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,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

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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 Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincy and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr9-tf

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

Office at his residence, nearly opposite he Bowden House. Nov 2—tf.

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

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December, 10 1871.

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 lock-jaw. Thorough study and many years practice are the best recommendations he can offer. Persons requiring his services will find him at Minter's Hotel. may21 tf

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

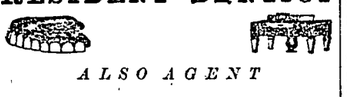
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa.
apr 9-tf

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 satisfaction. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-tf

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. RIPPLE,
" A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
" A. S. BONEBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
july17—tf

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-tf

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 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-tf 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 glass 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.
july30 tf

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 Leitersburg street, nearly opposite Bel.'s Pottery. JOS. ANDERSON.
may 1-tf

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-tf

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

Select Poetry.

"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD."

Dear woman, in the dream of life,
Adorned with every winning art;
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.
Without her, what were lordly man?
A rainless cloud—a fruitless tree—
A world without a sun—a plan
That ever incomplete must be.
Her fost'ring care, devotion, love,
Seem inspirations from above.

In childhood's hour, beside her chair
She calls the fragile form;
She clasps her tiny hands in prayer,
Safe sheltered from the storm.
Yet man, ungrateful man, the dart
Of falsehood hurls with skill;
And when he's won a woman's heart
He seeks its love to kill.
Her lot is to be tried; though pure,
To sigh, to suffer, and endure.

Oh, mothers of a race unborn,
'Tis yours to speak those grand decrees
That herald in the promised morn,
The waiting world's Hesperides
Ye are the molds of heralds strong
Who guard and glorify our isles;
The seas in song shall roll along
Beneath the splendor of your smiles,
The beautiful and good shall reign,
And sinless Eden bloom again.

DRIED-APPLE PIES.

I loathe! abhor! detest! despise!
Abominate! dried-apple pies;
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's good to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried-apple pies,
Give me the tooth-ache or sore eyes
In preference to such kind of pies.

The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough
And don't take half the peeling off;
Then on a dirty cord they're strung,
And from some chamber window hung;
And there they serve a roost for flies,
Until they're ready to make pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

Miscellaneous Reading.

MR. MERTON'S LESSON.

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will of course be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine, you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only in imagination put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I cannot do so any longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked out of Mr. Merton's office; his last hope gone. He had just recovered from a fit of illness, which had used up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house.—True, that gentleman had waited one year when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in the family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for several months, during which he could earn nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of himself and family. Again he had failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts that remark to which the poor man in his grief had given utterance: "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place" intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen saying: "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon and see how it fares with his family; that man has aroused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old, cast off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary looking woman, opened it; the poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She then began to make preparations for tea. The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements; and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered, her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner.—The traveler noted it all; and he felt himself forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing upon it but bread, butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying: "We have not got much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, he lead them without seeming to do so, to talk of their own affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and instead of waiting as I ought to have done, until I had saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow two hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be nearly so much as the rent I was paying. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the borrowed money.—But the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expenses left me witnout the means to pay the debt.—Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year, if I would pay the interest. I did that. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything; and of course when pay day comes around and this is very soon, I shall again be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton again wait you another year if you make all circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose the mortgage."

"He must be very hard-hearted," replied the traveler.

"Not necessarily so," said Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they but had the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through their hearts and their purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb, "When a poor man needs assistance, he should apply to the poor." The reason is obvious. The poor only know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the spirit out of a man; and to use my favorite expression, they can at once put themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate his difficulties, and are therefore always ready to render assistance as far as they are able; and if Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money, rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said. "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much the further on my journey.

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night. He layed awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance, in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisite and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it; for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said frequently, "Thank Heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news," replied John; "such news that I had never hoped for, or even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick—I want to hear if it is anything good."

"Mr. Merton has canceled the mortgage, released me from debt, both interest and principal, and says any time I need further assistance, if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad, it puts new life in me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to his office and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in his office and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expect it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself."

Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true! How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all, but you could not very well associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfaring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well, it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I supposed I had greatly the advantage over you in means, education and culture; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you Mr. Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money can make you. You have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow, I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning, I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter, I shall take as my motto: 'Put yourself in my place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

The Tombstone Agent.

Gibbs is a tombstone agent. He finds it to his advantage to work upon the feelings in many a sale. The other day he happened to be in a strange section, and was sent to call upon a Mrs. Brown, who had lately lost her husband. He introduced himself, and was invited to sit down; he spoke of the weather, and then getting around to business, said, rather tenderly: "So you have lost your husband?" She wept, and said that it had that resemblance. He said he sympathized with her in the hour of her affliction; that the best of friends were doomed to part, and but few knew any more whose turn would be next.

