The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. $2.00 PER YEAR

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THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, $2,50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty-five Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug ore." [jane 29—tf.

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-tf

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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.
July 20-tf

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposit the Bowden House. Nov 2—tf.

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 Besore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all 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

HORSE RAKES.
PERSONS wanting Spring-tooth Horse Rakes can be supplied with a first-class article by calling on the subscriber. He continues to repair all kinds of machinery at short noticeand upon reasonable terms. The Metcalf excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing EcMhines always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Feb 27-t Quincy, Pa.

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 for Applications of Patents, &c. Charges moderate. may15-tf

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-tf

BARBERING! BARBERING!
THE subscriber having recently re-painted and papered and added new furniture to his shop, announces to his customers and the public that he will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction and make comfortable all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Shaving, Schampooning, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to promise satisfaction in all cases. W. A. PRICE.
sept 18-tf

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance.
May 23-tf SAM'L P. STONER.

COACHMAKING.
PERSONS in want of vehicles of any description, new or second-handed, can be supplied at the old "Waynesboro' Coach Factory" on Church street. The subscriber cordially invites those desiring anything in his line to call and examine his stock and learn his prices, which he feels warranted in saying will compare favorably with that of any other establishment in the county.
REPAIRING of all kinds will receive prompt attention.
Thankful to the public for past patronage he solicits a continuation of the same in the future. JACOB ADAMS.
april 10-tf

Select Poetry.

THE DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

The sunlight is bright on the forest and meadow,
The lark and the robin are trilling their song;
The daisies and buttercups border the pathway,
And nod to the summer winds all the day long.
As blue is the sky, and as fair are the flowers,
The earth is a wonderful picture outspread;
But I turn from the sunlight, the songs and the blossoms,
And sigh for the beautiful days that are dead.

Afar o'er the hill tops the day robed in splendor,
Comes forth like a queen from the realm of the sun,
And the valleys uplift the white veil of their slumber
To welcome the dawn of a day just begun.
The dew spangled lawn and the glittering forest
Drop gems at my feet and o'erjewel my head,
But I long for the freshness and joy of the mornings
That came with the beautiful days that are dead.

Oh sweet vanished days that went out with the sunset,
Shall I find ye alone in the land of my dreams—
With the friends and the songs, and the flashes of gladness,
And your skies mirrored fair on the silvery streams?
Shall the heart ever mourn for a song that is silent,
When sweetest of harmonies o'er it are shed?
Shall the dark buried past find no bright resurrection?
Shall eternity bring back the days that are dead?

Miscellaneous Reading.

TO BE SKINNED ALIVE.

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

A rich banker named Sanderland enjoyed for a long time the favor of the Empress Catharine II of Russia, but one day he suddenly saw his house surrounded by an armed force, led by a commissary of the police, who demanded to speak with him.

"My dear sir," said he to the frightened banker, "it grieves me deeply to have received orders from our gracious sovereign to execute towards you a severity beyond anything I have ever yet seen. I know not what extraordinary offence you have commmitted, to excite such extremity of anger in her majesty as to induce her to command a punishmeut so horrible and unprecedented."

"I do not understand a word of what you are saying," answered the astonished banker. "I am as much amazed as if you had fallen from the clouds. What are the orders you received?"

"I have not the courage to tell you; and yet I shall be compelled to execute them."

"Am I indeed so unfortunate as to have lost her majesty's confidence?"

"Ah, if that were all, sir, you would not see me so disconsolate. You might regain her confidence, and even her favor, but—"

"Then I am to be banished from Russia?"

"That would indeed be a sad misfortune, yet with your riches you could find a hospitable reception in any other country, but—"

"Oh, heavens! is it possible that I am to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Even from there you might, sooner or later, be recalled to Russia."

"Perhaps then you are going to put me in prison?"

"I wish it were so, for then you might be liberated."

"Am I, then, condemned to undergo the knout?"

"The knout is a dreadful punishment, to be sure, but not always fatal."

"Then, oh! then, you would lead me to death! tell me plainly; this suspense is worse than death itself."

