

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, NOVEMBER 28, 1872.

NUMBER 25

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, 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 29-4t.]

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 20-4t

L. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-4t.

JOHN A. HYNSSON,
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.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. E.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity. Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, 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., 118 Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4t.

DR. J. M. RIPPLE, 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. Oellig, decd.
July 18, 1872-1y

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.
Drs. J. M. RIPPLE,
A. H. STRICKLER,
J. B. AMBERSON,
L. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BONEBRAKE,
T. D. BREXEN,
Aug 23, 1871. W. A. PRICE.

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive Hostler will be at all times in attendance.
May 23-4t. SAMP'L STONER.

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. 14-1y.

CHOCOLATE—Norfolk and Bakers Gen. Co. No. 1. always on hand. Reid's Grocery.

Select Poetry.



LITTLE FINGERS.

Ah! I should have wandered far
Down sin's wild and lonely track,
Ohly clinging firm and fast,
Little fingers held me back,
Little fingers, soft and fair,
Led me from the evil way,
Held me to the true and right.

When a heavy midnight gloom
Hung above my whole of life;
And the battle and the storm
Made each hour a fearful strife;
When, in beauty of the May,
I had neither love nor part,
And the roses of the June
Brought no fragrance to my heart;

When the love I doted on
Fell like ashes in the dust,
And the leprosy of sin
Touched the anchor of my trust;
When so full of selfishness,
Every lip filled every word,
And all souls seemed icy founts
Where sweet waters never stirred;

All the world a weary way,
Weary, weary, and so long!
With no justice but in night,
And no hope but for the strong—
Oh! I should have faltered then,
Wandered down sin's blood-red track,
Only, clasping soft and close,
Little fingers held me back.

BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

We do not know to whom the reader is indebted for the following lines, but think few will read them without pleasure, and that some may profit by the lesson they teach.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments;
Not by washes for your hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle;
Keep your passions well control'd,
Walk, work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow-white locks are fair as golden,
Grey as lovely as the brown,
And the smile of age more pleasant,
Than a youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen be these your maxims,
When you're sixty you'll rejoice.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Bravery I lay no claim to, still I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elementary strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of battle when swords were gleaming and encircling around me like fiery serpents of the air; I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from rocky cliffs and scattering them piece meal to the clouds. I have seen those things with a swelling soul that rock not of danger, but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid, I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but they avail me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart sinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder has its origin in an incident that occurred when I was ten. I had a cousin, a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of a score of years, that countenance is so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature with her large eyes flashing like beautiful gems, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through the wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyfulness of a bird's, and when she bounded over wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hand in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going where all things were beautiful and happy, like her.

It was morning in the middle of August. She had been passing some days at my father's house, and was to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, white and peaceful as if it had been the incense from a burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea were abroad in boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clean, sweet voice came ringing

upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity of the day continued until nearly noon. Then the indications of an approaching tempest were manifested. Over the summit of a mountain, about a mile away, the folds of a dark cloud became visible, and at the same moment a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it were the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud unrolled like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm and the leaves as motionless as before; there was not even a quiver upon the sleepy waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible.

As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall, ragged precipice. Here we gazed almost breathless upon the clouds marshaling themselves like giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood beside me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with a desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered above us. I looked up, and a mystic flame was quivering upon its gray peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundation, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air and I felt myself blinded and thrown. I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating; the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the idol of my infant love—stretched upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the path of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness.—Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there—the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life!

I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping motionless till the coming of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parent and sisters. Many years have gone by on their wings of light and shadow, but the scene I have portrayed still comes over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of precipice; its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky as calling to the clouds for a drink, is an emblem of noiseless decay. A year ago I visited that spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by the whirlwind—in the memory that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow clouds and where sunlit waters are never broken by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of instinct, and seems, indeed, a part of my existence.

Munchausen in California.

The following is a fair representation somewhat enlarged, of the "big talk" about the agricultural productions of the Pacific coast which one hears in those parts.

Two weeks ago I started on a visit to the Yo Semite Valley. I arrived at the wharf a moment too late to get on board; and, instead of waiting until next day, I determined to go to Stockton on horse-back. I accordingly crossed the bay at Oakland, ar, as it is better known, "Little Pedlington," procured a horse and rode over to the Livermore Valley, where I staid all night with a rancher, who was known in the valley as "Clamps." They called him that because he got rich by holding on to his money with a degree of fortitude not universal in the country.—As supper time approached, Clamp asked if I would like some egg, and how I preferred it—hard or soft, boiled or fried—I told him I would like some eggs, and that it would suit me best to have them soft-boiled.