He had not the honor of being acquainted with Mr. Brown, but he had heard him spoken of all over the country in the highest terms of praise (this was his usual style whether he had or not); everybody considered him an honorable man and an affectionate husband, and they mourned his loss with the most tender affection, and he deserved a fitting memory; and as it was the last sad rite she could do, he begged her to look over some excellent monumental designs in Italian and American marble, which he was prepared to sell at the lowest terms.

Said she, "Lookee here, mister, you said he was an honorable man and an affectionate husband, when you know you lie; he wasn't no such thing. It's true I've lost him, but he ain't dead; he ain't the kind that dies. He ran off last Wednesday with another woman, and doesn't need a tombstone, I'm sorry to say; and I'd be much obleged to you if you'd light out and not come back here again until you have occasion, mister!" He faded away from there, and stayed in the neighborhood two days, endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with the man who sent him there.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.—"Hafe you got some of dot kind of oysters what hafe been shpiled?"

"Spiled oysters? Yes, we have a few cans left from last week that I think will suit you."

"How you solt 'em a dozen?"

"Oh, I'll sell 'em right; you may have all you want for a dime."

"Vell, den, mine goot frent, vill you be so kind as to pring me four dozen of dot damaged lot."

The oysters were brought, and the customer put them quietly down, and then said to the restaurateur:

"Now, my very kind frent, you hafe got some *good* oysters, ain'd it?"

"You're mighty right, I have."

"Vell, I takes a half dozen raw, and some pickles."

These were in turn served, and quickly put down on top of those gone before.

But the restaurateur was troubled, and when the patron came to settle the bill, said to him:

"Look here, pard, I don't like to be too inquisitive, but blowed if I wouldn't like to know why you took a fancy to so many spiled oysters and so few good ones."

"Vell, I told you. Now, I hafe got a tape-worm, und efery time dot is the way I hafe to do. You see, dot last half dozen was for mineself, but dot damaged lot wos for de tape-worm. You know I aind't dot kind of a Commodore Vanderpilt that I can afford it to preak up mine whole peezness to feed a tam tape worm on goot oysters."

INDIVIDUAL WORK.—John B. Gough has not ceased saying good things. This is among his last:

'I cannot help thinking, that if there was a little individual work, a little more moral courage in the world to save men, the world would not be so much of a wreck as it is to-day. If you saw that a friend, a brother, was taking a wrong course, what would you do? Would you merely say: Dear, dear, dear! how painful it is that so many men are going wrong. Just as sure as he continues that course he is a lost man; but he will go; dear, dear, dear!" And when you hear the despairing cry coming up from the depths, add: "I told you so!" Now what should you do? Should you not lay your hand on him, and say: "My friend you are going wrong!" What if he swears at you? Never mind; save him if you can. Many a man has not got so far from your sympathy but that one word, kindly said in his ear, "My friend you are going wrong," will check him. The difficulty is that we let men go so far from our sympathy that we cannot reach them. Now it is this individual work that I believe is to reform the world, and bring it back to God."

Pure soft water is the best of all blood purifiers. It dissolves almost every impurity that may find its way into the blood and passes off through the skin, lungs and kidneys, thus washing out the blood without any irritation in passing through the system, and without those chemical changes and deposits which are likely to arise from the action of the drugs. Why then use doubtful dangerous, and often injurious drugs for purifying the blood, when pure, simple, safe, pleasant and far more effectual water may be had without money and without price.

Those whom the people dislike live to a good old age.

JOSH BILLINGS ON RATS.—Rats originally cum frum Norway and i wish they had originally staid there.

They are about az uncalled for az a pain in the small of the back.

They can be domestikated direful eazy, that iz, az far az getting into cubboard, and eatin' cheese and kuawing pie ez concerned.

The best way to domestikate them i evsaw, is to surround them gently with a steel trap; you can reason with them tu great advantage.

Rats are migratorious, they migratly whatever they have a mind to.

Pizen is also good for rats; it often softens their whole moral naturs.

Cats hate rats, and rats hate cats, and—who don't?

I suppose there is between 50 and 60 millions of rats in America (i quote entirely from memory,) and i don't suppose thare iz a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how many waste rats thare iz runnin around. Rats inhance in number faster than shoe pegs do by machinery. One pair ov healty rats iz all that a man wants to start the rat business with, and in ninety kases, without eny outlay he will have rats to turn oph.

