

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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NUMBER 30.

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

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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—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 adjoining the Western School House. July 20—tf.

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 9—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., '18, Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871—tf.

A. K. BRANSHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST

ALSO AGENT

For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use

Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.

We being acquainted with Dr. Bransholts socially and professionally recognized him to all desirable the services of a Dentist. Drs. E. A. HERING, J. M. RIPPLE, A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY, A. S. BONBRIDGE, T. D. FRENCH. July 17—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.

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. Geiser's store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK. Nov 27—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 notice upon reasonable terms. The Metallic Excelsior Power Borax and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand. JOHN L. METCALF. Quincy, Pa. Feb 27—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 received 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, Schampooing, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to perform 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 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—tf. SAM'L P. STONER.

Select Poetry.



INFANTILE CONDUITS.

ERNEST'S TWILIGHT TALK.

"Mamma, how did baby Find the right way From the angel's home That summer day?" Said little Ernie At eventide, As he nestled close Down by my side.

"Did God send her soul On a silver cloud? Did he call to you So very loud, 'Here's a baby dear For you to love, Coming down from heaven Like a gentle dove?'"

"I think an angel Came just before, To show the baby Our papa's door, O, say, mamma dear, Did you hear her sing, And then let our, Dear little baby in?"

"And did she have wings When she came that day That you've taken off And put away Did the angel tell you To lay them by Till God should call her Again on high?"

"If I hear Him call her I'll quickly say, Dear Heavenly Father, O, please let her stay! You've babies enough In your heaven above, And we've only one Little sister to love!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

FIGURES WON'T LIE.

"To-morrow is the twenty-fourth, isn't it Mary?"

"The twenty-fourth," answered the young wife sadly.

James Carroll knocked the ashes from his cigar, held it carefully between the thumb and fore-finger of his left hand and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

Mary's tired fingers showed no signs of weariness, but turned the hem of a sheet mechanically, and then proceeded to baste it for sewing.

"Belle will be three years old!" he said interrogatively.

"Three, James," replied Mary, without the trace of a bright smile lighting up her pretty face. James gave a few more whiffs at his nearly consumed cigar, but he did not seem to enjoy it much. A listener would have pronounced Mary a cold, unloving wife, that the gentle presence of her husband, or the return of her baby's birth-day, failed to please.

Lookers-on and listeners do not always look into the depths of the heart to see what struggles are there. So in this instance. Another woman whose life was all sunshine would have pronounced Mary heartless. Poor thing! She had too much heart for this world's trials. Her wedding day was a blissful one; her husband the ideal of manly perfection. His love, unaccompanied by wealth, was worth more to her than all the treasures of earth. But a cloud arose to dim the brightness of her sky. She soon made the discovery that he was human; and that the love of wine and possibly something stronger, filled his heart, as well as the love of his wife. He was not what the world would call an intemperate man—a glass a day does not constitute a drunkard why should she fear?

At the end of three years he took at least two glasses a day. What had she to hope for in years to come.

"I wish, Mary," I was able to make Belle a present every birth-day in her life, but you know that it is all I can do to get along as it is."

"I know it, James," meekly replied the wife.

James was ill at ease. Something in Mary's manner disturbed him.

"What makes you so solemn and quiet, Mary? Why not sympathize with me, and say you know I have a hard time to get along, and that Belle can do without presents better than we can afford to give them?" Fox gave me a wood bill this morning, and Jones wants to know when the grocery bill is to be paid. I don't like to bother you with these things only I want you to understand that as much as I love our little girl, I can't afford to make her presents."

Mary's color came and went. Tears stole into her violet eyes and her heart beat quick and fast. Her trembling fingers guided her needle unsteadily, and her stitches were long and irregular.—Three long years she brooded alone over her husband's weakness without a reproof and much as she dreaded to speak she knew her time had come.

"I wish, dear James, I could economize in something and save money to buy our darling a present. It seems cruel to neglect her birth-day so soon."

"I know nothing you could be more prudent in Mary, and you know I am as

economical as possible, don't you."

It was very hard for the lips that had uttered only the loving words of praise to say no; but a strength not her own came to her aid, and with a sweet, sad smile, she uttered her first rebuke.

"No, James, I am grieved to say that in some things you are too extravagant. It must be a sin of ignorance, for I know if you realize it you would never wrong your wife and child."

