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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1873.

NUMBER 14

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

LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents pe 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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main street, Waynesboro'. april 24-tf

DR. B. FRANTZ .Has resumed the practice of Medicine.

OFFICE-In the Walker Building-near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street adoining the Western School House.

I.N.SNIVELY, M'D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

the Bowden House. 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 exten-DE. STRICKLER has reinquished 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., 'is Father-in-law, where he can be found' at all times when not professionally engaged' times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871.-tf.

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-tf

C.BRACKBILL

PHOTOGRAPHER, S. E. Corner of the Diamond,

WAYNESBORO', PA.,

AS at all times a fine assortment of Pic-Litures Frames and Mouldings. Call and east specimen pictures. June tf.

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 cleansed and repainted. He will be regularly supplied with Oysters, Tripe, Eggs, and other articles in season. He will also keep a good atticle of Sweet Cider. C. HOFFMAN.

FRANKLIN KEAGY,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,

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Designs, Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details of Private or Public Buildings, Bills of Quantities; Estimates of Costs; Drawings of Inventions for Applications of Patents, Ac. Charges moderate.

J. H. WELSH WITH

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,

No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. april 3-tf

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET. WAYNESBORO'. PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known H tel 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-tf SAM'L P. STONER.

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

LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors.

The UNION has been entirely refited

The UNION has been entirely refited and re-furnished in every department, and under the supervision of the present proprietors, no effort will be spared to deserve a liberal share of patronage:

Their tables will be spread with the best the Market affords, and their Bar will always contain the choicest Liquors. The favor of the public solicited.

Extensive Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

Dec. 14—1-y

Select Poetry.



THE DAY WHEN I FORGOT YOU.

Oh, darling! all the pansy blooms, Lulled into rest by sweet perfumes, Will die amid the woodland glooms, The day when I forgot you.

The stars will falter as they cross The blue above, and sudden loss Will fill the hour with bitterest dross, -The day that I forget you.

The sunshine will not touch that day, The green hill, nor the rippled bay; But all the world will walk in gray, The day when I forgot you.

For you, if not for those you know, The heart will fill and overflow In bitter tears that hurts us so. The day when I forgot you.

But, oh, love! that will never be: My heart will hold your memory As shells keep singing of the sea; I never shall forget you.

Here's rosemary leaf and pansy blue; They'll tell you that I will be true To memory, darling, and to you,

And never shall forget you. Even laying under grass or snow, When summer's wind or winter's blow. Above the heart that lies below

Come to my grave and you will see A pansy; and the bloom shall be A message, love, to you, from me, That I have not forgot you.

Miscellaucous Reading.

I never shall forget you.

A CLIENT FOR LIFE.

Vertner Ronalds was seated in his litle law office, one pleasant afternoon not many years ago, in the town of Helena, awaiting as he had for months awaited the coming of some poor unfortunate who desired his legal advice He was a handsome man with a pleasant, intellectual face, elegant form, and graceful carriage; he had been rich, and left an orphan at an early age; had been sent to college by his guardian and the executor of his father's estate, and while a student had been liberally supplied with funds. He had was breaking forth, and called him into

the field. Through the long four years struggle Vertner fought nobly on many fields was wounded twice, and ended his military career as commander of his gallant regi-

Returning from the war, Colonel Vertner Ronalds anticipated enjoyment in rest and comfort in his vast wealth; but his bright anticipations were at once darkened, for his guardian had proved faithless to the truth reposed in him, and having lost in his wardships, ended by taking his own life, and thus the former heir to

wealth was left with a mere pittance. Posessing a brave, energetic nature, Vertner was not east down by his great misfortunes, but collected together his effects and sought the far West, determined to commence the practice of his prosfesion which was that of law. He was soon settled in the town of Helena, and furnished comfortably, and with law books around him, his snug office represented a business-like look, although months rolled by and he never had a client. Upon the evening in question, when he was seated in the front room of his office, still longing and quietly waiting for practice, a traveling carriage, drawn by two strong horses, stopped in front of his door, and a gentleman sprang out and approached his office.

"You are a lawyer, sir," said the stranger, abruptly.

"I am, sir; can I serve you?"
"Greatly! I am in the direst distress," answered the stranger.

