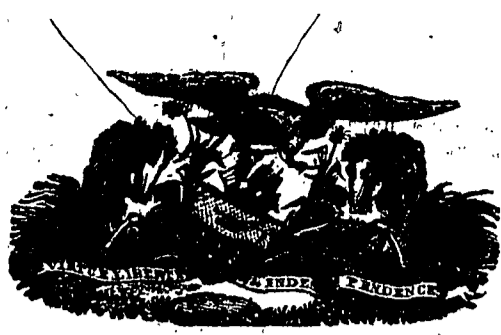


# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO', FRANK IN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1867.

NUMBER 38

## THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF DRUGS, MEDICINES, FANCY GOODS, &c

### J. F. KURTZ

WISHES to inform the good citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity, that he has just received from the East a large and full assortment of fresh Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Putty, Brushes, &c &c., which he is prepared to sell as cheap as they can be had at any other house in the town, and which, in regard to quality, cannot be excelled. He has also on hand a large assortment of

### TOILET ARTICLES

comprising in part the following articles, viz:

Toilet Waters, all kinds,  
Eau de Cologne, endless in variety,  
Extracts for the handkerchief,  
Fine English Pomades,  
Bandalines,  
Bear's Oil,  
Fine and Fancy Soaps,  
Tooth Brushes,  
Nail  
Hair

Combs, &c. &c.

For Culinary purposes he has Corn Starch, Pearl Bayley, Pearl Sago, Flavoring Extracts, viz: Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pine Apple, Orange, Banana, Celery, Pear, Peach, Nutmeg, &c. Fresh Spices, Black Pepper and all other articles in that line. He has also something to please the

### CHILDREN.

A fine stock of Toys of all kinds, a large supply of China ware.

### Patent Medicines.

He has

Drake's Plantation Bitters,  
Hoffland's German do.  
Sand's Sarsaparilla,  
Bull's do.

Hitchcock's Cough Syrup,  
Diarrhoea Cordial,  
Frey's Vermifuge,  
Vermifuges, doz. kinds,  
Pills—Wright's,  
Judron's,  
Spaulding's,  
Ayer's,  
Brandreth's,  
Morro's,

McLane's, liver; Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Dr. Parise's do. Kerosee Oil, Lamps and Chimney, always on hand.

Thankful for kind favors already bestowed upon him, he solicits a continuance of the same, hoping that by trying to please he may win the confidence of the people. As much care taken in waiting upon adults as children.

Physicians' Prescriptions promptly and carefully compounded at all hours. J. F. KURTZ.  
August 1, 1864.

THE wonderful flexibility and great comfort and pleasure to any lady wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt will be experienced particularly in all crowded Assemblies, Operas, Carriages, Railroad Cars, Church Pews, Arm Chairs, for Promenades and House Dress, as the Skirt can be folded upon in use to occupy a small place as easily and conveniently as a Silk or Muslin Dress, an invaluable quality in crinolines; not found in any Single Spring Skirt.

A Lady having Enjoyed the Pleasure, Comfort and Great Convenience of wearing the Duplex Elliptic Skirt for a single day will never afterwards willingly dispense with the ruse. For Children, Misses and Young Ladies they are superior to all others.

They will not bend or break like the Single Spring, but will preserve their perfect and graceful shape when three or four ordinary Skirts will have been thrown aside as useless. The Hoops are covered with double and twisted thread, and the bottom rods are not only double springs, but twice (or double) covered; preventing them from wearing out when dragging down at steps, stairs, &c.

The Duplex Elliptic is a great favorite with all ladies and is universally recommended by the Fashion Magazines as the STANDARD SKIRT OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

To enjoy the following inestimable advantages in Crinolines, viz: superior quality, perfect manufacture, stylish shape and finish, flexibility, durability, comfort and economy, enquire for J. W. Bradley's Duplex Elliptic or Double Spring Skirt, and be sure you get the genuine article.

CAUTION.—To guard against imposition be particular to notice that skirts offered as "duplex" have the red ink stamp, viz., "J. W. Bradley's Duplex Elliptic Steel Spring," upon the waistband—none others are genuine. Also Notice that every Hoop will admit a pin being passed through the center, thus revealing the two (or double) springs braided together therein, which is the sign of their flexibility and strength, and a combination, not to be found in any other Skirt.

FOR SALE in all stores where FIRST CLASS skirts are sold throughout the United States and elsewhere.

Manufactured by the Sole Owners of the Patent, WEST'S, BRADLEY & CARL,  
97 Chamber & 79 & 81 Beade Sts., N. Y.  
Feb. 1—3m.

