

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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NUMBER 29.

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD.

Published every Thursday Morning
By W. BLAIR.

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LOCALS.—Business Lists Ten Cents per line for 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 23-4f.

DR. JOHN M. RUPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main street, Waynesboro. April 24-4f.

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 20-4f.

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
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 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.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c. on consignment. Liberal advances made on consignments. May 29-4f.

DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Gessner's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day.
no. 27-4f. BENJ. FRICK.

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 on reasonable terms. The Metallic Excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Quincy, Pa.
Feb 27-4f

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

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, Schamping, 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 18-4f

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO, PENNA.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has re-furnished, 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.
SAML P. STONER.
May 23-4f

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 10-4f

Select Poetry.



UNDER THE HOLY BOUGH.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holy bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here:

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each broken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holy bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morn;
If ere you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces
And join in our embraces,
Under the holy bough.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran thro' the brilliant crowd.
The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.
"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."
Every eye was turned to the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harry had been a convict, and of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in habit, and to night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions so soon.
Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "oh! how terrible!"
"What is it?" cried one, and all thronged to together; for she slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.
"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will point it for you, if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they fit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. Among them lies a manly form; but his cheeks how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.
"Genius in ruins; oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches to the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! I hear him call piteously his father's name! see him twice his fingers together, as he shrieks for sister, his only sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land.
"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the unsteady eyes trembling in their fluttering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awestricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together."
There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a snarling

ered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.
"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and his beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his are set in their sockets; and there their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister; Death is there; Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back, and convulsive shudder—he is dead!"
A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was the description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.
"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; and they scooped him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears strained down her beautiful cheeks, "Father, shall I drink it now?"
The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered, "No, no my child, in God's name, no."
She lifted the glistening goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend here after, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. No firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison."
"And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"
His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The judge left her room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home. Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression then made.

The Lucky Old Maid.
The following tractory might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy, if combed were still written in England:
It is generally the case, that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is; the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, and the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town, but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had, at one time or other, discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggard of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was handsome and rich.
Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.
"You see," said he father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune, you know; even in this scandalous town not a creature can breathe an imputation against her."
"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done. It is a misfortune, but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself."
Away went the niece with her uncle. On the way he thus addressed her:—"Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, and childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year by a fall from his horse while hunting."
"But, uncle—"
"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."
The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and everywhere the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to accept the one deepest in love with her, and a rare chance indeed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.
"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."
"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—"
"Nothing of the kind; my niece is sincerely attached to you."
"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?"
"On the contrary, it is larger."
"Well, what is the matter, then?"
"A joke,—an innocent joke, which came into my head one day, when I was in a good humor; we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."
"What, is Colonel Lumley living?"
"No, no, she is a spinster."
The over-protector that he was a happier fellow than ever he conceived himself, and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

Down the Hill.
The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, though it may be in mid heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky, and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; but what shall illumine his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important, more practical, more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without light, without a guide and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all men will begin the journey.
There is an evening in the natural world, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's evening star is in a good hope of heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated many a traveler into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will patiently and thankfully receive it.
The man who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his money.

The Duties of Youth.—The first years of man must make provision for the last. He who never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity ends in ignorance and impotence, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturity age, when the enchantments of fancy cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no more comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good; let us therefore live, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuries of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

A triple wedding is announced to take place in Philadelphia shortly, in which three brothers are to marry three sisters.

A keyhole is a good opening for small souls.

JOYS THAT WE'VE TASTED.

Joys that we've tasted may sometimes return,
But the torch when once wasted, ah, how can it burn?
Splendors now clouded, say, when will ye shine?
Broke is the goblet and wasted the wine.

Many the changes since last we have met;
Joys have been heightened and tears have been shed;
Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom,
Some at the altar and some at the tomb.

I stood in yon chamber, but one was not there,
Hushed was the lute string and vacant the chair;
Lips of love's melody, where are ye borne?
Never to smile again, ah, never to mourn.

