

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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THE VILLAGE RECORD,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincey and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr 9-1f

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
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Dr. E. A. HENRY, J. M. RIVLES,
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July 17-1f

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants

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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', 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 23-1f SAM'L 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 Leitchburg street, nearly opposite the Bowden House. J. OS. ANDERSON.
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

WATER Crackers, ginger snaps, and fancy crackers at Reid's Grocery

Select Poetry.



THE TWO ANCHORS.

BY RICHARD H. STODDARD.

It was a gallant sailor man
Had just come home from sea,
And as I passed him in the town
He sang "ahoy" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Aye! to his 'ahoy'!"
I made a song for him one day—
His skip was then in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip,
"So you are back again?"
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish main;
Or was it some rich Indian
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!"

"I heard last night that you were in;
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea?
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said,
"Go on, go on; I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was open wide,
And at the door the dearest face—
A dearer one inside!
He hugged his wife and child; he sang,
His spirits were so light—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right!"

'Twas supper time, and we sat down—
The sailor's wife and child;
And he and I; he looked at them,
And looked at me, and smiled.
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam;
And though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see in dreams at night,
This little anchor on my right!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty young Miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to Detroit and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second class hotel, making her home with a family—fifth cousins, or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strude into the dining room, a tall, broad shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far west. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him; evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at the table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising, he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying he would like to have an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, fought Indians, hunted grizzlies, chased greasers and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way East to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts, had stopped in Detroit to see the city, had met her as above described, was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced her he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for breakfast and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guests had departed from the dining-rooms she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his direction she informed the lounge, donned her hat and shawl, and the two started out shopping.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the two were married at the bride's humble friends on Second street, and left for the east on the evening train.

Of course the few acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them ever heard a word from her, but from the fact that the happiest looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the country, a curly headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "told her something to her advantage" by his side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste" but did not repent at leisure, it may be safely assumed that the prediction did not come true.

A Record of Misery.

One of the strangest petitions for divorce, in many respects, ever offered in the office of the Clerk of the Courts in this county was properly filed on yesterday. The parties were married forty-one years ago, the 30th day of November coming, their names being Catherine Hake and Alexander W. Smith—and now at the age of 59 years, with health feeble and constitution wrecked, the wife desires separation from her husband. Where the couple were united the petition does not state, but it does state that during all her two score years of married life the wife conducted herself in all respects as became an obedient and faithful helpmeet. Twelve children have been born unto this couple—six are in the grave and six are living, the younger of the latter being eighteen years of age. A list of grievances are recited by the wife that are fearful to contemplate. She avers that her husband has a violent temper and a stubborn will, is cruel in his disposition, rough and coarse in his manners, vulgar and profane in his conversation; and has, during "the said coverture" of plaintiff, very often cruelly assaulted and beaten her, turned her out doors, driven her from home, and made her married life one long season of almost unintermittent fear, terror and anguish, undermining her health and endangering her life. In short plaintiff avers that "to enumerate every act of cruelty and consequent physical suffering she has endured from his beatings and violence would fill many pages"—so she confines her statement to a few samples.

On Friday last he took up a chair, without any cause or provocation, raised it over her head, and threatened to kill her, saying he hated her worse than he did a rattlesnake. She asked "what for," and his answer was that he had a notion to kill her anyhow; and then he seized a violin belonging to one of the boys and broke it in pieces, acting like one infuriated. The wife fled from the house in fear for her life, and has not returned since. Plaintiff says that frequently when she has been sick he has approached her bedside, and cursed her and wished she were dead, and refused to furnish her with medicines. He would frequently beat the youngest children in a most shocking manner, and when she would entreat his forbearance, he would turn, curse her and threaten to kill her.

About three years ago Smith left the plaintiff, and remained away from her one year, when he returned, and for the last two years has "lived with plaintiff in the manner aforesaid."

The parties have lived in Scott county for twenty-two years, residing in Allen's Grove township eight years of the time. Plaintiff asks for a decree of divorce and also for the custody of her minor child. There is no request for alimony, but she asks judgment for costs.

All in all, if plaintiff's statements are true, this is the most remarkable picture of the dark side of married life ever exhibited in this section of Iowa, representing more than a quarter of a century of life in a home of woe.—Davenport Gazette.

