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BY W. BLAIR

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Select Poetry.



THE CARRIERS ADDRESS.

Now, reader, we intend to write
About our borough generally,
Intending simply to indite
A brief, but true, directory.
But, friends, at what we say to-day
Let no one mentioned take offense;
'Tis written in a friendly way,
So do not misconstrue the sense.

The interests of our public schools
Are guarded by our friend P. Bentz,
Who modestly but wisely rules
Like one of more than ordinary sense.

Assisting in another grade
Is Mr. Zuck, so full of life;
But though a very "King of Spades,"
He lacks the comforts of a wife.

In turn Miss Matthews next appears,
Who wisely rules, if we can tell;
We hope, ere very many years,
She'll rule a household just as well.

Miss Lyle Wilson, in number three,
Sound knowledge to the young imparts;
Of course, ere long, we all will see
Him take her for his "Queen of Hearts."

And last, though not least, who teach
Our little ones to read and spell,
Are Miss Phreaner and Mrs. Funk, each
Laboring earnestly and well.

Physicians we have two and five,
The same all good, you are aware;
Who work to keep us all alive,
And charge like—doctors everywhere.

Attorneys, Besore and Douglas,
Are gentlemen of legal lore;
I might explain their "biz," but alas!
It is no use—you've all been there before.

Our pulpits all are occupied
With dignity and learning;
They could not better be supplied
With a Deceeler or a Channing.

Of grocery and dry-goods stands
We think we have enough for all;
Don't stop to buy of any one,
But give them all a friendly call.

For those in want of stoves or tin,
Ruesel and Tritle a stock both keep,
C. Frey, too, is dealer in
All kinds of tin-ware good and cheap.

Our justices are able men,
And worthy of a paying docket,
Because you see on that depends
The weight and value of their pocket.

Saloons and Inns, but only two;
Some say, indeed, we've five;
And, these dull times, how they get thro',
Is more than we could e'er contrive.

Our machine shops are carried on
By men you all must know;
And gentlemen who well deserve
Whatever favors you may show.

Of course we all eat bread and cakes;
Fresh Pretzels, too, we don't decline,
As Henneberger and Slesman bake
Some good things in the pretzel line.

Of tailors we have two or more,
Who "cut" for saint and sinner;
They've handled many a goose before,
And ought to have a goose for dinner.

Then Reisinger, Boerner, Filbert—all
Will dress you out from head to foot
At lower rates than great Oak Hall
And throw suspenders in to boot.

That ladies may improve their looks,
Or lead the best mode van, over,
We've the Misses Stickle a Gordon,
Also Mrs. Hollinger, and Stover.

To please the little girls and boys,
We've several handsome stores,
Well filled with candies fruits and toys,
And New Year gifts by scores.

Green groceries but four we find,
And these all make their mark;
Who also deal in every kind
Of fish, excepting whales and shark.

At Amberson or Forthman's store,
Our drugs and medicines we buy;
They tell us they are fresh and pure,
And druggists never tell a lie.

Our boot and shoe stores can't be beat—
Their owners, too, are growing rich,
And like to measure dainty feet,
Much better than to peg and stitch.

Our butchers both are clean and neat,
And always keep upon their shelves
The freshest, choicest kinds of meat,
You cannot help but suit yourselves.

Ad. Torney up on Main resides,
Quite peaceably if left alone;
But he has tanned so man hides,
Why shouldn't some one tan his own.

For good tobacco, pipes or snuff,
Take Washbaugh's—with one accord;
For any other kind of "puff,"
Take half a column in the Record.

Or, if you want a handsome crop
Of whiskers, or a fine mustache,
Go up to "Billy" Price's shop
And take along the ready cash.

For furniture,—a sofa,—chair,
Or ought of that kind else,
You can't buy cheaper anywhere
Than Bender, Crebs, and Detrow sells.

Of watches, jewelry and clocks,
Zeke Elden keeps the very thing;
Just call around and see his stock,
And buy your girl a wedding ring.

