VOLUME 25.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

NUMBER 23

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS-One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1,50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirtisers.

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

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.

JOHN A. HYSSONG, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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December 10, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER, (FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.,)

FFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.

Dr. Strickler has retinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession.

He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., 1.8 Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871.-tf.

DR. A. S. BONEBRAKE. DR. J. M. RIPPLE. RIPPLE & BONBRAKE, WAYNESBORO', PA.

Having associated themselves in the prac tice 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, 1872-1y

A. K. BRANISHOLTS, RESIDENT DENTIST



WAYNESBURO', 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. Branis holtssocially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist. Drs. E. A. HERING,

"J. M. RIPPLE,

A. H. STRICKLER, J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, A. S. BONERAKE, T. D. FRENCH,

L.C.BRACKBILL, PHOTOGRAPHER,

S. E. Corner of the Diamond, WAYNESBORO', PA.,

HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Frames and Mouldings. Call and ess specimen pictures.

, June tf. BARBERING!

1 continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid's Grocery Store, and is at all times prepare to do hair cut-ting, shaving, shampooning etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respect-fully solicited. Aug 23 1871. W. A. PRICE.

UNION HOTEL.

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

LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors. will always contain the choicest Liquors. The favor of the public solicited.

Extensive Stabling and attentive Hostlers. Dec. 14-1-y B. ick for Sale.

THE subscribers would inform the publie 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—tf

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

A fine lot Pine Building Lumber for sale Aand will be furnished in rough, or hewed in proper sizes to suit purchasers of Bills. Apply at MONTENEY SPRINGS.

April 4, 1872—

Select Poetry.



LAST WORDS. five Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly adversary adversary and the committee of the commit "I am far from those who love me.

In a bleak and barren world;

With a frowning sky above me, And hopes in ruin hurl'd I've not a friend to pity And none to sympathize, Tho' in the teeming city Where thousands meet my eyes, Fatherless and motherless, Not a penny, nor a friend, Death is my only fortress, Self-murder is my end. The dark and rolling ocean Howls pitiless between Each scene of love's devotion,

Aye! each familiar scene, I scan the stranger faces Which pass me in the street, And seek in vain for traces For love I never meet. I am treading, slowly treading, With low and bated breath

The path inviting, leading Men to the bridge of death. And now I stand upon it And gaze into the water, Wondering if my mother Sees the anguish of her daughter. Death is my only portion;

Or lead a life of shame. How can I, while devotion-Shall last for mother's name? Oh God! my refuge, hear me, Ere I make the fatal leap

Into the river, near me,____ Into everlasting sleep; Forgive me, oh! Forgive me, My present and my past, A deed that must outlive me In the life, aside I cast; I have striven, vainly striven, To circumvent my fate, Yet none have power given To shun a certain state.

Time taught me ever letter In the alphabet of woe: I feel it would be better, No matter where I go. My dizzy head is reeling With plenitude of pain. The stream behind me stealing

These were the words she uttered, As she leaped into the river; The waves a farwell muttered. And closed on her forever.

Miscellaueous Reading.

Racing Extraordinary.

Some years since on the second day of he Fair at Cleveland, when the bloods were trying their blood in the shape of fast horses, the following ludicrous incident occurred: The horse ring, which had been open during the afternoon for the use of such gentlemen as might wish to practice their horses, containing some six or seven fine horses, splendidly caparsoned, and attached to light sulkies, which | tles and brambles, and subsists on the inhad grown so excited by the sport that dustry of others. Every precaution, then, the whole affair had become merged into is necessary for the selection of a husband. spirited race. The contest was strong, and every horse was urged to his utmost speed. A vast crowd had collected for the ourpose of enjoying the sport, and loud houts attested their approbation of the

favorite horses. Just about the height of the race, the rope that protected the entrance to the ing was lowered, and one of the ugliestooking specimens of the horse kind that had ever seen entered. His driver, an old man with a short gray beard, was clothed in a rusty suit of gray, with seal-skin cap, and was seated in an old unpainted sulky, with a bundle of straw beneath the seat, from which an old rusty

umbrella protruded. At his very entrace he was greeted with shouts from the crowd, of "take him out!" 'move him!" "wo-haw!" and other derisive shouts, that showed him as setting out under the most unfavorable circumstances.

