

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. \$2.00 PER YEAR.

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THE VILLAGE RECORD,

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By W. BLAIR.
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LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Centapiece for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincey and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr 2-1f

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-1f

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 1874.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. HENRY BOWLS (formerly of Virginia) announces to the citizens of Waynesboro' and the public generally that he is prepared to treat the different diseases to which horses are subject, including lockjaw, Thorough study and many years practice are the best recommendations he can offer. Persons requiring his services will find him at Minter's Hotel. may 21-1f

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-1f

REMOVAL!

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ has removed to the new Office Building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street, where he can always be found, when not engaged on professional visits.
Office Hours:—Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2 and 6 and 9 P. M. Special attention given to all forms of chronic disease. An experience of nearly thirty years enables him to give satisfactorily. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-1f

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. HERING, J. M. RIPLEY,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BONEBRACE, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17-1f

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 29-1f

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, re-painted and papered it, and is now simply 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 29-1f
SAMPL P. STONER.

LIVERY! LIVERY!

THE subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Speedy horses and first class conveyances furnished at all times. An attentive hostler will always be found at the stable. A share of the public's patronage is respectfully solicited. JOHN S. FUNK.
July 30-1f

TAILORING.

THE subscriber announces to his old customers and the public that he has again taken up his residence in Waynesboro' and will be pleased to receive a share of public patronage. His place of business is on Leifersburg street, nearly opposite Bel's Pottery. JOS. ANDELTON.
may 1-1f

DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK.
nov 27-1f

800 or 1000 Choice Chestnut Rails for post free for sale, in front of Monterey Springs Hotel. Enquire of H. YINGLING, Agt.

Select Poetry.



THE OLD SLEEPING ROOM.

BY REV. JOHN THEO. ETTER.

I come, a pilgrim wan and worn,
Back to the house where I was born—
I softly tread to-day!
My heart bears, as a holy thing,
The many memories I bring
From life's long, weary way;
Familiar are these stairs indeed,
Which to the second story lead—
How natural to me!
Just as of old—I do declare—
The knot-hole in the wash-board there—
'Tis open still—just see!

Nine steps—I need not count them thro'
Pill lay you what you will, 'tis so;
The short flight there has four.
This hand-rail on the entry-side—
What sport for boys adorned to slide,
As we were wont of yore.

The window, at the head, is seen,
Venetian shutters, painted green,
And they are closed up still.
The ghostly light of evening fills
So pale upon the stairs and walls,
I feel a timid chill!

Half smiling now, and now half sad—
Half weeping now, and now half glad—
Do I ascend the stairs.
I reach the top—I touch the door—
It opens as it did of yore—
I did it unawares!

The dear old room! how many a night,
From evening hour till morning light,
Here, child and boy, I slept!
There, in that corner, stood my bed—
Here was the foot, and there the head!
All this my memory kept.

How sweet our childhood's sleep appears;
One rests not in after years—
Ah! this too well I know!
Life fills the anxious heart with cares;
A wakeful dull the pillow bears,
And night's dull hours move slow.

The moon is up, 'tis full and bright—
It pours its mellow flood of light
Upon the bed and floor;
What moves upon the wall about?
The shadowy play of trees without—
I've seen that oft before.

All, all is still—save but the wail
Of lonely cricket's evening tale,
Hid in the window-sill.
Hark! in the closet—tick—tick—tick!
It is the death-watch's ghostly click—
I wish that worm were still!

If there be ghosts—ah! who can tell?
This place, this hour, would suit them well;
Perhaps some may be near!
I see naught with my eyes that's real;
Yet, in my spirit's sense, I feel
As if they might be here.

Yes, ghosts are here from childhood's hours
They have no forms, but come as powers,
And give me pleasing pain;
They mirror to my heart the plays,
Of all my early halcyon days,
Which cannot come again!

Angels are here, so pure and rare,
They play upon the moonbeams there,
They glide along the wall!
Back to this ark, like Noah's dove,
They bring their sprigs of peace and love—
I hail their friendly call.

These spirits guard us in our ways,
So mother's Holy Bible says—
And I believe it too,
Have we the "Our Father" said,
They watch that night around our bed,
Most certainly they do!

