

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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NUMBER 31.

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD
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By W. BLAIR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Store,"
(June 23—44).

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—11.

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—11.

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—11.

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—11.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
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. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

DR. E. A. HERING, J. M. RIPLEY,
"A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
"A. S. BONEBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17—11.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, etc.
Liberal advances made on consignments.
May 29—11.

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 keep a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day.
BENJ. FRICK.
no 27—11.

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 Metalic Excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Quincy, Pa.
Feb 27—4

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—11.

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—11.

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 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—11.

Select Poem.



WEEDS.

We call them weeds! The while with slender fingers
Earth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er;
On sterile sands, where scarce the rain-drop lingers,
They grow and blossom by the briny shore.

We call them weeds! Did we their forms but study,
We many a secret might unfold find;
Each tiny plant fulfils its heaven-taught mission,
And bears the impress of Immortal Mind!

We call them weeds! The while their uses hidden
Might work a nation's weal; a nation's woe,
Send through each wasted frame the balm of healing,
And cause the blood with Youth's quick pulse to flow.

Weeds!—yet they hold in bonds the mighty ocean!
Their slender threads bind firm the sandy shore;
Navies may sink amid its wild commotion—
These humble toilers ne'er their work give o'er!

And who shall say the feeblest thought a-vails not
To bind the shifting sands upon life's beach?
Some heart may treasure what we've long forgot,
The faintest word some soul with power may reach.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE REMORSE OF A NIGHT.

The last night of the year was about to expire; the winds, after a day of storminess, had subsided into slumber; the white earth lay outspread like a shroud ed map, under the moon; and innumerable stars arose out from the remotest abysses of heaven, twinkling as brightly as though they had but begun their existence, and were never to suffer impairment.

Eleven o'clock had tolled from the tower of an ancient Gothic church; and as the vibrations died away on the transparent air, an Old Man drew nigh to the window of a dark room in the desolate dwelling of which he had been long the solitary tenant, and cast his dull despairful eyes upwards towards the immovable firmament, and from thence down on the blank waste of the earth, and then breathed a groaning prayer, that those eyes might never survey that firmament or earth again.

He was wretched, in truth, that Old Man, beyond all parallel and beyond all consolation—for his grave lay open for him, as it seemed, by his side; it was thinly covered over; not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows of Age; and when, heart sick of the sight, he looked away from it into himself, he saw that the sole fruits that he had gathered from a long and eventful life were sins, regrets and maladies—a decayed body, a plague-stricken soul, a bosom full of bitterness and an old age full of remorse.

The beautiful days of his youth now came again before him like ghosts, and summoned to his remembrance the cheerful morning upon which his venerable father had first placed him upon the great Cross road of Life—a road which, trodden on the right hand, conducts the pilgrim along the noon-day path of Virtue into a spacious, joyous land, abounding in sublimities, harvests, and angelic spirits, but which, followed on the left, betrays him through lampless and miry ways, into the fearful wilderness of vice, where serpents forever swarm, and pestilence chokes the atmosphere, and to quench his burning thirst, the sluggish black rivers yield him but slime and poison.

Alas! the serpents were now coiled about him—the poison was rilling through his heart! Alas for him he knew too well which rode he had chosen—where he was and what he must undergo—for eternity—for eternity!

With an anguish, with an agony, with a despair, that language cannot even faintly portray, he uplifted his withered arms towards heaven, clasped his hands, and cried aloud, O! give me back my youth! O! my father, lead me once more to the Cross road, that I may once more choose, and this time choose with foreknowledge!

But his cries wasted themselves idly upon the froz'n air, for his father was no more, and his youth was no more—both had alike long, long ago vanished, never to reappear. He knew this, and he wept—yes, that miserable old man wept; but his tears relieved him not; they were like drops of hot lava, for they trickled from a burning brain.

He looked forth, and he saw fitting lights—wills-o'-the-wisp—dancing over the morasses and becoming extinguished in the burial-grounds; and he said, such were my riotous days of folly! He again looked forth, and he beheld a star fall from heaven to earth, and there melt away in blackness that left no trace behind, and he said, I am that star!—and with that woeful thought were torn open anew the leprous wounds in his bosom which the serpents that clung around him would never suffer to be healed.

His morbid imagination, wandering a-broad till it touched on the confines of frenzy, showed him figures of sleep-walkers traversing like shadows the roofs of houses;—the chimneys widened into furnaces vomiting forth flames and monsters—the windmills lifted up their giant arms, and threatened to crush him—and a forgotten spectre, left behind in a deserted charnel house, glared on him with a horrible expression of malignity, and then mocked his terror by assuming his features.