Almost at the start he had been overaken by the finer horses, who had been the popular favorites, and as they came up to the old dun, the leaders of the race called out to the driver to get out of the

After a few awkward efforts, he did try to do so, but it was after a manner little expected: for the old horse shook on the distant hills for the coming of the neighbor's voice will be pleasant to our little expected; for the old horse shook his ears and began to strike out at an awful pace, and the blooded horses began to feel the need of trying their bottom. A-The UNION has been entirely refited way they went, and by the time they came 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 the Market affords, and their Bar ed with laughter. Away he went, and a supervision to characteristic the choicet Lieuest way stely went, and a server to the best of the control of the present proprietors, no effort will be spread with the gait was so awkward that the crowd roar-lieuest lieuest lieuest way to the bloods in premit the control of the present proprietors, no effort will be spread to deserve a lieuest way they went, and a server was the bloods in premit the control of the present proprietors, no effort will be spread to deserve a lieuest way they went, and they went the place, the old dun was considerably in advance. The fasway went the bloods in pursuit. The farther the old dun went the uglier he looked, and at every round he was greeted with cries of "Go it, old Claybank!" Old Claybank did go it, and the way he went was a "sin to Crockett." By the fifth or sixth round he had just gained the length of the track on his competitors, and came up in their rear like a canebrake on fire. The excitement was now intense, and the

> deafening.
>
> The old dun never minded the crowd a whit, but held himself down to his work, and as he came around again, he had passed two of his rivals, and was abreast of the more a man has of it the more he of danger are found the most serene and better, lovier and happier is the highest

rearing and bellowing of the crowd almost

"Go it, old Claybank!" shouted the pectators, and without whip or word from his driver, he came up to the scratch. By the time this round was finished there rethey reached the entrance, the two horses were abreast, and the gray, eyed his oppopatedly answered his protestions of fidelity. Make it among earth's humblest graves, nent with a sidling glance as he shambled and attachment with:

But not in a land where men are slaves. along side of him. The old man now reached down behind him, and drew the umseat, and to which it was fastened, and ox and contention therewith." with a great flourish over his head brought

the balance of the day.

Courtship. Courtship is the last brilliant scene in

There is as much danger in the strength

bewilder the imagination, and while always bearing in mind that life without love is a wilderness, it should not be overlooked that true affection requires a solid support, discretion tempers passion, and it is precisely that quality which, oftener than any other, is found absent in courtship. Young ladies in love, therefore, require wise counsellors. They should not trust too much to the impulses of the heart, and the elevation. nor be too easily captivated by a winning exterior. In the selection of a husband, character should be considered more than appearance. Young men inclined to intemperate habits—even but slightly so-rarely make goood husbands to the end; enable them to resist temptation even in | cnt sound." its incipient stages, and, being thus defi cient in self-respect, they cannot posseess that pure, uncontaminated feeling which alone capacitates a man for rightly appreciating the tender and loving nature of a rue woman. The irreligious man is like a ship without a rudder, and he never can make a good husband, for a house darkened by cold skepticism or an indifference to religion and its duties is never a home -it is merely a shelter; there is but little warmth in the atmosphere of the rooms, and every object in them looks chill and chilling. The indolent man likewise cannot be expected to make a good husband, for he neglects his time and wastes his estate, allowing it to be overrun with this-

Died Yesterday.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe-one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loinever fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopefully in good will and confidence. hopeful and generous, whose path was "Second, "the echoes of our lives are evhemmed by flowers, with not a serpent er coming back upon us." Is it not, then, lurking underneath; one whose soul pant- of vital moment in what voices our lives ed for communion with the good and great, speak? The echoes that come to us from and reached forth with earnest struggle the outside world are of small account to the Pacific Slope, containing the infor-for the guerdon in the distance. But that those that come from our inner life, to heart is still now; he "died yesterday." | which we must listen when alone by our-

