

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

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NUMBER 13

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD

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By W. BLAIR.

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Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Store," [June 29—4f.]

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main Street, Waynesboro, April 24—f.

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—f.

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—f.

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

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 Reese, Esq., 715 North Main Street, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871—f.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments.
May 29—f.

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures, Frames and Mountings. Call and see specimen pictures. June 1f.

EATING SALOON.

THE subscriber informs the public that he has opened a first-class Eating Saloon in the Basement of the Walker Building, which has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated. He will be regularly supplied with Oysters, Tripes, Eggs, and other articles in season. He will also keep a good article of Sweet Cider.
aug 14—3in C. HOFFMAN.

FRANKLIN KEAGY,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,
CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.
Designs, Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details of Private or Public Buildings, Bills of Quantities; Estimates of Costs; Drawings of Inventions; and Applications of Patents, &c. Charges moderate. may 15—f.

J. H. WELSH
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3—f.

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO, PENNA.
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 at all times be in attendance.
MAY 23—f. SAMPSON STONER.

UNION HOTEL.
Corner of Main & Queen Sts.,
CHAMBERSBURG, Penn'a.
LANZ & 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 of the 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

Select Poetry.



THE NIGHT SONG.

Known only, only to God,
And the night, and the stars and me;
Prophetic, jubilant song,
Smiling the rock-bound hours,
Till the waters of life flow free,
And a soul on pinion strong,
Flieeth afar, and hovers over infinite seas
Of love and of melody;
While the blind fates weave their nets,
And the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me,
And the night, and the stars and God;
Song, from a burning breast,
Of a land of perfect delights,
Which the foot of man ne'er trod,
Like a foam expressed
From passionate fruits that glowed
Mid the boughs of the Eden lost,
Ere sin was born, and frost;
Song wild with desires and regrets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to God,
And me, and the night and the stars;
The beacon fire of song,
Flaming for guidance and hope,
While storm winds wage their wars,
Balm for the ancient wrong,
Dropping from healing wings,
On the wounds of the heart and brain,
Quenching their ancient pain;
Love-star that rises and sets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me,
And God, and the stars, and the night;
Dove that returns to my ark,
Murmuring of grief food falling,
Of light beyond all light,
Voice that cleaveth the dark,
Singing of earth growing heaven,
Of distant lands that bless,
Though they may not care;
And, blessing, pay love's old debts,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor and did his best to make his living for his wife and four children.
Down stairs the small tobaccoist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up piecemeal and with groans, as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills, but because of shortness of funds, common to many people.

Up in the attic lived a single lodger of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith, but what did that tell when it was so common. He was lean and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes. What his business was, or if he had any one knew. Perhaps he wore stockings. The poor apothecary of "Romeo and Juliet" put him in mind of his attic lodger, when being presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakespeare.

"He ain't like it in the face, though," thought Mrs. Tobaccoist; "his clothes appear to fit too good to be Mr. Smith, that's all."
It was an acute remark, Mr. Smith's clothes did fit him too good, inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business, he seemed to have none. At noon he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. At twelve o'clock he disappeared till midnight, when he let himself in with a latch-key and went to bed without a candle.

"And for all he told anybody about himself," said the tobaccoist's wife, "he might have been a ghost."
"But he's civil spoken," said the tailor's wife, to whom he always said, "Excuse me ma'am," when he found her afloat on the staircase, in a puddle of soap suds, which always made the boards blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the flood with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith a gentleman. However, this fancy the tailor crushed with a curse.

"Gentlemen don't wear any such coat as that, Sally,"
Poor little tailor, he sat cross-legged on his board and stitched, and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats it would have been better for him and his brood. Times seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get out. When the little man read in his morning paper of men who shot themselves or took laudanum he wondered whether they had four children with happy appetites and a prospect of having nothing to eat for several days. No thought of killing himself; besides he had been told by a clergyman that suicide was wicked—but he couldn't help thinking. And the civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One night when Sally, who had been mending, and ironing and patching the family rags all day, was economically using up the fire by cooking a loaf of bread in the stove oven, she heard the lodger coming in. He went up stairs and paced the floor; he came out on the entry and creaked the steps. He seemed as restless as an eager tiger, and he behaved so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did by the creaking and snoring of his bedstead.

