

Waynesboro' Village Record.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1874.

NUMBER 42.

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

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

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

LOCALS.—Business Local 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 29-4f.]

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main street, Waynesboro'. April 24-4f.

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House. July 20-4f.

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

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-4f.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance contracted 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., 114 North Main street, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged. July 20, 1871-4f.

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.
Drs. E. A. HEERING, J. M. RIPPLE,
A. H. STRICKLER, J. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BOYERBAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17-4f.

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 29-4f.

DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at a half hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK. Nov 27-4f.

WHEAT WANTED.

THE subscriber announces to the farmers of Washington and Quincy townships that he purchases superintending his milling interests in person during the winter season, and will pay the highest market price for wheat delivered at his Mill. When not at the mill he will be found at the Bowden House, in Waynesboro'. DAVID PATTERSON. Dec 18-4f.

J. H. WELSH

W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3-4f.

BARBERING! BARBERING!

THE subscriber having recently re-painted and papered and added new furniture to his shop, announces to his customers and the public that he will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction and make comfortable all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Shaving, Schampooing, Hair-cutting, &c. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to promise satisfaction in all cases. W. A. PRICER. Sept 18-4f.

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, repainted and papered it, and if 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 25-4f. SAND P. STOKER.

Select Poetry.



HARD TIMES.

BY ALFRED.

O! take me, friend, oh! take me where
Hard times none ever cry,
Where bread and butter grows on trees
And sausage close by;
Where oysters dwell in constant stews,
And devil'd crabs fall out,
Where clams come ready cooked to hand
And cooks can never part.

Oh! take me to some wilderness,
Far, far away from town,
Where turkeys roasted run about,
With gravy dripping down;
Where grapes never have to work,
As some do, night and day,
Where one can get just what one wants,
And nothing have to pay!

Oh! take me where no wicked still
Of strichnine whiskey's found,
Nor where champagne fills every rill
And cognac doth abound;
But where the most delicious fruit
The eyes have ever seen,
Spontaneous rolls from mountains' down,
And every hill ice cream.

Oh! take me to the land of peace,
Where never comes a dun,
Where lawyers never come to law,
And lawyers never come;
Where crops are good and never fail,
And each one gets his share,
Where one may eat, and drink and sleep
Without an anxious care.

Oh, take me, do, where all the folks
Get plenty clothes to wear;
Where fashions never change, and pants
Do never burst nor tear;
Where satins, silks and bonnets all
May have a full supply;
Where children are obedient,
And babies never cry.

Take me where wives good-humor'd grow
And gossips never talk,
And parson less by preaching judg'd
Than by their daily walk;
Where doctor's charges are unknown,
Where none grow grey and old,
Where chilns and fever trouble not,
And quinine is not sold.

Oh, take me, for I'm awful sick,
Far, far from banks away,
Where ne'er another note I'll give,
Or have a bill to pay.
Oh, take me to some wilderness,
Where all these things are found;
Oh, take, take me quickly, for
I'm almost run aground.

Miscellaneous Reading.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE STORY OF A SNAKE.

The following incident, which happened to the writer long years ago, is of such a thrilling nature as to cause the blood to run cold in one's veins at the bare mention of it. The account is founded on facts, and can be vouched for by witnesses of undoubted integrity.

While sauntering out one morning thro' an orange grove bordering on one of the bayous of Louisiana, and where the warbling vireos and rattle of that most venomous and deadly species of the reptile tribe are not frequently heard, I came upon an inviting shady nook, and being weary and fatigued by exercise and the heat of the sun, I sought repose by stretching myself at length upon the grass, and while lying there, dreaming day dreams and being refreshed by gentle breezes, deep scented with the fumes of the luscious Louisiana orange, I naturally yielded to the seductive influence of Morpheus into whose arms I gracefully resigned myself.

I did not lie long thus, however, before I was awakened by the sense of a cold pressure about my neck. I glanced downward to ascertain the cause of my disturbance, when, oh, horror! What met my gaze but a huge rattlesnake, lying with his head resting as complacently and as serenely as one can imagine, upon the back of my hand, which I had carelessly thrown across my breast; the rest of his body being drawn over my shoulder and wound around my neck. His piercing black eyes "looked daggers" into mine, and the diabolical expression of his countenance generally, looked, if it did not say in as many words: "the game is up with you now, my boy," which to me was painfully too apparent just then to entertain the least hope of escape. Fortunately, I displayed great presence of mind, and I knew that to stir or to make an audible noise was instant death to me.