"Know, then, that your most gracious Empress has given orders to take off your entire skin."

"To take off my skin!" exclaimed Sanderland, seized with horror—"to flay me alive?" But gaining his self-possession, he added, "No, no—it cannot be; either you have lost your senses, Mr. Commissary, or your most benign mistress has lost hers. Is it possible you made no answer when you received such cruel orders?"

"I did more than any other would have dared to do. I did not conceal my grief and surprise. I lingered in the imperial presence, and had actually begun an humble remonstrance to her Majesty, when our gracious sovereign turning to look on me, with a look and voice of anger, bade me begone and perform her will. I still seem to hear these threatening and appalling words: "Go, and never forget that it is your indispensable duty to execute without questioning the commands I think you worthy of receiving from me."

It is impossible to describe the agitation, the anguish, or the despair of the poor Sanderland. After he had for a time given vent to the violence of his distress, the commissary told him that he was allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his affairs.

In vain the banker prayed for a longer period, or at least an oppertunity to write to the Empreess and implore her clemency. At length although trembling for the consequences to his life, he consented, and he immediately followed the latter himself, but not having courage to present himsel, at court, he went to seek his friend and protector, Count Bruce.

The count thought that the commissary must have made a mistake, and took him directly to the imperial palace. There leaving him in ante-chamber, he obtained admission to the presence of the Empress, to whom he related the whole affair.

What was his astonishment to hear the Empress exclaim: "Just heaven! what atrocity! there can be no doubt that Niecloff (the commissary) is mad. Quick, Count! take the horse before it is too late and deliver my poor banker from his alarm, and assure him of my favor and good wishes."

The count hasten'd to communicate the order to the commissary, and was yet more astonished on returning to the presence of the Empress, to hear her exclaim, amid bursts of loudest laughter.

"Now I understand the cause of the strange and incomprehensible scene. I have for several years had a fine dog, which I valued highly, and had given him the name of Sanderland, both for the sake of a joke on my good banker, and also in compliment to an English gentleman of that name from whom I obtained the dog. Early this morning I gave orders to Niecloff to take off his skin entire, in order to have it stuffed, as the poor thing was dead. He seemed to hesitate whether to obey, and I was angry, because I thought it was silly pride on his part.

Trusting to Luck.

There are many who, ignoring the results of energy, enterprise, industry, economy, and circumstances, are wont to attribute good fortune to "luck." There may be such a thing as luck, but we lack any considerable amount of faith in it.—A man draws a prize of half a million in a lottery, and, of course, is generally regarded as a lucky man; but, after all, can his success be attributed to any special seen or hidden agency? He may have made ventures of a similar character hundreds of times, and always with failure as a result; and he might go on and make hundreds of more similar adventures without winning a second half-million prize.

A man fails to renew his insurance, and an hour after its expiration his property is destroyed by fire. "Bad luck," cries the unfortunate. No such thing; it is simply the legitimate consequence of negligence. Circumstances favor a weak commander, and he achieves a great victory. "Lucky fellow," cries the world.—Some men are indefatigably industrious, shrewd and economical, but they never grow rich, while others, like Midas of old, convert everything they touch into gold. This all seems luck, and for want of a more appropriate term, let us so cosider-er it.

But is it well to place dependence upon this Janus-faced agent that controls, as many believe, the destinies of men? It is well to sit down and complacently folding the hands, "trust to luck?" Remember that where fortune thrusts itself once upon a man who has not labored to win it, she ten thousand times over bestows her favors where they more rightfully belong. All who strive will not win; but few succeed who do not strive! The gods help those who help themselves, allowing the "trusting-to-luck" class to work their way out of the mire as they best can.

If you would triumph over obstacles you must battle with them. If a stream interposes between you and your main object, and no convenient or agreeable means of crosssing it offers, you must plunge in, buffet its waves, and with stout strokes gain the desired point. If you are destined to be lucky, rest assured that your day of good fortune will not be retarded because you are honest, industrious and persevering.