"What can ail him?" said Sally, as she took her bread out of the oven and pricked it with a straw, finding it done. "What can ail him? I hope he ain't sick or nothing—he is so civil, poor dear."
Then Sally listened again.
"I declare! he's coming down," she said. "He must be sick, and there he be knocking—law!"
Then she opened the door.
The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed on a hungry face, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.
The gaunt hand stretched itself out, and a voice said faintly:
"Madam, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. It's three days since I ate anything, and I—don't want to die."
"Law! I should think not," said the woman. "Why, law me, I'm so sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law, why do take it. I ain't got nothing else. You see we are pretty poor ourselves—and there, oh law!" She was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself: "It's like a play. It makes me want to cry."
Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.
"I didn't thank you," he said. "Thank you! Thank you!" and then he went away.

Sally sat down, trembling still.
To be out of a job and hungry were no rare things and no tragic things in her experience; but this man had stirred her soul, somehow frightened her, and she said, "I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread; but there now, I couldn't help it."
Then Sally went to bed and slept and dreamed of the hollow-cheeked, famished lodger of the attic.
There was more bread to make the next day, and I am not sure but that she made an extra loaf, in expectation of another call from her neighbor; but he did not come, and in the course of time Sally had come to think of without leaving her own room. Matters did not prosper with the family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever and lay for a long time at death's door, and the work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry and left her.

Then the baby died. Poor little baby! The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children were expensive luxuries in that poor household. Finally the last affliction fell upon the tailor—a felon upon his right thumb.
There was no end to it all, it seemed to both. Nothing but the hospital and the almshouse before them. The rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobaccoist was in a fury. He called to give him warning and a piece of his mind. On the morrow out he should go, neck and crop. The tailor said nothing. The wife, woman-like, had her word.
"Where shall we go?" she asked. "We haven't a penny in the world."
"It is nothing to me where you go," said the landlord, "so I get you out of my rooms. I want them for honest people."
"We're unfortunate, but we never intend to be dishonest," cried the poor wife.
Then her husband, in an angry tone, bade her hold her tongue.
"It's all the same," he said; "we will go to-morrow. And now you go, Mr. Landlord."
Then they were left alone, bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing in the house to eat.
Sally looked at her empty flour barrel, at her wretched family, and then burst into tears.

"It's no use trying any longer," said she. "If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask."
She put the children to bed and sat down upon a chair drawn by force of habit to the hearth of an empty stove.
Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was less than a nadman.
He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of tallow candle burned low, the bitter wind rattled the casement, the rain beat against it.
"We shall be out in that to-morrow," said the man. "We've not a friend in the world."
"We've got one friend, I hope," said the wife.
"Who is he?" asked the tailor.
"God," said the woman. "Maybe He will find a way to help us. We haven't been very bad, Sam."
"Better to have starved before now," said the tailor. "We haven't any particular right to expect miracles, that I know of. Hark! What's that!"
"A knock," said his wife, and, trembling lest her landlord should have returned, opened the door. Without stood the gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.
"He's come for some bread," thought the woman, and amidst her own trouble she grieved over the thought of refusing his appeal.
He made none, however. This is what he said:
"Madame, a while ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread. Allow me to return the loaf with thanks."
So he vanished. A whole fresh loaf lay in the woman's hand. She carried it in.

"This is more than I expected," said she. "You see God is good."
She lifted the side of the candle-stick a little. The light flared up.
"Now, mother," cried a child's voice from the bed, "I'm hungry."
Sally broke it in two. It parted with singular ease. She gave a little cry. It had evidently been parted before and joined together, and from the hearth a

handful of crumbs had been scooped and in it lay a white packet.
"It's fairy bread," cried Sally, remembering some old country legend.
"Look on it before the light goes out," said the tailor.
Sally obeyed. She opened the packet and found two envelopes. In the one was this note:
MADAME:—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my luck turned. To-day I am worth \$50,000, having won a law suit that has been pending for years. Please accept the enclosed, and believe me your ever obliged,
ARTIC LODGER.
There was a \$500 note in the envelope, and when she saw it she thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.
The gift was the saving of the family. Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again, in very truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again, there was a patrol for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam could no longer doubt him a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobaccoist bows low as he meets him on his way out, or sells him choice Havannas over the counter. He sleeps at the door in his carriage, and lodges in the attic no longer; but he never forgets the loaf of bread given him by the tailor's wife when he was starving.

