

The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

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Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO, PA.

Office at the Waynesboro "Corner Drug Office," June 29-47.

DR. JOHN M. RIPLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main street, Waynesboro, Pa. April 24-47.

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 20-47.

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

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-47.

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 in 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., 118 Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-47.

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. J. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BONDRAKE, T. D. FRENCH,
July 17-47

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 29-47

DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced his 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.
no 27-47 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 and upon reasonable terms. The Metallic Excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Quincy, Pa.
Feb 27-47

J. H. WELSH

WITH

W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3-47

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, Shampooing, 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 18-47

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO, PENNA.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance.
MAY 23-47 SAM'L P. STONER.

Select Poetry.



LOST BELIEFS.

One after one they left;
The sweet birds out of our breasts,
Went flying away in the morning;
Will they come again to their nests?

Will they come again at nightfall,
With God's breath in their song?
Noon is fierce with the heats of summer
And summer days are long!

O my life, with thy upward liftings,
Thy down-ward striking roots,
Ripening out thy tender blossoms
But hard and bitter fruits!

In thy boughs there is no shelter
For the birds to seek again,
The desolate nest is broken,
And torn with storms and rain!

DO NOT BE BOWDOWN.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

Miscellaneous Reading.

STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.

MOST REMARKABLE CASE ON RECORD.

[From the Evansville Journal.]

Malone, Washington county, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1873.—I must crave your patience not to throw this letter aside because it is long. It contains one of the strangest cases that I ever heard of, and one that is creating great excitement in this neighborhood, because of its apparent impossibility, its plain inconsistency with natural science as known to the doctors of our day, and its mysterious character, which places it among the miracles.

Two years ago a farmer started from this neighborhood to go to Nashville, Tenn. He took with him several hundred dollars, a trunk of clothing, a patent right model for a spring bed and several letters of introduction to parties in the South.

The last heard of him was at Terre Haute, when he wrote that he was feeling ill, but would push on to Evansville, where had he an old friend by the name of David Weaver, with whom he intended to spend a few days, after which he would proceed on his journey.

He was never heard of again, or at least such is the claim of his wife and two sons, who are now resisting the claims of a stranger, who pretends to be the man, although he is eight inches taller than Willis Peyton, the missing man; has brown curly hair and luxuriant beard, whereas Peyton had light hair, nearly red and very scanty beard. Another radical point of difference is, the claimant is round-shouldered and has an equine nose, while Peyton was thin and had a large, arched nose, and closely resembled William Bodford, Jr., of your city, except in the color of his hair. So far the case seems simply a specimen of artistic lying, but the sequel shows the strangeness of it.

About four months ago this man came to this neighborhood, and entered the house of the widow Peyton, as she is called, took a seat, and, looking at Mrs. Peyton, said: "I suppose you don't know me Addie?"

Mrs. Peyton answered: "No sir, I do not. Who are you?"

The stranger burst into tears, and said: "You'll not believe me, I know, when I tell you; but its got to come sometime, and might as well now as not. I'm Willis Peyton."

Mrs. Peyton, who is a woman of nerve and decision of character, ordered the fellow out of doors, and he persisted that he was her husband, and causing trouble, was taken by her sons and a hired man to the nearest Justice, and committed to jail as a lunatic. The question first arose on his sanity by a commission of lunacy tried before a surrogate, and it was decided that he was perfectly sane on his own testimony, or rather on examination of himself.

In court, he related to the surrogate circumstances which had occurred in his court years before; told the lawyers many things of themselves that a stranger could not know; related his own family history, giving some minute details well known to all, and even reminded Mrs. Peyton of words spoken in her courtship that it seemed utterly impossible for any one but she and her husband to know.

His story as related under oath is that he left Terre Haute on the train, and after a short time seemed to lose his senses or at least lost all consciousness of what was transpiring around him, but he thinks he was taken to a hospital in Evansville, where he was sick with small pox. From the hospital he was released in a state of semi-consciousness, entirely bald and toothless, his hair and teeth having fallen out. When he asked for his clothes they gave him what appeared to be the clothes of a smaller man, his legs going through the pants and leaving from four to six inches below unprotected.