"Come in and let me know your troubles, and ----

"But my little daughter is with me; I will bring her in also," returned the stranger.

"Do so, sir," answered the Colonel Ron alds: and the moment after the gentleman returned and with him a "perfect dream of beauty," the lawyer thought, as he gazed upon the lovely girl of twelve, whose face though pale, was spiritual in its loveliness and whose delicate, graceful figure, was clad in a rich dark traveling suit.

"My daughter Grace, sir," said the stranger; and, being seated he continued. "My name is Voorhees, sir." and I am a New Yorker. I must hasten; for in a very short while I shall be under arrest. Last evening, at the roadside inn I had the misfortune to offend some wild young fellows from your own town, who were

there "making a night of it,' as they termed it. Their language was vile in the extreme. I remonstrated for the sake of my daughter, and they used the harshest language to me in return. Patience ceasing to be a virtue, I struck one of them. They attacked me, and in self defence I drew my revolver and fired on the apparent leader. He fell a corpse at my feet, and the others retired in confusion. At once leaving the inn. I drove on here, and know that I will be arrested for the murder of the young man. The inn-keeper told me thing "the poor man's budget is full of that he was the son of one of your promi-

so I do not doubt; hence I am now in your hands. I am not a man of wealth,

self about payments, sir, your case is not ey yet commenced. While here on trial, you will have to incur expenses for board, and I advise you to come at once to my cotare at the service of yourself and daughmy own for a horse is a luxury I allow once give yourself up to the authorities, and then we can arrange about the bail.

Will this plan suit you? "You are, indeed, a friend in need, sir; I am ready to place myself in your hands. the town jail; but through the intercession of Colonel Ronalds, was made as comfor-

The young man slain by Mr. Voorhees plies are drawn. was the son of an Helena nabob, and the stanger's life hung by a single thread, for there was great prejudice against him.

The end of the trial came. Vertner Ronalds had electrified the Judge, jury and all in the court-room by his wonderful eloquence in his speech of three hours; a change of sentiment was visible, the prosecution tottered before his telling argument, and the jury, after five minutes consultation, returned a verdict of not guil-

The prisoner was released; and yet, upon the gallows, he was soon to be called away by disease, for his long confinement in a damp cell had broken down his constitution, never very strong. He returned with Vertner to the cottage, and one week after Grace and the young lawyer stood beside his dying bed.

"Colonel Ronalds, I will soon be gone; but ere life leaves me let me prove my graduated with honor and returned home; appreciation of all you have done for me. not to remain, however, for the cruel war I was once a rich man, was successful, and tailed. Grace had left her, in New York, a large fortune by her mother, and

nel Vertner Ronalds.

The verdict of the jury "not guilty," was the seal to his fortune, and ever after riches came to him." Mr. Voorhees was buried, and Grace

and placed at Madame H---'s fashionable institute for young ladies. Each year she was visited by her guar dian, and each year but served to bind the

beautiful girl and the young lawyer more firmly together. At length her school days were over and Vertuer appeared in New York to claim her as a bride, and carry her backto his handsome home in the far West .-There the two live in happiness, and neith-

Truths.

Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, and every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exhalts; charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of anglehood. God does not require us to live on credit. He pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

It is the truth which makes a man always angry.
It is good to know our friends' feelings

but not to publish them. It is better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterwards.

If pride were a deadly disease, how many would now be in their graves. It is an evidence of great hardiness to be more concerned about our sufferings than our sins.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attentions on his infirmities. If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but the truth, what an abridg-

ment it would make of speech. If you would have a thing kept secret never tell it to anvone; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do

Wealth consists in sticking to one

nent citizens, and that I had gotten my-self in serious trouble. That I have done same foundation as His promises. The threatenings of God rest upon the

The Poor Rich Man.

Look at him! he is just getting out of sir; a few hundreds-in gold-my carri- his carriage. He steps with difficulty; age and horses, and effects with me are all his face is seamed with care; his coat is that I am worth. I am a New Yorker, rusty—you would not know him in the Through many weeks the burning summer and once in the metropolis, I can easily street from any hard-working business arrange for the future; clear me in this man. Yet he owns whole streets full of unpleasant difficulty, and all that I have houses and miles of unimproved property with me, except sufficient to carry myself | He keeps an army of servants in his house and daughter to New York, are at your up town, and an army of clerks in his busiservice. Now you know all." And in ness houses down town. He has neither suspense, Mr. Voorhees awaited Vertner's chick nor child, and he lives on a bowl of gruel for his breakfast, and the wing of a reply.