This did our mother often tell;
We children all believed it well,
And did as we were told.
You don't believe? you wiser—you?
Than mother and the Bible too?
Such folly makes you bold.

For me this faith wrought like a charm;
I slept quite free from fear or harm,
In peace till morning light.
I hold it still—I will believe,
That that who pray this prayer receive
An angel-guard at night.

I've often wished I were again
A child, as innocent as then—
But that can never be;
So I will keep, as best I can,
The life of childhood in the man—
The child-like nurse in me.

But, see, high up has gone the moon—
How long I've wandered here alone!
'Tis time for me to leave.
Good-by, my little room, good-by—
Hold! there is something in my eye!
This parting makes me grieve!

Miscellaneous Reading.

DR. CREIGH'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION ON THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER, '74.

It was a law of Jehovah under the Jewish dispensation, that all the males of the Hebrew nation, who had arrived at their twelfth year, were to appear before the Lord in the years during their sacred feasts. These feasts continued generally speaking for about seven days. They are occasions of great interest. They are made of great account. "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." These ful-

lowing things among others were gained by their observance: First, the promotion of the oneness of the Jewish people both in their civil and church relations.

Scattered abroad over the land of Judea and divided into tribes, it might have tended to their disintegration; but this would serve only as an effectual check to it. Secondly, when difficulties might arise between the different tribes, that these difficulties might be adjusted at the metropolis of the nation, where Jehovah Himself had His earthly dwelling place, and from which point He ruled among the people. And thirdly, that the different tribes might become acquainted with one another in their individual capacity. During the separation of those who attended on these festivals from their families, there was a very remarkable providence extended to the families and property. Although surrounded with enemies who were ready to injure them, both in person and property, yet during these seasons when the able bodied men were called away, and the old and decrepit and the young were left at home, never in a single instance were those who were left behind in any way molested.

Similar to these gatherings is the present convocation. We are brought together as representatives of the Presbyterian church of this great and beautiful valley. As churches, it is well for us to be brought together in this social way, in order that we may become personally acquainted with one another in regard to the interests of our Zion in this portion of our Lord's vineyard; that we may stir up one another to love, and good works; may share more largely in each other's sympathies; and may be bound more closely together in that sacred relation which unites us as Christians and which has brought us together as Presbyterians.

This valley did not begin to be settled until near the close of the seventeenth century. Its original name was *Kittichiny* or *North Valley*. It was settled by the Scotch-Irish, who emigrated from their own country to this country in consequence of the trials they had to encounter in their own land. They selected this part of America, making their way into this part of Pennsylvania, because of the peace and quiet they would have from the peaceful government of William Penn. They were an intelligent, hardy and thrifty people. They were a *hardy* people. They were endured to hardships from the beginning—not only in felling the forests and in preparing the land for cultivation and so on—but in consequence also of contests with the Indians. It would require a volume to tell of all these trials and troubles. They were plain in their habits, and were contented with their style of living, which was of the plainest kind. They knew nothing of the extravagances and follies of the present age. With the log cabins of 20 feet by 25 feet, built of logs with clapboard roof and puncheon floor, they were perfectly contented. It was their parlor, their family room, their chamber, nursery and kitchen all in one. The ordinary wear of the men was a loose wamum or hunting shirt, with trousers made of the same material, and moccasins made of deer skin. The ordinary dress of the women was a short gown and petticoat made of lincsey-woolsey with a sun-bonnet or hood.

This was their ordinary wear. But still they had something better, i. e., those who could afford it. The male attire was a coat of homespun and waistcoat, with breeches often made of buckskin, with knee buckles, long stockings, shoe buckles and a cocked hat. The ladies' attire was a dress of silk or some other material equally costly, a bonnet made of material to correspond, a kerchief of white around the neck and covering the upper part of the breast. Their food was simple and plain. Hog and hominy and potatoes, with mush and milk, were their standing fare. And as for coffee and tea, if the old folks could have them once a week, and on the Sabbath day, they were more than satisfied with the privilege. Nor must we forget to mention the little shelf on which rested the Family Bible, the Confession of Faith, Psalm book, Pilgrim's Progress, Boston's Fourfold State, Saint's Rest, and such like. In settling in this country, these pioneers were generally farmers. Hence they selected rural districts for their homes, in the neighborhood of springs or on the banks of creeks. And they preferred the slate to the limestone, because of its easier cultivation. And they were patriots. They sighed for liberty in their own land—they sought it; they were willing to make any allowable sacrifice to secure it—and here in this land of Penn they found it.

