civilized power, their nightly rounds, but we catch no sylthat charges like these, sworn to by an able of their countersign which gives paseye-witness and a participator in the sage to the heavenly camp. Between transaction, should be thoroughly investible and the other life their is a great gulf ery person who is over eager and tigated.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of the sky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment must pass away.

Memory is a patient camel, bearing huge burdens over life's sandy desert.-Intuition is a bird of paradise, drinking in the aroma of celestial flowers.

The End of Summer.

The harvest fields are ready for the hus bandmen. The fruits of the season are ripe and mellow. The leaves are alreadybeginning to fade and wither, and are only waiting for the first frost to give them their autumn tints of gold and crimson. The air is clear, cool and invigorating. It is the last of summer.

It brings to us many thoughts that are (whom he called John,) he told him that both sad and pleasant ones. It recalls he got \$15 per week. many memories, that are both sorrowful roses that have budded, bloomed and I vos so olt like you a couple of dimes, un faded; of hopes deferred; of fancies that were too bright for human realization; "Well," replied John, "if you don't get of friendships we have known, and of loved ones that have passed away.

pleasure the leaves and delicate blossoms of the trees as they appeared in the spring-time, fresh and beautiful, and we have felt emotions almost of regret and pain, "when the flying of the ruined woodlands drove them through the air."

Life has its seasons. They are as disfinct and different from each other as the as the proprietor came down the street, seasons of the year, though the boundary Jacob stepped out in front of him, and line that lies between them is imperceptible; for we glide gradually from one in- to the ground, saying, at the same time: to the other, like the gradations of color and shade that express the distance in a cr vages, don't id?"

eautiful painting. Like the summer of the year , the summan is ready to reap the reward of his he had to say, he replied: labors, as the farmer gathers the harvest into his granary. And the recompense der matter yos id. I go me home mit a conforms perfectly to his respective in man vot work by me to got some more dustry, perseverance and good actions, vages higher I vos petter go strike ter Riches alone will make no one happy.

In the first, place, their is no such thing rors and wasted opportunities produce er, and now I vos got here for salt and ultimately sorrows and distress.

Trouble.

as it is, its joys and sorrows, and yield at employer withrawing the charge, he was once, an humble reconciliation to what is discharged. unavoidable, there would be far more happiness, and infinitely less misery than there is. Six thousand years experience ought to convince mankind that there are that lasted twenty-five years. But at last clouds here as well as sunshine, and the the hand of death knocked at the door of man who starts life with the expectation the parishner and he sent for the pastor. that every thing before him, will be smooth | The good man hastily obeyed the sumand uninterrupted is, simply a dreamer mons with a solemn delight, as his being who knows nothing of the world's reali- thus called showed a mellowing of the ties. Wealth cannot shield us from dis- heart of the dying man which promised are not as heavy, on the heart, as the cares | self. may guard its portals, nor can we so con- breath was now short and difficult. trol the minds and dispositions of others have but a few-a few hours to live and us take matters as they come and try to be content. If we are prosperous, we should our plans of business dwarfed and thwar- the sake of one or two fools who thought ted, let us submit cooly to the visitation, it fine to be late." She was right-no and try again, with renewed hope and effort. There is no use lamenting when lamentations will do no good, or shedding tears when they only tend to heighten our sorrows. The grave will soon cover our troubles, and there is a happy life beyond, which we can make our own, no matter

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH. -The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his workinging tone. In the vital Philip K. Smith, who was a bishop in system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, terrible charge against the head of that and vigor, which the last six days have fraternity. About fifteen years ago a ve- drained away, and supplies the force ry wealthy train of emigrants left Arkan- which is to fill the six days succeeding sas for California, to seek new homes, and in the economy of existence it an and perished on the Mountain Meadows, swers the same purpose as in the econotwo hundred and fifty miles south of Salt | my of income, is answered by a savings Lake City. One hundred and twenty bank. The frugal man who puts aside a men, women and childred were massa- pound to-day, and another pound next cred. This fearful crime has often been month, and who, in a quiet way, is alway charged upon the Mormons, but as often putting by his stated pound from time to boldly denied. Now Smith makes oath time, when he grows old and frail, gets before the clerk of the Circuit Court of not only the same pound back again but the seventh judicial district of the State a good many pounds beside. And the of Nevada that the massacre was perpe- conscientious man, who husbands one day trated by the Mormon militia, and by or- of existence every week, who instead of alder of the Mormon authorities. He states lowing the Sabbath to be trampled and that he was a member of the force sent torn in the hurry, and scramble of life, forth for that purpose, and that after the treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the emigrants had fought successfully four Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length days they were treacherously entrapped of days a hale old age gives it back with paralysis, and can only give him "fits" by a flag of truce, and induced to lay usury. The savings bank of human ex- with her eyes. istence is the weekly Sabbath. THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passes the charmed