Rats viewed from enny platform yu can build, are unspeakably cussed and i would be willing tew make enny man who could destroy awl the rats in the United States, a valuable keep sake, say for instance, either the life and sufferings of Andy Johnson, in one volume calf bound, or a receipt to cure the blind staggers.

DANGER FROM EATING NUTS.—As this is the season for drinking and eating nuts it may not be amiss to give a hint which may be useful. Medical men advised that salt should be taken with nuts, especially when they are eaten at night. One time, says a writer, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew of a case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cup, and he was in no condition to go. He muttered "Salt! Salt!" of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place and she was a corpse. He said had they given her salt it would have relieved her and if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass.—He sprinkled salt on this and it immediately dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appeared to have been from the same cause. I generally eat salt with nuts, and I consider that it improves them.

CURED HER.—An old man up in Connecticut, had a poor, cranky bit of a wife, who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, made her peace with heaven, and then at about eight she got up in the usual way and disappointed everybody by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened. The old man got sick of it finally, and went out and got a coffin, a real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles with "Farewell, Mary Ann" worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screwdriver beside the collection, he invited her to just holler die once more. "Do it," said he, "and in you go, and this farewell business is over." Mary Ann is at this moment baking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family, while they dry apples in the coffin in the garret.

LABOR.—It is a mistake to suppose that labor is an unpleasant condition of life. It is a matter of experience that there is more contentment in attending to any kind of occupation than there is in looking for some occupation. Attend, therefore, to your business, and regard your business as being worthy of all your attention. Workingmen are apt to consider that their occupations alone are laborious but in that matter they are mistaken.—Labor of mind is generally even more fatiguing than physical labor. It is erroneous to suppose that others do not work as well as we do, simply because their work is different from ours. Labor is the earthly condition of man, and until the nature of man is changed, the want of something to do will produce all the horrors of ennui. Gambling and other reprehensible dissipations are all owing to the fact that human nature cannot support a state of idleness. To live without purpose is to lead a very restless life.

THE PRINTER'S STORY.—We 1ce saw a young man gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a ~ of pistols in the other. We Ndeavored 2 attract his at10tion by ing 2 a paper we held in our ☞, relating 2 a young man in that § of the country who had left home in a sta8 of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☞ with the !: "It is I of whom U read. I left home be4 my friends knew my design. I s0 the ☞ of a girl who refused to list10 to me but smiled upon another. I———ed from the house uttering a wild! 2 the god of love and without replying to the ?? of my friends came here with this † and ~ of pistols, 2 but a . to my xis10c. My case has no ‖ in this §."

A man in Coos county, N. H., ordered a barrel of poor whisky of a Portland, Me., firm, and it went like hot cakes among his neighbors. One night he had a dance, and the liquor was all used up. Not long after, the owner received a letter from the Portland house, saying, 'Send back the barrel we sent you last week, at our expense immediately. By mistake, we sent you burning fluid instead of whisky.'

A COOL QUAKER.—A Friend appeared in court recently during a trial and stood, as Quakers are accustomed to, with his hat on. A very efficient marshal, employed for this occasion, to assist in preserving order, regarding this as an insult to the court and to himself, as her representative, approached the Friend and demanded, imperatively, that he should uncover. The Friend explained that he meant no dissespect, but it was the custom of their people. It would not do. The brave special marshal raised his cane and knocked the offending broad-brim on the floor. The friend paid no attention to this, but remained motionless.

In a little while the marshal returned picked up the hat, and handed it to the Quaker who took no notice of it whatever, and the marshal deposited it on the table. But the poor marshal was not at his ease, and shortly after this he again appeared, took the hat, and placed it very gently on the Frend's head and the last we saw of the Quaker he stood there with his hat on, looking as coolly at the proceedings as though nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity.

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night; the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away; when "hopes and fears that kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried; when "honeymoons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture—then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home—love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object—a love such as youth never dreamed of or realized.

LOVERS WOES IN ILLINOIS.—A telegram from Jerseyville, Ill., to the Chicago Times says: "A sad sequel to an engagement, caused by misplaced affection, happened here this week. George Cooper wooed and won the affections of a young lady living west of here, but the girl discarded George and engaged herself to another. This so unsettled George's mind that he became crazy, and was placed in jail for safe keeping prior to being sent to Jacksonville. While George was raving in his cell his late affianced came here and was married to "the old fellow," at the clerk's office, close by the jail, so that the newly wedded pair was first greeted by the shrieks of the rejected lover. The young couple returned home, but by no means happy, as the cries of the former lover continued to ring in the bride's ears, and the next day she became a raving maniac."