And in after years, having the spirit of freedom inwrought in them, becoming as it were a part of their very nature—when the war of the Revolution took place, almost to a man (and woman) they identified themselves with the cause of freedom and fought and bled—and many died in the contest; but the living would not yield until they had achieved their independence. To these brave men and women we are indebted for our liberties, civil and religious; for our present form of government, and for all the blessings we enjoy under it. All honor to them! They were a noble race. Their history is yet to be written. They are too little known. We admire the Puritans. We would not detract a single iota from the praise they receive. But in our humble opinion, the Scotch-Irish who settled in this valley at the time we are speaking of were the peers of them all. And one of the greatest calamities connected with the burning of Chambersburg was the destruction of all the materials which the Hon. Gen. Chambers had collected through a long professional life-time to illustrate the early history of the settlement of Cumberland Valley by the Scotch-Irish.

When these early settlers had fixed up

on this part of Pennsylvania as their home simultaneously with the erection of their log cabins, they erected the school house and also the church, or as it was then called the meeting house. As the early records of the Presbytery have been lost, it is difficult to determine the precise date of the organization of some of the first formed churches in the valley. But from the most reliable data within our reach, the churches of Silver Spring, Carlisle, Big Spring, Fall Spring, Rocky Spring, Mercersburg, Welsh Run and Greencastle, must all have been organized between the years 1725 and 1740. In the organization of these churches, great care was taken to locate them near some spring, and not nearer to each other than the distance of ten miles; and so for this latter purpose when application was made to the Presbytery for the organization of a new church, a "perambulating committee" was appointed by Presbytery, who by actual measurement would not locate a church nearer a neighboring church than the distance of ten miles. And so beginning west of the Susquehanna, at Silver Spring—from this point to Meeting-house Spring or West Pennsborough, now Carlisle, is ten miles; from this point to Hopewell, now Big Spring or Newville, is ten miles; and so to Middle Spring, and Rocky Spring, and to the other points named.—The faith of these early settlers was strictly Calvinistic—rigidly so; they had a great abhorrence of Arminianism, Prelacy and Romanism.

Their practice corresponded to their faith. They loved the Confession of Faith and Catechisms, and taught the Shorter Catechism in their families, and had it taught in what was called "The Day School." The Pastor also had his yearly examinations of the families on the subject of the catechism, and also made his family visitations. And when a church was without a pastor, the supply who was appointed by Presbytery to preach in such vacant church was directed to catechize the youth of the congregation.—They had no way of heating their church edifices, and for two long hours pastor and people would continue the worship of God, having come thorough snow and rain and wind and storm. Some of the precious seasons of religious worship in these early days of the church in this valley were their communion services. They would often begin their services on the Thursday preceding the Lord's Day and continue them over the following Monday. Two, three, and sometimes four congregations with their pastors would meet together for these services. On the Sabbath day, the communicants in coming to the Lord's table would bring with them a *token* which they had received from the Pastor and Ruling Elder of their respective churches, and which being now called for, they would place in the hands of the officiating elders. These tokens were made of lead or other metal, about the size of a dime or half-dime, and were intended to testify that the persons holding them were entitled to the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper. Long after this custom of different churches meeting together at some one point for these religious services was discontinued, the token was still used in separate churches. In the Lord's Supper the table was uniformly used. There was no such thing as receiving the Lord's Supper in pews or benches. In the matter of praise, Rouse's version of the Psalms was universally used. The singing was strictly congregational. All united in it, led by a proctor or clerk who occupied a place just below the pulpit, and who would sometimes line out the psalm which was to be sung. Family worship was more generally attended to in those early days of the church in this valley than probably at the present time. The same is also true of religious instruction in the family. They had more time for it. From October to April they had but one service in the church on the Lord's day. And from April to October they had two services in the day time, with an intermission between the services of about half an hour. They had no night service, no prayer-meetings, no Sabbath school. We, in these days, have greatly multiplied our religious services and abound far more in efforts of Christian beneficence. But while our religion extends over a wider surface than theirs, the question which forces itself upon us—Does it not lack in depth?—Would it not be a better type of our true religion, if the two were found in combination?

