VILLAGE RECORD

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JACOB BRICK, LIDY, P. D. RUSSELL.

MACHINE SHOP

AND

LUMBER YARD!

THE sucscribers, having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working Wood and Iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of Work in their Line, and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertalizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddlesberger's Patent Lifting Jac's.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

WAYNESBORO'

SASH AND

DOOR FACTORY

having furnished their shops with the latest improved Machinery for this Branch of Business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL,

such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornice, Stairing, Porticoes &c. &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER,

furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by strict attention to Business to merit a continuance of the same.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Stevenson's Kirby, Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Copper Mower.

may 7, 1869] LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"

WAYNESBORO', PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON

PROPRIETOR.

SONG:

AIR.—Auld Lang Syne.

If my true love was sick to death,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd tell her at her latest breath
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
Her race of life could not be run,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald without a hair,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd bring them back, yes, every one,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra la, tra la tra la.
For soon a bleaching would be done,
Tra la, tra la, tra la.
By Drugs I'd buy of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger to,
Tra la, tra la, tra la.
For what we know that they can do,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
With chorus loud, the vict'ry won
Tra la, tra la tra la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST always on hand at

PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

KEROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES, all kinds at

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR and Tooth Brushes at

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM for medicinal use only

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE ST AND and Patent Medicines of the day at

EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFUmery and toilet articles generally at

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CAREfully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."

July 16

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and boys.

HATS AND CAPS,

Men's, Women's, Misse's, Boy's and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

and Slippers of every description; Ladies and Misses

BONNETS,

Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair Cords, Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, Fans, &c.

School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery of all kinds; Notions and Fancy Goods.

All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.

Sept. 20 J. R. WELSH.

POETICAL.

A MERRY HEART.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
What'er the world may say,
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
What'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due,
And but a share of what's to spare
Despite of wisdom's fears;
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
It's sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
What'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast,
He's got the wealth of earth!

MISCELLANY.

A TOUCH OF HUMAN NATURE

Raymond Wellford was considered, though a young man, one of the most flourishing merchants. He was a welcome guest in our so-called highest circle of fashion, while many a calculating father considered him a desirable son-in-law in prospective. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with pecuniary losses and embarrassments, while the news spread as fast as gossip tongues could report it.—Strange to say, although his elegant mansion had to be sacrificed, there was not a debt that remained unpaid, while some money was yet left him.

'What think you of human nature, my friend?' said he to me.

'It is a philosophical enigma,' I replied.

'So it was with me until I solved it,' said he. 'I found it a strange companion; the larger portion of which was selfishness. For instance, when the gilding of wealth covered my name, I was sought after by the very men who now turn their backs on me. I was flattered by women, who, if my name was now mentioned in their presence, would effect forgetfulness of ever having heard of it. After dinner we will make some ample illustrations of what I have said.

Accordingly after dinner we set out.

We first entered the counting room of a merchant, to whom he introduced me as a friend. I soon learned that my friend was not held in the highest estimation, from the cool formality with which he was received. We did not even have the courtesy of chairs offered us. With a meaning smile, Raymond bid the merchant good afternoon, and we found ourselves again in the street.

'This is illustration No. 1,' said he with a smile.

'Is it possible that you could have been intimately acquainted with this man,' I asked.

'That man has been reduced to the extremity of begging his dinner. Time after time, have I thus accommodated him. I even loaned him money to commence business, and now you see how graciously he has received me and my friend.'

We next passed to the door of an elegant mansion, wherein Raymond had oft been an honored guest. It was the residence of a professional gentleman of large fortune, who still did Raymond the justice to regard him as such. His lady had even professed a friendship for him greater than her husband's, if not for her own, at least for her daughter's sake, to whom rumor was reported he was engaged. Since Raymond's misfortune was whispered to her, she no longer spoke of him as a near friend, but endeavored to persuade her husband to rid the house of him, which provoked the calm reply:

'He is a gentleman, and as such it is my will that you should entertain him whenever he may honor our house with his presence.'