On a sudden there flowed out upon the air a deep, rich and solemn stream of music. It came from the steeple of the old Gothic Church, as the bells announced the birth of the New Year, for it was now the twelfth hour. Its cadences fell with a thrilling distinctness upon the ear and heart of the Old Man; and every tone in the melody, through the agency of that mysterious power which sound possesses of re-assembling within the forsaken halls of the soul images long departed, brought before his mind some past scene of his life, vivid as a panoramic picture. Again he looked around upon the lucid horizon and over the frosted earth; and he thought on the opportunities he had forfeited—the warnings he had slighted—the examples he had scoffed at. He thought upon the friends of his youth, and how they better and more fortunate than he, were good men, at peace with themselves—teachers of wisdom to others, fathers of blessed families, torchlights for the world.—and he exclaimed, Oh! and I also, had I but willed it, I also might, like them, have seen with tearful eyes, with tranquil heart, this night depart into eternity! Oh, my dear father—my dear, dear mother! I, even I, might have been your happy, had I but hearkened to your affectionate admonitions, had I but chosen to profit by the blessings which on every New Year morn like this your tenderness led you to invoke on my head!

Amid these feverish reminiscences of his youth, it appeared to him as though the specter which had assumed his features in the charnel-house gradually approaching nearer and nearer to him—lost, however, as it advanced, one trait after another of its spectral character—till at length, as if under the dominion of that supernatural influence which on the last night of the old year is popularly said to compel even the Dead to undergo a change of form, it took the appearance of a living young man—the same young man that he had himself been fifty years before.

He was unable to gaze any longer; he covered his face with his hands; and, as the blistering tears gushed from his eyes, he sank down powerless and trembling, on his knees—and again he cried out, as if his heart would break, O! come back to me, last days of my youth!—come back, come back to me once more!

And the supplication of the penitent was not made in vain, for they came back to him, those days of his youth—not yet lost! He started from his bed—the blue moonbeams were shining through the windows—the midnight chimes were announcing the beginning of a New Year. Yes!—all had been but an appalling dream—al, except his sins and transgressions; these, alas! were but too real, for conscience, even in sleep, is a faithful monitor. But he was still young—he had not grown old in iniquity—and with tears of repentance he thanked God for having, even by the means of so terrible a vision awakened in his heart a feeling of horror for the criminal career he had been pursuing, and for having revealed to him in that glimpse of a land full of sublimities, harvests, and angelic spirits, the blissful goal in which, if he pleased, the path of his existence might yet terminate.

His youthful reader! on which of these two paths art thou? On the right-hand path? Go forward, then, with the blessing of thy Maker, and fear nothing! On the left-hand path? If so, pause! be forewarned—turn while yet thou mayest—retrace thy steps—make a happy choice! I will pray that the terrors of his ghastly Dream may not hereafter be arrayed in judgment against thee! Alas for thee, if the time ever come when thou shalt call aloud in thy despair, Come back, ye precious days of my youth!—unlike the dreamer, thou wilt but be mocked by the barren echo of thine own lamentation—the precious days of youth will never, never come back to thee!

FRETING.—"The horse that frets is one that sweats" is an old saying of horsemen. It is just as true of men as of horses. The man that allows himself to be irritated at everything that goes amiss in his business or in the ordinary affairs of life is the man that, as a rule, will accomplish little and wear out early. He is a man for whom bile and dyspepsia have a particular fondness, and for whom children have a particular aversion. He is a man with a perpetual thorn in his flesh, which pricks and wounds at the slightest movement; a man for whom life has little pleasure and the future small hope.

LABOR OF LIFE.—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. We never see so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works in idleness alone is their perpetual despair. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work; a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it! Labor is life; God given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else so soon as work fitly begins.—Carlyle.

Say little, think much, do more.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free,
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart;
A sympathy that's free from art,
A real friend among the few;
These things are beautiful and true.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie,
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

Brigham Young on Life Insurance.

