

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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VOLUME 26.

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NUMBER 16

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

## Professional Cards.

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

**DR. JOHN M. RIPLEY,**  
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. Calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House. July 20—4f.

**I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—4f.

**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 Five per centum collected on reasonable terms. December 10, 1871.

**DR. A. H. STRICKLER,**  
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.)  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.  
Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession.  
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871—4f.

**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 Mouldings. 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 repainted. He will be regularly supplied with Oysters, Fried Fish, and other articles in season. He will also keep a good article of Sweet Cider. aug 14—3m C. HOFFMAN.

**FRANKLIN KEAGY,**  
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,  
CHAMBERSBURG, PENNA.  
Designs, Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details of Private or Public Buildings, Bills of Materials; Estimates of Costs; Drawings of Inventions for 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—4f

**THE BOWDEN HOUSE**  
MAIN STREET,  
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.  
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, repainted 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 29—f. SAMUEL STONER.

**UNION HOTEL.**  
Corner of Main & Queen Sts.,  
CHAMBERSBURG, Penn'a.  
LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors.  
The UNION has been entirely refitted and re-furnished in every department, and under the supervision of the present proprietors, no effort will be spared to deserve a liberal share of patronage.  
Their tables will be spread with the best Market affords, and their Bar will always contain the choicest Liquors. The favor of the public solicited.  
Extensive Stabling and attentive Hostlers. Dec. 14—1y

## Select Poetry.



### HAVE YOU A MOTHER?

Have you a mother? Love her well  
While she is spared on earth;  
Wait not till death shall call her hence,  
To know her previous worth.

Wait not till she lies cold and still,  
Most beautiful, though dead,  
To think of what you should have done  
Before her dear life fled.

Think now how much she should be loved  
And prize her as you ought,  
Or else your life when she is gone  
With sorrow will be fraught.

Oh, watch her, guard her, with your love,  
While with you she is left,  
For when she leaves you, life will seem  
Of every joy bereft.

Oh, soothe her in her hours of pain,  
Be gentle and be mild;  
How sweet 'twill be for you to know  
You've been a faithful child.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### SPARE AND SPEND WELL.

Ella's and Lucy's husbands were each hard working men, and had about the same income, but the difference in their home comforts was very marked. If a friend called to take tea with Ella, she was always thrown into the greatest consternation and trouble. In private, she opened her mind to her husband in no measured terms.

"She had nothing fit to set out her table with. The only decent table cloth was in the wash; her dishes were cracked and chipped, and not enough of them; the coffee pot leaked; and so on indefinitely. If a guest came to stay over night her troubles were multiplied tenfold.

Now Lucy had none of these perplexities. Though her stores were simple and plain, they were sufficient and always in readiness. The cause of the difference lay in the fact that Lucy had learned the art of spending well. It is a greater virtue even than earning money. She made every dime tell.

"What are you going to trim your spring dress with, Lucy?" asked her neighbor, running in one afternoon with her sewing, as she often did.  
"O, some simple trimming made of the material," said Lucy, indifferently. "I mean to cover buttons for it out of a scrap of silk I happen to have, which matches nicely."

"Now I would be a Quaker in earnest. Are you not going to flounce it?"  
"O, no, I like a plain skirt as well. The flouncing would cost an extra dollar, which I prefer putting into a nice covered dish I am coveting for my table. It will give me twice as much pleasure there."

"Well, I expect to put two flounces on mine, and a row of beautiful trimming above each flounce. I paid three dollars for trimming, but wouldn't have Ned know it for anything. He would think it extravagant."

"He wouldn't miss it much, would he, Ella?" Now I can think of a dozen things I should prefer to three dollars' worth of trimming for my dress. You could buy a nice table-cloth, with a set of respectable napkins with it, or a new rocking-chair, or four nice pear trees, which would soon furnish you with an abundance of delicious fruit, or two nice calico dresses, or any number of small permanent comforts and conveniences about the house. You don't know how many nice things I have bought just by saving up milk pennies—that glass sugar bowl and cream cup, covered butter dish, set of best cups and saucers, preserve saucers—and I have almost enough to buy me a half-dozen soup plates; we have taken our soup in saucers quite as long as I like."

"Why, you will need a china closet to hold your dishes," looking at the nice shelf full with a half-evident feeling.  
"I should like one, but this pantry shelf must answer for the present. Fred has one planned for rainy days work. I have tucked this little curtain so it hangs down over the shelf, and keeps out flies and dust."