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the alter; and from the dim aisle of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig friends! tree, fell to dust even as the anthem crembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid sleep." An ancient patriarch, bowed with angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post is written, "Died

yesterday." "Died yesterday." Daily men, women and children are passing away, and hourly, in some grave-yard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the post has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the ewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been want to listen has been husded. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently, as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a tri-

Laziness is a good deal like money-

"Return Jonathan "

The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, Conn. In his youth he loved and addressed a fair Quakeress of mained but one horse ahead of him-a fine | Middletown, whose home was very near blooded gray-considered by all the best his own residence, but found much diffihorse, in all points on the ground. As culty in obtaining her hand, her objection resulting from secretarian bias. She re- In a lonely plain or on a lofty hill,

"Nay, Jonathan; I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee; for better dinner brella from the sheaf of straw beneath the of herbs and contentment than a stalled

Mr. Meigs finally wearied with his proit down on the hip boues of the old dun. fitless suit, and paid Ruth what he meant It was hard to tell which rattled most, should be his last visit as a lover. He the old umbrella or the bones of old Clay- held her hand and blessed her, and bavbank; but from that moment the race irg told her that he hoped in time the was at an end. The gray was left far be wound in his heart might be healed in hind, and the old dun came up to the en- happy alliance with some other family, trance at one of the most awkward, sham- he spoke his "farewell." The kind and oling, and yet swift paces I had ever seen, yet sorrowful word spoken with tender beating his rival a considerable distance, softness, and with tearful eyes, fell upon Like trembling doves, from the parent nest and presenting within himself the ugliest her heart, with awakening power, and as piece of horseflesh that has ever been seen he valted to his saddle to ride away, the in this section of country. It is needless fair Quakeress, full of love and relenting Of a blood-hound seizing his human prey to say that old Claybank was the favorite beckoned to him with her hand, at the And I heard the captive plead in vain, same time calling out—
"Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!"

To him they were the sweetest words that ever fell upon mortal ears. He rehe maiden life of a woman. It is, to her, turned, and the day was speedily fixed a garden where no weeds mingle with the for the celebration of their nuptials.flowers, but all is love and beautiful to The first child born to them was a son, the senses. It is a dish of nightingales and the happy father, in commemoration served up by moonlight to the mingled of the blissful words which had bidden music of many tendernesses and gentle him into his earthly heaven, had him whisperings—and eagerness that does not outstep the bounds of delicacy, and a series of flutterings, throbbings, high pulses, burning cheeks and drawing leaves. burning cheeks, and drooping lashes.

But, however delightful it may be, court olution he was one of the best and braveship is, nevertheless, a serious business; it est, and for his brilliant exploit against is the first turning point in the life of a the British at Sag Harbor he received woman, crowded with perils and tempta- the thanks of congress and a sword. He was a warm friend and supporter of President Jefferson, by whom he was appointof love as in its weakness. The kindled ed-Indian-agent of the Cherokee, among hope requires watching. | which people he passed the last of his The rose tints of affection dazzle and | well spent and useful life.—New York Ledger.

Life Echoes.

The Echoes of our lives are ever coming back upon us.' "There's the echo rock," said Marsham; and, as he spoke, he flung a merry laugh across the meadows that lay between us

"Not a tone lost," said we. "Send over that laugh again, Marsham." voice, cleaving the air like the notes of a bird.

"The imitation is almost perfect," said they have not sufficient moral stamina to we. "Let us try this echo with a differ-

We sent a strong, cheery cry over the dreamy meadows, which was echoed back from afar, and re-echoed from the gray rocks that lifted their heads above us.

Then the young man uttered a cry as of one suffering, and the cry came back, only a little sadder in tone. He then uttered some harsh words sharp-

ly, and the harsh words were repeated in flerce impulses of sound. "Sing, Marsham," said one of the com-

"Marsham's clear voice sent forth tune ful cadence, full of emphasis and expression, and echo took up the strains, ming-

ling them in such harmony that it seemed like one glad heart singing to another. "What a singular phenomenon!" remarked one of the party.