It has been asked: Has the Presbyterian church as strong a hold on this Cumberland Valley as it had fifty, sixty, or seventy years ago? The impression has been made, somehow or other, that the Presbyterian church has for years past been in a declining state in this valley.—We are not at all of this opinion. Our opinion is, that the Presbyterian church in this valley is as strong to-day as it ever was. We do not say that it has kept equal pace with the progress of our population; and of this following fact, we are perfectly aware that our population in the rural districts has been diminishing; but if such has been the case, we are prepared to show that it has greatly increased in our towns and villages. For example, let us compare our strength now with what it was about fifty years ago. And beginning at Harrisburg and extending our survey as far as the Potomac, the account stands thus: Fifty years ago there was but one Presbyterian church in Harrisburg; now we have five, while the church of Paxton, which is in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, still lives and is self-sustaining. At Silver Spring the old church still exists and supports its pastor the whole of his time, while its daughter, the church in Mechanicsburg, has grown up to maturity and is also self-sustaining. In Carlisle, where a few years ago we had but one church, now we have two, and

with a membership far in advance of the original number. Fifty years ago, or a little over it, there was no Presbyterian church of the General Assembly at Dickinson, on the Walnut Bottom road; now there is a self-sustaining church there. In Newville, where there was but one Presbyterian church, now there are two, including the United Presbyterian church. In Shippenburg, where we had no church, but where there was an Associate Reformed church, now we have a large and flourishing congregation. Middle Spring church, which was large and flourishing fifty years ago, has so expanded her borders as to have two additional stated places of preaching, with two houses of worship, one at Newburg and the other at Orstown.—Chambersburg, which fifty years ago had but one Presbyterian church, with a small Associate Reformed congregation, has two large and flourishing churches of our denomination. In Fayetteville, fifty years ago there was no Presbyterian Church, now there is one which supports a pastor half his time. In Greencastle, where fifty years ago we had a small congregation, now we have a large and flourishing one, which supports a pastor the whole of his time. And in Waynesboro' we have all so a church which now supports its minister the whole of his time, which it was far from doing fifty years ago. In Mercersburg and the immediate vicinity, where there was but one congregation and two church buildings, this congregation in regard to its membership is as large as it was fifty years ago; and when we include in our account the United Presbyterian church of that place (formerly Associate) and also the Presbyterian congregation of St. Thomas, which is an offshoot of the Presbyterian church in Mercersburg, there is, to-day, a larger number of Presbyterians in this region than at any former period of our history. In Hagerstown, where a little over fifty years ago there was a small Associate Reformed church, now there is a flourishing self-sustaining church in Williamsport, Md., and also a Presbyterian church in Clearspring; while the Welsh Run church, now the Robert Kennedy memorial church, has awakened to new life and has a pastor of her own. Numerically, the account stands thus: Fifty years ago we had about nine ministers as pastors, and a dozen of churches within the bounds; now we number about twenty-eight churches and seventeen ministers who are pastors, several of our vacant churches being without pastors.—The number of ministers residing in Cumberland Valley, all told, is twenty-eight, and the number of communicants amounts to about four thousand eight hundred, and four thousand five hundred Sabbath-school scholars. Our pecuniary resources are immense. The intellectual and moral and religious forces of our church will compare favorably with any former period of our history. For all this, we bless and praise and magnify the name of the Most High! Presbyterianism as a whole has not lost, but has gained during her sojourn in this valley.