"Thank-you, sir, for your-prompt and chicken-for-his-dinner—he-dare-not eat explicit explanation; do not trouble your-

His house, it is true, cost him a hundred thousand dollars, but he occupies the smallest room, sits on the plainest chair, tage; it is humble and plain, and, besides eats the simplest food, and sleeps the least my office, has but five rooms-two of them of any one in it. While he was saving the money, he thought he was doing it for ter, and your horses can be stabled with himself, and the thought stimulated him to save more. While he was building the myself. Now, I will make Miss Grace at house he thought he was building it for home in her new quarters, and my old ser- himself, and he consulted architects, and vant, Susan will look after her wants, while had plan after plan drawn out, until he we go to the magistrate, for you must at | believed that he had found one that was perfection.

But he knows now that it was a mistake all the way through; he did not save the money for himself for there is nothing that he wants of it, now he has got it .-Weeks drag on, and yet the trial of life He did not build the house for himself, and death continued. The Helena au for he cannot occupy it: it is simply a and death continued. The Helena autorities refused to permit Mr. Voorhee's small hotel, which offers tuxurious accomrelease upon bail, and he was confined in | modation free, and a round sum for pocket money to a dozen male and female domestics, who enjoy it infinitely more than But snowy hood, or robe of dainty grace, table as possible under the circumstances. he does; who give him as much or as lit-Grace Voorhees, the devoted daughter, the as they choose of everything that he still remained in the cottage, and in the has, and who consider him only valuable care of old Susan, was made comfortable. as a money bag, from which their sup-

As a lad how he envied the rich man! how he dreamed of what he would do when he became possessed of wealth! how greedily he looked at a fine house, at a handsome equipage, at the insignia of

money, and social position.

And now he is rich, but he does not realize it; he thinks of nothing but the twinges of his rheumatism, the complainings or delinquencies of his tenants, or the "tricks" of his "rascally" servants. He does not really live in his house or ride in his carriage, for in the one he does litthough he escaped an ignominious death | the but sit and think upon the happy times when he was a poor boy at home upon the farm, and in the other wish, that by giving it, with his fine horses, to the manly young fellow whom it passes in the street, he could buy his health, activity and power of enjoyment.

It is not what a man has, but what he is, that makes him rich.

An Atmosphere of Sunshine.

What horticulturist expects a plant to grow or a flower to glow with beauty unless it has plenty of sunshine? And how when she is eighteen she can claim it. I much more should a child bask in the owe you a large fee and I intend to give smiles of a happy household! The world it to you now. Will you accept it? Will has too many morose and dwarfed chillyou take my daughter as your ward, be- dren, all rising from the shadow of ill ing to her as a father? And may God in temper and peevishness in which they are the end bless you and make you both hap growing up. Children look a little be youd the present moment. If a thing "Mr. Voorhees, I accept the charge, and may God bless me as I prove worthy pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it disalled and may God bless me as I prove worthy pleases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour. Five years passed away; the town of and words harsh, and fault-finding are ev-Helena had grown into a city, and with er in the ascendant, be ye sure they will its greatness increased the fame of Colo- spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases not a few where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties. Parents will do well to remember was taken by her guardian to New York this in the management of their children, and in the choice of influences by which to surround them. It is a bitter thing in old age to have the spectacle constantly before one's eyes of children who have grown up vicious, and who are shuned by the virtuous and respectable. And it is small consolation to say with the poet-

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!"

Evade the matter as we will, our children grow up according to the influences they are under. No healthy, sparkling er of them have had cause to regret the child can grow up so in the shade, and no evil-disposed child ever yet was nurtured fee bestowed by Voorhees upon Vertner. in a household where the sun-light of love and happiness shone cheeringly all around. Ah! how sweet it is, when manhood's summer day is merging into a glorious e vening of old age, to look back from the shadows of the dark valley, which will soon be dispelled by the sun of morning in a more glorious world, and contemplate a spent life where no intentional missteps can be recalled, and where we can remeniber no time when we have stood between the sun and those we love! Then will the rough and uneven places in our pathway look less uninviting in the twi-light of life, and the bright sunny spots will sparkle as so many diamonds in the crown awaiting us. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the whole world has not changed the course of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of old age.

