

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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NUMBER 27.

## THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING  
By W. BLAIR.

**TERMS**—Two Dollars per Annum if paid within the year; Two Dollars and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirteen 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—14.]

**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—14.

**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 adjoining the Western School House. July 20—14.

**ISAAC N. SNIVELY,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—14.

**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—14.

**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—14.

**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 notice and upon reasonable terms. The subscriber's Office is in Waynesboro', Wood Sawing Edmists always on hand. JOHN L. METCALF, Quincy, Pa. Feb 27—14.

**MILLINERY GOODS!**  
MRS. C. L. HOLLINGERBERG now located at 37 Pearl Street, Baltimore, Md., has opened a new Stock of the best and most fashionable Millinery Goods. Orders from the country promptly filled at prices which will give entire satisfaction. Oct 30—14.

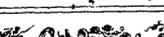
**J. H. WELSH**  
WITH  
**W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,  
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
April 3—14.

**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—14.

**THE BOWDEN HOUSE**  
MAIN STREET,  
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.  
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurbished, 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—14. SAMP P. STONER.

**COACHMAKING.**  
PERSONS in want of vehicles of any description, new or second-hand, 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—14.

## Select Poetry.



### WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman, who many years  
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears,  
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands  
Will yield no harvest in my hands;  
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;  
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;  
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,  
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain;  
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred  
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,  
And from its leaves a voice he heard:—

"The germs and fruits of life must be  
Forever hid in mystery;  
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than mine  
Must hang the clusters on a vine,  
And make the fields and harvests shine.

"Men can but work; God can create;  
But they who work, and watch, and wait,  
Have their reward, though it come late.

Look up to heaven! behold and hear  
The clouds and thunders in thy ear—  
And answer to thy doubts and fears."

He looked, and lo! a cloud draped car,  
With trailing smoke and flame afar,  
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thrifty flock and plain,  
Was raising up to meet the rain  
That comes to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again  
The covenant of God with men,  
Re-written with his rainbow pen:—

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,  
And though the gates of hell assail,  
My truth and promises shall prevail.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

Percy Van Rapp, by his own saying, was of the purest blood of the Knickerbockers. It was like listening to one of the Meosae genealogies to hear him trace back his lineage to old Rip Van Rapp, one of the veritable old Rips who built the town of New Amsterdam of bricks bro't from Holland, before it was known that bricks could be made of American clay, or cheese from any but Dutch milk.

Percy was spending the season at a fashionable watering place, and was the heaviest swell there; unless we accept Adrian Dodge, a young gentleman of great reputed wealth, and more than average pretension.

Great rivalry existed between these two. Which could wear the sleekest hat, and dance in pumps of the finest kid, was the daily problem of their lives—and they put their whole minds to it till Kate Wiley came and gave them something else to think of.

Kate was a beauty and rich. This was her first season, and she at once became the centre of attraction. Foremost among her admirers were Percy Van Rapp and Adrian Dodge whom this fresh rivalry might any day have personally embroiled had either known how great a coward the other was.

The truth is, in this matter, both were deeply in earnest. Mr. Van Rapp's fortunes were little short of desperate; and Mr. Dodge's notwithstanding reports—chiefly of his own circulation—were in condition not much better. Kate's case would be a new lease of dissipated life to whichever of them could manage to get it.

Kate received their advances coolly at first, but after a time they seemed to amuse her. What impressions they finally made we must let our story tell for itself.

Neither suitor had room to boast over the other. If Kate had any choice between them, she kept it to herself. There were times when each would have counted the day his own had he not felt that his rival had equal grounds for confidence.

It was impossible that things should long continue so. Percy Van Rapp determined to know his fate at once. Accordingly he seized his first opportunity of laying bare his heart to Kate, only suppressing mention of a few private motives which lay at the bottom of it.

When Kate blushed and stammered something that didn't sound like No, Percy could have stood on his head for joy.

I can trust the coachman however. Disguised in mail attire,"—she blushed prettily—"I can leave the hotel unobserved, and John will be in readiness to take me in the carriage to a rendezvous, agreed upon. Meet me there, and in half an hour we can reach the house of a neighboring clergyman, an old acquaintance of my father, whose aid we can invoke, and—

"And what a little plotter I am!" "You're an angel!" cried Percy! "But you must promise one thing," said Kate.