Curiosities of the Moon.

The most powerful telescope presents the moon so far off that only the larger objects on its surface can be seen. But a photograph gives us here some assistance. Such a picture presents all the minute details, and these can be magnified by a powerful microscope. The latter may magnify many millions of times. Now, placing a minute section of such a moon photograph under such a microscope, there appears no obstacle to our penetrating all the mysteries of the moon, even down to the smallest rabbit that may inhabit it, were it not for the unfortunate fact that the smoothest surface known to science becomes so rough under the microscope as to obliterate all photographic impressions there may be on it. Nature must supply, or art be able to furnish some surface that will remain smooth under the microscope, and that material is the object now to be found. A French scientist thinks he obtained it in the silk-like goss of the common milkweed, reduced by a chemical solvent to a pulp, and then manufactured into paper. It has answered so far every purpose, and a first copy taken by the camera afforded undeniable proof that the moon is inhabited by a queer race, that need neither air nor water to preserve life. But, owing to the fact that the photograph was taken when the moon was in full, the inhabitants presented an appearance like that of flies on a ceiling, so that nothing could be seen of them but the crowns of their heads.

Origin of the Names of States.

There is much that is interesting in the study of the origin of the names of the States of the Union, as they are derived from a variety of sources. To begin in the geographical order we first have

Maine, which takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I, Henrietta, its owner.

New Hampshire—first called Laconia—from Hampshire, England.

Vermont, from the Green Mountains, (in French, *verd mont.*)

Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying, "The country about the great hill."

Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant.

Connecticut's name was Mohegan, spelled originally, "Quon-eh ta-cut, signifying "A long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, ceded him that territory.

New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carteret, after the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel, of which he was governor.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the "sylvania" meaning woods.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, Governor of Virginia.

Maryland receives its name from the Queen of Charles I., Hennietta Maria.

Virginia gets its name from Queen Elizabeth, the unmarried or the Virgin Queen.

The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I. Georgia in honor of Charles II.

Florida gets its name from Jasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word signifying "The land of rest."

Louisiana—named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi derives its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of the Waters."

Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "Smoky Water," with the French prefix of ark, "a bow."

Tennesse is an Indian name, meaning "The river with the big bend."

Kentucky—an Indian name—"Kaintuck-ee," signifying "At the head of the river."

Ohio—Shawnee name for "Beautiful River."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for a fish weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested.

Indiana's name is derived from that of the Indians.

Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word "Illinois" men, and the French affix "*eis*," making it "Tribes of Men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian for a wild, rushing channel.

Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river.

Kansas—the Indian name for smoky water.

The derivation of the names of Nebraska and Nevada is unknown.

Iowa signifies, in the Indian language, "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "The Cloudy Waters."

The origin of the name of California is unknown.

Danger of being a Rich Man's Son

The following story is said to be strictly true:

Mr. P., a wealthy man, retired from business, was urged by a friend to engage in a merchantile scheme, from which large profits were apparent. "You are right," said he, "as regards the probable success of the scheme; but I shall not embark in it. I have too much money already.

He was asked to explain, and then remarked:

"Yes, I would not cross the street to gain thousands. I should be happy if my income were less. I am old, and in a year or two whatever I posess will avail me naught. My daughters are dead, and I have three sons whom I dearly love.—My own education had been neglected; my fortune gained by honest labor and careful economy; I had no time for study, but I resolved that my sons should have every advantage. They each received a classical education, and then I gave them a choice of a profession. The oldest would be a physician; the second chose the law; the third resolved to follow my foot-steps as a merchant. I was proud of my sons, and trusted one day to see them distinguished, or at least useful to their fellowmen. I spared no expense in their training; they had never wanted money for I gave each a liberal allowance. Never had men fairer opportunities; but look at the result. The physician had no patients; the lawyer no clients; while the merchant—instead of following my example—is above visiting his counting-room! In vain I urge them to great diligence.—What is the response? "There is no use, father—we shall never want money; we known you have enough for all." Thus, instead of being useful and energetic members of society, my sons are mere idlers and men of vain display. Had they been forced to struggle against difficulties to gain their professions, and were they even now dependent upon their own exertions for support, they would, in all probability, do credit to themselves and me."