> A genial and unselfish consideration of the comfort of others is one of the rarest things in the world, and when it is found it ought to be chronicled. A Cincinnati editor, who has indulged in a heavy life insurance, is said to be followed whenever he goes a-fishing by several insurance companies affectionately bearing life preservers and sun umbrellas.

In Montevideo, South America, sheep are worth ten cents each and cows fifty cents; but the great trouble is that whis ky is \$1 a drink.

Josh Billings says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

For the Village Record. SYMPATHY.

BY HARRY BARNES.

Has poured its radiance over town and

The fruit and grain, with yearly work well Stand waiting all their helpful wealth to yield;

And flower and leaf, And golden sheaf, Deep shaded nooks, and softly tinted skies

Have made a earth again a paradise. But in dear homes, where loving hearts

have watched And tended little winsome human flow The summer's sun has wilted down and scorched

The cherished darlings which we felt were ours: And aching wounds, And tinny mounds Wherein a mother's precious treasure lies

Have made a Rama of our Páradise.

Day after day the record still is kept-Another home gives up its baby dead; Another smitten mother's tears are wept Above her baby's empty little bed; No relic left

To the bereft

And in the house an ever vacant place. Dear sisters mine, whose tortured, bleeding hearts

Beat with questionings why it must be That little children charm with their sweet arts, Then vanish from our loving ministry,

I know it all-The vain recall. The painful stillness of the mother's room,

The dreadful freedom now to go and come

I stretch my empty hand to meet your own Because I, too, have lost my sweet delight, And from my nest my blessed birds have

flown Far out of longing reach and straining

One comfort still

These words distill-The Heavenly Kingdom is of such as these I give my jewels up my Lord to please. Our babes are safe! O blessed truth!

We yield them up to grow in Heavenly youth, Beyond the earthly pain and toil and din. Dear hearts look up,

We gave them life untainted with sin

Nor miss the cup Of sweetness that our suffering Christ doth bring.

When we have drunk from sorrow's bitter spring.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 8, 1873.

The Black Sheep. A pretentious house in a genteel uptown street, and a stylish lady very fashionably dressed, were the home and the mother of Fred Vincent.

A showily dressed maid answered the summons of the mistress. "Are the children in from school yet,

Martha?" "No ma'am-ves, I should say, for that's Master Charlie's ring now." "Well keep them down stairs until din-

ner: I want to finish this book in quiet." Before Martha could get down stairs the bounding steps of the romping, rosycheeked children, two boys and a girl were heard on the stairs, and despite Martha's remonstrance, they trooped into their mother's presence.

"Mamma, is dinner ready? I'm nearly starved!" and hats, books, straps and slates, were thrown hither and thither on

"Mercy! children, you make me so nervous; do go down and play in the yard until dinner; but where's Fred?"

"Oh, kept in again of course," said "That boy would worry a saint," said Mrs. Vincent. "He's continually getting into difficulties, and he can never be made

to see his faults either." "'Twasn't his fault," spoke up little Charlie, who was Fred's companion when others blamed him. "Walter Brent was taken ill in school-so ill he could hardly walk, and Fred helped him home. When he came back he was too late for recitation in astronomy; and he was kept in for an hour as punishment. He won't beg off, as we do, when we're called up; and he never cries either; but he feels badly. I know, for he turned pale and fairly trembled, but never said a word."

"Yes, he's too stubborn to offer an ex-That boy will worry my life out ed—never comes and tells me his troubles, like other children. Ah well there must always be one black sheep in every flock,

As these thoughtless words fell from the mother's lips, Fred, who had just come in, was passing the door.

No one but a sensitive boy knew what a pang they gave him. It was not the first time that he had heard the remark, and had gone to his room, his heart sadly aching; and when, with burning brow, he made his appearance at the table, his reticence was pronounced sulkiness, and he was reprimanded for imaginary faults.