In a few moments there came Clamps and his wife, rolling an egg the size of a flour barrel, which they boiled in a short time in a large cauldron, and then set it up on one end by the madam's chair at the table. A hole was made in the top of the shell, and the egg was dipped out with a long handle ladle. I was astonished at the size of the egg, and observed that his hens must be enormously large. "By no means," he replied. "You will not be so much surprised when I tell you that one hen did not lay this egg alone; it took seven or eight hens almost a week to lay it. It was a joint-stock production of the chickens; but still it is better than the individual responsibility plan."

At breakfast the next morning we had more egg, and then I went on the road to Stockton. I reached San Joaquin river at noon, and was ferried over in an unique-looking craft. While the ferryman was tugging silently at his oars, I inquired whether the ferry was profitable. "Doesn't scarcely pay for raising the boat," he replied.

"Raising the boat!" I repeated. "What do you mean by raised the boat?" "Mister," said he, resting for a while on his oars, you be a stranger in these parts, bean't you?"

I replied that I had not been long in the country.

"Then," said he pointing to the shore, "this ere boat grew in that pumpkin patch over yonder."

"Grown in that pumpkin patch!" I exclaimed.

"Grown in that pumpkin patch on a pumpkin vine. Mister, this boat is a pumpkin shell cut in two. That patch is where it grew."

"Where, over by that barn?" I exclaimed.

"That ain't no barn," he answered, unless you chose to call it so. That's a pumpkin too. But I made a hole in one end and let the stock inside; and when the wet season sets in, I plug up the hole and let them winter there. They come out awful fat in the spring. That big squash over yonder I'm hollerin' out to live in."

"Are these the growth of the season?" I asked.

"We don't have no such difference here on the San Joaquin as growin' seasons and them others. Things keep on growin' all the time till we pull them up, or they die."

Nine in their Graves.

Half a score of years ago Mrs. Bigelow kept a large and fashionable boarding house at 23 Great Jones street. Among her boarders were ten gentlemen who lived together many years, and with whom the bonds of friendship had become cemented. They often dined together, and in little parties of two, three, and four visited the places of amusement, the whole party meeting in the sitting room before bed time, and comparing notes of their day's business and evening's fun. The breaking out of the war of the rebellion changed the current of life of several of the social party, and a number expressed their desire to join the Union ranks. Many were the regrets at the dissolution of their fraternal society, and it was decided that they should have a farewell dinner on the evening of September 10, 1862. Arrangements were made accordingly by their amiable hostess, Mrs. Bigelow, and at 8 o'clock, precisely, on the evening named, the ten gentlemen entered the dining room and took their accustomed seats at the table. Each and every one was then full of life and hope, and the future prospects of each were the subject of an animated conversation during the early progress of the meal. Speeches were made, songs sung, and toasts drank, and it was not until 2 o'clock in the morning that the party abandoned the festive board and sought their rooms.

Before their departure, however, each arose in his place and made a solemn vow that if he was living ten years hence he would meet the rest of his companions at eight o'clock in the same place and dine with them, as they had done that night. Each one was to occupy the same seat, and as nearly as possible they were to have the same kind of a dinner. Since then the house has become the Maltby House, under the proprietorship of Mr. J. B. Smith. Some days ago Mr. Smith was requested by Mr. Edward K. Winship, broker, of 24 Broad street, to prepare dinner for ten gentlemen on the evening of September 10, 1872. Mr. Winship briefly narrated the circumstances of the compact, and that, being the eldest of the party of ten, he had been appointed on the evening of their dinner in 1862 as Chairman.

At precisely 8 o'clock last Tuesday evening Mr. Winship, the sole survivor of the party, entered the dining room of the Maltby House, and the doors were quickly closed behind him. No one was there save George Bentley, head waiter, and one or two other so-called waiters.—The rooms and tables were arranged precisely as they were ten years ago, and Mr. Winship, with head bowed and with a saddened expression, took the same seat which he had occupied years ago. All around were empty chairs and empty plates and unfiled glasses.

The meal was begun, and the solitary banqueter was served with the prescribed courses, Mr. Winship occasionally passing a word with the waiter. "Poor boys!" They're all gone, said he. "One went down in the Monitor in Mobile Bay, another was drowned in the same waters. Two were shot in Mobile. One lost both legs by a ball, and the other was pierced through the heart. Another died in Philadelphia, and a sixth died in New York." He said that while in February last he was walking up Broadway one evening, he felt a tap on the shoulder, and a voice asked him whether he knew Mr. "I do," replied Mr. Winship. "He died at four o'clock to-day," said the voice. Though Mr. Winship turned quickly upon feeling the tap and hearing the voice, he was unable to ascertain who it was that had addressed him. He afterward learned that one of the party of ten had died that day and the hour indicated. Mr. Winship said that the oldest of the party, next to himself, was on July 29.—N. Y. Spectator, 12th.