I thought that while there was life there was hope at least, and setting my wits to work, I began devising schemes by which I might make a coup d'etat on my impending doom. Ah! the thought struck me, I had a sharp penknife in my pocket! Could I but slyly ease my hand down into my pocket, get possession of the knife, and by a rapid movement sever the head from the body, I would be free! But no; the knife was in my right hand pocket; and I dared not move that hand from under his head to get it. Then could I not clutch him by the neck and body and hold him? That would not do either,

for, were I to choke him he would choke me.

There was but one recourse left me, and that was to lie perfectly quiet and let events develop themselves; perhaps some one would chance to pass this way and frighten the monster away. I remained wrapt thus within the serpent's embrace a few moments, which seemed ages, when I heard the rustling of grass as of approaching footsteps. A gleam of hope now entered my mind. Perhaps it was some one sent by Providence to rescue me from my perilous situation.

I was doomed to disappointment at a time also, as my anticipated rescuer was nothing more than a powerless hog, which passed by within a few paces of where I lay unaware of and unconcerned as to the agony under which I was suffering. A drowning man will catch at straws in order to save himself, it is said, but I actually invoked the intercession of that hog in silent prayer. I prayed that he would come nearer me in hopes that his presence would frighten the serpent off; but he only gave a grunt of recognition and went his way. The noise caused the snake to move and draw himself tighter about my neck. I shuddered from fear, or hope, I know not which.

I had by this time grown very weak; my blood seemed to be getting as cold as that of the snake itself, and I lay there perfectly powerless, and, as it were, dying by inches—staring grim Death in the face, while his icy hand encircled my throat. My physical strength could endure no more, and I swooned away from sheer fright and exhaustion. The supreme moment had now arrived. In reviving from my fainting spell I suppose I irritated the snake in some way, as he had loosened himself from my neck, and coiling himself upon my breast, with his ominous forked tongue darting forth, stood ready for the attack. I uttered a yell, at which he sprang at my face with terrific force, and as I felt his jaws close on me, and his poisonous stings enter my flesh, I—awoke from my horrible dream, in a state of cold perspiration, amid the merriment and laughter of several of my lady acquaintances, one of whom had been tickling my neck with a straw.

Unhallowed Resignation.

What a habit we have of creating all our ills to Providence! We are never willing to admit that our own inactivity, folly and self-love have wrought out the dire results over which we mourn. We only hear shipwreck of our lives; we only hear the voices of the storm, and instead of owning that it was our indifferent and unskillful navigation that brought our craft upon the rocks, we fold our hands and cry out, blindly, "Strange and mysterious are thy ways, O Providence!" It is well to have faith and trust. It is well to be resigned to trials that cannot be avoided; but it is not well to hide our talents in a napkin, to take our fill of ease and pleasure, and bow down to the gods of pride and fashion, then shrink back from the consequences and say that the work is none of ours. Some of us really imagine that we are suffering the will of the Lord, because the flour barrel is empty and our coat out at the elbows when a little more energy, a little more self-denial, a little less folding of the hands for rest—these would raise us out of the slough of poverty, and set us on our feet, crowned with the gift of a godly heritage. We eat rich, unwholesome food, keep late hours, transgress all the laws of health, and when we pay the penalty with shattered nerves and broken constitution, we wonder why we are not strong and vigorous as our neighbor who has lived moderately all his days. Because the neck and arms of our tender infants are soft and white and dimpled, we let them go bare and unprotected, then, when some day we leave the little one out under the snow, we murmur that our Father hath been unkind. In too many such cases, with a little more flannel the family circle might be kept unbroken for many a year.

THE EFFECTS OF THE PANIC.—"Many a man wishes he was a farmer about these times," remarked a distinguished lawyer during the recent financial panic. "No doubt about that," replied a prominent banker. "Only a few weeks ago one of these men, himself a farmer's son, spent some time on our farm, and from casual remarks that he made it was evident that he congratulated himself that he was not a farmer. "After all," we observed, "the prosperity of the country depends to a great extent on our agriculture. Bankers and business men will find, sooner or later, that anything which hurts the farmer will hurt them. It is slow work digging money out of the soil, but successful agriculture is the true road to national wealth, and we are in great danger of overlooking this well established fact. "We shall all suffer more or less from the panic. But the ultimate effect will be beneficial. It will clear the atmosphere. Financial men will realize that farmers, who are getting only from ten to thirty cents a bushel for corn, cannot buy railroad bonds. As our readers know, we have repeatedly predicted the present condition of affairs. We regret the loss and suffering. But it is well that we should all occasionally touch bottom, and realize whence our wealth and strength as a nation are derived.—American Agriculturist.