Or, if perchance, some leisure hour,
You'd like to have a little run,
Just run around to Dr. Branch's,
And show your teeth—you'll see the fun.

For papers, books and stationery
Give Brackbill & Geiser a call;
Just ask for what you want and they
Will wait politely on you all.

A few words more and we are done;
Kind patrons, you're aware,
The Carrier his "beat" has run
Throughout another year.
And though his tramp is wearisome,
He never yet complained,
No matter if the morning come
With sunshine or with rain.

'Tis surely meet, then, once a year,
At least for him to ask,
Some slight "remembrance," reader dear,
To recompense his task,
For which accept his thanks right here,
Before he ends his call,
And then a happy, prosperous year,
He wishes one and all.

Miscellaneous Reading.

"Farming Don't Pay."
If farming didn't pay it wouldn't be followed; necessity compels it to pay—not only on farms, or rather with all farmers, but with the bulk of them, and particularly the best. So it is with any business; it must pay or it will be discontinued. Sometimes, however, it pays less, particularly farming in which nature has so much to do and the exertion of the man the less. All business are subject to these changes. But the greatest diversity is in another direction—in the capacity or activity of those engaged. There are many poor farmers, some quite poor—wretched. These do not find it to pay, and so change to something else, or to some other and better farm. But it is the same; they are not apt to do well anywhere. If farming were depending upon these men the world would starve. But it is bound not to starve, and so it employs, among others, its best men, who are sure to do well as they would do well anywhere. It requires mind, enterprise and care to succeed in any business or calling. While some men are compelled to vacate their land, others will grow rich and secure themselves the fine homesteads we see in other settled parts of the country. It was farming, then, will pay, but only with those who exert themselves and make it pay. There is money in it because their must be. There is money in it, says enterprise, and I will have it. People must have bread, and to furnish this in the best way is to realize the profit. But this must be done; the man must keep up with the progress around him, or he will surely be left behind. He must avail himself of all the advantages, and there are many; he can not do without them; they make it a condition. But how many are struggling in the old way, floundering to keep up; and with heads just above water crying farming don't pay? It pays even in the hard times, and that handsomely, to the right man who prosecutes faithfully his business.—Country Gentlemen.

SLEEP ON YOUR CARES.—Men of business, there is now and then a profitable venture in doing nothing at all. In the power to put business aside and abiding now and then in a perfect quiet, things sometimes follow themselves, when we give them that advantage, which refuse to come clear with all our striving. We all know how, by simply taking some perplexity into the deepest silence this side of death—a good night's sleep—we can do better sometimes, than if we sat up and wrought at a task all night. When Matthew Murray, of Leeds, wanted to see his way thro' some sore perplexity in his invention, and all other effort was of no other use, he rested night and day from all noise, and all effort except the effort an active man has to keep himself quiet; and then the thing he wanted would steal in, and look at him, as he went on him, and stay as long as he wanted to light on the old hermit, more afraid of them, than of the tree under which they sat.

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY.—One great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of many people to appreciate small things. They say if they can not save large sums, they will not save anything. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will make a large pile. If the young men and women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings and invest it in some saving bank, and weekly or monthly add to their mite, they will wear a happy smile of content and independence when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase, but the ability and desire to increase it will soon grow. Let the clerk and tradesman, the laborer and artisan, now make a beginning. Store up some of your force and vigor for future contingency. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain-head to control the stream of extravagance, and then the work will be easy to choose between poverty and riches.

VITALITY.—Nothing is better established in the domain of vital statistics than this, viz., a very long body, with short legs, under ordinary circumstances, indicates a longer lease of life than when the lower limbs are long and the body short. In a large, long body, the vital organs within are perfectly developed and act more freely and regular. In a narrow chest and short trunk the functions of respiration and digestion are less perfectly accomplished.