In conclusion: What can be done to perpetuate Presbyterianism in this beautiful valley, which was first settled by our forefathers, who found their way into it from the North of Ireland and? This will allow me to answer this question very briefly. Let our young men be contented to remain in the rural districts and pursue the avocation of agriculturists. There is no avocation more honorable and more useful than this, and more conducive to a virtuous and religious life, and our young men make a great mistake in quitting it for any other secular vocation.—Let the ministry and the Ruling Elders and the members of the church feel a deeper interest in preserving and perpetuating Presbyterianism in this Cumberland Valley where Presbyterianism is unknown.—And let us foster our educational interests: Wilson College for the education of women; and if we can with full consent of our Methodist brethren, let us try to get back Dickinson College. And then with strong attachment and sympathy for one another personally as Christian men and women in its Presbyterian type, we will continue to hold this valley—a greater part of which was given to our forefathers by the Lord; and as one of the grandest legacies of an earthly kind, we will hand it down with all its institutions, civil and religious, secular and spiritual, to generations yet unborn! "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places."—Deut. xxxiii. 29.

Private and Social Wars.

The great and constant war is a private one. The idea of a perpetual war amongst nations would fill us with consternation.—And yet there is war in constant operation over every where in heaven. There are little fighting squads in numerous neighborhoods, families, schools, and even churches, which are the post of society. Neighbors—some few in most neighborhoods seem possessed of the devil in this respect, and they seldom meet but at it they go like belligerent cats. No one doubts but that the same fiend is a constant guest in some families, and that fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, abound, who are stupid enough to get into a passion with each other—and indulge in feelings and hard words. You can hardly take an ordinary walk but you will see children too well learned by "children of a larger growth," who are making faces, shaking fists, and shooting words and perhaps pulling hair, like old veteran soldiers. And alas! you can hardly go to church meeting without soon becoming aware that it is the church militant that has assembled, and that the god of war is present.

If we privately indulge in the spirit and practice of war, what wonder that we easily fall into the habit of public war? Your private man of war is your public man of war, as he reaches places of trust. Your fighting boys please your fighting men. It is slow work inducing nations to resort to arbitration where the individuals of a community are cultivating the war spirit. We must lay the axe at the foot of the tree here as in all other vices.

The perpetual din of private war is the cause of much wretchedness and sin.—How many families have their greatest troubles in the fact that some of the members have no patience or forbearance.—The God of Peace as much forbids private war as public, and as much invites his children to cultivate in themselves, each one for himself, the graces of peace, as he does nations.

SYMPATHY.—If there is one quality which we should admire more than another, one impulse of the heart which we would cherish and esteem above another, it is that quality which makes us sympathize with others, that impulse which causes us to rejoice with the fortunate, and weep at the sufferings of the afflicted. We are all the creatures of fickle destiny. To-day we may be surrounded by all the pleasures which fortune brings; friends, wealth, bright hopes and happiness are ours; to-morrow dawns upon us friendless, wealth has fled, and the flowers of hope lie crushed and faded. Why then should we pride ourselves about others, because fortune's sun has lit our pathway, and its clouds have darkened theirs? To-morrow our happiness may be theirs, their troubles ours. Thus reason and experience—no less than religion—teach us that we should sympathize with each other in sorrow, and endeavor to assuage the anguish of the afflicted. But like all other virtues, sympathy rewards its possessor, and renders more blessed the giver than the receiver. It makes us the partakers of the joys as well as the sorrows of others, and those sorrows shed an influence over the feelings which is "sweet though mournful to the soul." We should prize and cultivate this virtue which sheds a sweet and soothing influence over our minds and gives comfort and joy to others.

THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT.—In a noble castle, there once resided a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his residence, but he gave very little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him, and said:

"This castle is not an inn,"
The pilgrim replied: "Permit me to ask two questions, and then I will depart."
"Upon this condition, speak," replied the knight: "I will readily answer you."
The pilgrim then said to him: "Who dwelt in this before you?"
"My father," replied the knight.
"And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said: "With God's will, my son."
"Well," said the pilgrim. "If each dwells but a time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you here otherwise than as guests? The castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, then, spend so much money adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short time? Be charitable, for he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given, He will pay him again."
The knight took these words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was ever afterward more charitable to the poor.

The smallest hair throws a shadow.
In bringing up a child think of its old age.