The father of ex-Gov. Johnston is still living, in Westmoreland county, and is now one hundred years old. Until within the past two years he was in the habit of daily riding on horseback.

Travel in Russia.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, en route from Berlin to St. Petersburg, writes as follows:

The very cars are made for a realm of ice and snow. Built after the American fashion, they are divided into a number of separate compartments, connected by a long narrow passage running right thro' them—and are warmed by stoves fed from the piles of wood logs stacked up in front of the stove. A Moujik, who appears to turn up from nowhere, and sleeps outside upon the steps, keeps feeding these stoves from hour to hour. The carriages are lit up with short, squat wax candles, which never get really alight, and are always guttering out. Very few passengers get out; and fewer still get in; and altogether a sort of phantom air hangs over the whole journey. The day is well on before the gray, dim light struggles through the ice-beframed windows, and then for some half dozen hours—rather less than more—the dull, dreary landscape of a Russian plain, where the snow lies deep upon the ground, shifts steadily before our eyes as we journey slowly northward.

A wide expanse of snow, broken by patches of pine forests, whose dark sombre leaves are crested with white flakes, forms the never-changing background of the scene. Throughout the whole 560 miles which separate St. Petersburg from the Russian boundary line, there is neither embankment, nor cutting, nor curve. Across a dead waste of snow the line stretches as far as the eye can reach. The roadside houses are seen in that long distance through the carriage windows, is scarcely greater. At regular intervals, usually some twenty miles apart, the train stops at some roadside station. No town, or even village, is visible in the distance. Half a dozen sleighs stand outside the station; a score of shaggy-skinned peasants loiter on the platform; a sentry, with fixed bayonet, stands at attention all the time the train stops; nobody gets in or out. The sole object of the halt seems to pile up new stacks of logs with which the engine's tender is provided. The names of the stations are unintelligible to the western eye, and the queer combinations of unknown, contorted, blue letters with which the walls of the railway waiting rooms are covered, bear little or no analogy to the Germanfeld versions provided by the timetables. Keschedann and Swentzianny seem in Russian to be spelt with much the same letters; and even the difference between either of them and Ostrow is barely perceptible.

Nor is there much in the outward aspect of these stations to distinguish them from another. They are all alike, only varying in size. A long, low, wooden, barn-shaped building, planted in the middle of a waste of snow is their invariable type. The train slows slower and slower for some quarter of an hour, then at last comes to a full stop; the doors at the end of each long railway car are thrown open, the double windows lowered, and a mass of figures, swathed in furs and sheepskin, disgorges itself upon the platform. Out of the frosty air you pass into the refreshment-rooms, whose atmosphere is heated like that of a bake-house oven. There is a long table in the middle for travelers who wish to dine, a bar resplendent with colored bottles where all kinds of schnapps and drams are dispensed; a side table full of glasses of tea, presided over by a woman in peasant's dress. The waiters are dressed in black, with white ties and white Berlin gloves. As the larger portion of the travelers are foreigners, there is a good deal of pantomimic language and action, and you constantly witness the spectacle of two persons jabbering fiercely to one another in different languages, each of the speakers being perfectly aware all the time that what he says is utterly unintelligible to the other.

The Bothersome Flies.

The following from an exchange may not be without value:
Let me give you a piece of my experience with the troublesome flies. My room, with a southern exposure, and the window open day and night, has been free from flies all summer, though in the adjacent kitchen and dining-room there have been millions. I explain this by the following observations:
1. Flies hate light. You can find them in dark corners, dark passages, dark holes never in blazing sunlight.
2. Flies hate a draught. They are attracted by effluvia, and like close air, while wind beats them about and gives no promise of anything to eat. Set up a tent on the prairie, making a little oasis of darkness and dead air, and in an hour it will be full of flies. Where do they come from? From down in the grass were it is dark and still. In England I have seen multitudes in the close lanes, overshadowed with trees and branching hedgerows, of which there are so many in that country. But you never find them in the open air and light.
3. Flies like all kinds of dirt, particularly decomposed organic matter. A kitchen full of scraps and grease, a dining room with an unctuous cloth and steaming viands, a sick room; full of pestiferous odors and effluvia of every sort are their paradise. Where there is perfect cleanliness, flies, if they come at all, will lie torpid, as they do in unoccupied rooms during hot weather, and because there is nothing for them to eat in such a place, they will leave as soon as light and wind are introduced.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

LIBRIC OF AGTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes
and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
When the voice of an angel th'rillear
on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on
to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can bloom on the desolate
waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and man-
hood arise,
With the faith that illumines the will
that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost
fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the
dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires.
There's no height the strong wings of im-
mortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt
strive in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes
and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'er head;
And sublime as the angel who rules in
the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the
conflict is won!