"Well, I should never have thought of that; but it makes little difference. All my dishes are in constant use, and have no chance to get dusty. Did Fred make these nice drawers below the lower shelves?"  
"Yes; this is one for table linen, and this for kitchen towels and tea towels."

"Dear me, what a supply you have! I don't know how you can afford it."  
"Believe me, Ella, they do not cost half what you spend in trifles that never show for themselves afterward. Money put in to substantial things us tenfold the real satisfaction that it does in fancy articles, which no one cares for but ourselves, or scarcely notices. It was an old maxim of my father's to 'spare well and to spend well.' He had no idea of hoarding his money, but he taught us from childhood to spend our pennies in something that would show where the money went. He always encouraged us when little to buy pretty toys rather than candies, and when we grew older to get books and periodicals, which would please and instruct us all through the year rather than toys."

"I wish I had been trained in a similar manner; but it is too late now," said the other with a sigh.  
"No, no, Ella," said her friend earnestly.

## A Wonderful Clock.

Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, which is situated within a few miles of Shamokin, Pa., exhibited a clock there during the past week of a most remarkable character. He has been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to sleep and eat. He became almost a monomaniac on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his waking hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied alone a small wooden shanty, where he worked, slept, and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did however was but little. It is thought he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

The clock which was made with no other tools than two common jackknives, is eight feet high and four broad. Its frame is of the gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides and is surmounted by a globe, on top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock are four dial plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another shows the minute and the fraction of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial plates is a semi-circular gallery, extending around about half the width of the clock. Immediately in front, in the center of this semi-circular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of our Saviour.

At the ends of the gallery, on either side, there is a small door, opening into the body of the clock. Over the door on the right hand side of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door on the left hand side, is a chicken-cock. Twice a day, that is at 12:05 in the day and 12:05 at night, a sweet chime of bells begins to play, the small door on the right hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns around and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement, this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired. On pedestals at the extreme corners of the clock, are carved wooden statues of Moses and Elias.

In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient period of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Erieburg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered ten thousand dollars for it by a party from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he had often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, Germany, but he never saw it, and he has no knowledge of how it was constructed, neither has he ever had any instruction in mechanics of any kind.

His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

## Inexpensive Happiness.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and common-place man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day; and it always rang clear. The rose-bud or clover-leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite taste had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—Helen Hunt.

Not for sale.—If there is a tiny brook running through your farm or yard, a stream of clear, living water, never call yourself poor. If you were to send that little gift of nature's to New York to beautify some rich man's garden, he would willingly give you thousands of dollars. How is it to be done? Inquires a poor farmer, whose place abounds in cool springs, trout ponds and gurgling brooks. At any rate you can comfort yourself that you own that which the rich covet.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. That's the reason young ladies always play the piano or the organ when their beaux call. Sometimes it soothes 'em too much.

## MY FACTORY.

For the Village Record.  
BY J. HARRY BARNES.  
I have lived in Good will Kingdom,  
And for twenty years or more  
I have owned this model factory—  
Just step inside the door.  
There are many unseen nailors  
Busily at work within:  
There are many wheels a-going,  
But you hear no whir or din.  
See the Heart-wheel in the centre,  
Large and strong and never still,  
With magnetic power moving  
All the other wheels at will.  
Love, the best of my nailors,  
Turns this mighty wheel my friend,  
Cutting nails of countless beauty  
That no human strength can bend.

Round this wheel revolving swiftly,  
Watch the wheels of Hope and Joy,  
And the triple wheels of duty  
Busy in my life's employ.  
How the nailors cheer each other,  
And how quickly and how well  
They obey Love's gentle orders,  
It would take me long to tell.

In this high and spacious chamber,  
With its windows paneled with blue  
See the Brain-wheel, wheel of magic,  
Cutting nails of every hue.  
Thought the wisest of my nailors,  
At this wheel-unwearied stands,  
Until sleep with weary fingers,  
Steals the rod from his hands.

God upreareth this noble structure—  
'Twas a God-like gift and free—  
And he put the wheels in motion  
With this solemn charge to me:  
"See you keep this building holy:  
Fair without and fair within;  
Keep the wheels all bright and busy,  
And your work unstained from sin."

But sometimes old Care, on crutches,  
Hobbles in and clogs the wheels,  
And then Sloth the cunning vagrant,  
Follows close behind his heels,  
With a loathsome breath of canker,  
And his wall of fall of dust,  
And with stealthy step approaching,  
Specks each idle wheel with rust.

And sometimes old Mother Gossip,  
Gadding where'er she doth choose,  
On her way from Tittle-Tattle,  
Saunters in to tell the news;  
And the giddy coquette, Pleasure,  
On her way to Folly-town,  
Stops to show her gaudy trinkets  
And the fashion of her gown.