"Anything darling?" "Not to speak a word when we meet, nor until we're married—everything hereabouts has ears."

"I promise," he said solemnly. The time and place were fixed, and Percy Van Rapp rose to take his leave. He already heard Kate's dollars jingling in his pocket.

"One thing more," said Kate. Percy bowed obediently. "It will be the night of the fancy ball. Let us both wear masks. If we are seen it will excite no remark, and we'll thus escape recognition."

"Capital," he exclaimed pressing her hand at parting. At the hour and place appointed Percy was in waiting, closely masked, and peering through the night with the watchful impatience of an anxious lover.

The sound of wheels was heard presently, and in a few moments a carriage stopped on the spot agreed on. The driver alighted and opened the door. Percy entered without speaking, and the coachman, who had evidently received instructions, resumed his place and drove off rapidly.

In the darkness, Percy could barely distinguish the outlines of a figure with a masked face. He could hardly refrain from clasping it in his arms, and giving vent to a torrent of tender eloquence; but remembering his promise, he restrained himself. His capacity to do so was at the point of giving out, when in deep bass, he heard the words:

"Dearest Kate!" "Dearest thunder!" he shouted, who the mischief are you?" "And who the fiend are you?" exclaimed the other.

"Adrian Dodge! by all that's amazing!" yelled Percy. "Percy Van Rapp! by all that's infernal!" shrieked Adrian.

"Villain! you shall pay for this!" roared Percy, springing on his rival with the ferocity of a tiger. Towards fight desperately when cornered, and here both were. The uproar alarmed the coachman, who stopped and called a policeman. The combatants were dragged out and summarily marched off.

Next morning they were discharged, and by that time the truth having come out, they took the next train for the city, thus relieved Kate of a pair of unwelcome suitors, whose selfish designs her aunt's eyes had been quick to penetrate, and for whom she herself felt nothing but contempt.

The way in which the two lovers came to find themselves together was this: Before the interview between Kate and Percy at which the elopement was planned, Kate had received a call, the same morning from Adrian Dodge, who; being interrupted in the midst of a tender declaration by an inopportune visitor, made an appointment to return in the afternoon.

Meanwhile Percy had come and laid bare his heart, as we have seen, when it occurred to Kate to rid herself of the two adventurers by a harmless strategy. How she enticed Percy into the trap we have already shown. In the afternoon, when Adrian returned, he was lured into a similar snare—the only difference being that he was to bring a carriage and find Kate in waiting, the conditions as to silence and disguises being the same.

Before the year was out Kate was married to one who had known and loved her, and whom she had known and loved from childhood; and the happy couple often laugh over the queer elopement, whose story we have attempted to tell.

**HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.**—Monkeys are such cunning creatures one would suppose them more difficult to catch than any wild animal. Pitfalls will take a lion, and the fabled monarch of the desert will, after a few days starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are the monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their love of liquor. In Darfour and Sabar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are very fond.

Aware of this the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take them up, and they immediately begin to weep and cover them with kisses.

## A GIRL'S FOREVER.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

The mulberry flower came drooping down Sweet o'er the two that stood together, Parting there by the gateway brown, Still and sad in the soft May weather. He held her close for a last long kiss— "I wait for you, dear," she said, "forever! No later hour shall be false to this; For mine is a love that can alter never!"

The mulberry flowers drop down once more Sweet o'er the two that stand together:— But not the two that stood before, Parting sad in soft May weather! For the earth has changed its bloom again And the love has changed that could alter never, But a year has come and gone since then— And that is the length of a girl's forever.

## Helping a Boy.

The Danbury News tells a good story of a New York party named Reynolds, who had been spending the summer at Danbury, who, during the apple season, was strolling for his health, when he observed a boy trying to pull a kite from an apple tree where it had lodged.

As Mr. Reynolds came up the string broke, leaving the kite up there. With the natural promptings of a humane heart, the gentlemen gave his coat in charge of the boy, and crawling over the fence, was soon up the tree. The boy felt pretty bad about the accident to his kite, but on taking a second look at the coat, which was almost new, he dried his tears and scampered off with it unperceived by Reynolds, who was trying to take an obstinate twig from the back of his neck.