On this account, I suppose, we were tolerated in the present instance, for, the gentleman was not at home. The lady treated us rather coolly, which I was prepared to see. After we were seated Raymond inquired, for Miss Richards, her daughter, to which she replied with an apparent shrug of the shoulders, that she was well, but at present engaged.

'No, mamma, I am not, said the beautiful girl,' as she lightly entered the room. 'I am happy to meet an old friend, whom I am sure, is none the less welcome for having been unfortunate.'

The lovers—for so they were—had not met since Raymond's misfortune, and their meeting was now so heartfelt, that I could not for a moment doubt the affection of either. I saw also the cloud that rested upon the brow of Mrs Richards, nor was I surprised to hear her say:

'My daughter, is so pleasantly engaged, gentlemen, that I trust my presence is no longer required,' and without ceremony she left the room.

'Clara,' said Raymond, taking her white hand, 'are all my fondest hopes to be realized? Can the daughter of a wealthy man condescend to acknowledge her affection for a poor bankrupt merchant?'

The fair girl blushed and looked doubtfully at me.

'Do not fear to speak in his presence,' said he, 'for next to you he is probably my best friend.'

'Then listen,' she said, smiling sweetly.—'A few weeks since, with the consent of my parents, I solemnly plighted my heart's best affection. I did not ask the weight of his coffers, for such matters did not form one item of consideration with me. I found him a gentleman, and as such I gave him my hand. Until I am convinced to the contrary, why should I desire to retract my words.

'Clara, you are an angel!' said Raymond, as he covered her hands with kisses, 'and this treasure I prize more than my existence, for in adversity, as well as prosperity, she is still true to me.'

'Miss Richards,' said I, 'you have perplexed me. When I entered this house, I thought I had solved the problem of human nature, and was about to write the sum total—selfishness; but I must recant. Human nature is not so bad after all.'

After a happy consultation on the part of the lovers, who in their earnestness quite forgot my presence, we left the house.

'Now,' said Raymond, 'one more visit, one more illustration, and then for home.'

'No, my friend, we will make no more visits this afternoon. The last terminated too pleasantly to be marred by a fresh picture of selfishness.'

Raymond did not urge the matter, and we returned to his home.

When Mr. Richards came home that evening, his wife and daughter found him in excellent humor. Something had occurred that pleased him. Occasionally he indulged in a fit of silent laughter, which for him was unusual, and once an unconscious exclamation of 'capital!' escaped his lips.

'I am glad, Mr. Richards, to find you so happy,' said Mrs. Richards, for I never was in a worse humor. That Welford has called here again, and Clara honored him with a long private conference.'

'I have received a note from him, in which he desires me to sanction his marriage with our daughter.'

'How presuming! I declare I quite detest him.'

'I admire him,' coolly replied her husband. 'Several days since I offered him the means with which to commence business, which he declined. To day I learned the reason, as I also learned his fortune was not impaired. His mansion has not been sold, but he allowed a friend to retain the same as the apparent owner. The fact was that he was envious of his wealth, and played the bankrupt simply to test the friendship of his acquaintances, who have generally acted according to the world. Those who slighted him must suffer a just mortification, of which, my lady, you must bear your part.'

'I have never disliked him as a man,' said Mrs. Richards, coloring with shame. 'My daughter's welfare has only experienced affluence, and would make an ill companion to poverty. I acted as a prudent mother.'

Readers, all comedies end in marriage, so does the majority of tales, and in this instance I shall not be out of fashion. I have lived to see many a oddless years of happiness pass over the nation, Raymond is very cautious in the selection of his friends, although their name is legion, while he and I still retain the same opinion that human nature is not so bad after all.

The Boy to Succeed.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little wail, the merchant in the store promptly said: 'Can't take him, places all full; besides, he is too small.' 'I know he is small,' said the woman, 'but he is willing and faithful.' There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see it all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *protege* busy scissoring labels. 'What are you doing?' said he. 'I did not tell you to work nights.' 'I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something.' In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages,' for *he is willing*. Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid; and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when others quit their work, the reply was, 'You told me never to leave the the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.' Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages, he is willing and *faithful*.' To day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate his example.—*Journal of Health.*

Opinions of Millionaires.