This great prophet of the Latter-Day Saints is opposed to life insurance on polygymical principles. In one of his late discourses in the Tabernacle, he gave vent to his saintly feelings in the following strain: Brethren, I am down on life insurance. It is the invention of the same evil one who tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. He promised to give woman the upper hand of her husband, and life insurance does the same. A life insurance agent has more brass than a dozen Yankee clock peddlers. One had the impudence to ask me to take out a policy for the benefit of my wives and children, and before I could recover my breath he commenced to draw up an application, and I verily believe would have filled it out if he could have crowded the names in. Now I ask you, brethren what would most likely become of your prophet if insurance on his life were effected to the amount of \$5,000 for each wife? I have only thirty, and that would make the chances thirty to one that I should enter the realms of glory before the end of the year. As a father of Israel, I have the Gospel privilege of sealing the daughters thereof; but I have no wish that they should seal my fate. I am ready to ascend to my seat on high, but I do not want to be sent in an insurance balloon. The wives of the faithful are too much tempted already, and how could they resist the ingenious device of the Gentiles. Touch not, taste not, handle not, my brethren. Let the Gentile insure his life in the biggest sum for his wife, and when she is a widow, let one of our apostles make love to her and bring her on this side of Jordan. I want no life companies in Utah of which I am not the presiding spirit.—Life insurance makes the wife independent of the husband. She feels that, if she should by accident drop some strychnine in his gruel, she has something to fall back upon to keep her children from want. Women should be kept under.—They should trust in the Lord, and not in life insurance. If they have a bad husband and an insurance policy on his life, they are always praying secretly for his death, and if their prayers are not answered readily, they hurry up his predilection. Beware of life insurance. It is Satan in disguise. Turn your back upon it, flee from it as if from a pestilence, for verily it would bring rebellion into the land of Mormon.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full blown rose, leaves him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon, when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit, what shade is to figure in painting; it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rose the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint that Christian, virtue should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw away from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it ends in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms which supplies the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

In the morning of life we paint, with the brush of fancy, our beautiful ideal of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, of flower strewn paths and tropic blooms.—a picture where joy and love and friendship and fame stand holding out their beautiful offerings, and we the central figures of the whole. But how different the pictures painted each day of life by the brush of pitiless reality! Not one picture, but many; for the scenes are ever shifting. The skies are clouded, and the sunshine faded. The flowers are withered, and hide the thorns no longer. Sorrow steps in where joy had stood; hatred takes the place of love; friendship that we had painted with a beautiful face, takes on the hideous look of treachery. At the eventide of life we gaze at the pictures in the gallery of memory, and comparing the ones that fancy painted with those stamped upon our hearts by the stern realities of life, we wonder where fancy got its beautiful false coloring.

The complete official returns make the majority for the new constitution about 145,150.

London Crystal Palace.

One can hardly make anybody who has never seen it understand the charm of the long nave with its high arched roof, its graceful galleries, its huge marble basins of water-lilies, edged with beds of the brightest flowers, its great hanging baskets of delicate plants, its tropical trees, its statues, its bright banners, its delicious music and its glimpses down the crossing transepts of one of the loveliest landscapes in all England. For these transepts, or crossways you must know are walled and roofed with glass like all the rest of the building.

And this is just what you have before your eyes as you go in, but to see all the curious and interesting things would take weeks. At each side of this wonderful wave, or body of the building, there are beautiful courts, in which one may see exact copies of famous places all over the world.

For instance, the Pompeian court, where there is an exact copy of a house in Pompeii, the city that was destroyed by burning lava from Mt. Vesuvius hundred of years ago, before Christ was born. You can scarcely believe it, I dare say, but it is true. And mind I don't mean the ruins of a house like those to be seen today in Pompeii, but just as it used to be when that city was a busy, active place.

And in another court there is a model of ancient Rome, with coaches instead of chairs in the dining-room, for you know, among other strange habits, the old Romans had a way of lying down at their meals.

I dare say that you have heard of the Alhambra, the famous and beautiful palace built by the Moors in Grenada. Well in this Crystal Palace you may see for yourselves just how it looked, and how gorgeous the Hall of the Abencerrages must have been with its wonderful rainbow-colored and gold fretwork dome filled with a soft lilac light.

And there are the Egyptian court and the Assyrian court and many more besides, and also copies of the most celebrated statues in the world.

Can You Afford It.

Can you afford to work hard all day, and read, study, or court the vagaries of society all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on a premature disease, decay and old age?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, and in a few years at most to scourge and haunt and make you miserable for years or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich or high seasons foot, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, in the middle of life, almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the fools motto, "A short life, a merry one?"

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving lively horses, or keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expenses?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to twenty or thirty dollars a month, injuring your nervous system, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquor?

Can you afford to make money by the expense of your manhood, your health, your just respectability and integrity?