### DR. T. D. FRENCH,

### DENTIST,

INSERTS beautiful and Durable teeth mounted on Platina, Gold and Vulcanite.  
Particular attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth.  
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the extraction of teeth without pain.  
Office at his residence on Mechanic Street.  
Feb. 8.

### DR. D. A. STOFFER,

### DENTIST, GREENCASTLE, PA.

TEETH extracted without pain. Office in Clippinger's building, nearly opposite Adams' Hotel, where he will attend to Dentistry with care and attention. Old Gold and Silver plates taken in part pay for new ones. Teeth inserted from a single tooth to a full set, insured for one year.  
Jan 16—19.

## POETICAL.



### THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gales,  
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill  
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,  
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,  
Thy strength the slave of toil may be,  
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain,  
A God has made thee free!

Ah, tender was the law that gave  
This holy respite to the best,  
To breathe the gale to watch the waves,  
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide  
What image charms, to lift thine eyes?  
The spires reflected on the tide  
Invites thee to the skies,

To teach the soul its nobler worth  
This rest from mortal toil is given;  
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth  
And pass—a guest to heaven,

They tell thee, in their dreaming school  
Of power from old dominion's hurled,  
When rich or poor, with juster rule,  
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,  
The fable hath not fooled the hour;  
Each age that ripens power in man,  
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,  
One bright republic shall be known;  
Man's world awhile has surely ceased,  
When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,  
O, Divine, from thy banquet hall,  
The seventh the father opens the door,  
And holds his feast for all.

### LOVE AND HELP EACH OTHER.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.  
How happy we might ever be  
If we would help each other,  
Assistance lend to foe or friend,  
And made each man a brother;

It must be right, in life's hot fight,  
To help our comrades on,  
For victory can only be  
By Union's firm strength won!

How happy we could always be  
If we would love each other,  
'Twas a decree from One whom we  
Should serve before another.

Love all, 'Twill be a joy to thee  
When death's cold hand is near;  
You would not care haled to bear  
To Heaven's love-blessed sphere.

How happy we should ever be,  
Nor heed dark clouds of sorrow,  
Hope's kindly light should banish night,  
And point us to God's morrow;

Before we yield on life's rough field  
To fickle fortune's way,  
Let us, let us, though from grief's cup  
We quaff from day to day.

## MISCELLANY.

### MARY OF THE HEATH

A TRUE TALE.

It is by no means an uncommon observation, that did any one note down the remarkable occurrences of his own life, those of his friends with which he is well acquainted, or such as become known to him on good authority, in the course of a few years, how curious a collection it would form. The following is an example:

It must be now nearly a century ago when one fine summer day, about the hour of noon a little girl, who could not have been more than ten or eleven years old, was seen on a particular part of—Common, or Heath in Kent, (not very far from the house of a wealthy baronet,) suspending a pot on three sticks set upright in the ground, after the manner of gipsies, over a fire which she had kindled beneath it. She was dressed in rags, and seemed miserably poor and forlorn. The child was alone. The singularity of the circumstances excited the surprise of two ladies, who were taking their morning walk on that airy and agreeable common. They looked around, expecting to see a party of gipsies, to whom they conjectured the child must belong, but, though wide and open, not a living creature, save the little girl boiling her pot, was to be seen far or near.—Their curiosity was raised and much increased when, on a nearer approach, as she turned her head towards them, though burnt and browned with the sun and wind, they saw at a glance that the face which looked out from beneath a bonnet worn out of all color and shape, and the arms which were but partially covered by an old tattered cloak, was neither of a gipsy character or complexion. The features were small, round, and the eyes and hair of true Saxon origin—blue and light brown. There was also an expression of artlessness in the countenance, which, it must be confessed, is not very generally the distinguishing mark of the daughters of Egypt. There was something so singular in the singularity of the employment and the personal peculiarities of the child, it was impossible that two ladies of good hearts and benevolent intentions could other than feel interested for her. They proceeded, therefore, at once to question her, beginning with the kindly and encouraging expression of 'My dear,' as they asked what she was doing there?

'Boiling my pot for my breakfast,' was her reply.

'And what have you got in it?'  
'Two turnips that I took out of a field.'

'Is that all that you have got for your breakfast?'  
'All but some bits of bread.'

'That's a very poor breakfast. To whom do you belong?'  
'To nobody.'

'To nobody? and you so young! How did you come here, and where are you going?'  
'I don't know.'

'You neither know how you came here nor where you are going. What a strange story. What is your name, and where did you come from? You must come from some place.'

'My name is Mary, and I came a long way off; but I can't tell where.'

'How did you get here?'  
'I walked; I have been many days walking.'