After considerable difficulty he reached the kite, and was stretching forth his hand to take it when the limb he was on snapped suddenly in two, and he fell some six feet, splitting one of his pantaloons legs half way up, and running a twig into his nose with such violence as to make that organ bleed. Fortunately he was saved from further mishaps by catching on a stronger limb.

He stopped then to feel of his nose and meditate on the accident, when a rough voice from below demanded what he was doing there, and looking down he saw a short-sleeved, bald-headed man with a pitchfork in his hand and fire in his eye. Mr. Reynolds explained about the kite.

"That won't do," said the man. "I've had too many apples hooked from that 'ere tree, and now that I've got the thief, I intend to make him dance." And the man looked ferociously at Reynolds's facilities for dancing.

The unhappy Reynolds referred to the boy for endorsement of his story. "What boy?" asked the owner of the orchard. "I don't see no boy. There aint no boy here."

Reynolds looked out in the road, but there was no boy in sight. He shouted "Bub!" two or three times, but there was no response. The color deserted his face and a look of mingled astonishment and horror spread over his features.

"This is very extraordinary," he said. "Very," coincided the farmer, with great dryness. "That boy has stolen my coat, and I must pursue him and recover it," said Reynolds, suddenly becoming frantic over his loss and preparing to descend.

"Oh, come down and catch him," said the farmer with biting sarcasm, chewing his tongue to show how calm he was, and placing the fork in such a way as to take in the most valuable portions of Mr. Reynolds's body.

That gentleman saw the preparations in time to stop. "Why, you wouldn't run that fork into me, you old idiot?" "Who are you calling an old idiot, you miserable whippersnapper?" shouted the old chap, as he insanely danced around the foot of the tree, and glared fiercely at his victim. "Come here and rob me, you villain, will you, and then stand up in my own tree and blaspheme me? Run the fork into you, will I? Yes, I'd run it into two hundred of ye."

Mr. Reynolds was shocked. "What do you want me to do?" he said, despairing of reasoning with the owner of the orchard. "I want you to pay me five dollars, and get out of this orchard as fast as your rascally legs can take you."

Mr. Reynolds hesitated. It was bad enough to lose a coat and ruin his pants to help an evil boy out of trouble, without being bombarded with epithets, and charged five dollars for the performance. He thought he would jump down on the old man and crush him, but he looked at the fork and repeated of the design. Then he drew out a five dollar bill and dropped it to his enemy, and humbly sliding down the tree, reaching his feet just in time to avoid a kick the irate man aimed at him. He was helped out of the orchard with the fork handle, and immediately started for the hotel, which he afterwards reached in a condition of nervous prostration that at first threatened to result seriously.

An active search has been made for the boy, but neither he nor the coat has been discovered.

**HOPE.**—A strong mind always hopes, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself, it is not confined to particular objects, and if at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils, it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.

## The Boy who Conquered.

Two or three years ago a lad who was left without parents, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as an errand boy, or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy has been in bad company, and acquired the habit of calling for his bitters occasionally, because he thought it looked manly.

He smoked cigars also. He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers he noticed that a merchant on Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called and made his business known. "Walk into my office, my lad," said the merchant, "I will attend to you soon."

When he had waited on his customers he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, and faithful lad, but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits; and if I am not mistaken your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John—for this was his name—held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death bed, called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, "Johnny, dear boy, I am going to leave you; you will know what disgrace and misery your father brought upon us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will not taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink spiritous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother had said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and the people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys railed at him. He went to his lodging, and throwing himself on the bed, gave vent to his feelings in distressed sobs that were heard all over the house.

But Johnny had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to touch another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar so long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant, and said—

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father or mother, and though I have occasionally failed to follow the good advice of my poor mother on her death bed, nor done as I promised I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar, and if you, sir, will try me it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck by the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He thus faithfully kept his pledge to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance as you enter upon the duties of life.