Can you afford even to gain the whole world, and make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford to rob your mind, to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love of display?

Can you afford to be tricky, and therefor defraud your employer of his just service you owe him, even though you get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Mrs. Livermore, the noted woman's rights woman, in a recent lecture, said the following, which we heartily approve: "In this country our late financial distress arose from the desire for sudden accumulation of wealth. Since the war we have not been content to live moderately like our fathers, but indulge in idle extravagances; men are no longer content to make money slowly and are driven to dishonesty. Her remedy for the present financial panic was prudence and confidence. The general distrust, caused largely by the mania for speculation and fraud. In fact frauds were so common that they were countenanced thoughtlessly by good people. She instanced the case of a religious newspaper which for \$3 would give you a year's subscription, and a chromo represented to be worth \$10. But if you took pains to investigate the matter you would find that the actual price of your chromo was only 25 cents."

The Lancaster Examiner says: There resides near Miller's mill, close to the Junction, on the Reading railroad, a couple, man and wife, who are said to be the oldest in the United States. The names of the couple are Joel and Mary Miller, the former being one hundred and the latter ninety-six years of age. The old folks are very affectionate toward each other, and are ready to answer the summons of the Great Father whenever He sees fit to call them home. There are many descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Miller residing in this county.

Our greatest men are generally the homeliest.

A Western Parson.

A short time since a Missouri river steambot left Fort Benton with a party of rough and well-to-do miners on board. There were also among the passengers three or four "brave men," and before arriving at Sioux City they had very generally cleared out the pockets of the miners. The boat stopped at Sioux City to "wood up," and found among other persons waiting to get on board, a ministerial-looking personage with the longest and most solemn countenance on him you can well imagine. He was dressed in a suit of black, wore a white stovepipe hat and a "chokey" collar, ornamented with a black neck handkerchief.

Well, he got aboard and the boat started down stream. For two days he was unnoticed by the other passengers, but one of the sports at last thought he saw a chance to make something out of the sad and melancholy individual. The latter would once or twice a day step up to the bar, and with a voice that was as mild and as gentle as a maiden's, ask for "a glass of soda, if you please," and then he would pull a roll of bills from his pocket and take a quarter from their interior layers. Then he would say to the barkeeper, as if under a thousand obligations, "Thank you sir," and walk off again as if about to commit suicide.

This thing had gone far enough, and the gambler I have spoken of at last approached him.

"Would you like a little game of seven-up, sir?"

"Seven-up? What is seven-up? Please tell me, my good friend."

"Why, a game of cards, you know, just to pass the time; let us play a game."

"My good friend, I do not know anything concerning cards; I cannot play them."

"Well, come along, we'll show you how to do it." And the mild gentleman in black after some further protests, at length consented.

They showed him how 'twas done, and they played several games. The gentleman in black was delighted. Gamblers went to know if he will play poker, five cent ante, just for the fun of the thing.—Gentleman in black says he can't play the game, but they explain again, and poker commences. The gentleman in black loses every time. There are six men in the game; each one deals before gentleman in black; and ante has been raised to a dollar. Gent in black deals awkwardly, and looks at his hand.

Next man to deal bets five—goes around and the bets are raised to one hundred dollars. Gent in black sees it and makes it a hundred better. Gamblers look surprised, but will not be bluff ed. The bet has reached five hundred dollars—a thousand. Gent in black makes it two thousand. All draw out except a plucky Pike's Peak miner, who sees and calls him: "What have you?"

"Well," answers the gent in black, "I have—let me see, let me see well, I have four aces."

The gamblers who have suspected something before, now look wild, and the light begins to dawn in the miner's mind. He leaned across the table and said in the most sarcastic tone he could command: "Oh you have, have you. You got damned sanctimonious son of a gun."

The gent got up from the table and handed one of the gamblers his card.—It read "Bill Walker, New Orleans"—one of the most successful sharpers in the country.

Selecting A Wife.

We have heard of this test being applied to several girls, but John Starkey was the man who applied it to the selection of a wife. The Starkey and Belknap had been friends through several generations. In the present generation there was, in the Starkey family, one son and in the family of Belknaps there were five daughters; and it had been arranged between the parents that the heir of the Starkeys should take him a wife from among the daughters of Belknaps. John, the heir aforesaid, at the age of five and twenty, had returned from his travels, when his father bade him select from the daughters of the friendly house the one he would have for a wife. John was a dutiful son, and his heart was whole, and as the maidens were all fair to look upon, he accepted the situation, and determined to master it if possible.