And sometimes poor scowling Envy  
Comes to tell me with a whine  
That my neighbor owns a factory  
'Twice as large and fine as mine,  
But these visitors come seldom,  
And they do not tarry where  
They must stand in mortal terror  
Of my Watchman, Faith and Prayer.

So I live peace and quiet,  
And when anything goes wrong,  
Or the days seem long and weary;  
Take my guitar and sing a song  
For my nailors nail the faster  
And the wheels turn swifter,  
When I touch my guitar with gladness  
And awake a cheerful sound.  
Pittsburg, Sept. 13, 1873.

## A Family Picture.

You know her, says the Danbury News. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched, or full and frowsy.—Her dress is wet, ill-fitting, and of no particular pattern; her slippers are broken down; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the backyard and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout—"John, can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back—"If he don't get that water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones." And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have dropped in maidenly reserve, or raised in coquettish light to the face of the man in the ill-fitting coat? Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it? But it was so.—Many a "God bless you" has been uttered above that bare head, many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly-compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now parboiled and blistered and marked with scars from the bread knife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is now peaked and red, and looks as if it would stand on its legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his new vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probably as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it.—She won't hear it talked of by others. She cannot bear to see it acted by others. Two lovers are to her a "passel of fools." And —but George is rubbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.

Let your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered as not to exceed the reach of your ability. He who promises more than he can perform, is false to himself, and he who does not perform, what he has promised, is false to his friend.

## Lost and Found.

The meeting was ended. Some of the audience were passing out through the door, and others were passing up around the pulpit, "just to speak to Mr. Burnell," among the latter a man who thrust into the preacher's hand the card-likelihood of a fair-faced boy. "Mr. Burnell," he earnestly exclaimed, "that is my boy. We don't know where he is. Can't you find him? Look at his face! It isn't a bad face, is it. What do you think, Mr. Burnell, won't you look for him on the cars, and in the stations, and in the streets of the great cities."

It was the old story. The boy, perhaps restive of home influence, ambitious to get out into the wide world, thinking that he could do better for himself than father and mother could do for him, running away, and being swallowed up in the great multitude which he is eager to join. His fresh young form is lost to the eye in the busy passing to and fro. His cheery, singing voice is lost to the ear in the din which fills the air. "We don't know where he is!" A lost son; lost to those who perhaps prized him most; lost by his own choice. Lost to himself? Let us hope not, but that now he may be somewhere leading a useful and honorable life, to become an upright citizen, and in the end to bring joy again to the desolated home.

Weigh the burden on that father's heart and his sense of loss, his longing for the recovery of his son, the eagerness with which he lays hold of one who may be able to seek and to save. "Can't you find him?" What desire, what hope, what expectation in those words. Ah, if our good brother from the West, whose parish is the broad land, should find that lamb lost in the wilderness, will he not lay it on his shoulder rejoicing that he may bring it back to the father's arms?

Yet there is a Father whose love and longing surpasses any thing of this kind. The children whom he has nourished and brought up have rebelled against him calling for their portion of good and departing into the far country. But not to be forgotten. There is a Love that would seek them out and save them. There is a Heart which would rejoice over their return with joy unspeakable.

Lost! How many will join in the search? Who will take upon themselves the impress of some human soul, and never give up that soul until it is brought to its Redeemer? With such an incident as this in mind, no one can lack an illustration of the condition of the wanderer, or of the love which would reclaim; or an incentive to the blessed work to which every servant is invited by his Lord.—The Congregationalist.

Wise and Otherwise.  
Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.  
The old maxim, "A man is known by the company he keeps," is as true as it is trite. Water will seek its level. So do the various elements of society.

The reason why people know not their duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions.  
There are some people that live without any design at all, and pass through the world like straws on a river—they do not go, but are carried.

Prayer is very profitable; at night it is our covering—in the morning it is our armour. Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.  
No doctrine is good for anything that does not leave behind it an ethical reward ready for the planting of seed which shall bear abundant harvest.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.  
There is no truth more important and few less thought of than this: the more we forsake simplicity in anything the more we multiply the means of corruption and error.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with the celestial air, until it eclipses the sun and moon. Let us seek our peace by fidelity.  
Marriage should be the spontaneous union of hearts as well as hands. Then the relation contains the elements of happiness, but not otherwise. It has no promise for those who enter into it solely from cold calculations of advantage.