"Let it be our instructor." "Will you point the moral?" we ask-

"Yes." "First, as the echo speaks to us, so the world will speak. If we speak to it cheer-

fully, it will reply in as cheerful a tone; tering in the bower of roses-whose little if we address it angrily, it will reply in life was a perpetual litany, a May-time anger; if there is hope, and confidence, crowned with the passion of flowers that and good will in our voices, it will reply

> selves: These voices do not die; memory is continually sending them forth, a wakening echoes that fill our minds with gladness or regret. These echoes are not such

"Third, if we live in cheerful obedience to the will of Providence, we shall speak where the rude forefathers of the hamlet to the world cheerfully, and it will an swer us back in a cheerful tone; we shall neighbor's voice will be pleasant to our

> ears. "And, lastly, let us so live that the echoes of our lives will be sweet."-Youth's Companion.

> THE INNER LIFE.—One fruitful source of discontent, and one great bar of enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comutterly ignoring the fact that every person has an inner as well as an outer lifeor, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness." How often is the remark made by superficial observers, "How happy" such and such persons "must be?" "If I were only they!" When, ten to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth and position, are weary and heart-sore with the din and battle of life.

BURY ME IN A FREE LAND.

The following beautiful and touching lines were written by Steven, one of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, a short time before his deatb:

Make me a grave where you will, But not in a land where men are slaves. I could not rest, if around my grave,

I heard the steps of a trembling slave, His shadow above my silent tomb, Would make it a place of fearful gloom. I could not sleep, if I heard the tread Of a coffle gang to the shambles led,

Rise like a curse on the trembling air. could not rest, if I saw the lash, Drinking her blood at each fearful gash; If I saw her babes torn from her breast

And the mother's shriek of wild despair

I'd shudder and start, if I heard the bay As they bound afresh the galling chain.

If I saw young girls, from the mother's arms, Bartered and sold for their youthful charms, My eyes would flash with a mourful flame, My death-paled cheek grow red with shame. I'd sleep, dear friends, where blooded might known his loss, and raving and swearing,

My rest shall be calm in any grave, Where none can call his brother a slave. I ask no monument proud and high, To arrest the gaze of passers-by; All that my yearning spirit craves, Is -bury me not in a land of slaves. CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VA., March 15, 1860.

Can rob no man of his dearest right;

A Romantic Story.

A DRUG CLERK WEDS A WIDOW AND -A-FORTUNE.

mances in real life has just come to light in Washington. The bon-ton is in ecsta- what made him think so. cies over it. A dapper-looking apothecary's clerk has succeeded in marrying a have done it; ef he had been a Jackson follows:

Six months ago a charming young lady dressed elegantly and in the neighbor spiec; and after drinking to the heath of fishion, and representing herself to be Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and difficulty, however bad.

A tea made of peach leaves is a sure curo the relict of a late prominent New York | sent him home rejoicing.' oil speculator, appeared in Washington, Again, at our word, went his wringing and took up her residence at the Arlingoice, cleaving the air like the notes of a ton Hotel. While at the Arlington she one day took occasion to procure an assortment of perfumery, and in quest of that desirable acquisition of the toilet, called at a drug store situated opposite the Treasury Department. Behind the showy counter waited an attractive clerk, a young gentleman of twenty-nine who was no sooner seen than conquered. The next day the relict of the late New York I'd rather pay my passage than stand all oil speculator invited the elegant drug this.

clerk to a tete-a-tete at the Arlington. time of the Baltimore Convention, when two laborers exclaimed. Mr. Drug Clerk received a mysterious note from New York. He went to Baltimore, there he met the lady, was maried, and unaware of the cause of delay, comremained throughout the Convention and menced cursing them for their dilatoriquietly returned to Washington, to resign ness, when from within the cask the voice his clerkship and exist without visible came forth:
means of support. The lady soon follow"You're ed him here, and again went to the Arlington, where she resided some time, occasionally receiving the fortunate husband and loading him with presents of diamonds, rings, gold watches, &c., winding up by transferring to him a whole business lot in San Francisco, with the business thereon, a very valuable piece of property, of which she herself holds a vidual, as the men were turning it over. companion in New York. Next they started for Philadelphia, where the lady took a sudden notion to go West, the only notification the ex-drug clerk's friends receiving of his intention being a tele-

gram couched in these words: "Shan't return. Cau't avoid it. Am going to San Francisco."