HELPING THE DISTRESSED.—It is a habit with me to "pile in" everywhere when it is none of my business, and that is the reason I went down to part the couple who got to fighting on the "Plats." I was thundering flat myself, or I would have stayed quietly on the sidewalk, or sent one of the guardians of the night in.
You see, the lady of the house—it was neither a very nice house nor a very nice lady—had in some way injured the feelings of her lord and master, who was on a little two weeks' drunk.
He proceeded to argue with her, using a hickory club, about three feet long, as a persuader. You could hear her scream half a mile, and I ran down to see what was the matter.
Quite a crowd was collected on the sidewalk, and as I was rushing in, one of the men stopped me.
"Going in there, stranger?"
"Of course. Hear the woman scream."
"I hear her; I've heard her afore, too. I wouldn't go in."
"I will. Let me pass."
"Make your will, stranger. Got money enough to pay funeral expenses? All right, go in."
I went in, and am now grieving over it in sadness of heart. I rushed in on a huge ruffian, who was pounding a woman with a club, and managed to upset him, for he was pretty drunk.
I was just beginning to congratulate the woman upon her escape, when she made a jump for me, fastened her claws in my hair, and began to knock my head against the wall.

"I'll teach ye to strike my old man, ye big fat lubber!" she yelled.
That noble "old man" of hers got up, and the two pitched into me, and I never got shucked out so completely in my life. The policemen came in and parted us, and as I could give no coherent reason for being in it at all, they concluded that I was engaged in a drunken row; and were going to "pull" me; but some of the audience of the sidewalk told the story, and I was released.
I used to yearn for opportunities to succor distressed females, but I don't care about it now. By the time I pay my doctor's bill, I'll be ready for another party.

Clothes on Fire.
So often the fatal results by the setting on fire of clothing are reported that every person ought to be fortified beforehand with exact knowledge how to proceed in such an emergency. The instructions given by the Scientific American cannot be too generally made known. It says:
"It is useless to tell the victim to do this or do that or call for water. In fact it is generally best not to say a word, but to seize a blanket from the bed, or any woolen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, mostly above the shoulder. The next instant throw the person upon the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts an inch in thickness with flour; if possible, put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin can be found. Unless the burns are deep no other applications are needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy for burns ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is, that like the water, it causes an instant and perfect relief from pain by totally excluding all the air from the injured parts."

The New York World in an article on the extravagance of the times says: "The difficulties about this and so many other matters in this free country is that we all try to be equal now-a-days although we are dreadfully unequal in purse." "When I dine with a man with \$1000 a year," said a millionaire, "he gives me just the same dinner as when I dine with one who has \$10,000 a year, though how he manages it I don't know."

LONG AGO.

When beneath you aged pine,
Lone I sit at even-time—
There by contemplation led,
There to dream of pleasures fled,
Come the voices soft and low,
Of the loved-of-long ago.

When the vernal breezes sing
And the song birds tell of spring;
'Mong the summer's gentle flowers
In the autumn's pensive hours,
Come the vespers sweet and low,
Of the loved-of-long ago.

When alone from mosses gray,
Fancy takes her airy way,
Backward through the mists of time,
Circling round you trysting pine,
Come the spirits sad and slow,
Of the loved-of-long ago.

Are You Ready to Die.

Traveling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a tramp on the road with his carpet bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the buggy until at least they had crossed the mud and mire. The invitation was readily accepted and the conversation for a while was free and easy, about things ordinary and general. Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make the conversation profitable, asked the stranger or if he was ready to die. Not knowing the character of the person who invited him to a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning and suspecting foul play he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him at the top of his voice to stop! But this only hastened his speed, and like scared hare he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his hasty flight he left his carpet sack which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and a little "backer."—Memphis Presbyterian.