'I never heard so strange an account as you give of yourself. Where did you get that pot?'  
'I brought it away with me.'

'Then you must have come from some persons with whom you have been living. Tell us the truth. Have you not been with gipsies?'  
'Yes—I have been with gipsies.'

'Where are they, and where did you leave them?'  
'She paused a moment, looked down, and then said, 'I got away from them, for I did not like their way of life.'

'And when was it, and how have you lived since you left them?'  
'Very hard,' said the child. 'I begged my way along the roads, and with the few half pence I got I bought a little bread to save me from starving. I have nowhere to go. I have no home.'

She burst into tears, and there was something so forlorn, both in voice and countenance, as she spoke these words, it was impossible to doubt their truth. There was nothing in it of the whine of a made up tale to excite compassion, and she rather sought to wipe away her tears unobserved, as she turned aside her head, than to make a parade of them.

'I am sure,' said Miss G——, the daughter of a neighboring baronet, 'there is something very uncommon in the child's story. Poor creature, she is really in very great distress. Let us take her home, and mamma will know better than we can what it would be the best to do for her.'

Her friend assented, and Miss G—— turned to the child and told her that if she would come along with her she would give her some good advice. The little girl followed gladly enough, but she would not leave the pot behind her, for that and the miserable attire on her back was all the property she possessed in the world.

Lady G—— was a woman of known benevolence; but she was not one who exerted it without due caution and judgment. She did not, by hasty, or indiscriminate charity, encourage vice and low cunning. The truly afflicted sought her doors, the idle and vagabond passed on, certain that inquiry would precede relief. Yet with all this lady G—— did not carry caution to that cold and extreme extent which rendered her suspicious where there appeared marks of want and sorrow that carried with them their own evidence of sincerity. This was such a case.

'That child,' said Lady G——, after hearing her daughter's account of the meeting on the common, 'is indeed in need of food and rest. I can see it in her looks. I can see that her distress is real it every line of her face, which is a very pleasing one; and in the few words she has spoken there is such a touching tone, very different from hypocrisy. She shall have something to relieve her hunger, and then we will question her.'

The little creature's tears were seen to start in her eyes at the sight of the food, for she was famishing with want. The meal ended; once more she was conducted to the presence of the ladies. Lady G——, with much gentleness commenced her interrogatories, after having kindly, but in a way suited to the capacity of a poor untaught girl, endeavored to impress on her mind the duty as well as the importance to herself of speaking the truth.

The following particulars were artlessly narrated:

The child began by saying that she was born in Bath. Her father was in business in that city; she told his trade. Her step-mother treated her so harshly and unkindly that on some gipsies coming into the neighborhood, as she was allowed to run neglected about, and glad to be out of sight of her severe step-mother, she got acquainted with them, and was finally induced by their persuasions to run away and join them. With these gipsies she had lived two or three years, going about the country with them.—She did not know if her father had made any inquiry concerning her or not. At length, not liking the way of life of the people among whom she had fallen, she determined to leave them on the first opportunity. She had stolen away from them, taking nothing with her but one of their old pots, with a view to cook for herself a turnip, or any thing she could get to support her, so that she might not die for want of food. She had wandered about the roads and waysides, begging ever since she had quitted the gipsy camp, and with the very few halfpence she had picked up in this manner, had bought a penny loaf at a village she might pass in her rambles. She did not at all know where she had been wandering, but at least she had reached the common, where the young ladies found her that morning.

Lady G—— had little or no doubt that the child's tale was true; and thinking to cast out so young and so unfriended a creature again on the wide world would be to

give her up to destruction, she resolved to afford her present shelter, at least till she could ascertain by inquiry that all she stated was correct. Having obtained from the child the name and address of her father, she determined at once to write to Bath, begging an immediate reply.

In the interval the poor little wanderer was attired in better clothes, and placed under the special care of a steady female servant, with a charge to keep a strict eye upon her. In a few days an answer came from Bath confirming the girl's story, and expressing an earnest wish for her return home to live with her father. But the little Mary evinced so much terror at the thoughts of going back to her stepmother that Lady G—— forebore to urge her to return home.

She had been greatly interested by the simplicity of her young charge, and the servant to whose especial care she had been committed spoke very favorably of her. Lady G—— proposed, therefore, to keep her in the family, and to try to make a servant of her, beginning with some humble duties in the household. The child's gratitude was of the liveliest kind, there was nothing bad in her; indeed, her natural disposition seemed docile and amiable. But she had received no instructions; all her good qualities must, therefore be inherent. This was very promising, and her benefactress after a few weeks more of probation, finding that she might be trusted among the other children, sent little Mary to the village school. There the child showed so much aptitude for learning, reading, writing, &c., that she soon became the head of the class, and made such progress that on leaving school, two or three years after, she was promoted in the household, and became lady's maid to her benefactress. In this situation she continued for several years, repaying the kindness and generosity of Lady G—— by the most assiduous fulfillment of her duties and the warmest attachment to her person.