Yesterday a letter was received from a magnificent drug store at Golden Gate. The immense wealth which has fallen to his lot, together with the extraordinary manner of the match-making, and the beauty and high standing of the wife are the nine days' wonder. Our late drug unsubstantial things as come back from clerk is of course a very stylish young man, and a very lucky young man. He was formerly a Captain in the army, where it is reported he served with distinction, is well connected here, and has a good reputation in society.—Boston Trav-

There was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbor's wood-pile. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel than he would have had to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages .-paring one's life with the life of others, And this thief is a type of thousands or men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to to please God.—Ex.

> Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up-not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

To understand the world is wiser than True courage is cool and calm. The to condemn it, to study the world is betbravest of men have the least of brutal, ter than to shun it; to use the world is bullying insolence, and in the very time | nobler than to abuse it; to make the world work of man.

An Old Story Retold.

If any one believe that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay compaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken.-Witness the following, which comes to us from Old Kentucky, by the way of Louisiana. Our entertaining friend begins:
"You must know" (but we did not know) "that around and about the beautiful city of Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, there lives-or did live, twen-

ty years ago—a great number of small farmers, who find in that city a ready market for the surplus produce of their farms, and there they carry it to sell, and buy finery and nick-nacks for their families. One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a few bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, etc., which he wished to dispose of; and, borrowing a horse and wagon, he packed up his things, and just at dusk set off for town. Arrived at one or two o'clock in the morn- | dead could be in such spirits." ing, he entered the market-house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves, and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He the market people were crowding in; and lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked and hooked. It was clean gone! He made

he drew the whole crowd around him, As he grew warm with his wrath, he said: "I know the sort of man that stole that pork-I do!' "'Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we'll help to find him for you!' they

cried out, in reply. was; he was a Clay man!'

"As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the death for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man Another of those interesting little roof stealing half a pig in Lexington, and they closed on him to give him a sound

"'Why, no body but a Clay man would case, as related to me this morning, are as the robbed farmer was irresistable. The days. Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffeehouse to a hot breakfast and a morning berries, and drank in the place of water,

A Ventriloquist's Joke.

what f with a friend who is a good ventril- with its roots, will soon come out.

equist. The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy; these plaguey nails hurt.

Holding up their heads, their visuals Thereafter occurs a blank, until the expanding to the size of two saucers, the "That beats the dickens!"

The mate coming up at this moment

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask.

"What's that?" said the mate. "Why, it's me,' said the voice; I want to get out; I won't stand this any louger."

"Up end the cask,' said the mate."
"Oh, don't! You'll kill me," said the voice. "Oh how these nails prick! Look out, don't! again said the cased-up indi-

"Cooper," said the mate, "head that cask and take out that man." As the adz sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy now; is there any one about? I don't want to be caught." Quite a crowd had now gathered around the scene of action, when a loud gutteral laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was filled with

"What does it mean." says one. "It beats my time," said the mate. We enjoyed the joke too well to 'blow' as we walked off arm in arm with the

ventriloquist an magician. The Flea.