James started from his seat. His eyes flashed and his cheeks paled.

"Mary, are you crazy?"

"Not crazy, James, but clear-headed for our happiness."

After the first shock passed, and he was prepared to listen, she went on, and in a clear concise manner, laid before him the cause of her bitter words;

"During the last year you have drunk at least two glasses of liquor a day, haven't you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. What of that?"

Only ten cents a glass—that can't ruin a man."

"Three hundred and sixty-five days, which multiplied by twenty cents amounts to seventy-three dollars. And three cigars a day which I know is far below your average of smoking, will amount to as much more, which makes one hundred and forty dollars. Forty dollars would pay our coal and grocery bills now due, and leave a balance of ninety-six dollars for baby and me. You know too that the time spent in drinking is worse than wasted, for tobacco and liquors poison the system, destroys the health, softens the brain, weakens the nerves, and brings ruin to thousands of happy homes. There is a lack of tenderness for Belle and me when your nerves are excited by drink—I forgive you freely but the sting is left in my heart."

Mary's effort overcame her and she fell into a passionate fit of weeping.

The strong man trembling.

"Am I blind? Is it possible. I have wronged my dearest treasure?"

They mingled their tears, and talked till a late hour, laying plans for the future; and James begged forgiveness of her he had wronged.

"It is not too late to save my health and strength," said the penitent man, and so it proved.

In one year from that day two beautiful silver cups were brought home by the happy father, one for Belle's fourth birthday; and the other for his wife who had saved him.

Mary's hore the inscription: "An angel saw me and lifted me up."

On Belle's was neatly engraved: "A little child shall lead them."

Years have passed since then, and the happy couple in the vigor of life, on each recurring birth-day of Belle, who is now a young lady of eighteen, tell her the little trial of their married life, and the great happiness that has grown from self-denial and justice.

The good wife and mother has kept the silver-bright, and not a meal has been eaten at home but the cups are on the table where James could be reminded of the promise he had made and so faithfully kept.

Savings.

Pennies, like minutes are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are economists of the time, and all the great men on record have been so, take care of the minutes; for they know that a few minutes well applied each day will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life, they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may, by perseverance, have accomplished some work useful to his fellow creatures, and to himself. Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first; and savings can only by habits of industry and temperance. A saving, therefore, while he is adding to the general wealth, is setting an example of those virtues, on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking, but we remark that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which, while it is growing can be applied to no use, at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and wastrel, who, after he has spent all his money, tries to spend that of other people.

ABOUT SAVINGS.—There is, perhaps, no one in this world more to be pitied than the poor rich man—the man who has got into the habit of saving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and counting every dollar of expenditure as though its loss was something that could never be repaired. Yet it is the duty of every poor man to save something. The possession of a few dollars often makes all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially with a family dependent upon him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of need. While extreme carelessness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man poor, a wise economy will almost as certainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him to a considerable extent independent of the caprices of employers and of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; his little hoard will soon begin to grow at a rate which will surprise and gratify him.

A CHAT ABOUT SLEEP.

A very thin lady, of about twenty years with a promising bean, came to consult me about her "skin and bones."

I had frequently met her when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she would "give the world to be plump." Sitting down in front of me she began with—"Don't you think doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"

I admitted that she looked rather old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me! What can I take for it? I should be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I only could get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine (her beau) was saying yesterday that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"I would you be willing to go to the Cliff spring in Arkansas?"

"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink."

I said,

"I don't care how bad they are, I know I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you are willing to go to the Arkansas springs to test the strength of your purpose. It is not necessary to leave home. Nine thin people in ten become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor, I am delighted to hear it but I suppose it is a lot of some awful bitter stuff."

"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I don't care. I would take it if it was ten times as bad. What is it? What is the name of it?"

"The technical name of the stuff is 'Bedibus Nine o'clockibus.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name! I am sure I shall never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word of it?"

"Oh yes. The English of it is, 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock. We doctors generally use Latin. Bedibus Nine o'clockibus' is the Latin for 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"Oh that is dreadful. I thought it was something I could take."