Finally—and few stories of romance conclude so satisfactorily as this tale of real life—the trustworthiness and respectable house steward of the family, took her to wife. Lady G—— with an unwearied interest in her well-being, furnished the house for the good couple very handsomely and made the bride the mistress of the village school, where she had been fostered and educated. Greatly was that excellent lady pleased to see that when her favorite attained the height of her good fortune—cherished by her superior, beloved by the poor and respected by every one—the full grown woman in her prosperity carefully preserved the old pot as a precious relic of the lowly and afflicted state from which, by a good Providence, she had been so mercifully rescued, when, as the forlorn little Mary, she prepared to boil her turnips on a heath in Kent, on the most eventful morning of her life.

**A Woman's Habit.**  
We find the following among the "Nebulae" in the last number of the Galaxy, which will apply to this locality:

"The eyeing of women by woman is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted, and will eye over another woman who she thinks is not in such good society, as above all, not at the time being in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere; at parties, at church, in the street: It is done by women in all conditions of life. Servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who can not recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman and what she has on from top-knot to shoe-tie? It can not be a new fashion of behaviour; but the daily increasing pretence of the people to superiority, because they can afford to spend more money upon their backs than others can, makes it at once more common and more remarkable even than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not meriting of at least epine. But women's sense or some breeding, and some kindness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert superiority upon the meanness of all pretence, and inflict a wound in a manner the more awfully because it can not be resented by admits of no retort. If they but only saw how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, to nearly to their silent victims, but to every generous hearted man who observes their maneuver, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel, which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed that a woman, whatever be her birth or breeding, has a small and vulgar soul."

**Why is New York City election like the game of euchre? Because the party wins that carries the Five Points.**

**It is supposed the man who left the house was not able to take it with him.**

**Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.**

**AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.**—In the name of God, Amen! Timothy Doolan, of Ballydownerry, in the county of Clare, being sick and weak in the legs but of sound head and warm heart—glory be to God!—do make this, my first and last will, and ordain and bequeath; and first, I give my soul to God when it pleases him to take it, shure no thanks to me, for I can't help it this, and my body to be buried in the ground in Ballydownerry Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those that live after me, belonging to me, are buried, Peace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly on their houses. Bury me near me godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, bechust and betune him and me father and me mother who he separated all together at the other side of the chapel yard. I have the bit of ground, containing ten acres—rare old Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Regan, are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Tady, me second boy, that was killed in the war in Ameriky might have got his pick of the poultry, but as he is gone I'll have them to his wife, who died afore him. I bequeath to all mankind the fresh air of Heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they shoot. I have to them all the Sun and Moon and stars. I live to Peter Rafferty a pint of poteen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

(Signed) TIMOTHY DOOLAN, her mark.

MARY O'REGAN, her mark.  
John O'Sullivan, Witness.

**IN A HURRY TO GET MARRIED.**—A few days since, a man in his shirt sleeves rushed into the clerk's office, at Rome-N. Y., and requested a marriage license. The deputy informed him that he must apply to the probate judge.

'Stranger,' said he 'if you'll show me wheresthat are, I'll give you a shillin', and I'm in a hurry.'

When next heard of, he was with his intended before a justice, who inquired why he did not go home, put on his coat and be married like a gentleman.

'Shaw, Squire!' said he; 'it don't make the least bit of difference, and if I go to the boat after my coat I may lose the gal. There's two feller's wants her, and she don't care which she best!'

The squire took his fee, and said: 'I hope you have a good wife.'

'Well, he has,' responded the bride.

'And,' added the bridegroom, 'I calculate I'm pretty well to do in the world, I'm captain of a canal boat, and she's going to be head cook and if you'll come aboard, squire, I'll astonish you with a warm meal.'

Whether the squire ever got his 'warm meal,' is uncertain. It is a positive fact, however, that the bridegroom completely astonished him.