LEPROSY IN CALIFORNIA.—Late accounts from California give fearful accounts of the ravages of leprosy among the Chinese residents of San Francisco. There are over 200 of these pitiable creatures known to be in the city, and probably many more, as the Chinese are sly, and know better than to expose a fact which would drive them out of the country. The result is that they isolate their lepers as much as possible, and pay their physician to testify that the dead man died from some other cause. The argument that the disease is not contagious because it does not spread among the white people is proved to be fallacious in San Francisco as it has been proved in every other place. Two or three white people have already died of leprosy in the city hospitals, among them Judge Asher Bates, a man who held the highest place in the esteem of his citizens. Here is a question connected with Chinese immigration of a serious nature, which must sooner or later be dealt with.

A COMMITTEEMAN IN SCHOOL.—We have the following good one from an authentic source:
A sub-committee of a school board not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen their wits, propounded the following question:
"If I had a mink pie, and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to Isaac, and would keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"
There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.
"Well, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committeeman.
"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow.

The committeeman turned red in the face, while the other members roared a loud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

Horace F. Clark died worth ten millions of dollars—yet the man did not know what it was to live in comfort as the humblest laborer lives. He did not get more than four or five hours sleep in the twenty-four, working often till four o'clock in the morning. And work for him was hard—he fretted, worried, scolded, rushed about, and was in a constant fever of nervous excitement. His residence was the finest in the city of New York, but the rudest cabin on the prairies of the West, had more true comfort within the walls of logs than he ever knew in his palace of marble and fine adornings. How many people envied the rich man who were immeasurably more happy than he. What a lesson!

A young lady of Nashville is changing her views somewhat relative to the question of matrimony. She says that when she "came out" in society she determined she would not marry a man unless he was an Episcopalian. Time passed on and she did not get married, and then modified her views, and concluded she would marry no man who was not a Christian. That young lady is still unmarried, and says now that all she is looking for is a man who don't drink whisky.

The Rich and the Poor.

Poverty puts a fearful strain on a man's honesty. The poor man who lives an honest life is entitled to more credit than the man of wealth. The one is forced to fight against temptation, which comes to him under the guise of want and necessity; the other has no motive except greed or ambition to tempt him from the path of rectitude. Yet when the poor man sins against the laws of the land how few sympathize with him, or shield him from the penalty incurred. He has no friends and the heaviest punishment that can be inflicted is considered light enough for him. When the prison doors close behind him, hope is shut out forever, for he knows that the pardoning power will never be asked to interfere in his behalf. But the rich criminal is looked upon as simply unfortunate; he is lionized. Justice bows in his presence, and seems to ask his pardon for the unpleasant relation which it bears towards him. If he is convicted it is an exceptional case, his sentence is made as light as possible; his prison life is lightened by pleasant employment, and cheerful assurances that his confinement will be short; and soon he walks forth, the recipient of executive clemency. This is wrong. If any distinction is to be made in the treatment of criminals, we would favor leniency to the poor and severity to the rich. The one may have been driven to the commission of crime by cruel want; the other has no reasonable excuse. An empty stomach, a starving family, a forlorn garret or cellar, are serious obstacles to perfect integrity. If we must repress crime among the poor, we must first seek to better their condition; afford them means of obtaining an honest living, and few will prefer from choice to seek a dishonest one. The poor man should receive good wages for his labor, and should not be robbed, as too many now are, by the wealthy and avaricious. We believe the largest per cent. of honesty is found among the poor of the land.

SOLD.—A Stockton (Cal.) paper tells the following good joke:
"Where the road between Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced river that stream is about two hundred yards in width, and even at this season of the year, when the water's quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. A short time since, a patent medicine agent, traveling on horseback through that section, came to the river and hesitated about attempting to ford it as he saw the wide expanse of rushing waters. There is no bridge anywhere along there, so after some indecision he concluded to swim his horse across. Spying a boy fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:
"Hello, bub!"
"Hello, yourself!"
"Can I get you to take my clothes across the river in your boat?"
"Speak you kin, if you've got any soap."
"All right, I'll give you a quarter to take over my clothes and this carpet-sack to the opposite shore."
"To this the boy nodded assent, and the stranger dismounted, turned over the carpet-sack and habiliments to the juvenile, who paddled out into the stream, and mounted his horse, prepared to swim the river and enjoy the luxury of the bath. With a splash at every moment, the horse stepped into the stream and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep. To say that that medicine man, perched on the back of his horse, was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour would hardly do justice to the occasion. There were enough 'dams' along the Merced that afternoon to supply a hundred mills."