"It is. You must take your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No, I thought. That's the way with all of you. One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge; then he cries out, 'Oh, doctor, what can I take. I must take something.' Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then, trembling and full of horrors, he exclaims, 'Oh, doctor, what shall I take? I write a prescription for him—'Rutibus Chauibus et Smokibus. I will suppose my patient is not a classical scholar, so I translated it into English. He cries out at once, 'Oh doctor, I thought you would give me something to take.' Another sits up till thirteen and fourteen o'clock, leads a life of theatres and other dissipations, becomes pale, dyspeptic and wretched, and flies to the doctor, and cries, 'Oh doctor what shall I take? What shall I take?' Now, madam, you are distressed because your lover has been looking at your 'skin and bones.'"

"But, doctor, you are entirely—"

"Oh, well, we'll say nothing about him, then. But, tell me, what time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock without making any other changing in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh, and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it. But when I have company and during the opera I can't do it."

"It is regularly that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights of the week, and then get to bed at nine o'clock four nights, one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be 'so far so good.' I don't think this every other night early and every other night late, is much better than every night late. It is regularly that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night a week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought that these people who sit up to eleven or twelve o'clock every night get on quite as well as those who turn in early six nights, and then sit up once a week till midnight. Regularity in sleep is every bit as important as regularity in food."

At length my patient exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock, if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the heart of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in five months. Her spirits were happily enlivened, and she spent half her time in telling her friends of her delight with the new habits. She had no further cause, to complain of skin and bones, and she had the special gratification of appearing more attractive in the eyes of her lover. He like a sensible man when he saw the good effects of the nine o'clock to bed arrangement heartily approved of it, and became a convert himself.

A remarkable Jew, claiming to be the Messiah, has recently appeared in Arabia, where his fame has spread far and wide. He came forth from the desert, where he has spent many years mortifying the flesh, and he pretends to work wonders and perform miracles, and give the evidence of his divine mission. He has a melodious voice, remarkably brilliant eyes, and fascinating appearance, and is winning followers.

Mrs. Stanton protests as vigorously as ever against tight lacing. She is right. The pressure of a broadcloth sleeve is the only pressure a woman's rib can sustain without injury.

CARRIE'S ADDRESS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the New Year,
Merrily ring the bells,
Over the town's crowded street,
Where joy and sorrow daily meet.
Over the country, through the town,
And crown
With joy the hills and dells.

Merrily shouting the chorus,
Your carter comes to-day,
Wishing you all for seventy-four
Blessings rich, a bountiful store.
Comfort, prosperity, and peace
Increase,
And with you ever stay.

Merrily singing, for Heaven,
Showers its blessings down,
Over the rich, about the poor,
Who rugged hills of life endure,
Bidding them who in darkness grope
Have hope;
Wait for the Master's crown.

Good bye, good bye, to the old year,
Many its deeds of love,
Many an hour that too was dark,
Unlit, uncheered by ray or spark,
Through it all we have come, and now
We bow
In thanks to God above.

It is over now, and gladness,
Comes with the bright New Year,
Sweep out of the heart its sorrow,
No grief from the past we'd borrow,
Let joy alone each bosom fill,
It will
Drive from the heart its fear.

Forgive, as we'd be forgiven.
The New Year start in peace,
With new resolves for holy deeds;
Bigotry spurn, unbound by creeds,
Faith in our manhood, faith in God,
Who trod
The earth for man's release.

Freedom still is moving onward,
As on the wings of light,
Tyranny, clanking its fetters,
Is reading plainly the letters
Written across the burnished sky
On high,
"Might, thou shalt yield to Right."

Earth's sovereigns are its people,
Justice its only throne,
Progress bespeaks oppressions doom;
While knowledge dissipates all gloom.
Each year man's shackles weaker grow.
The blow
Is struck by man alone!

Then, shout aloud for the dawning
Of eighteen seventy-four
Let the glad pean span the earth,
Shout aloud for the New Year's birth.
Let man rejoice he lives to-day,
And pray
For freedom evermore.

Over all our fields and valleys
Floateth our flag in peace.
North, South, East, West one brotherhood,
May we be great as truly good,
Freedom's our nation's Fatherhood.
Then should
Prosperity increase.

May the year on which we've entered
Glide down the stream of time—
Making us feel that its hours
Have helped develop noblest powers;
While man, far better than than now,
Shall bow,
And own life is sublime.