He could get no trace of either his money, watch or other effects; and half crazy with mortification, he sought out his friend David Weaver, only to be spurned as an imposter trying to sow pestilence.

Weaver's remarks to him caused him to examine himself, and to his astonishment he found that, although forty-two years of age, he had grown five inches in the eight weeks. This was the solution of the riddle by his friends, and feebly crawling along, a kind hearted person directed him to the engine-house, where he slept for three nights and was laughed at by the policemen and loungers for his ridiculous appearance. He looked in a glass at the station-house, and although the glass was a bad one, he could see that he was much altered. At first he thought he would drown himself, he felt so miserable, but he concluded to try to get home again. On his way back he was taken ill again, and again the world was a blank to him. Where this sickness took place he cannot tell, nor is he certain of any of the events of the past two years after leaving Terre Haute, except what occurred during a few days at Evansville, where, he says, a watchman at the engine-house was kind to him, and gave him a portion of his midnight lunch. He is now prosecuting his claim to be recognized as Willis Peyton, and the best legal and medical talent in the vicinity is engaged in the case.

He has thus far undergone severe surgery, and, notwithstanding his claims are most extraordinary, it seems probable that he will establish his identity. The principal evidence in his favor is that of several marks and scars on his person.—When he was a lad he received a severe cut on the instep which left a bad scar.—This scar is on the claimant, but is longer than the original. He had a tattoo mark of an American shield on his right arm, and this appears on the claimant, but out of proportion, and on his left arm an anchor, which is also elongated out of due proportion. Peyton had also a very curious scar on one of his fingers, disfigured by being crushed in a cogwheel. A close and critical examination of this finger by the physician who dressed it inclines that gentleman to say that it is the finger of Willis Peyton, and a remark made by the claimant while the doctor was examining made him certain. Doctor, do you recollect how sick I was made by a sight of that finger when you and mother were dressing it one day? and do you recollect how I came to you one day to know what would take the inflammation out of my arm where I was tattooed by Jim Bayne, the sailor? The old doctor says Jim Bayne wrought angels and angels on the arm of all the boys around, and he well remembered how sore Willis Payton's was and the circumstance of his fainting while his sore finger was being dressed one day.

When asked why his nose is not as much longer than the rest of his body, the physicians say that the elongating process did not reach the nose and the stretching of the face otherwise drew it out of shape. But they cannot account for the changed color of the hair and the luxuriance of its growth.

It is painful to witness the effect of all this upon Mrs. Peyton. She sits in the court room, looking at the claimant; and frequently bursts into tears as she looks at the man who she believes to be her really Willis Peyton. She says if he is really Peyton he may have the farm, the stock, and everything but herself and children, but she can never recognize him.

Sometimes he will implore her to look again, and see if she can not recognize one feature and acknowledge him as her husband, but she refused, and he is almost in despair. He has not attempted to annoy her any other way than by the suit, since he was expelled from the place, but looks for a determination of the suit in his favor, in which case he declares his intention to only have his living from the property, and never intrude upon his wife or disturb his sons, unless they voluntarily recognize him.

Another evidence of his claim is that he will single out men, who look upon him as a stranger, and call them by name as old friends. He will also remind them of circumstances that leave but little doubt of his identity in their minds.

I can not tell you what is to be the result of this extraordinary case, as I am recalled back to my home in Canada, by the illness of my family, but will endeavor to get Mr. Nieman to do so if you desire to make use of this. NEMO.