**CUT THIS OUT.**—Every person should understand how to treat a flesh wound, because one is liable to be placed in circumstances, away from surgical and veterinary aid, where he may save his own life, the life of a friend or of a beast, simply by the exercise of a little common sense. In the first place, close the lips of the wound with the hand, and hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied. Then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water. "Should it be painful," a correspondent says, "take a panful of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed, and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others, with like result. Last week one of my men had a finger-nail torn out by a pair of ice-tongues. It became very painful, as was to have been expected. Held in sugar smoke for twenty minutes, the pain ceased and promised speedy recovery."

**COMPLETION OF THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.**—This great engineering work—a mile-long tunnel for a distance of five miles through the solid rock heart of a granite mountain, is at last so far completed to let daylight shine through. On Thanksgiving Day the last remaining piece of rock which separated the two working parties in the western shaft were removed, leaving a clear passage from end to end, and completing a direct way from Boston to the west. There has been about twenty years work upon this enterprise, and the actual cost is very nearly ten million dollars. A hundred and thirty-six men have been killed by casualties in the course of the construction of the tunnel. Though the hole is made through the mountain, its preparation for trains will require some months' more labor, and it will probably be nearly a year before the line can be fairly put in operation for through business.

Young people who lip are requested to say "Mis Myth Smith."

## Sayers and the Drayman.

A noted divine in the course of some remarks at a meeting of a humane society in Scotland relates an anecdote of this well known pugilist, which is as follows: "Some few years ago, as I was walking down a street in London. I saw a brewer's drayman cruelly ill treating a horse which was for the time under his control. The poor creature, evidently possessed of great power, but not understanding quite what the man meant, did not do exactly what he wished, whereupon the brewer's drayman treated the animal in a way which excited the indignation of all the lookers on, of whom I was one. However, no one seemed disposed to come into active collision with the man, a strong bulky fellow; and all that was done was to shout out, 'Shame! shame!' But just at the time a little gig-drove up, in which were seated two persons, the driver being a smallish man with a white hat and coat. He stopped his vehicle, and joined in the remonstrances of the crowd, but with no effect; the brewer's drayman saying, with a surly growl, 'If you come down, I'll serve you in the same way.' No sooner was this said than the little man handed his white hat and reins to the other person in the gig, and alighting on the street, in the course of a few very minutes inflicted such punishment on the brewer's drayman as gave joy to the hearts of all the humane bystanders. His anger being satisfied, to the great mortification of the drayman, he got up into his gig, and drove away, all the bystanders cheering him, and shouting, 'Bravo, Tom! bravo!' I turned to one of the bystanders, and asked 'Who is Tom?' 'Why, don't you know?' said he, 'that's Tom Sayers.' Well, I must confess, though I had heard of his doings a few months before, I took off my hat and shouted, 'Bravo Tom!' to the retreating hero, with the best of them."

**VANDERBILT ON RELIGION.**—Burling in the Boston Journal tells the following story: "While I am on this matter I will relate a little incident told me by a steamboat captain. He said: 'I'm an elder in the Presbyterian church. I made a profession of religion when young. Vanderbilt employed me to run one of his boats. It was considered a great thing for a person of my age to have such a position. I was proud of it and tried to do my best. One Saturday the agent came to me and said: 'You must fix up your boat to-day, for to-morrow we are going to send you up the North River on an excursion.' I thought the matter over. I was a young man, and did not wish to lose my position, yet I could not run the boat on Sunday. I said so to the agent in a letter, tendered my resignation, and prepared to go home. I met the Commodore on the Battery. He said: 'Come down and dine with me to-morrow, my wife wants to see you.' 'I cannot,' was the reply, 'for I must go home. I have got through on your line.' 'What does this mean?' said the Commodore. I told him the story. 'That fellow is a fool. We have got men enough to run that boat whose principles won't be hurt. You go about your business. If anybody interferes with your religion, send them to me.'"

**TWEED IN PRISON.**—To record the fact that William M. Tweed, lately known as the master of the city of New York, President of the Department of Public Works, Manager of its Politics. Senator of the State, a pampered, pompous millionaire, whose stables are palaces adorned with costly paintings, and whose houses are furnished beyond the abode of kings: to announce that this man is a convicted thief, imprisoned among the vilest of men for twelve years, is to record one of the most astounding and gratifying facts that we ever put upon paper. We rejoice in it as a substantial triumph of justice; an indication that in the midst of abounding corruption, there is yet virtue to maintain the right, to punish scoundrels in high places, and that even jurors may yet be found who are faithful to their oaths and their country.—New York Observer.