And now, dear patrons, one and all,
In bidding you good bye,
Again we wish, with merry cheer,
You every one a glad New Year,
We trust you will all be alive
In seventy-five.
The time will quickly fly.

Decayed Greatness.

The famous and at one time immensely popular hotel, the Danforth house, Pithole City, which cost \$28,000, was sold recently for a ten dollar note, and the furniture, which cost \$3,000, brought less than ninety dollars. And that leads to speculation on the rise, the glory, and the fall of that once famous city. Within one month from the completion of the first house she had an \$80,000 hotel. In two months she had a daily paper, and a fast one it was too. In three months she had a theatre. (That theatre went to Pleasantville, thence to Lawrenceburg, thence to Parker's Landing, thence to where the woodbine twined, in the second great fire at the Landing—last winter.) In four months she had another theatre and an academy of music. In five months she had her celebrated mud fire extinguisher, sired by a live Yankee, and d—d by necessity, for the city that had no water—the people all drank whisky. In six months she had seventy-four hotels and boarding houses where the substitute for water was dispensed. In seven months the Miller Farm pipe line was completed, which event threw 4,000 men and 2,000 horses out of employment, and Pithole City had reached the zenith of her glory. She had at that time 15,000 inhabitants, elaborate water works, and all the paraphernalia of a city government. She has now no theatre, no newspaper, no hotel, no telegraph office (the telegraph office was closed for time and eternity last week) and but nine families out of all that multitude. The Pithole Oleopolis railroad runs but one train of one car per day, and that only to hold the charter.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his object is beneath your notice.

A Land of Midnight Sun.

Mons. Paul B. Du Chaillu lectured in the Rev. Dr. Duryea's church, Brooklyn, on Thursday. He said that he grew tired of the equator and went to 71° 50' north latitude, where for three months the sun does not set. He continued: The Swedes and Norwegians are fine people: the country the grandest I have ever traveled in. There are evidences that it was once covered with ice. The mountain rocks are smooth from this cause, and the valleys show the effects of ice flows. In May, June and July the sun shines all the time. It is a slander to call the Scandinavians barbarous. They are civilized—all read and write, they are compelled by law to attend school. Their religious faith is protestant. They esteem their churches highly, and revere their graveyards.

When a man dies his body is interred in a graveyard if it has to be carried one hundred miles. The people are honest and moral. I was never robbed of a cent, though with them three years; why, the women put their jewelry in my room to show they were not afraid of me.

When in Stockholm I had a desire to see the king, so I wrote to the secretary of state. I was politely informed that his majesty had gone visiting, but would return in two days. When he arrived I was invited to call on him. I went up stairs unchallenged, and at length intercepted a servant by whom I was directed where to find the king.

"Good morning," said he.

"Good morning," I responded.

And this was our introduction. In less than three minutes he asked me to have a cigar, and then showed my books which had been translated. I felt proud, it was an honor to have them in his language. He asked me to come and spend the next day with him. I went and roamed through the palace in search of its owner.

Finally I halloed, "Is there any one about?" and succeeded in arousing some one who pointed me to a room. I entered it, and found the king just putting on his coat. He had been at work painting—When about leaving I requested some of his portraits to give to the girls in Brooklyn. He pleasantly complied, writing on them at my solicitation, his autograph.

"Now," said he laughing, "You must send me some portraits of Brooklyn girls."

At last I got to the land of the Midnight Sun. I watched it throughout the first night and remained there nearly seven weeks. It bothered me to know when to go to bed. I discovered the birds retired at 11 p. m., and got up at 2 a. m.—Some of the farms have as many as forty-five houses. There are houses for cheese, and butter, and this thing and that thing—I don't know what all. Each farm has two dwelling houses, one for winter and another for summer. Houses can be rented for \$5 a year. Carpenter's wages are forty-five cents a day, and yet they strike. Everybody works. There are no markets; nothing is sold. Whoever has more than he wants for himself he gives it to whoever needs it. The people are healthy. They do not have consumption and you never see an emaciated form.—You never see a beggar either. If too poor to live they are too proud to beg, and not mean enough to steal. The substance is sour milk, coarse bread, meat twice a week, and fish.