Mirth is the lubricating oil with which all should anoint themselves. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety, all this life of life, ought to be scourged off by the oil of mirth. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every little pebble over which it runs.  
Wherever unselfish love is the main-spring of men's actions—wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but what we can impart to others—wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying others, we are sure to attain all the happiness the world can bestow.

A young man writing home to his mother to select a wife for him expressed himself in the following language: "Now mother, I want you for ten pick out a girl for me, for I want one I can be my wife. She must have dark eyes, like mine, purl teeth, rosy cheeks and a roaming nose; and I think Susan Jane Summers fills the description."

During a thunder storm an insurance agent was struck on the cheek by a flash of lightning, but it glanced off, leaving him entirely uninjured.  
A youth of ninety-one recently led to the altar a charming bride of one hundred and nine. It is reported that they were married without the consent of their parents.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house, and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, she will pay her particular attention in this respect.  
It is related that an Irishman once visited New Hampshire, and after having inspected the numerous hills and mountain ranges, exclaimed: "Bedad! I never was in a country before where they had so much land that they had to stack it."

An Irishman writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concludes a letter thus: "If I've it's me good fortune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so—I'll visit old Ireland afore I lave Philadelphia."

A man one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shoemaker suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years ago doing a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

Two Milesians were standing at the Fairmount water-works in Philadelphia, watching the big wheels splashing the water in every direction, when one of them remarked: "Mike isn't this a queer country, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

Daniel Webster is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. The Boston Globe has heard of another youth residing in Dover—who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear, and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He said, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

A colored debating society in Trenton, Tenn., has just debated the question, "Which is the most profit to man—money or education?" One of the debaters argued that if it had not been for education, the world would have not been half so large as it is. This clincher was met, however by the argument that "If it wasn't for money, how you gwine to ride on de kyars?" It was at once decided in favor of money.

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" Stranger goes in and gets his drink; comes out finds his horse missing. Where is my horse, boy?  
"He runned away, sir."  
"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?"  
"No sir; you told me to keep an eye on him, and so I did till he got clear out of sight."

A story is told of a negro in Virginia, whose master threatened to give him a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard any more. Next morning the eggs came to the table harder than before. "You rascal," shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook these eggs soft?" "Yes, massa," said the frightened slave, "an' I got up at two o'clock this mornin', and biled 'em five hours an' it seems to me I nebber can get dese eggs softer!"

A Nashville man was awakened the other night by a pain in his stomach, and thinking the cholera was at hand he clutched for a bottle of camphor which he kept on the table, ready for instant use, and commenced to apply it with vigorous rubbing to his abdomen. He experienced considerably relief, but was considerably surprised at not perceiving the strong scent of camphor. Suspecting that he had made a mistake he lighted the gas, and made an inspection which resulted in the highly satisfactory discovery that instead of camphor he had used ink.

A gentleman asks the ladies the following pointed questions: "Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head when he had enough of his own? Who, painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? Who pinched his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle to his back, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom? In reply to which a lady responds:—

"Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco, and loaded the air with fumes of cigars? Who staggered home several times a week the worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, but high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions? Which picture wears the most alluring colors?" We also see it reported that Mrs. Van Cott says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely, and if she had the money paid by women for back hair, she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.

## Wit and Humor.

Mosquitoes are the smallest fowl that navigate the air. Although they do not soar as high as other fowls they make the foulest sores.

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"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?"  
"No sir; you told me to keep an eye on him, and so I did till he got clear out of sight."

A story is told of a negro in Virginia, whose master threatened to give him a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard any more. Next morning the eggs came to the table harder than before. "You rascal," shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook these eggs soft?" "Yes, massa," said the frightened slave, "an' I got up at two o'clock this mornin', and biled 'em five hours an' it seems to me I nebber can get dese eggs softer!"

A Nashville man was awakened the other night by a pain in his stomach, and thinking the cholera was at hand he clutched for a bottle of camphor which he kept on the table, ready for instant use, and commenced to apply it with vigorous rubbing to his abdomen. He experienced considerably relief, but was considerably surprised at not perceiving the strong scent of camphor. Suspecting that he had made a mistake he lighted the gas, and made an inspection which resulted in the highly satisfactory discovery that instead of camphor he had used ink.

A gentleman asks the ladies the following pointed questions: "Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head when he had enough of his own? Who, painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? Who pinched his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle to his back, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom? In reply to which a lady responds:—

"Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco, and loaded the air with fumes of cigars? Who staggered home several times a week the worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, but high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions? Which picture wears the most alluring colors?" We also see it reported that Mrs. Van Cott says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely, and if she had the money paid by women for back hair, she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.