There is a class of make-believe friends in every community, who are always ready to pump you to any extent, if you will only place the handle in their hands, or furnish a leaky bucket, to pour your troubles into, under a pretended friendship, and then use them to your injury, if possible. From such deliver us.

Scene at a St. Louis Bank.

"Ver ish der gasheer?" ejaculated the breathless Teuton as he bounded up the steps and in the door.

A courtly gentleman made the bland response, "I am the cashier, sir; what can we do for you to-day?"

"Vot gan you do vor me, sacrement!—Dot ish a pooty node, aind it? Do vor me? Her-Got donnerwetter und zeifenblizen! I vants dot monish—mine gold vot I make deposit mit dis her pank poorty soon last summer, und—"

"We have temporarily suspended payment, sir, by an arrangement similar—"

"Arrangements similar, der tuyfel!" broke in our Hebrew friend; "vat do I vant mit your arrangements? I vants dot monish—five tousand dollar vat I make deposid here all der vile und I vants him pooty quick, too, oof you dond vants some droobles right avay!"

"Calm yourself, my friend, and let us talk this matter over. I shall be glad to certify your checks for your balance with us, and—"

"Certify nodings! Vat you tinks I vas one fool? Here, here! (pounding the counter with his fists) I vants dot monish—dot gold—efry cent, und I vants him right away, quek, owt, oder I make you a heep o' droobles pooty soon! Gif me dot monish—dot greenbacks—dot ish all I vant! Make him owt queek, und I go right away off, und you can go mit der tuyfel und your old bank!"

Seeing there was no way of reasoning with his excited customer, the cashier turned to his paying teller and said: "Mr. ——, cash this man's check for his balance in full."

The Chicago dealer in "sheep cloding" nervously drew up his check and the unbane teller counted out the sum it called for. The Teuton drew in one good long breath, counted his money carefully, put it in his breast pocket, and went his way a happy man. The cashier went back to his office, and had been seated there some minutes when the prominent nasal appendage of his Teuton customer again overshadowed the counter and his voice was again heard:

"Mr. Gasheer, I vood like to speak mit you some dings."

Thinking that perhaps his customer had recovered from his fright and desired to redeposit his funds, the cashier responded quickly and came forward to the counter. "Well, sir, what is the matter now?"

"Vell, you see, ven I hear about dis dings mit der panks I was in Shecago, und I must gum righd avay queek here und I dhinks dot it vill be all righd ven you bay mine leedle expenses down here und pack home und——"

"Pay your expenses!" broke in the cashier. "Pay your expenses! Well, that is an idea to be sure. See here, my friend, how many brass bands do you suppose could be supplied with instruments from that cheek of yours, and then have bronze enough left to make an equestrian statue of Jim Fisk? About how many six-gun batteries of twelve-pound Napoleon howitzers were melted down to make that cheek, anyhow?"

The excited individual from Chicago eyed his interlocutor with the injured air of one who thinks he has been refused a very reasonable request, and then sadly preceded his coat tails out of that bank. *He had got his money.—St. Louis Republican.*

Saturday Night.

What recollections cluster around the memory as Saturday night, while the unceasing roll of time, again pays its weekly visit. The weary labor of the week over, the tired mortal sits down and meditates upon the 'ups and downs' of the world and the vicissitudes incidental to this mundane sphere, while the wind in fitful gusts brings down the Autumn colored leaves in thick profusion, and howls musically around his habitation. Saturday night and the pattering rain drops sing a mournful requiem to the death of another week; Saturday night, and the heart of many a wandering bachelor turns with fevered longing for a home and fireside of his own Saturday night, and the wily lawyer shuts his book, lays aside his half finished brief; Saturday night, and the speculating merchant closes his ledger, locks the door of his massive iron safe; Saturday night, and the brain racked printer quietly smokes his tobacco stained pipe as his thoughts run lazily—not gaily, not sadly—back to the memory of Saturdays gone in the long ago, of Saturdays yet to come; Saturday night, and all unitedly thank God that to morrow will come the rest of the holy, quiet Sabbath.