**IMMORTALITY.**—Turn whithersoever we will, we find the belief in immortality. In every nation ever known, in every race that has ever lived, in every age of this changing world, we find it. Every language known to man, as now or heretofore spoken among the babblers of the earth, is constructed in accordance with it. In all ages, men in dying have looked on death as simply the soul's putting off its tabernacle. There are exceptions, but they are so few that they hardly attract our attention, and do not destroy the practical accuracy of our statement. The belief in immortality is one of the universal convictions of the race.

**CURE FOR A FELON.**—As soon as discovered, take some spirits of turpentine in a cup, dip the finger in it, and then hold the hand near a hot fire till dry; then dip it in again and repeat for fifteen minutes, or until the pain ceases. The next day, with a sharp knife, pare off the thick skin and you will find something like a honeycomb filled with clear water; open the cells and the felon is gone. If the felon is too far advanced for turpentine, oil of organum, treated in the same way, will cure. If too far advanced for either to cure, the felon will still be benefited, or it will be less painful. Never draw it.

"Bidy, darling, wud yeez like a shanty, a cow, a pig, wid me, and a few children in the bargain?" "Och, Fadly, you'd be fazing! It's the praist we be wanting."

## Wit and Humor.

When is an army like a tuck in a lady's dress? When it is hemmed in.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter I?—Because though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Mrs. Partington will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed him.

A little fellow not very far from here was recently heard to ask: "What do Charlie bite Emma for and her dont holder?" "Take care girls, when little brothers are about."

A woman went into an Illinois river the other day, intending to drown herself, but a lot of rude boys threw mud at her, whereupon she came out in great wrath and had them arrested, and declared she'd "live to see them sent to the State-prison."

"Why ish der Broosian and der Vrenchen il. der late var like vleas on ein hook's pack?" "Yoost because dye makes it pooty lifely in der Rhine; ain't it?"

Our little fellow has just learned to repeat the following: "Tobacco is a nauseous weed; it was the devil sowed the seed; it drains the pockets, soils the clothes And makes a chimney of your nose."

"Charlie," said a preacher to a little boy, "can you tell me who made the monkey?" "Oh, yes I can," said Charlie. "Well who made it?" "Why," said Charlie, "it was the same person as made you."

A preacher in a border town took up a collection one recent Sunday, and found when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a cent in it. "I am glad," said he, turning the crown of it with his hand, "that I have got my hat back from this congregation."

A youth who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

Just as an auctioneer was saying "Gone!" a few evenings since, his audience went through the floor into the cellar, but happily without hurting any of them. The auctioneer, as soon as he found his legs, remarked that the accident would enable him to sell lower than before, and called for a "bid" and they bid him "Good-night."

A contemporary says that in most cases of fevers we have no doubt that an attack might have been prevented and the patient well in a few days without a particle of medicine, by rest, partial fasting, and free use of lemons and lemoade. The virtue of this article in bilious attacks and incipient fevers has been tested with the best results, and we commend its use as a preventive of these diseases.

A young man who professes to have travelled says that the only difference in the whiskies of the principal cities of California is that, after taking a drink of Sacramento's chain lightning you immediately make a short cut to the railroad and go to sleep on the track; whereas, after imbibing a little of San Francisco's bottled insanity, a burning desire takes possession of you to steal a horse and buggy.

**BEAUTIFUL.**—In Wilmington, Del, a man was detected hurrying away from a butcher's stall with a steak, which he had stolen, under his coat. A policeman followed him home, and peeping through the window, saw him give the steak to some children, who devoured it raw. On learning this, the butcher, instead of prosecuting, sent the starving family a large basket of meat and a little cash to buy wood to cook it.

There is a Justice of the Peace in Iowa, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor the Sunday evening previous, who solemnly decided as follows: "It appears that this young fellow was courtin' the plaintiff's gal in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore the laws of Iowa will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged and the plaintiff must pay costs."

A gentleman who frequented a circus, noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why theurchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him. "My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?" "I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it's a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night." "But why do you come?" "Oh, I can't help it—I must come. I have got a season ticket."