A Remarkable Lecture.

Probably no friend of the colored race ever spoke more strongly in their behalf than did General Roger A. Pryor, in a lecture delivered in Brooklyn, on Tuesday last. A faithful Abolitionist of the struggle against slavery could not have been more enthusiastic in their defence or more flattering in his prophecies of their future. Of the past of the colored man he said: "The history of his race is one long, sad story of lamentation and woe, of misery and oppression." "He is gradually making himself competent to the highest achievement of civilization." And again: "His virtues are his own; his vices are the result of the untoward circumstances that have surrounded him."

General Pryor contradicted the common notion that the race is dying out. It increased twenty per cent. between 1860 and 1870. The negroes are developing the resources of the country, and doing better as freemen than as slaves. The voluntary laborers of 1872 sent to market more cotton by 150,000 bales than the slaves of 1860. And they are improving in morality and education. "To be sure," said General Pryor "the system of slavery was not the best school in which to learn the science of government, but we have not yet heard that a negro Congressman was in any way implicated in the Credit Mobilier scandal, and I do not believe that the negro Legislature of South Carolina was any more purchasable than the New York Assembly during the days of the Ring. What the negro wants is a chance to advance with the rest of mankind. In the North the theatres, the hotels, even the churches are closed to him and when he dies, prejudice actually defies the equality of the grave and forbids that his bones shall desecrate the sanctity of Greenwood and Woodland and Laurel Hill."

General Pryor anticipated that there would be a gradual movement of the race Southward, until the extreme Southern States would become their home, that there they would increase to the number of ten millions in half a century, and that they will bring to the Councils of the nation patriotism, intelligence and probity. It is a remarkable instance of the changes which time works, that an ultra Southerner should become the defender and advocate of the negro before a Northern audience.—*Baltimore American.*

Grand Council of Indians.

The St. Louis Republican of the 4th says: The grand council of the Indian nation is now in session at Boggy Depot, Choctaw Nation. This body is composed of delegates representing the Choctawes, Creeks, Seminole, Choctaws and Chickasaws. It is probable also that the Osage, Caddoes, Wacoas, Spanweas and Keechies will be represented in this important meeting. The best talent of the civilized tribes has been called together and the deliberations of this body is likely to be productive of important results. Ross, of the Choctawes, McIntosh, of the Creeks, Allan Wright, of the Choctawes, and Harris, of the Chickasaws, are all men of education and ability. Of the tribes on our western border, the Chickasaws are most advanced in the arts of civilization. They have some elegant school-houses and excellent public buildings at Tishomingo, the capital. They are more permanent in their habitations. They are at least opposed to a division of the lands and the organization of a territorial form of government. Their Governor, Mr. Harris, is a man of enlightened views and ability. He is understood to be in favor of a division of the land and the establishment of a general government over all the tribes. The Choctawes and Chickasaws are next in the degree of civilization attained. The leading men of the Choctawes, among whom is ex-Governor Allen Wright, are also understood to favor his progressive measure. The Creeks and Seminole are least advanced, and are very generally opposed to any progressive measures.
The Choctawes are very much divided among themselves, and party spirit in that nation is exceedingly rancorous. Delegates from the tribes further to the west will probably have little influence in shaping the policy of the nation.
It is understood that the members of the council were selected and organized in the interest of the Okmulgee constitution, which was rejected by the tribes, something like a year ago. It is probable that this instrument will be modified and again offered to the several tribal councils for acceptance or rejection.

Silence is beautiful in a wise man; but how much more in a fool.
The past contains regret—look not back at it.
A straight path often is a thorny one.

Wealthy Speculators Ruined.