WORK A BLESSING.—Many young men have fathers that are well off, and they have no ambition, and no particular prospect. They scorn a trade, a man that is too well-born for a trade is very well-born for a gallow! Thousands of parents, who by industry, have gained a position which enables them to destroy their children, take the surest means of accomplishing their destruction by encouraging them in idleness, and allowing them as they grow up to feel that it is disgraceful to work at whatever manual labor best suits his talents, no matter whether his father is a minister, or a lawyer, or a Senator, or the President of the United States. Many young men are looking upon life with the general idea that they are going to enjoy themselves. They are provided with all needed physical comforts, and they mean to be happy. They have no trade. They slight their profession. Their whole governing principle in life is to shirk any thing like work; and they expect to have enjoyment without industry. But no man in this world will be happy who violates the fundamental law of industry. You must work if you are going to be a happy man. I know you think it is hard; but if God had meant that you should be a butterfly, you would be born a butterfly. And as you were not born a moth or a willer, but a man, you must accept the conditions of your manhood. And if there is any principle that is more important at the very threshold of life than another, it is that man is born to work.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

USE OF SILENCE.—A pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection! The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by complaint and asserting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior. You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to a frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation, has perhaps terminated in bloodshed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence! These persons only who have experienced that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath, but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with wide doors open, as refuge for the tired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having "the last word."

PERILS OF OLD AGE.—An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. So many people reach the age of fifty or sixty, or seventy measurably free from the most of the pains and infirmities of age, chery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful.

An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, and excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

THE ROYAL DIADEM.—It shall be coronation day in Heaven by-and-by, and there shall be a crown for every Christian—a crown of everlasting glory. There will be a martyr's crown, fitting testimony of God's approval of the faith that stood the fires and the floods. There will be an apostle's crown and a missionary's crown; and a special crown for those who suffered so patiently on beds of sickness, thus bearing and doing the Father's will. There shall be many crowns, differing in glory as the stars differ, yet no head shall be uncrowned in heaven, for we shall be made kings and priests unto our God forever and ever. But amid these crowns all fair, all bright, all beautiful, all glorious, shall be one brighter, more beautiful and more glorious than them all, and God shall take this crown, and as he prepares to place it on the head one crowned with thorns, the head of His beloved Son, then shall all the ransomed host wave their palm branches and cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, while heaven and earth, and the whole universe shall ring with the cry: "Bring forth the Royal Diadem, And crown him Lord of all."

TABLE ETIQUETTE.—See that those about you are helped before you commence eating yourself. Do not eat soup from the tip, but the side of the spoon. On passing your plate to be replenished retain the knife and fork. Wipe the mouth before drinking. Remove the teaspoon from the cup before drinking tea or coffee. Use the knife only in cutting the food; do not raise it to the mouth. Eat slowly, as eating rapidly is unhealthy. If you find anything unpleasant in your food avoid calling the attention of others to it. Close the lips when chewing your food. Keep your elbows off the table always. Do not speak with food in the mouth. When asked to help your neighbor, do not shove but hand the plate to him. Do not turn your head and stare about the room. If any one at the table makes a mistake, take the least possible notice of it.

Two elements of real success in any undertaking are a comprehensive view of its nature and intents, and a faithful attention to its practical details. Thought and action are inseparable and equally indispensable. If we would thoroughly perform our task we must grasp it mentally and do it patiently.

The poorest economy that any man, and especially a property holder and head of a family, can indulge in, is to stop his home paper. It is not possible for a newspaper to be printed a whole year without containing many things of more value to its readers than the paltry sum required to pay for it.

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.

Amid the changing scenes of life
That cheer the coming view,
The fairest prospects that appear
We hasten to pursue;
But yet whatever path we tread
Obstructions we will meet,
And taste among the fruits of life,
The bitter with the sweet.

The young look forth with fervent hope
For all the joys of wealth;
The old look back upon the past
And only ask for health.
Youth will delight in sunny skies
And all the heart would greet;
But age has seen it all and drank
The bitter with the sweet.

When fortune smiles upon her lot
How smoothly flows the stream!
There's not a ripple to disturb
The sweet and happy dream;
But when misfortune sends his blast
Our blessings to defeat,
Oh! then we drink in every cup
The bitter with the sweet.
The weary heart may grow light,
Intruding cares succumb,
Though time's capacious hand should fail
To strike their terrors dumb.
There is a heaven above us all,
And love without deceit;
But, while on earth, we all must taste
The bitter with the sweet.

A Cool Robber.

Policeman Badger, of the Tenth Station, had a bit of experience the other night which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight as he was leisurely walking his beat through Jessop street, and as he came opposite to Drayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of light through the chinks of the shutters and he rapped at the door.