Thirty Years in Prison.

Some thirty years ago one Thos. Thorn was convicted of murder, sentenced to death, and to hard labor in the State Prison at Thomaston, Maine, until the time of his execution. A few weeks ago he was pardoned.—During a short interview with Mr. Rice, the warden of the Maine State Prison, we were curious to find how he was impressed with the outside world after having been shut up from it for nearly a whole generation.

Mr. Rice says that although a man of fifty, he was really in character and maturity of mind only a boy of fifteen. On his release the warden took him from Thomaston to Rockland, a distance of only four miles, in a buggy. As Thorn rode along his first impressions were that the distance between the two places was immense, and that the time occupied in the journey was very long. What to an everyday-traveler would seem but a few rods, appeared to him miles.

On reaching Rockland he stood up in the buggy and looked around in amazement. Before his imprisonment, thirty years ago, he had known it as a little village. He now saw it a city. "Is this Rockland?" said he, in his bewilderment; "Why, it looks just like New York." (When a boy he had been in New York in a coaster.)

The citizens of Rockland made him up a purse of fifty dollars, and in his child-like glee he was telling everybody of his good fortune. Seeing his impudence and that there were those round that might relieve him of his treasure, Mr. Rice warned him that he should say nothing about his money as there were thieves and pick-pockets in the world now. "Oh, don't you be afraid, Mr. Rice," exclaimed the ex-prisoner; "I've traveled; I know a thing or two about the world. See here I've got my money hid in this back pocket under my coat. Nobody would ever think of looking there for it." Thus he unconsciously informed the bystanders, against whom the warden's wife was cautioning him, just where his money was.

It was Thorn's purpose to go to Whitehall, N. Y., where he had two nieces residing who were born after his imprisonment. Of late years they have corresponded with him, and have kindly offered him a home with them. On parting with Mr. Rice, to whom he was greatly attached, he promised that he would write him, let him know how he was getting on in the world. Mr. Rice accordingly expects to hear from him soon.—Bangor Commercial.

The Man he Wanted.

A first-rate story is told of a very prominent man, who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any other man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like many of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning was more like wisdom, and in common with many who have lived, and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shingles by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo and wanted a suitable clerk to take charge of it, he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning early a candidate for the position presented himself, rather too flashy a young man in appearance; but the following conversation occurred.

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

"The young man explained, in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right."

"A good way, no doubt, to do it," replied the old man, "but I shan't want you." Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquent manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases.

All the reply was: "Young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of covering up errors in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day a plainly dressed man, with a bright eye and a brisk step, called for the situation.

"Take a seat sir," said the old gentleman "I want to ask you one question.—When you make a false entry on your books how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon his questioner a cold sharp look, the young man replied—"I don't make that kind of mistakes, sir."

Modesty.

Modesty is a bright jewel in the character of woman. It imparts a loveliness to every accomplishment which we vainly look for in its absence, and brightens all the virtues which it accompanies, like the shades in a painting, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful.

Modesty is not only an ornament to the female character, but its surest safeguard. Banish modesty from the world, and she carries with her one-half the virtue there is in it, and I would add, banish modesty from the characteristics of woman, and you destroy one of the highest attractions she possesses. It is a quality which engages and captivates the minds of the people, let her worldly possessions be great or small, let her occupations be what they will; whilst, on the other hand, the person who is bold, coarse, vociferous, let her possessions be ever so great, and her style of living and dress be ever so fashionable, will always be looked upon as a vulgar woman. Modesty atones for the absence of many other accomplishments.

The young lady who is unskilled in many of the technicalities of refinement is still attractive when modesty characterizes her demeanor. Accomplishments of the age, without modesty, are repulsive and disgusting. It is a mistaken idea for a woman to imagine her influence to depend upon her personal attractions. Beauty commands, but it does not win; beauty attracts, but it does not hold.—It must be answered by some inward beauty, or it soon disappoints. We often see a young person whose countenance is lovely and pleasant to look upon, while beneath, is working the most hideous passions, and the most wicked purposes. It is just as true, that the plain, homely face often accompanies a heart pure as piety itself, when clothed with a meek and beautiful spirit. There must be more than personal beauty in woman to make her—for any length of time—pleasant in our eyes and grateful to the heart.

"The fairest faces that we know,
Are not the brows of beauty;
The blessed paths in which we go
Are the homely paths of duty."

Ever so Light a Blow.

Just before leaving for my home I was standing at a window watching the play of Edith and a large dog; I thought I had never seen a child so beautiful. Her motions had about them a nameless grace that charmed one. Sad that parental hands should crush the brightness of that young life!