Stephen Girard's Will.

In a recent lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, Dr. Cornell gave the following interesting account of the opening of Stephen Girard's will:

The old man lay dead in his house on Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom the curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wines, kept up a continual carousal. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor he told them there was and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this their desire to learn its contents rose to a fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will was not immediately produced, and at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the executors.

When he opened it and was about to read he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of puffed faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions, for no one had dreamed of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying no one should be a gentleman on his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life.

The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man in his own lifetime, had made his kindred partake of his superabundance, especially as he had nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seemed utterly frivolous, to break the will, and employed the most eminent counsel to conduct their cause, but without effect. "They did, however, succeed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will, which Girard, dis regarding the opinion of Mr. Duane, attempted by a postscript to include in the will. "It will not stand," said the lawyer. "Yes it will," said Girard. Mr. Duane, knowing his man, was silent; and the courts have since decided that his opinion was correct.

EDUCATION.—No more truthful sentence was ever penned by man than the following by Chancellor Kent: "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, defrauds the community of a lawful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance." These words should be written in letters of gold over the entrance of every school in the land.

How a Merchant was Sold.

Among the solid merchants of Boston two generations ago, none stood higher than Mr. Henshaw. He was as fine a specimen of the old time Boston merchant as could be found; shrewd and far seeing in his business operations, exact in all his transactions, he was withal very lenient with an unfortunate debtor, especially when he thought the unfortunate was honest and meant to be honorable.

One day a country merchant who had been doing business in New Hampshire, and who was owing Mr. Henshaw about \$1500, called upon him and with pallid face and tearful eyes, told him he had failed and that his endorser on some confidential paper had taken every dollar's worth of his stock which had barely realized enough to liquidate his liability as endorser and that everything was gone but a farm of 150 acres which he owned free of incumbrance, and "Here," said the debtor, "is a deed of that which I have drawn and duly executed conveying it to you, here is the abstract of title duly certified, and the papers are all recorded. It is all I can do, and I have come to ask you to accept it and give me a release."

"And what do you propose to do?" asked the kind hearted merchant. He answered that he was going to sell his household furniture, and with the proceeds, take his wife and child and go west, enter some land, and try and work out a new home. This "touched the spot," and seized him by the hand, Mr. Henshaw said, (the tears, meanwhile streaming down his benevolent face). God bless you for an honest man!" and once executed the release, and then taking his check book, wrote a check for \$500, and presented it to the bankrupt, saying, "Take this, it will help you to start in your new home, and I tell you, sir, that I never in my life signed a check with more satisfaction." So with a fervent "God speed" from the generous merchant, the man withdrew.

This occurred in the fall of the year, and when the roads "got settled," the following spring Mr. Henshaw thought he would take a trip to New Hampshire and see his farm, and either rent or dispose of it, some way. He accordingly took the stage early in the morning, and a little after dark arrived at the village in sight of which the honest bankrupt had staked the farm was located.

Taking his supper he retired to rest. The next morning he was up with the sun, and walked out upon the steps of the inn, where he seen the object of his visit, he produced the deed, and asked if he could tell him the exact location of his farm, as he proposed to take a look at it after breakfast. The jolly landlord, upon looking at the precious document, smiled audibly, and said:

"Yes, Squire, that's all right. Your title is clear. I am the Town Clerk, and know all about it. But, Squire, I guess you won't care to go over the place. You can see it all from here."

"Where?" asked Mr. Henshaw.

The old man pointed to a high ledge of rocks, covered with loose boulders, comprising, without doubt, a full 150 acres, upon the whole area of which a single goat would have died of starvation, if limited to the products of that farm for sustenance.

"Good heavens! You mean to tell me that that pile of rocks is my farm?" "Just so, Squire, and it has been profitable farm to more than one purchaser, I can tell you."

"How so?"