A KISS IS A PROMISE.—The highest judicial tribunal of the State of New York has just rendered a decision which makes kissing and flirting and casting "sheep's-eyes" a dangerous business. In a recent case Judge Neilson charged that no words were necessary to constitute an engagement, but "the gleam of the eye and the conjunction of the lips are overtures, when they become frequent and protracted, which amount to a promise of marriage." The jury, always eager to do a thing which shall be gallant, gave Roxelena, the plaintiff, $15,000 for the wear and tear of her lips and affections. This decision was confirmed by the Court of Appeals. A Des Moines, Iowa, paper says that "there is now only one way left for the young people to enjoy the pleasures of kissing and escape the possibilities of contracting a marriage promise, and that is for the unmarried men to kiss the married ladies, and the unmarried girls to kiss the married men. We vote for the latter.

The veil of the future was woven by the gentlest of all hands—those of Mercy.

No one can default death. He may be put off with long notes, put will eventually get his own.

A Quaker to his Watchmaker.

FRIEND WOOSTER:—I herewith send thee my pocket clock which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction, the last time he was at thy friend's school he was no ways reformed, nor even in the least benefitted thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering or irregular, that his pulse is sometimes quick, betokening not an even temper, at times he waveth, is sluggishe, notwithstanding that I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty as thou knoweth his name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping, or as the vanity of human reason phraseth it, I catch him napping. Hence, I think he is not right in the inward man. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayst, being well acquainted with inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his ways, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon, I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic from all pollution that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth. I will place him a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest it. I entreat thee, friend Charles to demean thyself of this occasion with a right judgment according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman that need not be ashamed. And when thou layest the correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come by the motion of that light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above-mentioned rules, do thou send him home, with just bill of charges, drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and the root of evil shall be sent thee.

A Nashville man had occasion to go to Memphis, over the Northwestern road, last week. There were but few passengers aboard, and during the night the conductor came and sat by him. "Goin' to Memphis, are you, stranger?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said the Nashville man. "Mighty rough road, ain,t it?" queried the conductor, with a yawn. "Very," was the reply. "Last time I went over this road this car we're in now was upset, and a man killed all to smash," said the communicative ticket puncher, with another yawn. Then he added: "I've got the most reckless engineer on the road with me to-night, but I hope we won't have any accidents." "I certainly hope we will not," responded the passenger, with a slight feeling of uneasiness. "Well, I don't know as it would make much difference to you," said the conductor, cheerfully. "You'll die anyhow if you're goin' to Memphis."—*Nashville Union and American.*

COURTSHIP.—Very few of our young lady readers are conversant with the modus operandi by which a young man may be 'entrapped' by their fascinating charms. We will here endeavor to give them our view of the manner in which it should be done, and by the practice of which a lover may be caught in 'love's silken net" A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas, the young lady who is hasty and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her finger's ends.

DAY'S LENGTH.—The length of days in the north of Europe is as follows: At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half.—At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest twenty-one hours and one half, and the shortest two and one-half hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the North. At Spitzbergen, the longest day lasts three months and a half.

DEMPERENCE LEKSHUR.—Don't look of dot lager when it bin red, when it vas given poorty much goler in dot bier glass, und when he vas movin all rite; for of her last he sting like von pumblebee, und bites like a newfountland bull-dorg. No drunken feller don't got by dot kintom vou heafen in. Who got droubles? Who gots fights? Who got blue eyes and red noses? Guess once. Vell, I told you.—Dem fellers vat hangs around of dem licker-gin mills, und drinken mixed trinks, like hot Thomas und Jeremiah, for instint, don't it?

Uf you don't tought more von your seventeen vifes und one children und to getting drunk, it vas petter you gone dead, py gracious.

Don't you bin ashamed mit yourself uf you vas comin' home on a gouble o'clock in der morning time, und don't could find der keyholes?