WEATHER AND WEATHERWISE.—The remarkably mild weather for the winter has become a theme or rather comment even among the school children. The end of the world is near they say, for the time has almost come when one season is not known from another. Older sages also say they believe the winters now are getting milder than they used to be, and that the seasons are changing. But it will be some consolation to all who are in any-wise anxious about it to know that, according to veritable ancient records, in February, 1704, flowers were blooming in the woods in this latitude; in February, 1779, the willows leaved, the peach trees blossomed, and flowers of dandelion were seen; in January, 1781, there was not ice enough on the smallest ponds to bear a dog; in January, 1790, boys were boating on the rivers as if it were summer; January, 1793, the temperature called forth the protestation of the oldest inhabitant that he had never seen the like; and in January, 1795, the skies were cloudless, the atmosphere warm, and the only thing the chronicler had to complain of was being bothered by the flies. So there is nothing so very new about warm weather in winter after all.—Baltimore Sun.

The days are lengthening.

LIGHT.

BY W. BOURBILLON.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

A meeting of the Washington township Teachers' Institute was held in Fairview School House on Saturday the 17th inst. Members present in afternoon:—Miss MILLER, Mrs. ROYER, and Messrs. WEST, POTTER, J. GORDON, GELWICKS, GORDON and AHERN.

Mr. West conducted an exercise on elementary sounds and phonetic spelling, and also a short exercise on alphabetic spelling in connection with defining.

Remarks being invited from others, attention was called to the following words, several of which are often mispronounced by teachers and others; *Psalm, English, Territory, Merit, America, Root.*

Psalm, the first word in the foregoing list,—with a number of similar words, as *calm, palm, grass, &c.*—we usually mispronounce. The correct pronunciation of the word *Psalm*, is neither *Sam* nor *Saim*, but between the two. (See Webster and Worcester.)

The words *English* and *England* should always be pronounced as if written *Eng-lish* and *Eng-land*.

The words *Territory, Merit*, and some others, require the second sound of "e," as in *met*. Never say "territory" for *ter-ri-tory*, or "merit" for *mer-it*.

America. If we "love the name" of our "native country," let us pronounce it correctly. Do not pronounce it *Amer-ree-ay*, nor *Amer-ee-ay*, nor even *Amer-ee-ay*, but give the "e" the sound it has in *met*, while the "a" at the end of the word should have an "obscure sound approaching the Italian sound of a in father."

The rule for the proper sound of a *unaccented* at the end of a word, in English, as in *America, algebra, comma, Cuba, &c.*, is, according to Webster, "properly a brief sound of the Italian a; but in familiar speech it is almost always so slighted and obscured as to be indistinguishable from the neutral vowel (u) in *war-mur*." Worcester says "A unaccented at the end of a word, approaches the Italian sound of a in father."

These rules show the incorrectness of pronouncing *algebra*, "*algebray*" or *com-ma*, "*com-may*" and so also of other words ending in a unaccented.

Root.—Some educated persons pronounce this word with the sound of oo in *foot*; others pronounce it with the sound of oo as in *hoot*, or *moak*. Webster says "Root, root, &c., have properly the long sound of oo as in moon."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "Learning knit her brows, and stamped her foot, To hear a teacher call a root a root."

In this couplet, pronounce the first "root" so as to rhyme with *hoot*, and the second so as to rhyme with *foot*.

In regard to methods of having pupils recite when spelling off book, on "comparing notes," it was found that all the teachers present require the pupil to pronounce each syllable when spelt, and several require their pupils to pronounce the word first, then spell it pronouncing the syllables, and finally pronounce the word again when done. The majority agreed that this is the best method. I learn that the method taught in the State Normal School at Millersville is similar, being as follows:

(Teacher).—"Abandon."
(Pupil).—"Abandon. A-b-a-n-ban, aban, d-o-n don, abandon."
Some may think this a "lengthy long" way; but the pupil should certainly pronounce each syllable as he spells it—at least that much and also the last syllable and then pronounce the word. I notice that in a number of our best graded schools, the pupils are required to pronounce the word twice, once before and once after spelling it.

Mr. West dictated several words to the teachers present to illustrate his own method of teaching definitions at times—a good exercise.

With the more advanced pupils in school it is sometimes a good plan to require them to combine the definition in a sentence of their own.