Word To Parents.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Among the mountains of New England, years ago, there lived a father, mother, and seven children. The father was a doctor, in a new country. His practice was extensive, his calls many; but the people were poor and his compensation small. Unfortunately too, he met his death in the strength of manhood. Just before his death his youngest child was born—a scrawny, puny babe, weighing five or six pounds. The mother was worn out, and was to be left poor, friendless and alone, with her great family of little ones. But that baby! Every one said, "What a mercy if that child should die!" "What can she do with it? What a blessing if it should die!" The poor mother almost thought so too. But the unwelcome babe would not die. He made a struggle for life, and won the battle. Hardly had he passed from infancy into early childhood when it was evident that his mother could no longer take care of her children.—They were scattered into four different States, and this babe never saw all his sisters till he was twenty years old—a member of College.

We read much of the hard lot of the new-born and poor lads in our great cities, but I doubt if among them all you could find a case where a child was handed around, welcome nowhere—buffeted and neglected, to a degree beyond the experience of our little hero. He had no less than five or six changes in what he called his "home." Alas! he new not the meaning of that word. His opportunities for instruction were very limited, his mental development was very slow, and his associates of the most undesirable kind. The stratum of poverty and want of friends was such, as it lay upon him, that it seemed impossible that he could ever shoot up through it. Not a soul gave him a word of encouragement. And when he announced his determination to obtain an education the announcement was received with a shout of ridicule. He worked hard for his food, and for a part of his clothing, he trapped furs for the rest. Mink and muskrat skins bought the first hat he ever wore—his own Sunday hat!

But onward the boy struggled, sawing wood in the evening by which to procure his school books, borrowing now and then, and never going higher than a street book-stall for his purchases. Not a word of cheer. "What aptitude spoil a good boy for work to make a student of him?" So he heard people say again and again. And now let us see some of the results of having that "unwelcome babe" live. His mind slowly developed, like the oak, but it was a strong, firm one. He had, it was found after a long time, the three requisites to success, viz., original capacity, (called talents), nervous power, (called enthusiasm), and a good bodily organization, (called endurance, or hard work). He pushed his way into college, he wrought, and taught, and studied, and graduated with honors; he studied his profession earnestly and faithfully, and thus took his place among men.

And now for a few of the results. (a.) For nearly a score of years that son supported and provided for his aged, feeble mother, in her last years, never allowing her to know a want that he could possibly supply. (b.) He had the pleasure of helping those who were kind to him in his childhood. (c.) God gave him the joy of knowing that not one of his father's large family went down to the grave without leaving evidence that they were Christians. (d.) In very early life he consecrated himself to God, and fixed his eyes only on being useful. (e.) God gave him a most excellent wife, and a large family of children, all of whom became hopefully pious, educated, and very useful in the world. (f.) The professional life of our hero was long, earnest, judicious and successful. His voice has been heard almost everywhere, and his pen has sent his thoughts round the globe. These thoughts, I trust, will live and influence men for an unlimited period yet. Eternity alone can reveal the results of one such life.

To conclude my true, and in no respect overdrawn story, let me say: To the weary, care-worn mother, don't despair, don't murmur. Your child which now causes you so much anxiety, may live to be a comfort and a joy to you, and a blessing to the world. Don't worry because your boy seems stupid and slow in developing. Nature works here in her own way. To the poor boy I would say, don't doubt but that, in our country, effort will always command success; labor is the price you must pay, nothing else. To the Sabbath-school teacher, I would say, toll on, you may not chisel marbles into statues, but you may mould your seemingly dull boy into what is greater than marble—into a noble, good, useful man—a thing that will honor God forever.

SNAILS.—The snail cultivators near Paris have their pastures well stocked again, we are told. The peasants in the Champagne district drive a thrifty business by catching all the snails they can and selling them to the regular snail growers, who shut them up in a fattening park and feed them on various dainty salads until they become so large to pass thro' a ring of regulation size. They then send the snails to Paris, where they are eaten as a great delicacy, under the name of Champagne oysters.

A Connecticut schoolboy has written a composition upon the horse, in which he says: "It is an animal having four legs, one at each corner.