boundary comes back to tell. The im- enny kind of hosses, are skarser. sustained by the Mormons in Missouri agination visits the land of shadowsand Illinoise; another that it was to re- sent out from some window of the soul o venge the killing of a Mormon some time | ver life's restless waters-but wings its previously in Arkansas by the husband way wearily back without a leaf in its of a woman whom the Mormons had beak as a token of merging life beyond carried off. It may have also been the the closely bending horrizon. The great desire of the Mormon leaders to trike sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet such a terror into emigrants as to put an | breathes no secret of the etherial wilderend to all traveling across the Territory ness. The cresent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosfixed, across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes were closed in their last long sleep long ture nothing; he borrows therefore, from years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy ous interest; and the consequence is, that on her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart: but her lips were past speech; and intimating nothing of the vission that enthralled her.

Wit and Anmor.

The Dutchman's Strike.

A German man, called Jacob, who had lately arrived in this country, got a situation in a plaining mill, at a salary of \$10 per week. Returning home one evening, with one of the young hands of the mill

"Vot?" cried Jake; "you was gotten fifand joyous, of summers that have gone; deen toolars a week? Tunder and plitzen!

enough, you strike the boss for more." "Vot you say? Strike the boss for more? We have watched with feelings of You dink I vos got more hire vages uf I vos strike ter boss ain'd M?" "Yes," replied_John; "I think you

"All reid," said Jacob.

So on Monday Jacob went to work as usual; but, instead of entering the shop he took up his station by the door, and struck him with all his force, felling him "Dare ! I vos strike you for more high-

The proprietor bawled "Police!" with all his might, which had the effect of mer of our lives is that time when their bringing an officer on the ground, and is the most labor to be done. Every- Jacob was arraigned for assault and batthing is carnest and real, and at its close tery. When the mayor asked him what

"Vell, ton't vos could find me out vod battery; I ton't quite understan me dot." During the laugh whitch followed, the German was informed by the mayor that Trouble is more frequently made than when he wanted to strike again, not to sent. If every person would take the world make such a striking demand, and his

A man in Massachusetts had an unreasonable grudge against his minister

"Yes," answered the dying man, who A housekeeper has been imagined "who

You sent for me," said he as he ap-

courtesy should be shown to those "fashionable" folks who come late, in order to create a sensation. A quiet man rang a door bell in Bea-

"Is the gentleman in?" he asked of a servant. "I don't know. Did you wish to see him particularly?" "Oh, no; I merely wanted to tell him

con Street. New York, one night.

that his house is on fire." A Connecticut lad chalked a Roman candle perfectly white, and stuck it in his mother's candlestick. Although somewhat astonished, the old lady retained enough presence of mind to fan the young

gentleman with a shingle.

The pews of a Methodist Church on the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Ohio stand in former State and the pulpit in the latter. Pennsylvania couples, in consequence, have to be married in the vestibule. A Detroit gentleman, one hundred and five years old, has lately been troubled

doctor thinks it is the result of smoking to excess for the last ninety years or so. There is one happy man in Indiana.— His wife has talked herself into a tongue

with a failing in his eyesight, and his

Josh Billings, in his directions "How to pick out a good hoss," says, Good hosses are skarse, and good men that deal in

To THE POINT .- "I never go to church," said one; I spend Sunday settling accounts." "The day of judgment will be spent in the same way," was the reply.

People who are always wishing for something new, should try new ralgia once.

Hands have they, yet steal not Clocks.

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.-We smile at the savage who cuts down a tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is that a to reach its fruits; but the medical blunder of this description is much blunder of this description is much mydtient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything, the futhe future, at a most usurous and ruinhe finds the tone of his feelings impaired his self-respect dimished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs at a time when, hu-Arms have they, yet toil not—Chairs. | manly speaking, the greatest portion of its comforts should be still before him.