The following definitions given by pupils who were examined for admission into a high school, show how they utterly misconceived the meaning of the words. The illustrative sentences were given by the pupils.

Adequate.—A land animal; "The Elephant is an adequate."
Transverse.—To turn over; "Transverse that bucket and see what is in it."
Odium.—Pertaining to song; "He was an odium writer."
Atomism.—A small insect; "Queen Mab was pulled by little atomisms!"

Adjourned to meet in same place on Saturday February 7th. As the school directors meet on the same day, cannot all the teachers of the township schools be present at the Institute? Come to the Institute—come one, come all. Don't wait to be pulled by "little atomisms" such as pulled Queen Mab, but come willingly, and don't come to find fault, but come with a willingness to learn or help others learn.

By silence we learn the imperfections of others but they do not learn ours.

JEW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

AS I WAS GOING THROUGH A WESTERN PART OF VIRGINIA, (SAYS AN AMERICAN WRITER),

an old clergyman gave me a short account of a Jew which greatly delighted me. He was preaching to his people, when he saw a man enter, having every mark of a Jew on his face. He was well dressed, and his looks seemed to tell that he had been in great sorrow. He took his seat, and listened in a serious and devout manner, while a tear was often seen to wet his cheek. After the service, the clergyman went up to him and said: "Sir, am I not speaking to one of the sons of Abraham?" "You are," he replied. "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian church?" In reply to these questions, he gave the following account:

"He had been well educated, had come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fruitful banks of the Ohio. He had buried his wife before he left England, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his dear child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. Her mind was well formed, her disposition amiable; she could read and speak with ease, various languages; and her manners pleased all who saw her. No wonder then, that a doting father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his affection upon this lovely child.—Being a strict Jew, he brought her up in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long ago that his daughter was taken ill. The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed; and it soon became too certain that death was creeping over her frame. The father hung over her bed with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often tried to talk with her, but could seldom speak except by his tears. He spared no expense or trouble to get her medical help, but no human skill could save her life. The father was walking in a wood near his house when he was sent for by his dying daughter; with a heavy heart he entered the door of her room.— He was to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave him but feeble hope of seeing her hereafter. The child grasped the hand of the parent with a death-cold hand.

"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you, that you are more dear to me than all the world besides."

"But, father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain? Have I never given you any proof of my love?"

"But, my dearest father, do you love me?" The father could not answer.

The child added, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me; you have been the kindest of parents and I tenderly love you; will you grant one request? Oh! father it is the dying request of your daughter, will you grant it?"

"My dearest child! ask what you will, though it takes every farthing of my property whatever it may be it shall be granted; I will grant it."

"Dear father," replied the girl, "I beg of you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth."

The father was dumb with surprise. "I know but little," added the dying girl, "about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that He is a Saviour for He has made Him known to me, while I have been ill, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, though I never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to be with Him, that I shall ever be with Him. And now, dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of Him, and I pray that you may bestow on Him the love that was formerly mine.

The labor of speaking here overcame her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and ere he could recover his spirits, the soul of his dear daughter had taken its flight, as I trust to that dear Savior whom she loved and honored.

The first thing the parent did after he had buried his child, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and happy followers of Christ.—*Church of England Magazine.*

THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams a true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind—for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as time, are annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, deserted his regiment, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the next room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him.

Do not run in debt to the shoemaker; it is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

Look Aloft.

BY NANNIE.

Young man you are endeavoring to gain a position of honor in the world? Does all seem dark and uncertain before you? Do critics frown and cynics talk? "Look aloft" and be of firm heart! Remember "the darkest cloud has a silver lining," and you may yet attain a prominent place in the world's opinion.

Young woman, are you discouraged with the trials and temptation of this life? Perhaps you are unknown and have only poverty for a companion. God pity you! poor young heart! I know the longings, and aspirations, and murmurings that you know are wrong, and yet cannot help; I know how your soul beats against its prison bars until it almost seems that death is preferable to the struggle.