"Is that you, policeman?" asked a voice within.
"Well—it's only me—it's all right, kind o' chilly out, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Thought so. I was just fixing the fire—good night."
Badger said "Good night," and pursued his way.
An hour afterwards Badger passed thro' Jessop street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.
"Hallo!" cried the voice within. "Is it you, policeman?"
"Yes."
"All right. Won't you come in and warm? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your seat a few minutes."
The door opened and policeman Badger entered, and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly-looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me for a moment."
The man took the ash pan from the bottom of the stove and carried it down into the cellar and emptied it, and when he had returned and wiped his hands he said, with a smile.
"Chilly night, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Chilly outside, and dull inside (another smile.) New goods for the spring trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night, but I manage to find a bit of comfort in this—Won't you join me in a tip? You'll find it the pure thing."
And the man produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips and gave his fingers a new warming, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right at Drayton & Fogg's.

But the morning brought a new revelation. Drayton & Fogg's store had been robbed during the night of \$6,000 worth of watches and jewelry, and although Policeman Badger carries in his mind a complete daguerreotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.—New Haven Register.

THE BOY'S ADVANTAGE.—Just at the close of the war of 1812, a United States man-of-war entered Boston harbor. The Commodore was known as bully of the first water. Entering a barber's shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present, he demanded in an insolent and overbearing way, "Where is your master?" "Not down, yet, sir." "Well, I want to be shaved." "Yes, sir, I can shave you." "You?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you may try it, but look here, my youngster," laying his loaded pistol on the table—"the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol and remarked, "Wasn't you afraid?" "No, sir," retorted the boy. "Didn't you believe I would shoot you?" "Yes, sir." "Then why wasn't you afraid?" The boy very coolly replied, "Because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear!" The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

A young Tennesseean rose one morning recently and said to his father: "I dreamt this morning that I was a fireman on a train southward bound, when we were run into by another train and our engine knocked over a steep declivity. I felt myself falling downward, downward, when I awoke. I can't imagine what presentiment has seized me, but I am not at all myself this morning, and fear something serious is going to happen." Within twenty-four hours he was killed in a railroad accident.

He Lisperd

Very likely the following is not new, but it would be difficult to prove that it is not true:
A merchant, whose articulation has a decided tendency in the direction of a lisp, had engaged a clerk who was not aware of his vocal peculiarity.

"John," said the merchant who wished to lay in his winter stock of pork, "go out and buy for me two or three thousand pigs."
"Yes, sir," said John, much elated at the commission.

John returned late at night, looking as though he had performed a hard day's work.
"Did you get them?" asked the merchant.
"Only a part of them," was the reply, "I bought all I could find; but there were only eight hundred to be had."
"Eight hundred! Eight hundred! what, then?" asked the astounded lisper.
"Eight hundred pigs," was the reply. "You told me to buy two or three thousand pigs; but they are not to be found."
"Two or three thousand pigs! I didn't tell you any such stupid thing. I said you should buy two or three thousand and pigs," explained the merchant.

"That's just what I said," answered the clerk. "Two or three thousand pigs, and I bought all I could find." The merchant now began to see the origin of the mistake. It was apparently a costly joke; but there was no remedy. The pigs had been fairly bought; and there was no way but to make the best of a bad bargain.—The grunter were duly paid for, and shut up to be fattened for market. It happened that pork took a sudden rise at that time, so that the merchant realized a large profit on his involuntary investment.

DON'T TELL ALL YOU KNOW.—It is a bad plan to place unreserved confidence in a man or woman. Never tell any one all about yourself—let there be a little mystery and reserve; your friend will like you all the better for it. A book that you "know by heart" must inevitably be cast aside for a fresh volume; so will you be served if you allow yourself to be thoroughly read. Be prepared, in any emergency, to look your own life and act squarely in the face without even flinching or mark yourself a coward. It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of power are desired; but if gossip makes itself busy with your name, do not grieve if a grain of truth is spread over a dozen lies. Pass them by in silence, and do not even then forget your habitual reverence. Justice will be done you in time, never fear, and the less you clamor for it the better. Don't talk too much.

HOME QUESTION.—An old western farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his manservant, "Jonathan, I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without it?" "Oh I don't care much about it," replied Jonathan; "you may give me what you please." "Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep every autumn if you will do without it." "Agreed," responded Jonathan. The eldest son said, "Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I do without rum?" "Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without." The younger son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without?" "Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also if you do without." Presently Chandler spoke again, "Father hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful:
Wheat flour, one quart is one pound.
Indian meal, one quart is one pound and two ounces.
But, when soft, one quart is one pound one ounce.
Loaf sugar, broken, one quart is one pound.
White sugar, powdered, one quart is one pound one ounce.
Best brown sugar, one quart is one pound two ounces.
Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.
Sixteen large tablespoons are a half a pint, eight are a gill, four are a half gill etc.

