## VJLLAGE RECORD.

VOLUME XXI.




## 




 Then every one in this land of the thest,
Would dececien nome and strve e ore the best ; Thwolld 4 e $a$ wots of most plosant wight,


 $\underset{\substack{\text { He cannot } p \\ \text { But alas thy } \\ \text { sway. }}}{ }$
tifefibstblubbibd.

\section*{ <br>  <br> | If nywberer sach toungs moy hee |
| :--- |
| Then why not oon tor the ond | <br> 

}

## MISORITIANT.












 died, been buried, and thair very place of
burial been forgotten; but to this day stand oob sot up, but a moderio monument in in its
placo, around which pigrims from overy
land and sun gather in regpeot and reverery

for the faithful wifo | for the |
| :--- |
| rael. |



NUMBER 42

## 



## 




A Yankee Boy
A rourist tells the followin A tourist teills the followine story: We
vecently met our friend, Dr. Lord, Hormerly
o Boston. He has been a resident of
 rew ycars he was axtensively engaged in buy.
ing rool and ou ono ocasion bseoung be.
wildered with the multipicity of crooked wildered with the multiplicity of crooked
roand over the broad praries be rode up to
a small oabin inclosed in a clump of locust
trees, and $a$ ahhe eef, and a white-headed boy percled on the
Cof a hen coop, with: 'I reckon you're a atranger,' mas the 'Look here, sonny.'
'No, not my sonny, hut if fou will jump
own and come here I'll give you a diua.' The and cone here 'lll give you a dinue.
The brang as if alighted from a
aspe's next, and cowing up to the- stranger 'Well, old hose, what is it?'
'Tre 'lise ny way and don't baow where I
 handed him a dinie The boy took the mona-
cy, looking upon it with mangled feclings of
soonder uod delluht, and said :
'Cause you slather it amay so,
'What's your futher's name? ?'
'Bill Jenks,' was tho reply.
'Ah, yes, I knows him,'
'Ah, yes, I know hini,' exclaimed Mr.
No you knew me, my lad, you would bo
more respectful in your replies. "I'm a frieud
of your tather; my name is
Ohrd. yes,' exclaimed the astonished lad, ad starting for the house on a dead run, the bavled out at the top of his luogs:
Mother, mother, the Lord is out hers cu
horse-back, and has lost his way?

 asleep.
A musketo will fivht you in brod dalite, at
stort range, and five you a chance to knock
 eat you. . 1 . waze in the habit of swaring, I
Iould not hesitate to damn \& bed bug rite to hiz face.
Bed buge are oncommon amart in a small
ways one pain of them will stok a hair mat.
trass in two weeks with bugs enuft to last a mall lamily a wholo year.
lt dont do enny guol t.
bugs are in seanson, the ouly way to then bed rid of
hem is to bill up the whole bed iu aquatortis and then heave it nway and buy a new one.
Bed bugs when tha have grown aul tha
ittend to areabout the size ov a bue jay's.
$\qquad$
It takes chree days to git the swelling out
them.
tif bed bugs bave enny desting to f:l
must be their stummuks, but it seems to be bo
tha must bave been made by ackisident, just
ez slivers are, tew nirk into somebody
If they wuz got up for sowo wizo purpose,
hep. must have took the wrong track, for

If there is some wisdom in aul this, I hope
ho bugs will chaw hem folks who ean see
it, and lot me be, because $I$ ain one of the
The following will apply with f