**A HEAVY DEBT.**—The National Debt of the United States is a weighty concern in more than one way. A correspondent of a contemporary, who has ciphered it up calculates that in silver it would 57,940 tons, of 2,240 pounds each. In gold it would weigh 41,38 tons. To freight the amount in silver, 94 vessels, of 615 tons each would be required. We add that loaded in a wagon train—a ton of silver to each wagon—allowing forty feet for each vehicle and team, the train of wagons would extend a distance of 439 miles—which train following the regular route of travel, would reach from San Francisco to within two miles of the city of Austin, in the State of Nevada. There would be 57,940 wagons, 115,880 horses, and 57,940 drivers. It will take a long time to pay a debt which stretches out such a distance. The debt amounts to \$5,000,000,000. If in silver dollars, it would take eight, man thirty two years to count it, supposing they could each count \$60 in a minute, and worked eight hours each day, including Sundays. These dollars laid flat on the ground, with their edges touching each other, would extend a distance of 6,392 miles—a string of dollars reaching from here to New York and back a gain.

**TRUST PROVIDENCE.**—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on he holding on one side of the road a robber, with leveled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself:

'How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vivo. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve my property.' It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions—by causing us a slight and short suffering, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

The latest 'love of a bonnet' out, is said to be very pretty; it is made of a glass bead and a white horse hair.

What is the riddle of riddles? Life; for we have 'to give it up.'

**Gone.**  
O melancholy word! what a meaning can be taken from your mournful cadence. Each earthly object born to your mighty will and with one wave from your scepter moves off like some conquered king to sink in oblivion's waters. We ask, 'where are the heroes of the ages past? Where the brave chieftains who flourished in the infancy of days?' Go to the solemn church bell which called them to their dismal homes and in feeling accents 'twill answer, 'gone.'

Turn to the raging sea and ask it for that beautiful vessel which started from its native shore guided by the star-light of future happiness and the sullen voice of the waves will die into sweet music as it gives its mournful response, 'gone.'—What is grander than the midnight musings of a dying year?—'Tis then that a single chime from memories bells will awaken some slumbering parts of life's history. We gaze upon the scenes of childhood when our career seemed marked in the paths of sunny happiness, following them in their various changes, we find ourselves standing upon the threshold of age.—'Tis then we exclaim where are the friends of my youth? Where the joys which once were mine? The low solemn voice of the winter's wind gives us our only answer, 'gone.' We enter the graveyard and although the storms of autumn have caused its loveliness to fade, yet still the homes of the dead appear beautiful with their monuments bearing the inscriptions of

'Gone, but not forgotten.'

How soon, alas, may this word be written of us! But oh! let us live that when the soul shall flee from the decayed and battered cottage of life 'twill wing itself to a home of unending bliss. HERRIA.

**Our Childhood's Home.**  
Much has been written and said on this subject, and yet it never runs out. For is there one of earth's pilgrims who has come to years of maturity who does not look back with feelings of joy to that loved spot where he was wont to gather with loved ones around a home fireside.

If my eyes cross the blue sea, wander far many years in a stranger land, ravel in all earth's pleasures, but sometime in the midst of revelry, a chime from 'memory's bells' will fall upon his ear, and he will pause to think for a moment—

'Of his home o'er the deep.'

His eyes may be greeted with beautiful scenery, the fragrance of rare flowers may perfume the air, but his mind will wander back to the fields and groves around the home of his early years. He will think of the vines over his mother's window, and will exclaim within himself, 'they were for more beautiful than all this I am gazing upon.'—Such is the power home memories have over the heart.

Oh, you who have happy homes prize them well; bind their influence about your heart, so when you are called to wander far from them you will have naught but pleasant memories to bear with you. Give earnest heed to the lessons of wisdom which are taught there and they will bear golden fruit in after years. NELLIE.

**PROVERBS OF JOSH BILLINGS.**—'Human nature is the same all over the world, 'cept in New England and that it is accordin' to circumstances.'

'Rum is good in its place, and hell is the place for it.'

'When a fellow gets goin down hill it dus some ez tho' everything had been greased for the occasion.'

'He who can wear a shirt a hole week and keep it clean, ain't fit for anything else.'

'Thieves hunt in couples, but a liar has no accomplice.'

'Give the devil his dues reads well enuff in a proverb, but mi friend, what will become of me and you if this arrangement is carried out?'

**PAYING INTEREST.**—A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after, the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. 'Well,' said he, 'I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to PAY HIM THE INTEREST FOR IT!'

An Irishman from Battle Creek, Mich., was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on his left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed up to him, exclaiming, 'Blasht yer soul, ye ould woman, shup crying; ye make more noise than the man that losht his head.'

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning, one of them inquired of the other:

'Dennis, did you hearg the thunder last night?'

'No, Pat; did it raily thunder?'

'Yes, it thundered as if hiven and airth would come together.'

'Why in the devil, thin, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders.'

A tragedian had his nose broken. A lady on one occasion said to him; 'I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose.'

'No wonder,' replied he, 'The bridge is gone.'

Matchless miseries have been defined as having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.