"Wall, you see, Squire, nobody round here is fool enough to pay taxes on it, and every two or three years it is sold for taxes, and is allus bid in by some merchant for a dollar or two, and he keeps it until he fails, and then goes to Boston and uses it in settling with his creditors and clubs, owing them smart Boston merchants. But there's the bell for breakfast. Won't you take a little rum and tawny, Squire?" It's a real good thing to brace a man up when he feels a little down in the mouth."

Mr. Henshaw took the return stage for Boston, and before placing the deed of his farm in his safe he wrote on the back of it, SOLD.

STERN REALITY.—It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fences, let cattle into crops, kill the fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of the windows, and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and his manners, subvert his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden as well as to the farmer; for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, Alcohol is no respecter of persons.

BOYS BE SPRUCE.—Boys be spruce.—Always strive to look neat and clean. Black your shoes and brush your clothes. Never let people see you with your hair like "Old Nick in a wind," or with your hands and face the color of mud. Slovenliness and dirt tell against you fearfully. Speak up, and never hang back when people ask you questions you ought to answer. Promise only what you can and will perform. Be prompt. Keep your appointments to the second, and never put off things. Tell the truth invariably. These rules well attended to will make you manly, and gain you the opinion of the world.

Wit and Humor.

What is that which by losing an eye has what a nose left?—A noise.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

Our housekeeper is certainly a most generous woman. She has just volunteered to give an eye to a domestic who has lately joined the establishment.

An Indiana paper says girls should be taught that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the mode.

Ell Perkins, so called, froze his ears in St. Paul the other day, but it is a comfort to know that he has plenty left for the next winter's frost to work on.

Titusville had a marriage of a woman to her step-son. And now comes Altoona with a case wherein a son marries his mother. The son was a clergyman, however, and married his mother to a farmer.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you have your ears cropped? they are entirely too long for a man." "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened; they are too short for an ass."

It is stated that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces, that of a woman about eight. As their age increases, a man's heart grows heavier and the woman's lighter—some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

A Chicago man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassiz wrote for it, the joker said 'twas the apple of his eye.

One feeble clergyman asked a brother preacher if he was never troubled about the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints?" The more robust brother drily replied, "Not a bit of it—the perseverance of the sinners is all that troubles me!"

At a recent Cattle Show, a lot of black pigs, bred not stated, classed as less than eighteen month, weighed about 80 lbs. each. They are described as being, so fat that it was necessary to place blocks of wood under their snouts to keep them from chocking.

"Brother Beecher," says the venerable Dr. Bacon, laying his hand on the great preacher's shoulder, "Brother Beecher, I fear the devil whispered in your ear just now, that this was a very fine lecture." "O no," replied Mr. Beecher, he left that for you to do."

We never did believe much in these relics, but if we must have them they ought to be in the shape of something worthwhile. A Nashville man has a relic there is no discount on. It is a bed bug preserved in alcohol, which was caught in a bed in which General Jackson slept.

A Romance.

Romance is not confined altogether to populous cities. A beautiful incident has lately transpired in a neighboring village, the particulars of which are worthy to compose a first-class story. During the cruel, bitter days of the late war, a private soldier who was stationed in this county, approached an unpretending farm house, and asked for something to eat. It was readily given, and on leaving, the soldier offered to pay for his meal, but the good host refused compensation.

The farmer had a good looking lass, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the soldier could hardly tear himself from her charming society. As he was leaving the premises he shook her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze, as much as to say "I love you," which was answered by a blush that told a short but sweet tale. Before another interview the regiment was ordered to the front, and amid the din and carnage of war he did not forget the lass from whom he had parted. The war closed, and found the soldier a cripple. The old love still lingered, but his condition unfitted him to take charge of a family, therefore he had never sued for the hand that was so dear to him. But a few weeks ago a relative passed over the flood and left the young man a well stocked and valuable farm. He took possession of the farm with a proud heart. His only dread was concerning the Washington county girl, whom he feared was beyond his reach as the wife of another. He accordingly jumped on a train and visited the section in which his ideal lived. Upon inquiring he learned that she was still alive and unmarried; that her father had died; that the old farm had been sold; and she, with her aged mother, was living in the village. He at once sought her presence, promptly offered to her his heart and his home, and to the mother a comfortable refuge for her last days.

The girl remembered the soldier and accepted the civilian, and a few mornings since the Cumberland Valley train took the happy little family to their western home. Our hope for a happy life cheerfully follows them.—Hagerstown Daily News.

Love all, trust a few, and wrong no one.

Friendship, like iron, is fragile if hammered too thin.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

In case money gets to be wanting this spring we should like to become a drug-gest.

ADVERTISE in the Record.