All of the wealthy speculators who for years have operated in stocks have been wiped out by the decline. There is consequently no one to uphold and sustain the market. Of the crippled wealthy speculators, James Banker was the chief. Beginning life a poor boy, he was coached by Com. Vanderbilt, until his income became between \$300,000 and \$400,000 annually. He scattered his money with a most lavish hand, making princely bequests to his relatives and friends. It is not long ago that he presented to his sister—Mrs. Judge Hilton—a brown-stone house up-town, for which he paid \$100,000. To-day he is compelled to make over his property to Com. Vanderbilt, to insure the latter against losses brought on by his own speculations. Daniel Drew, who has operated so largely in years gone by, has been, so report says, wiped out. Richard Schell one of the recognized bulls for years has gone under. Stockwell, the noted Pacific mail manipulator, has collapsed. John Stewart, the king-pin in the speculative ring has been, report says, cleaned out. And so I might continue to name one heavy speculator after another that has been swept under by the present financial storm.

The withdrawal of these men from the speculative mart takes large schools of smaller fish, who have been accustomed to follow in their wake, and have been crippled along with them. As a result, the street is pretty well cleaned of speculators, and the brokers predict that there will be little or no speculation until an entirely new set of men make their appearance in the market.

Masks and Faces.

A nobleman once gave a grand feast to some of his friends. While his visitors were sitting at his table, there came into the room a little lady and gentleman, most splendidly dressed, wearing a mask but no taller than children of five or six years of age. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat, trimmed with gold lace, his large curly wig was powdered so as to look as white as snow, and in his hand he held a cocked hat. The lady had on a dress of broad satin, trimmed with silver spangles. She wore a beautiful little hat and a feather, and held a fan in her hand. They began dancing very gracefully, and sprang about in such a charming way that everybody was delighted with these pretty, well behaved children.
An old officer who was dining there, suddenly took a rosy apple from the table, and threw it between the pretty dancers. Then there did begin a scuffle and a do. They fell upon each other, tore each other's clothes, scratched and scrambling, till off fell mask and head dress, and instead of two pretty children, two ugly monkeys stood before the company. Everybody was surprised, yet laughed aloud; but the old officer said, "Monkeys and foolish people manage to look well for a time in fine clothes, but they soon show what they are."
"If sense and wisdom are not ours,
In vain we dress as gay as flowers."

THE HEN-PECKED MAN.—The hen-pecked man, says Josh Billings, is most generally married, but there are instances on the record of single men being harassed by the pullets. You can always tell one of these kind of men, especially if they are in the company of their wives. They look as resigned to their fate as a hen turkey on a wet day. There ain't nothing that will take the starch out of a man like being pecked by a woman. It is worse than a seven months of the fever and ague. The wives of hen-pecked husbands most always outlive their victims, and I have known them to get married again, and get hold of a man that time (thank the Lord) who understands all the hen-pecked dodges. One of these kind of husbands is an honor to his sex. The hen-pecked man, when he gets amongst men, puts on air of bravery and defiance and once in a while will get a little drunk and then go home with a firm resolve that he will be captain of his household; but the old woman soon takes the glory out of him, and handles him just as she would a half grown chicken, who had fell into a swill-barrel, and had to be jerked out awful quick.

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S CHANCE HIT.

The following is an extract from one of Peter Cartwright's sermons:
As I was riding along the road some time ago, a man overtook me who looked as if he might be a preacher. He called by name after some talk, asked if I was ready to hear the truth. I told him Cartwright was my name, my debts were paid, my will made and that I was ready for anything.
"Very well," said he, "you old ignorant, hypocrite, you ought to know too much or to be too honest to remain a Methodist. I used to be one myself—yes, a Methodist preacher—until I found out the error of my way."
Ho! Ho! said I, and what are you now? Cartwright mentioned the name of the denomination to which his interlocutor had gone, but which I need not repeat, and then proceeded: Now, brethren, I knew well enough that the devil had only one of three ways to get a man out of the Methodist church into that denomination, and that there must be rascality in money matters, a woman scrape, or liquor at the bottom of this fellow's change.
So judging from his looks, I pulled a bow at venture and said, "What was that fuss you had about a woman?" "Cartwright you old rascal!" he shouted in a rage, "How did you ever hear about that?" and putting whip to his horse he was soon out of sight. I never saw or heard of the man before, but that's the way I tread that coon—no; drove that skunk to his hole.