Den ven you vas drying pooty much how too pool dem boots of mit ein tood-brush, und clean dem poods mit a jack boot—don't you bin drunk den? Ain't it? I vas bin a little hoarse, so I don't could rite no more leckshur.

Who dreads to lager next?

A lady, says a Western editor, has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

Wit and Humor.

What is better than a piece of bread when one is hungry? Two pieces.

"Is this clean butter?" inquired a grocery keeper of a green one from the country. "Guess it ort to be," was the reply, "for it took the old woman and boys ever since Friday to pick the hairs out on it."

The Danbury *News* man states that the panic has so far abated as to permit an Essex street man to return to ten cent cigars, and he hopes in another month, if the brightness continues to increase, to get his boy's boots half-soled.

Counsel (to witness)—Now, sir, what is the character of the plaintiff in this suit?

Witness—Her character is slightly matrimonial.

Counsel—What do you mean by a slightly matrimonial character?

Witness—She's been married seven times?

"And so ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said one Irishman to another.

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach"

"So he did! But, then, my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach, bedade."

A young lady, living in a small town on the Mississippi, saved a man's life the other day in a queer way. He was fishing, and tumbled out of his boat, and being unable to swim, would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four foot in length, towed him to the land.

TOOK HIS ADVICE.—A certain young lady who was undermining her constitution by keeping late hours, was told by her physician that she must retire early and rise early, if she wanted to recover her health. Following his advice, she discharges her young man every night at eleven o' clock, now, and rises in the morning at eight. Some sacrifice must be made, she says, when one's health is at stake.

THOUGHT.—Thought is the electricity of the brain. It shoots to the remotest period of history, and touches the first link of life. It passes through the elements of fire, air, earth and water: it penetrates to the depths of knowledge and rises to the gates of heaven. Thought is an infinitesimal ray of the Deity, bestowed on humanity. It returns to Him from a corruptible to a spiritual existence. Cultivate it, and you will be refined; neglect it and you will be debased.

Some time ago an Irishman was convicted of a felony, and sentenced to death. On the day it was to be carried into effect he received a reprive, his innocence having, after his trial, been satisfactorily established. The fellow had a wife, a terrible vixen, who lived at a distance, and whose presence he dreaded more than death. With a hope of accomplishing a final separation, he wrote to her the day after he received the reprieve, with the following effect:

Dear Mary—I was hanged yesterday and died like a man. No more at present from your loving husband, till death does us part.

TRICKING A GATE-KEEPER.—A minstrel, riding a pumpkin-colored sorrel, perpetrated a heavy sell on a toll gate keeper one day. He rode up unobserved and turned his horse's face about, directly opposite the direction he wanted to go, called to the toll keeper, who by this time had come out, "What is the toll?"

"Twenty cents," replied the toll gate keeper.

"Too high," replied the solitary horseman; "cant pay it. Guess I'll go back."

He turned his horse about and proceeded in precisely the direction he wanted to go, the toll-keeper never dreaming of the sell.

Jim Guppins was a clever, nice, good-disposition, thick-headed sort of a fellow, and was the butt of the girls in his neighborhood. The most brilliant thing he ever said was, when some of the fair teasers questioned him one day in regard to his powers of memory.

"How far back in your lifetime can you remember, Jim?"

"Oh! I can remember the day I was born," was his reply.

"The day you was born!" exclaimed one of the young ladies of the party.

"Why, Jim, what can you remember of that day?"

"Oh! I remember very distinctly, that on the day I was born, I sat on a little stool in the corner of the fire place and cried for fear I was a *girl*."

WAKE MONEY.—A good-looking Irishman stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord—

"What is the news!"

The landlord, disposed to run upon him, replied—

"They say the devil is dead."

"An' sure," says Pat, "that's news indade."

Shortly after, he went to the bar, laid down some coppers, and resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take.

"*Nothing at all*," said Pat

"Then why did you put down this money."

"An' sure, sir, it's the custom in my own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."