John spent several evenings in the company of the young ladies, and it was difficult to decide which was the most charming though his fancy rested most lingeringly upon the youngest—not that she was the handsomest, but she appeared the most sensible.

One day John was invited to dinner, and in advance of the family he made his way into the hall and threw a broom over the floor, directly across the passage to the dining-room. By and by summons sounded for the meal, and John watched for the result. The eldest daughter stepped over the broom loftily. The second went around it. The fourth gave it an extra kick. The fifth, the youngest—stooped and picked the broom up and took it to the far corner of the hall and set it carefully out the way. And John selected the meek-eyed, fair-haired maiden who had just stood the test, and he never had occasion to regret the choice.

She proved to be a wife who looked well to the ways of her household, and her heart had no lack of faith and love.

Lives there a man with nose so red, who never to himself hath said, "I'll pay before I go to bed the debt I owe the printer?"—Brandon Republican.

"Yes, there are some I know full well, but they, I fear, will go to— Well, the place where there's no winter."—Pauzola Star.

Wit and Humor.

"Among all my boys," said an old man "I never had but one boy that took after me, and that was my son Aaron he took after me like a club."

"Good-by, you old scolding, red-headed heathen," wrote a Dubuque man to his wife the last thing before suiciding. She says she'd like to have got hold of him for about one good minute.

What is the greatest feat in the eating way ever known? That recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

The St. Louis Christian Advocate has no ear for music, and complains that a church choir is sacrilegious when the line, "We are going home to die no more," is rendered, "We're going home to Dinah More, to Dinah More, to Dinah More."

"Who dares to spit tobacco juice on this car floor?" savagely asked a burly passenger on the Mobile train. "I dare," quietly replied a slender youth, "and I did it." "You're the chap I'm looking for," said the ruffian, "give me a chew."

A Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveller asked: "Madam, how far is it to B—?" "Shoot a little ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveller.

"Shoot a little ways," again emphatically. "Madam, is it one, two, three, four, or five miles?" "The good woman ingeniously replied: "I dinks it is."

At a Detroit hotel recently was a family going west. The wife was continually badgering her husband for his method of doing this and that, evidently supposing that everybody else was noticing his unristocratic ways. At the table she passed him the potatoes and he took off a small mountain, and in three minutes held his plate for more. She winked at him, but he was determined and shouted: "Elizabeth Jones, you may wink and blink all day, but I'm going have some more 'taters or bust the bank!" He got some.

There is an old darky down in Maryland who lately voted for local option, as he understood it, but not as the public generally understand it. The story, a true one, runs thus: At a recent election a friend asked the old man how he was going to vote.

"Oh," he replied, "the Republican ticket, I always vote that ticket."

"But how are you going to vote on local option?"

The darkey, looking up asked, "what's dat?"

"Why, local option is putting down liquor," was the reply.

"Jors a Massa," said the darkey, "of course I vote for local option; I votes to put down liquor to the old price, fip-penny-bit a pint!"

A Short Romance.

Into the arid atmosphere of politics and bread and butter sometimes comes a bit of romance of melting sweetness. Of such is the story of two lovers and a remorseless father, which as it has just been told by a Bostonian, must of course be true.—Ten years ago a beautiful young Boston girl was sent to the Vermont hills to arrest, if possible, the indications of approaching consumption. She recovered her health, and meantime inflicted a carewound upon the heart of an intelligent and well educated young farmer's son.—Unlike Ledy Vere de Vere, she did not scorn his timid affection, but returned it heartily, reflecting him to her father. That traditionally unromantic personage would not hear of it. Never, never shall a base mechanic wed my child!

The young man retired, went west and made a large fortune, and the young woman married the man presented by her father. She went to live in France; her husband died in two years, and her parents dying, she remained abroad. The memory of her first romance faded with her as with its object, who, though unmarried, was too busy making money for tender thoughts. Last year his business took him to Europe, and one night found him on a little steamer plying between Marseilles and Leghorn. A storm came upon sea, and a lady, who had risen from her seat on deck to go below, was thrown overboard by a sudden lurch of the vessel. The "base mechanic jumped after, and though in the dark the steamer drifted away from them, they clutched a providential plank and floated until they were picked up by another vessel. During the night, in the cold and the darkness, they discovered in each other the loved and lost of earlier days. The old feeling came back in that fearful hour, and on their arrival at Malta they were married. End of the poetry.