'Yes, I am the black sheep, surely .-Oh! why do not my parents love me as they do Charlie, and Will, and Sue? They never take balf the pains to please that I It is one of the curiosities of Natural do, yet they are always petted and excus- History that a horse enjoys his food most bore to pay fashionable calls are talking

no one cares for me-no one loves me-'m so miserable, so unhappy!"

Thus year after year passed away, and the misguided parents continued to utter their complaints about Fred's bad dispoand predicted that his career in life would be discreditable.

He grew discouraged and reckless, as his rebuffs and slights at home continued, until he grev up to manhood.

With such a training he lost selfrespect and became a morose, ungracious, cynical-

misanthrope.

His less gifted brothers were popular, and also successful in business, while people held aloof from Fred. He was never understood until too late to remedy the

Heart broken and dispirited, he sought to-bury-in-oblivion-the-knowledge-of-hiswrongs by deep draughts of the intoxicating bowl. He died unpitied and unmourned -- a poor miserable drunkard. As the last flicker of his life was dying

out, he roused from his stupor, and quite

unstrung his mother's nerves by exclaim-"Well, mother; the black sheep will soon be out of the way. God forgive you for the cruel words, but they have been my ruin! Had you encouraged me, given me your sympathy, or let words of kindness cheer my pathway as you did my brothers, I would not have laid dying of intemperance. I had no love for the stim-

of my wrongs, and I drank it-drank it to drown my desparing thoughts.'
Need we depict the agony and remorse of those parents as they consigned to the grave the remains of their lost son! Fathers! mothers! take warning!

ulating draught, but it brought oblivion

Watch carefully and tenderly the temperaments and dispositions of your children. Encourage them to confide to your willing ears all their trials or perplexities. Make no disparaging remarks to grieve

or chill a sensitive nature. Wisdom and discretion, tempered with love, are necessary to the proper training of your children, but, above all, have a care that partiality be banished from the hearth-stone. This well-doing and salvation of the precious charges committed by Providence to your care, depends on your discharge of these duties.

A Female Aeronaut.

Says the Utica Observer of July 5: At 5 P. M., precisely, the balloon was filled, and within five minutes Prof. Squire, had the basket attached and ballasted and everything in readiness for the entree of 'that sweet little lady,' Miss Nellie Thurston. Our reporter believes he would die happy in the air or under the ground if he could be assured of receiving half the sympathy of being favored with the smallest portion of the good wishes which Miss Thurston had expressed in her behalf yesterday. Accompanied by a lady friend from West Winfield, the little lady, dressed in a neat street costume, stepped into scattering to distant homes, which takes the circle and took her place in the bask | place as they grow up, one by one, to et with as much ease and grace as if she years of matuity. It is often the case were about to take a ride about town in that, in the cares and bustle of business, her phaeton. She was the centre of attraction.

rounding Bagg's Square was turned upon the occupant of the basket, and the silence thus lightly severed. It takes such a was not broken until committeeman Chapman gave one of the bands the signal to pense is so trifling, that there can hardly play. A few words were spoken to the fair balloonists by Prof. Squire, Miss Nellie promised to send a special telegram if anything remarkable happened in the vicinity of Dr. Peter's asteroids, and at 5:07 P. M., the air-ship, with its precious freight, rose almost directly upward for a distance of about 200 feet.

Professor Squire was satisfied and exothers, but this was one of the most successful in his experience. He well deservthe beautiful direct ascent, the City of erings are frequent in such households until it gained the height of about two cold. and a half miles. After a little while it was met by a current from the west, are very apt to grow very neglectful of which sent it to the eastward, in which di- letter-writing. If they knew how many rection it remained in plain sight of the heart aches such neglect ofter causes to thousands who were watching it for about the loving breast that pillowed their tired twenty minutes. About 5:27 P. M., the heads in childhood, they would not be so balloon came down six miles from Utica, thoughtless. If they knew the joy a letin the direction of Mohawk.