A recently made benedict writes as follows concerning his young wife's habits: "If there was a bed-room a mile long and her entire wardrobe could be packed in a band-box, still you'd find portions of that wardrobe scattered along the whole mile of dressing-room. She's a nice thing to look at when put together, but this wonderful creature is evolved from a chaos of interminable of pins, ribbons, rags, powder, thread, brushes, combs and laces. If there were seven thousand drawers in your room, and you asked for but one to be kept sacred and inviolate for your own private use, that particular one would be full of hairpins, ribbons and soiled cuffs. Some provisions, some protection in this matter should be inserted in the marriage service."

In all waters there are some fish, and swim against the stream, and in the community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else.
The manner of doing a thing always determines its effect. The greatest act may be spoiled by the way in which it is done, and the homeliest act of kindness may be discharged with a grace that shall hint of heaven.

WIT AND HUMOR.
Deserve success and it will come.
When does the wind deserve reproof?—When it whistles through the houses.
Fire is said to be a dissipated element because it goes out almost every night.
It is said that Miss Minnie Sherman has one hundred pairs of stockings with which to commence her married life.
Dr. Ayers, of Lowell, will leave his handsome daughter \$2,000,000 in greenbacks. There's a sugar coated pill worth taking.
A camel is said to be the most ill-tempered creature in the world; it always has its back up.
It was a bright boy who told his teacher there were three sets, the male sex, the female sex, and the insects.
A Troy woman says that if death loves a shining mark, it is singular that he has not aimed at her husband's nose before this.
If a man really wants to find out what is in him let him go to sea. The first rough weather will generally enable him to ascertain it.
A man who goes to Kansas to settle on a homestead must expect to eat roots, sleep on the floor, fight gnats and get away from the Indians for a while five years before he can begin to enjoy life.
Nothing will sooner tempt a bachelor to abandon his resolution to marry than to sleep in the adjoining room to a young couple with a colicky baby.
Carbon county, Pa., claims the champion "daddy." He is a German, seventy-three years old, and is the father of thirty children, the youngest of whom is four months old.
Barnum, who has humbugged the American people all his life, got paid back in his own coin when he married. His wife had false teeth.
The Sturgis, Mich., Journal keeps the following two items in close proximity to each other: "Bustles are the style again." "Old papers for sale at this office."
The giant boy belonging to the Chicago circus was taken sick with the typhoid fever at Frankfort, Delaware, and died on the 5th inst. He was only 16 years of age and measured seven feet four inches when laid out for burial.
The scandalous Washington Chronicle says: "When Mary Walker reaches Turkey we hope the Sultan, that absolute monarch of all he surveys, will make her take her breeches off." Mary won't listen to any such Sultan proposition. She isn't that kind.
A Dutchman residing in the upper end of Dauphin county was applied to for a contribution towards the Washington Monument, the agent at the same time presenting a picture of the contemplated structure for his inspection. The Dutchman regarded the plate attentively for a moment, and at length exclaimed: "Well, I won't pay nothing toward him, for I don't see no use to build a house mit such a big chimney!"
Did you ever know a good man or a pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the wind that fans the fires of his own furnace and gives him the greater headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed, it is never milder; it is suicide.
The average Burlington, Iowa, saloon-keeper must be bad indeed! A learned divine in that city recently addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man! If the bed of that river was bank high with the buds of salvation, and a Jane rise of piety coming down from the mountains; there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet."
A sharp student was called up by a worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question: "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How, sir," cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth, and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over old metaphysics.
In the days when Connecticut was largely engaged in breeding mules for the Southern market, one morning, Tracy, who was as shrewd a Yankee as ever visited a shingle or a sold a clock, stood with a South Carolina man on the steps of the Capitol, when a drove of mules passed by on their Southern journey. "Tracy," said the Carolinian, "there goes a company of your constituents." "Yes," was the dry retort, "they are doubtless going to South Carolina to teach school."
A young gentleman and his lady love were out riding and enjoying the loveliness of a magnificent June evening. The gentleman took out his time-piece, and seeing the lateness of the hour, said to his companion, in an affectionate tone: "My dear, it is eleven o'clock. How quickly time flies when you are in good company." The lady, who had been silent for some time, answered: "I wish I could say the same." "Humph!" replied the young man, "you could if you'd like the deuce, as I do."