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—A poor Irish woman asked a wealthy lady, the owner of a beautiful flower garden in Detroit, for a flower or two to put on the coffin of her dead child. The good lady invited her to be seated, and very shortly brought a magnificent cross and wreath. The afflicted one was overcome, and as soon as she was able to express herself she said most fervently, "May our blessed Redeemer meet you at the gates of heaven with a crown of flowers, more beautiful than these"—a most touching prayer, in which many will join the afflicted mother

A plain-spoken preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation, probably by mistake, there was left at the meeting house this morning a small cotton umbrella much damaged by time and wear and of an exceedingly pale blue color, in place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella of great beauty.—Blunders of this sort, my brethern, are getting a little too common.

If you want to get on in life you must be honest and true. Be like the India rubber ball, which rebounds the higher the harder it is thrown down. There may be such a thing as luck lying around loose in some corner of nature; but the chances are ten thousand to one that it will not fall to you. Make an intelligent plan and work it with an honest purpose, a manly heart, and a will of nerve, of determination, of grit.—*Hepworth.*

The St. Louis *Globe* notices that the westward bound trains are crowded with nice young men, who part their hair in the middle and carry Russian leather traveling bags. They have heard that Mr. Sharon, who gave his daughter a million-dollar wedding present, has another daughter in reserve, and they are going West to grow up with the country.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it it to have a man's wife draw the bed clothes over her head, and declare that she won't build a fire if she dies for it.

The best part of beauty is that which no painting can express; the soul beneath which speaketh through the eyes.

If you will just take notice, you will find that a bald-headed man never raises his hat to a lady.

If men will but work like beavers, the result of their efforts will soon be felt.

It is said that kerosene will produce wild intoxication.

If any man leaves a door open now, shoot him on the spot.

Wit and Humor.

Jonah was a stranger among whales, and they took him in.

A noted architect when asked 'what was the best system of ventilation?' replied, 'open fire-places in every room.'

Monkeys never grow older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpapa melted up and born over again.

One young lady in Illinois, owing to the devastation of the grasshoppers, hasn't but three diamond rings and four silk dresses left.

A father at Dubuque makes his children address him as follows, for instance:—'Most respected and revered father, I'll take another tater.'

A Western poet who had expressed a wish to die 'amid the grand solitude of the eternal mountain tops,' was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.

They call it a 'fortunate accident' when a Missouri railroad train goes in the ditch and no one is killed except three or four old women and two or three drovers.

Steadiness of nerve is illustrated by the case of the man who can sit and hold skeins of silk for his wife for a couple hours at a time, without moving his legs.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented a watch that runs by horse-rower. It is no larger than a shirt-button, and a deaf man can hear it tick half a mile on a windy night.

An English artist has invented a trip hammer as large as a small meeting house. It will drive a nail into an oak plank at a single blow, but the plank is never seen afterward.

The maddest kind of a woman is one who spends a half hour in arranging her toilet before descending to the parlor on the arrival of a visitor—who proves to be a book agent.

A Western editor says he cannot understand how any one possessing what is generally known as a conscience can counterfeit a five-cent piece, and put on the back of it 'In God we trust.'

Ladies should remember to keep their mouths shut when going out of a warm room into the cool air. In fact, it wouldn't hurt anything to keep them shut most of the time.

The fellows have worn a hole in the carpet with their knees, in front of the sofa on which Miss Pollard, a pretty Binghamton milliner, sits. An uncle has died, leaving her $400,000.

A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with a tree.

A newly married couple recently started out on their wedding tour accompanied by a small sized two year-old infant, which they had hired for the purpose of deceiving the vulgar public in the matter of their new found bliss.

A little girl, reading the "History of England" with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said: "what did he do when he was tickled?"

The small boys in Vallejo, Cal., need moral or religious instruction. The Vallejo *Independent* of Oct 7, says: "A little boy scarcely six years old was standing on one of the principal street corners up street yesterday afternoon, crying piteously. One of our officers approached him and asked him what was the matter. "I don't know where my father is. I told the old sucker not to go far or he would loose me?"

LACONIC.—One of the most laconic men we have heard of is an Aberdeen farmer, upon a young man, wishing to marry his daughter, called one day. The farmer happened to be ploughing in the field. The hesitating lover, after running parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last forced out a prefatory half-volunteful of sentences, ending with, "I should like to marry your daughter." The old farmer replied, "Take her and use her well, Whoa, haw-buck!"

A New Orleans judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"Lest I attract attention."

"It is a province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of the law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I am not."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no! I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law!

He has been a raving maniac ever since.

A transcendant faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.