NOVEL TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.—A dispatch from Fredonia, New York gives the following account of a grand rally for temperance in that place that has created much excitement. We take no stock in the result, as we have little faith in reforms, religious or temperance, that are subject to fits and starts, and generally die out as they rise. Temperance brought about gradually by careful teaching and training will stand when others fail, the trouble being, however, to make such a sentiment universal in a community.—The dispatch alluded to says:

Our quiet village has been thrown into a high state of excitement for a few days past by a novel crusade against the liquor-selling interests. Dr. Dio Lewis, of whom all your readers have doubtless heard much in the last ten years, lectured here on temperance on last Friday night, and on Sunday spoke from some of our pulpits on the same subject. He preached a new gospel of temperance, and on Monday the women of the place met and organized for their campaign.

Their husbands, fathers and brothers very generally seconded their plan, and pledges of assistance by a pro rata assessment on \$30,000 was secured, to provide what funds might be required. It is not probable much will be needed. To-day about 150 of the newly-organized society, ladies, met and proceeded to a liquor saloon, entered, at least as many as could, and appealed to the proprietor to close his traffic.

One offers prayer, another exhorts, and all join in singing. They are not chilled by rebuffs or disheartened by indifference. After appealing to one saloon in this way they go to another, and so on through the whole list, hotel keepers, druggists and all. And they are going to keep it up till the liquor selling is done for, or it is demonstrated that the plan is not effectual. Public sentiment is in their favor.

To show you who these crusaders are I will mention that Mrs. Judge Baker is one of the foremost. The chief spokeswoman is Mrs. Tremaine. Her great taste in prayer. Those who have heard her offer prayer in the saloon to-day are astonished at the great gift she possesses in this direction. What will be the outcome is the question on every lip.

Wit and Humor.

A girl near Waynesboro has gone insane from being kissed in the dark.

The panic has reached Utah. Business men are reducing the number of their wives.

"Death lurked in every corner of that darkened room—Satan hotbed at every crevice," is the way they report the death of a saloon-keeper in Omaha.

"Pray, Miss C.," said a gentleman one evening, "why are ladies so fond of offices?" "How stupid," replied Miss C., "is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good offer sir?"

We heard of a young man whose services were declined to "see a young lady home," a few evenings since, who has since asked her permission to sit on the fence and see her go by. That young man will win.

"How much are these fearful bulls by the quart?" asked a maiden of a grocer. He stared at her a moment, recovered himself, and said: "Oh them jaguns; 8 cents."

A Colorado spring has such extraordinary virtues that the thinnest women after drinking its water for a few months, have no further occasion for wadding of any sort. It is known as the anti-cotton and bustle spring.

An ambitious young lady was talking very loud about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered that she cared very little about what she eat compared with knowledge.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hands, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab, been fettered with its subtle malignity.

Don't be stubborn unless you are sure you can afford it. Right in the midst of the late panic an Iowa man chose to be perversely obstinate. His daughter wanted a ninety dollar silk dress and he wouldn't get it, and he lost sixty by the operation. She took cold poison, and the funeral expenses were a hundred and fifty dollars.

How the OLD GENT WAS CAUGHT.—A gentleman, the other day, saw his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup, and inquired:

"What are you doing, my daughter?"

"I'm coloring my doll's dress red."

"With what?"

"With beer."

"What put that notion in your head, child? You can't color red with beer!"

"Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red!"

And then the gentleman had business that required him down town immediately.

The following conversation is reported between two bad boys at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

Pat asks Mike:

"What's this suspension of the banks?"

"His ye!" Mike replies. "I'll tell ye, Suppose ye have five cents."

"Yis."

"Leave it wid me."

"Yis."

"Next day ye want it, and ye ax me for it."

"Yis."

"I tell ye: No, sir, I've used it me self."

A Des Moines druggist sent his clerk out to drum for sales of oil. He call upon a tradesman, and tossed a card upon the counter saying that he represented that establishment. The man picked it up, gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed by a clerk that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he would be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken. He blushing guessed he was, as he returned the girl's picture to his pocket.

WHAT I BEGUN TO BELIEVE.—I begin to believe, now-a-days, that money makes the man, and dress, the woman. I begin to believe, that the purse is more potent than the sword and pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout on Sundays.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe the surest remedy for hard times and tight money market, is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that piano-fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who does not swear, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally very stupid.

I begin to believe if the devil should die one half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe he has most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.