When a flea, under a microscope, is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever warrior wore, and composed of strong, polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered like a tortoise-shell, and where they meet hundreds of small quills project like those on the back of a porcupine or hedgehog.-There are the arched neck, the bright his pig, the only one he had. eyes, the transparent cases, pierces to "Sure," says Teddy, "Misthress—puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away (naming a very excellent lady, whose good eyes, the transparent cases, pierces to the blood, six long-jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, all ready, tain,) "towld me to come to ye, for ye wor at any moment, to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump which the poor, God bless you! I only want to bothers one when they want to catch him, raise enough to buy me another little slip and at the end of each leg hooked claws of a pig. to enable him to cling on whatever he lights upon. A flea can jump a hundred times its own length, which is the same as if a man jumped five hundred feet! and he can draw a load two hundred times his own weight.

about the intelligent mosquito, but no die of?"

Wit and Anmor.

The married ladies of Hannibal have organized a "Come Home Husband Club." Broomsticks figure among the inducements to come.

Acorrespondent of a Maine paper wants to know some remedy for striped huga.-We should suppose the remedy depended

It is an actual fact that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should he squeezo a lemon unless he wants a punch?

A wag upon visiting a medical museum was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in

"Well," said he, "I never thought the

A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stoped at a barber shop in Rambouillet.-While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near slept soundry and late, and when he awoke his chair staring at him fiercely "What is the matter with the dog?" The barber answered with an unconcerned air, "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—" "Well he eats it."

"I say Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the begin-

ming of anything?"

"Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we'll help to find him for you!' they ried out, in reply.

"Yes, I know what sort of a man he me this. A mule was on one side of a riverse the commencement and the begin-ining of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell

"Now you tell the commencement and the begin-ining of anything?" er and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get the hay without wet-ting his feet. How did he do it?" "I don't know," said Jones; "I give it

"So did the other mule," said Jim.

which may be of value:

MAY BE WORTH PTESERVING .- The Medical Home has the following receipts,

A tea made of chestnut leaves, and fortune of \$2,000,000, and now he has man he would have gone the whole hog.' drank in the place of water, will cure the gone West to spend it. The facts in the "This turned the tables. The humor of most obstinate case of dropsy in a few drank in the place of water, will cure the A tea made of ripe or dried whortle-

dy dressed elegantly and in the height of spree; and after drinking to the health of is a sure and speedy cure for a scrofulous

for a kidney difficulty.

A plaster made of fresh slacked lime We recently took a walk on to the and fresh tar is a cure for a cancer, which

Patrick, the Widow Maloney tells me that you have stolen one of the finest of

her pigs. Is that correct or not?" "Yis, your honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, yer honor."
"Well, Patrick, Patrick; when you are

brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there,

yer riverince?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, yer riverince, I'll say Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.' Mark Twain has been troubled with a lightning-rod man, and to get rid of him addressed him as follows: "Let us have peace! Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! Put a dozen on the barn! Put a couple on the cow! Scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, sil-ver-mounted cane-brake. Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightningrods put up ram rods, cam rods, stair rods, piston rods-anything that will pander to

and healing to my lacerated heart!' Teacher, in loud tones, "What is your name?"

your dismal appearance for artificial scen-

ery, and bring respite to my raging brain

Boy, in weak voice, "Johny Wells, "How old are you, Johny Wells?" "Twelve years old, sir."

"Now, John tell me who made this grand and glorious universe?" "Don't know, sir." "What! twelve years old and don't

know who made this noble sphere! James Smith, go and cut me a whip. The birch is brought, and held over the

trembling boy.
"Now, tell me who made this great world we live in?" In a tearful voice Johny answered: "I did, sir, but I won't do it again."

There was a miser who was considered impregnable to charitable associations until a Hibernian genius "came Paddy over him." Teddy went to his office one morning, and told a piteous story about losing

opinion old Hard Fist was anxious to revery rich, and gev a power of money to

The miser couldn't resist the influence of Mrs. ---, so he gave Teddy a crown. A few days after he met him. "Well, Teddy," said he, "did you buy

another pig?"
"Troth, I did; and a fine one it is." "Then take better care of it than you They are saying all sorts of cruel things | did the other. What did the pig you lost

one has as yet accused him of being fool "Die of!" said Toddy, raising his brows; enough to fill a kerosene lamp while it is "sure he didn't die he was fut enough and

I killed him."