evening. The little lady returned to so sparing of those messages.—Are not Bagg's Hotel with her balloon in good some of us sadly in arrears in this parorder, neatly packed at 8 P. M. She de- ticular? scribes her trip as one of the most interesting and agreeable she has ever taken. The prospect of being annoyed by thunder storms made her avoid a ride into the upper clouds which appeared to he charged with electricity. The basket touched the ground quite suddenly at first, and the balloon bounced up a little, but reyet. He's so uncommunicative, so reserved with perfect ease and comfort. An accommodating teamster assisted her in packing the balloon, and brought her to Utica. Everybody in Utica felt a deep interest in Miss Thurston's success, and all will be pleased to know that she was as comfortable and happy during her stay among the clouds as any young lady can be who is separated from terra firma and

> One of Mr. Greeley's sayings is reported to have been that if he had to start in life again and the choice was preferred between a classical education and his trade as printer he would unhesitatingly prefer the trade.

ed if they don't want to do a thing; but when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Wit and Anmor.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in a corn field, "Well, work away," said sition-still called him the black sheep, the industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'hoe every one that thirst-eth.'"

> The last subject discussed by the Virginian Debating Society was, "If you had to have a boil, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

> One of the editors of the Cincinnati Inquirer recently saved the cock of a canal boat from drowning, and has received a letter from the girl's father, saying: 'You have saved the gal, and she's your a." No cards. So says a floating paragraph.

> Little five-year-old annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various success at school, and ended by declaring she could read a good deal better than Sabina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned aumie, 'wouldn't it sound better if some one else said it?" "Yes" answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would I have sue a bad cold I can't say at every

> EQUAL RIGHTS.—The Anti-Railroad war in Illinois is not without its humorous side, carnest as the opposing parties

"Take your arm from around that woman," shouted out a railroad official to a passenger the other day. "Why," replied the man, "she's my

wife; I have a right to have my arm around her." "Not on the railroad," rejoined the conductor. "The new law forbids all 'unjust discrimination,' and as I haven't got a woman for every man on the train,

to hug I can't permit you. A London contemporary says: "We have seen many lazy men (and women too for that matter) in our day and generation, but we do think a little the laziest individual we ever met is a certain bald headed, oldish gentlemen, who lives : somewhere in Islington, near the Angel, Standing the other day with a friend at at the corner of the City Road, waiting for a train, we noticed the subject of this paragraph crossing the street with his arm in a sling. Turning to our companion, who was well acquainted with him, we asked: "Why, what in the world has happened to Mr. D —'s arm?" "Oh, nothing at all," was the reply, "he only wears it in a sling because he is too lazy

Family Attachments.

letters grow more and more infrequent, and finally brothers and sisters will some Every eye in the vast multitude sur- times lose sight of each other. These little while to write a letter, and the ex-

be an excuse for the neglect. A loving family circle, thus widely severed adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each other's welfare. The two most remote, on the first of each month, write a part of a page of a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this is sealed forwarded to the family next in order. Some member ceedingly well pleased. He has made of the household adds a little contribution. nearly 200 ascensions and directed many and sends it on to the next, and so on until the number is completed. Thusthe family circle goes its rounds twelve ed the numerous congratulations which were showered upon him for his own sucinformed of the joys and socrow, plants cess and that of his fair protege. After and pursuits of the others. Family guth Utica moved gracefully to the southward and the old home attachments never grow

Sons, in particular, away from home ter brought, and could see how its slight-A reporter had a pleasant interview est words were dwelt-upon, and talked with Miss Thurston and Prof. Squire last over by the fireside, they would not be

> BIRDS OF GERMANY .- The birds of Germany, like the crows of Ireland, are the pets of the people, both in the city and the country. They are protected by law, but no law is needed for their protection. They are so tame that many of them build their nests inside of the houses, and are never disturbed by old or young. Throw down a few crumbs and they will:come down from the trees and almost eat of your hand. The consequence is that fruit growers never suffer from the invasion of worms, and the pium and damson, which has almost disappeared from our markets grow here to the greatest perfection. The holidays are not distinguished, as with us, by a throng of boys with shot gaus pouring into the country and slaying out of mere wantouness the feathery tr.bo. which is regarded here as an efficient co-laborer to the agriculturist.

He who pokes his nose everywhere, will sometimes poke it between a thumb and fore-finger.

Some Nashville ladies, who esteem it a of using postal cards instead.