DREAMLAND.

BY MRS. H. J. MAXWELL.

Adown the sky night's shadows sweep,
Faint and still the moonlight's gleam;
I stand before the gates of sleep,
Waiting to pass to the land of dreams;
Eager my fainting spirit waits,
Rest from pain and toil to win,
Then open to me the mystic gates,
And let the weary soul pass in.

'Tis a land I love—the land of dreams—
For often, as through its shades I roam,
I hear the murmur of mountain streams,
And catch a glimpse of childhood's home;
Oh! I hear the music of voices there,
Which never may fall on my waking ear,
And see the light of faces fair,
Which the sod has hid full many a year.

Waking, I wander here alone,
But when I pass sleep's charmed gates,
Some one from out the days ago,
For me by the shadowy portal waits—
Ah! who is waiting there to-night?
Will my father talk with his lonely child?
Shall I hear my brother's laughter light?
Will my mother smile as of old she smiled?

Sometimes the dearest face that I know
Flits for an instant before my sight;
Perhaps, as the visions come and go,
I chide my darling's face to-night;
I know he lies buried fatigues deep
Under the waves of the treacherous sea,
Yet sometimes close by the gates of sleep,
Living and loving, he waits for me.

Then let the winds go waiving by,
Or let the balmy zephyrs rise,
Let happy hearts hold revelry,
Or mourners watch with weary eyes;
Dark as death let the shadows creep,
Or let moon bathe the world like snow,
So I'll pass through the gates of sleep,
To the life and love of long ago.

Making a Fortune.

Samuel McF.—was a watchman in a bank. He was poor but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised the President, the Cashier and the Board of Directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence; when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone a watchman's salary on such a miserable worm as Samuel McF. And then Samuel McF.—felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the President and the Cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side yard and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be worthy of the Cashier's and President's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of years with his eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw himself rich, honored and respected. So Samuel McF.—looked around and got a jimmy, a monkey wrench, a cross cut saw, a coal chisel, a drill, and about half a ton of gun powder and nitro-glycerine, and all those things. Then in the dead of night he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for a while, burst the door and brick into an immortal smash with such perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet tack. McF.—then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to nail all the old change that was lying anywhere, so that he procured out of the bank with over one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him one day with a soothing note from the Cashier. Mr. McF. treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the President, Cashier and Board of Directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent supper to which Mr. McF. was invited. He came and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he propped over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with wild exultation. Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that McF. was to keep half a million of that money and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused with haughty disdain the offer of the Cashier to marry his daughter. Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society; he goes around in purple and fine linen and other fine clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate. And now he takes his infant son on his knee and tells him of his early life and instills holy principles into the child's mind, and shows him how, by industry and perseverance, frugality and nitro-glycerine, monkey-wrenches, cross-cut saws and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to influence and respectability.—Mark Twain.

Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-care are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by a strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift nor the strong.—Good Health.

God is exceedingly earnest in his endeavors to recall men from sin and folly to heavenly wisdom. His calls to them are so many, loud and so varied, that none can fail to hear but those who willfully neglect them.

Billings Rezolushuns for 1873.

That I won't smoke any more cigars,
only at sum body else's expense.
That I won't borrow nor lend—especially lend.
That I will live within mi inkum, if I have tew git trusted tew do it.
That I won't advise enny body, until I know the kind o' advise they are anxious tew follow.
That I won't wear enny more tite boots if I have tew go barefoot tew do it.
That I won't swop dogs with no man, unless I kan swop two for one.
That I won't sware enny, unless I am under oath.
That poverty may be a blessing, but if it iz, it iz a blessing in disguise.
That I will take my whisky hereafter straight—straight to the gutter.
That the world owes me a living—provided I earn it.
That I won't swop enny horse with the deakon.
That no man shall beat me in a politeness, not so long as politeness continues tew be as cheap as it iz now.
That if a man calls me a phool I won't ask him tew prove it.
That I will lead a moral life, even if I go lonesum and lose a good deal o' fun by it.
That if a man tells me a mule wont krik, I will believe what he sez without trying it.
That the best time tew repent o' a blunder iz just before the blunder iz made.
That I will try hard to be honest, but it will be just my darned luk to miss it.
That I won't grow enny kats. Spontaneous kats hav killed the business.
That I will love mi mother-in-law if it takes all the money I kan earn tew do it.
That I believe real good lies are getting skarser and skarser every day.
That when I hear a man bragging on his ancestors I won't envy him, but I will pity his ancestors.