I know that the beautiful world and blue sky, and shining stars seem blank to you; I know how you waste the "midnight oil," pouring over the "mystic volume" all the "springs of life" are dried up; I know all this and knowing it, I ask, is there no bright spot on the fair earth? Look aloft! There is a friend who never faileth!

Widow! oh! the sorrows in that one word! The world is very dark to you! Thick tears fill your eyes until they are blinded to God's blessed sunshine, and you pray to die. But are there no bleeding hearts save yours? Think you no one else weeps? No one else mourns the precious dead? "Look aloft" to Him who promises to be—"Father to the fatherless."

Aged one! You whose sands of life are nearly run; your eyes are dim, your step faltering, and the frost of many winters set upon your bowdled head. You are alone! One by one your cherished companions have passed away. Look aloft to Him who will safely guide your trembling footsteps through the valley of the shadow of death.

Should the friends who, in our prosperity, wept when we wept, and joyed when we were glad—When adversity comes, betray us, let us look aloft to an unflinching friendship.

Should they who are nearest and dearest to our hearts pass beyond to the Summer Land, we will look aloft to you bright world where love never dies.

And oh! when Death halts at our door; when he points his finger to us and we must follow him across the dark river, we will look aloft and with faith in our hearts, fearlessly step into the cold waves.

The Feet and Health.

Of all parts of the body there is not one which ought to be as carefully attended to as the feet. Every person is aware from experience, that colds and many other diseases which proceed from the same are attributed to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the "wheel at the center" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be easily checked in them. You see all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated there is no part of the body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be-genteel-footed tramp their feet into thin soled, pinching boots, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. Now this is very wrong. In cold weather, boots of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers large enough to give free circulation to the blood in the feet, should be worn by all. They should be water-tight and warm, but not airtight. It injures the feet to wear an airtight cover over them. India rubber shoes or boots should not be worn except in wet and slushy weather, and then taken off as soon as the exposure to it is over. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering which entirely obstructs the passage of carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin. There is one great evil against which every person should be on his guard—we mean the changing of warm for cold boots or shoes. It is a dangerous practice.

THE GRAVE MAN.—Gravity is most allusive the result of ignorance, that is the way I look at it.

I have seen thousands of men who were as grave as a mile stone, and who had just about as much wisdom.

When I was a boy, if a man looked severe and sad nothing, but I thought he must be as wise as a dictionary, but I measure a man now in a different half bushel and give him credit for wisdom just in proportion as he talks and laughs well.

The most learned, and the most wise men I know, are the most ready to laugh, and kick up their heels, only give them a good chance.

Gravity, in mi piyun, is a consciousness or weakness, not ov strength. Laffing is like wine, it unbumms a man and shows his strength, as well as his weakness.

Gravity is a coat of mail, but it is only necessary for phools.

I know lots of phools who if they shoo their heads back, and laffharry once, would lose all their morals for life.

If gravity is wisdom, wisdom is cheaper in market than stale herring.—Josh Billings.

A beautiful Southern lady called upon General Sherman, recently, to obtain some evidence from him concerning a cotton claim she is prosecuting. "How many children have you, madam?" demanded the General. "I have six; I have nine." "Then," answered the General, decisively, "you had better stop hunting up cotton, and go to Grant and tell him I say to pension you. Any woman who has had nine children and looks as young and handsome as you do, deserves a pension."

Wit and Humor.

Where the sun can't come, the doctor must.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but he never saw an auntelope.

"Muggine" says that, in these hard times, a five dollar greenback looks as big as a circus poster.

An Ohio miss has made a paper of pins last her eleven years. That girl will do to pin to.

There are four hundred and fifty Revolutionary widows left. Here is a chance for those men who pay for a wife of the good old days.

"What is a more exhilarating sight," asks a Vermont paper, "than to see eighteen handsome girls riding down hill on an ox sled?" Nineteen.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil, who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply; "You do—to see Lize."