CAR SCENE.—"I say, conductor, do you know that good-looking lady is there with the book?"
"Yes, I've seen her a few times."
"By Jove, she's splendid."
"Yes, I think she is."
"Where does she live?"
"In Chicago, I believe."
"I'd like to occupy that seat with her."
"Why don't you ask her?"
"I did not know but it would be out of order."
"It would not be if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman."
"Oh, certainly. If you are acquainted with her, give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objections."
"Certainly not."
"How far is she going, do you know?"
"Rochester, I believe."
"Give me an introduction by any means."
"Fixing his hair, moustache and whiskers in becoming style, he followed the conductor, who on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said, with a peculiar twinkle in the eye:
"My wife, Mr.—of New York, who assures me he will die before reaching Detroit if he does not form your acquaintance."
The gentleman stammered, stuttered, grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse, and returned to his seat; leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke. While they were talking, the man left his seat, came up, and said:
"All right, Mr. Conductor, I owe you one! If you'll give me your address I will send you a basket of Champagne, if you will not say anything about this; and if you want anything to drink before the champagne comes, we will stop at the first station."

An ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She, suppressing her referred to some disease, replied: "I have light touches of it occasionally."

Wit and Humor.

Think between thinks if you please, but don't drink between drinks.

A brother in meeting prayed for the absent "who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness."

A Peoria citizen claims to have a stone that Gen. Washington threw at a woodpecker on his father's cherry tree.

At a recent dinner of shoemakers, the following toast was given: "May we have all the women to shoe, and all the men to boot."

A recent visitor to a school in the State of Maine found that it contained forty scholars, all of whom were the children of one man.

The married ladies of a Western city, have formed a 'come-home-husband-club.' It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

Philosophy and Religion—those vigilant sentinels—warn the human race that there exists something beyond that which is seen.

An Irishman, who had just landed, said: "The first piece of mate I ever ate in this country was a roasted potato, boiled yesterday. And if you do not believe it, I can show it to ye, for I have it in me pocket."

A colored preacher in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it:—"De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't no more work, and de debbil is still foulin' wid dis community."

A Young man in Peoria sought to win his sweetheart by strategy; so he took her out for a boat ride and threatened to jump overboard into the lake if she wouldn't marry him. It did not work. She offered to bet him a dollar that he wouldn't dive in.

Some boys dropped an anvil weighing 200 pounds out of a fourth-story window on the head of a negro who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a gemmer's hat down over his eyes, and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course.

An afflicted mother says: "A few days ago my little boy, five years old, was confined to the house in consequence of bad weather. As is usual in such cases, he was extremely troublesome and filthy, and in consequence, received a number of scoldings in the course of the morning. At last he looked up at me, with a face full of indignation, and exclaimed, 'Mother, if all the bears in world were one bear, and that bear had a sore head, it wouldn't be any crosser than you are.'"

An experienced Indiana husband sent a \$25 and a \$10 bonnet home to his wife, from which she was to make a selection, but before doing it he changed tags, putting the \$25 mark on the \$10 bonnet, and vice versa. After a critical examination by herself and lady friends, and the choice fell upon that labeled \$25, and she decided to keep it, notwithstanding her husband's plaintive protest that he could not afford to pay out more than \$10 for such an article.

When you go to church and the minister preaches a little longer than pleases you, pull out your watch, let everybody see if you choose, never mind if the tick calls the attention of all around you. If the speaker does not soon quit, take it out again, and to save time you might just as well let it while you have nothing to do and if all the audiences who have watches would go through this performance, at the same time it would add variety to the exercises. If the preacher is a careful man, he will just ask you what time it is, and then, of course, all should speak at once.

SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.—"Maria," said a lady to her colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?"
"Only seven, miss; but I's saving my wages to buy another."
"Seven? What use are seven silk dresses to you? Why I don't own so many as that."
"Specs not, Miss," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You quality whit folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettome to kind ob colored pussions has to dress smart, to stinguish ourselves from common niggers."

So, critics, who denounce the present extravagant style of dress, be lenient, and when the paraphernalia of hoops and flounces, silks, volutes and laces, is very astounding, think—Well, poor thi, g, they must do something to distinguish themselves from common folks.

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