Fifteen years had wheeled their swift circle since we three met before, and now how changed! Lines of grief are deeply graven on the mother's face, and the pitiful love looking from her eyes drew tears to my own, whenever any one, forgetting her misfortune, addressed her child—the Edith, whose fair childhood had been more than realized in the beautiful girl, who never more would hear the sound of a human voice.

They had been to a celebrated physician who gave them no hope, saying, "The hearing was entirely gone, caused by a blow or continued blows upon the head." "And when he asked me," said the mother, "if, during childhood, she had not her ears boxed often, and that it was the cause of her deafness, reason trembled, and I could but cry, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

"You who love your children knew how much I have suffered when the knowledge of this calamity befel my beautiful child. But, oh, Mary! may God pity you if you ever feel the agony of learning that it was placed there by your own hands. Why were they not paralyzed or withered in the grave, and this dreadful thing would not have been."

But I must shut my eyes upon this painful picture. Were my poor pen capable of showing the agony of the stricken mother, never more would the mothers who read these lines strike the tender head of the little child ever so slight a blow.

A PEORIA SHEEP STORY.—There is a covered bridge at Peoria two hundred feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive a thousand sheep across it. When about halfway over the bell-weather noticed an open window, and recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once apprehended his critical situation, and with a leg stretched towards each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive "Ma-a."

The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep.—The ewehile placid stream was carmine with the life blood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep as it disappeared through the window waved adieu to this wicked world, did this movement cease.

Says an exchange: "It is related of a Detroit editor that, being lost overboard of a steamer in the middle of Lake Superior, on a dark and stormy night, and with nothing to cling to, he was in a fair way to drown, when he just straightened up his ears, upon which the wind acted as upon sails, and he scudded before the gale, making good time and a safe landing on Canadian soil, after his perilous voyage. Just now, while the horse disease prevails, those ears would be valuable for horse-blankets."

A barber of Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since having time last July, and had looked all over a ten-acre lot for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

Wit and Humor.

"One of those things the fellow can find out." A good husband after 11 P. M.

What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? The word wholesome.

An exchange says from Thumb like whisky. His wife has one consolation—he don't hold much.

Twelve hundred and fifty dollars made the ancient "talent." It takes some talents to make \$1250 nowadays.

A man out West is so bow-legged that his tailor is obliged to use a circular saw in cutting out his pantaloons.

"The prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it."

A School committee in Kansas having advertised for a "smart teacher," a man named Mustard applied for the situation and was accepted.

An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years.—His opponent responds by saying "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

A man lately made a wager that he had seen a horse going at his greatest speed and a dog sitting on his tail, and, strange as it may seem, he won, but the dog sat on his own tail.

"I want to know," said a creditor, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "When I'm going to pay you?" "Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?"

"Do you think it safe my dear," said a husband to his wife, "for me to take off my flannel when it looks like spring?" "Perhaps so," replied the wife, "but I never saw a flannel that looked like spring."

A Huge yellow dog, of rather somber appearance, frequently seen trotting about the streets of Danbury, is believed to have stored away somewhere within himself samples of nearly thirty sewing machine agents and book canvassers.—His owner has been offered \$75 for him, but he refuses it.

Pigamy should never be punished by de law. A man must doo wives, if he lives mit dem both, is punished better dan any law can do it. Many people spend much of their wages in visky shops, and den fret because den nabors gets along more better as dem. Den only mark dat some men will ever make will be de mark ev denir boots in de mud.

As the early morning train down this morning drew up at the first station, a pleasant looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the brakeman, "Isn't this invigorating?" "No sir, it is Bethel," said the conscientious employe. The pleasant looking gentleman retired.

"Look heah, Dixie, you know a thing or two. Doesn't you think, from the cloudification ob de atmosphere, dat we'll hab rain today?"

"Well, I declare, Sanford, I doesn't zackly understand astronomy, but I does think it looks very umibus."

"Dat's jest dis chile's opinion, but I didn't hab the larnology to 'spress it.—T's neebor stented skyology."

A man sent a note to a rich neighbor whom he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ass for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he, "tell your master that I'll come myself presently."

A student in one of the New York colleges received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes sir."

"Well, sir, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advised me try a little each day, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I determined to have a barrel sent to my room."

"Indeed! and have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, a few weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

His OBJECT.—A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland and whose native drink was whisky. Water was prescribed as the only cure. Pat said that was out of the question; he never could drink it. Milk was proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but flavored strongly with whisky.

"What have you here?" said the doctor.

"Milk, doctor; just what you ordered."

"But there is whiskey in it; I smell it."

"Well, doctor," sighed the patient, "there may be whiskey in it but milk's my object."