Wit and Humor.

A well-dressed dog wears a collar in the winter and pants in summer.
A bill posted on the walls of an English country village, announces that a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection taken up at the door to defray expenses.
Western women are grumbling terribly because the managers of the agricultural fairs don't give at least a year's notice when they offer prizes for the finest babies.
Where is "parts unknown?" asked a correspondent of the Danbury News, to which Bailey answers very truthfully—"Where they don't advertise."
"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of finding it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was her brother's reply.
A young gentleman of Kansas City sent seventy-five cents to New York recently, for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, on a card: "Write with a pencil."
A Bridgeport lady remained too long on a train to kiss a female friend, and trying to get off after it had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss anybody again!" she said, venturously, as she arose, "any woman, at least," she thoughtfully added.

Upon the "outer wall" of a neighboring female college the other morning was discovered, conspicuously displayed, the sign, "Domestic Sewing Machines." Some of those specimens of total depravity known as college students did it.
A gentleman who rather suspected some one was peeping through the keyhole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper sauce, and went home to find that his wife had been cutting wood, and a chip had hit her in the eye!
"Tatoes!" cried a darkey peddler in, Richmond, Virginia. "Hush dat racket, you distract de whole neighborhood," came from a colored woman in the doorway. "You kin hear me, kin you?" "Hear you. I can hear you a mile." "Tank heben fur dat. I is a hollowing to be heard. Tatoes!"
A kind luminary recently asked his pet scholar why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when brightening up suddenly, he replied: "So they could get a better crack at him!"
A good mother was trying to explain to a young hopeful the other day about fighting against the devil. After telling the little fellow who the devil was, and how hard he was to successfully resist, he turned around and said: "Mamma, I'd be scared of the old devil, but if I was to come across one of his little devils, I'd knock the stuffing out of him!"
There is a young lady at Norristown who is in the habit of putting her chewing gum on the bedpost before she closes her charming eyes in sleep, and Friday night she slept in a bed that had been occupied the previous evening by a male member of the family who was in the habit of putting his quid of tobacco also on the bedpost, and leaving it there sometimes. When she got up in the morning she put the quid in her mouth, and now labors under the impression that the bugs must have taken refuge in her gum.
A city youth disposed to be factious at the expense of a countryman, asked him why green stayed white when they eat so much green grass. The countryman said he did not know, and asked the city-bred, in return, said he did not know, and asked the countryman which was the best side, and he got a reply, "outside," and did not ask any more questions.

THE PERILS OF TRAVELING.—The perils of a traveler were illustrated by the conductor on the Mount Washington railroad this summer. When on the steepest place of that steepest rail track in all the earth a man was frightened and said to the conductor:
"Suppose the locomotive should give out, where would we go to?"
"Ah," said the conductor, "there is a brake at the front end of the car."
"But," said the traveler, "suppose that should give out, where would we go?"
"Said the conductor, "There is another brake you see, on the car."
"But," said the affrighted passenger, "suppose that also should give away, where then would we go?"
And the conductor replied significantly: "That depends upon how you have lived."

THE HIDDEN SERPENT.

One bright spring day I walked along the brook-side. All at once a little cluster of violets caught my eye. There they were, as tidy as a little Sabbath School class. "Ah," I were the first I had seen without looking for any danger to them. But scarcely had my fingers touched them, before a little red forked tongue was shot out toward me.
The serpent was there. "Ah," I thought I "this is the way with many little charming pleasures—they hide a serpent. Every tempting sin hides something more than a snake. Watch, or you will be wounded."
Hanging is too often legal murder.
A good name will outlast all riches.