Finally, I will search for things that are little, for things that are lonesum, avoiding all torch life processhuns, bands of brass music, wimmings' right convenshuns and grass widders generally.

Recollections of Don Quixote.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither one the other burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. Self-praise depreciates. The dead to the bier, the living to good cheer. All women, let them be ever so homely, please to hear themselves celebrated for beauty. Squires and knight-errands are subject to much hunger and ill-luck. Liberty may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them. Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. Every one is the son of his own works. No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a maiden as well as her own reserve. Wit and humor belongs to genius alone. The wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool. There is no book so bad but that something good may be found in it. We are all as God made us, and often times great deal worse.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the way to heaven. Covetousness bursts the bag. It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing. This term is equally applicable to all things—whatever is ignorant is vulgar. Other men's pains are easily borne.

HIS WATCH.—It came to the knowledge of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that a corporal of his body-regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential.—Frederick, wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Corporal," said he "you must have been a prudent fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself that I am brave, sir," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The King taking out a watch set with diamonds, said, "My watch points at five. How much is yours?" Shame and confusion first appeared in the corporal's face; at length, he drew out his bullet and answered with a firm voice: "My watch, sir, shows me neither five nor six, but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your Majesty." The King replied: "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the parlors breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person of the household. The same process, on a wide scale, is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wreathed out of their places, and thrown away by our unconscious influence. Mean time—the time when one's note falls due.

Selling a Constable.

A certain constable, a short time since, espied a tin peddler pursuing his trade, and like a pickerel after a minnow, he rushed after him and inquired: "Have you a license to sell?" "No," coolly replied the itinerant vender of pots and pans, "I havn't." "Well, sir, I'll attend to your case," says the Dogberry. "All right," says the pedler; "do." The eager official rushed off to the nearest trial justice and obtained a warrant, and armed and equipped with the awful document, starts on a chase after the offending itinerant. Some time we believe, the next day, after a long chase, the representative Yankee was found, and hustled before the justice, who read to him the warrant, and, as a matter of form, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty. "Not guilty," says the unabashed pedler. The justice and constable opened wide their eyes to such contumacy. They had not been in the habit of seeing such. "Not guilty," quoth the former. "Don't you peddle goods around here?" "Yes," replied the alleged culprit. "Well, have you a license?" asked Rhadamathus, in sarcastical tones. "Oh, yes," says the traveling agent. "Why," says the justice—quite another expressing coming-over his countenance—"didn't you tell this gentleman that you had no license?" "No, sir." "Oh, yes, you did," shouted Tipstaff. "No, I didn't," quietly replied the pedler. "I say you did," vociferated the constable. "I swear I didn't," still persisted the pedler. "Well, what did you tell me, then?" "You asked me if I had a license to sell, and I told you I hadn't a license to sell," continued the pedler, in an injured tone, "for I wanted it to peddle with."

HE WAS LEFT.—A genuine touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following from a correspondent in Detroit: "A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman stepped out of the car to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop as it swept forth and farther away, she exclaimed: 'There! my old man's got left! he has! there, see he has!' 'Well, she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left! all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad out.' Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted by a round of laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'"

KEEP.—Keep to the right, as the law directs. Keep from the world thy friend's defects. Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes. Keep from the eyes the notes and beams. Keep true thy deeds. Thy honor bright. Keep firm thy faith in God and right. Keep free from every sin and stain. Keep from the ways that bring thee pain. Keep free thy tongue from words of ill. Keep right thy aim and good thy will. Keep all thy acts from passion free. Keep strong in hope, no envy see. Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand. Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand. Keep true thy word, a sacred thing. Keep from the snare thy tempters bring. Keep faith with each you call a friend. Keep from all hate and malice free. Keep firm thy courage bold and strong. Keep up the right; and down the wrong. Keep well the words of wisdom's school. Keep warm by night, by day keep cool.