A seat nobly got is a good livery of honor.
Softness of smile indicates softness of character.

Truth, like roses, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.
Prosperity tries the fortunate, adversity the great.

National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.

A well bred man is always sociable and complaisant.
A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.

"An ounce of mother," says the proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy."
Beauty—worse than wine—intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.

He has the largest life who lives in the lives of the largest number of people.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigree; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

I regard the progress of opinion toward absolute, universal justice, as the one great end which halloweth effort and recommends sacrifice.

"Give me a bid, gentlemen—some one start the cart—do give me a bid, if you please—anything to start the cart," cried an excited auctioneer, who stood on the cart he was endeavoring to sell. "Anything you please to start it." "If that's all you want, I'll start her for you," exclaimed a broad-backed countryman, applying his shoulder to the wheel, and giving the cart a sudden push forward, tumbled the auctioneer out behind. The countryman then started.

Wit and Humor.

Does it follow that a man dislikes his bed because he turns his back upon it?

To make apple-tarts bear—pick off all the leaves as soon as they appear.

A man being threatened with an assault by 18 tailors, cried out, "come on both of you."

When is butter like Irish children?—When it is made into little pats.

When is a flower like a rock? When it is blasted.

What object obtains the most smiles from the ladies? The looking glass.

A Chicago sausage maker advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

How to pronounce a Polish name—Sneeze three times and say ski.

What is that a teakettle has which everything else has? A name.

If anything will impress the human mind with awe, it is the expression of a man's face who has just been aroused from snoring in church.

A German was disgusted at a prohibitory village in New York. He sadly left it with the remark: "Dat was de vorst blace I never vas in; so hellup crazious you cannot spend a zent."

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer says: "We are going to quit the newspaper business; it doesn't pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a hering."

This is not going to be such a hard winter for the poor, after all. The price of elephants has fallen twenty-five per cent. since last spring, alligators are coming down, and hand organs are cheaper than a year ago.

A good old elder of a church who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offense in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly, and said: "I know how prone I am to the fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

A lady traveling on a New England train recently, tried to quiet her little boy telling him that the conductor sometimes swallowed naughty boys. The boy astonished her a few moments after by a conductor of unusually portly dimensions entered the car, by whispering, "Ma, I guess he has swallowed one little boy already."

A TOUCHING STORY.—A story reaches us from Detroit of a sad-eyed boy, with dirt on his chin and a tear on his nose, who went into a Detroit police station, and having stated that he was a homeless waif, asked humbly to be sent to the State Reform School. Wouldn't he prefer to go to the Workhouse? O no! he had a brother in the Reform School, and he would like to be with his dear brother.—Still, he didn't want to go out and steal something to qualify himself for the school. This touched the heart of a gentleman present, who, after consulting the Sergeant, said: "I guess we can fix it, my dear boy. I am going to leave my wallet on the desk, and the Sergeant and I will go up stairs. If you take the wallet it will be stealing, and then you can be sent to the Reform School, as you wish." So the wallet was deposited on the desk, the man went up stairs, and when they came down, not only was the property gone, but "the boy, O where was he?" Alas! he had bettered his instructions and vanquished the ranch of justice, leaving the owner of the pocket-book a wiser man by about \$6 worth.—Singularly enough, the lad hasn't come back to be sentenced and sent to school.

An Iowa editor who attended a party, was smitten with the charms of a fair damsel who wore a nose on her forehead, and thus gushed about it:

Above her nose
There is a nose;
Below that nose
There is a nose.
Nose, nose,
Nose, nose,
Sweet nose,
Sweet nose,
Dear nose.

Below her chin
There is a pin;
Above that pin
There is a chin.
Pin, chin,
Chin, pin,
Sweet pin,
Sweet pin,
Dear chin.

Whereupon a rival editor thus apostrophizes the Iowa chap:

Above the stool
There is a foot;
Below the foot
There is a stool.
Stool, foot,
Foot, stool,
Old stool,
Old stool,
Dauphool.

Below his seat
There are two feet;
Above these feet
There is a seat.
Seat, feet,
Feet, seat,
Soft seat,
Soft seat,
Big feet.

Work is the weapon of honor.