FORTUNES WHEEL.—One of the severest and saddest personal misfortunes created by our late direful calamity that we have had occasion to record is the following: On one of the streets at the South End of our city there resides a middle-aged man with a wife and children, who, previous to the fire, were living happily and arising sumptuously every day upon an income arising mainly from some \$300,000 invested in good paying insurance stocks. With the calamity all of this property and source of income were swept away, leaving him a poor man. It was a terrible blow. But his loving wife, though reared in the lap of luxury and unused to the care and perplexities of life, quietly rose above the wreck and ruin of their worldly store, disposed of her jewels, and, with such means as she was able to command, makes her debut as a landlady of a South End boarding and lodging house. The pluck of such a wife is credit enough for any man to build upon, and capital enough to float him over the very tidal waves of misfortunes.—Boston Herald.

Wit and Humor.

How to out a swell—Turn your back on him. A Terre Haut girl exclaimed, when she saw a Thomas's elevate his back:—"Oh! wouldn't he make a lovely bustle?" "The dearest spot on earth" has at last been located. Those wishing to find the "spot" will find it at the store that does not advertise. Life according to the Arabic proverb is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream, and that which is to come, a wish. The married ladies of Hannibal, Mo., have formed a "Come Home Husband Club." It is about four feet long and has a brush on the end of it. A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income," whereas that difficulty he experiences is to live without an income. A gentleman, whose daughter had married a man by the name of Price, was congratulated by one of his friends who remarked: "I am glad to see you have got a good price for your daughter." A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes, is the ready answer. It rather hit the nail on the head when a lady, on being asked what she thought was the meaning of the words, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," answered that, in her opinion, it was bedbugs.

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river, and a jackass on the other, and no bridge, and the river's too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?" "I give it up?" "Well that's just what the other jackass did."

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Jones to a tallow chandler. "Indeed, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer?" "You surprise me; what, sir, do they go out?" "No, sir, they burned shorter."

FEMALE LOVELINESS.—Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet recollections, and from the joining with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise, opening always, modest at once, and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is no old-age where there is still that promise; it is eternal youth.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—Rev. Henry Hingson lectured in Boston last week on "Why men don't marry." His headings were these: Men don't marry; first, because they can't get the one they want; bachelors have high notions. Second, because many of them are cowards; they dare not face the music; they dodge the question. Third, because they are skeptical; they have no faith in woman; they think marriage a lottery. Fourth, they are selfish; they cannot yield for another's good; can't support a family—want the sweets of life without bearing its burdens. Fifth, woman's extravagance.—Here the speaker showed the true cause for man's hesitancy; expensive living and extravagant dress. It costs as much to launch a woman on the sea of wedded life as it would to fit out a schooner. As to sails, cordage, pennants, streamers, the difference would be in favor of the schooner.

HOW THEY SHAVE IN CHINA.—A low who has been shaved in China says that his barber first strapped the razor on his leg, and then did the shaving without any lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that the lather was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough;—and was, therefore, never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages. After the beard had been taken off—and it was taken off in a very short time—the barber took a long sharp, needle-shaped spoon, and began to explore his customer's ears. He brought up from numerous little crevices bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating since his childhood. The barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebrae had been dislocated. "Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck. "All right," replied the barber, "me no hurt you," and he continued to jerk and twist the neck until it was as limber as an old lady's dish-rag. He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms and side with his fist, then he pummeled the muscles, until they fairly glowed with the beating they received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried his skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price, two cents.

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visitations and repels the impurity of ill, it is human love.

No collection to-day