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny beams of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every successive revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed, you must keep moving.

The world-renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules: Be on hand; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or plan. Be cautious and bold.

David Ricardo, the celebrated political economist, had what he called his own three golden rules, the observance of which he used to press on his friends. They were: Never refuse an opinion when you can get it. Cut short your losses. Let your profits run on.

John J. Astor, when requested to furnish incidents of his life, replied, 'My actions must make my life.'

Stephen Girard's fundamental maxim was, 'take care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves.'

Robert Bonner, who made a fortune in four years out of the New York Ledger, attributes his success entirely to his 'persistant, repeated, and generous advertising.'

Amos Lawrance said, when asked for advice: 'young man, base all actions upon a principle of right, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.'

Many a man has lost being a great man by splitting into two middling ones.—Phillips.

John Freedly's never-varying motto was, 'Self-dependence and self-reliance.' He says: 'My observation through life satisfies me that nine tenths of those most successful in business, start in life without any reliance except on their own heads and hands—hoe their own row from the jump.'

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, says: 'I have always had two things before me; do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts.'

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million dollars in ten years, to the unlimited use of printers' ink.

John Randolph said: 'Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone; it is 'Pay as you go.'

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, says: 'No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.'

'Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.'—Chapin.

The Bull and the Elephant.

Friend Shavy was a quarrelsome old fellow, who, though born a Quaker, had been read out of meeting for his overbearing and irritating disposition. He owned the crossest dog, and the most troublesome steers, and the wildest cows in the neighborhood. He was always in 'hot water' with his neighbors in consequence of his unruly stock. But Friend Shavy came to grief, one day, in a way which taught him a lesson. The story is thus told:

A short time since, Van Amburg's menagerie was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant, Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered this Quaker, seated upon a fence, watching a bull which he had turned upon the road. It was pawing and bellowing, and throwing up a tremendous dust generally.

'Take that bull out of the way,' shouted Nash.

'Proceed with thy elephant,' was the reply.

'If you don't take that bull away, he'll get hurt,' continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his furious demonstrations.

'Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant,' retorted Friend Shavy, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospects of a scrimmage—the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole country around.

Tippo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly at the elephant.

Old Tippo, without even pausing in his march, gave his trunk a sweep, catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him about thirty feet in the air, the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

'I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little,' shouted Nash, as he passed on.

'Bent!' cried old Shavy, with a troubled look at his dead bull: 'thy elephant is too heavy for my beast, but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee supposes. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show in Jericho before I go the step; and now thee may proceed with thy elephant.'

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.—Mr. John Hatfield, who has just died in England at the age of one hundred and two, was a soldier in the time of William and Mary. He was tried and condemned to death for sleeping on his post, on the terrace of Windsor. He absolutely denied the charge, and solemnly declared that instead of sleeping on his post, he distinctly heard the clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen at midnight. The truth of this was much doubted by the court, because of the great distance of St. Paul's from the post where he was stationed. While under sentence of death, affidavit was made by several persons that the clock of St. Paul's did actually strike thirteen, instead of twelve, upon that night, which circumstance saved his life, and he was pardoned by his Majesty. This number thirteen, usually considered so unlucky, could not be called so in the case of John Hatfield.

Mrs. Partington Shopping.

'Come, Ike, get your basket and let's propel to town.'

'They enter a fashionable millinery establishment.'

'How do you sell pitaters?'

'Do you mean, Madame, to insult me?'

'Well, I would like to consult you about getting a couple of peeks, Ike, bring along your basket.'

'But, madame we do not deal in potatoes.'

'Who told you that we sold potatoes?'

'Your advertisement.'

'Our advertisement! It certainly says no such thing.'

'But it does. Ike come here. Didn't you read it to me the other night about this new millinery store having conceived a new assortment of pitaters from New York?' Ike nods.

'There, now, you needn't be skeered. I ain't no revenue deceptive.'

Milliner smiles.

'Madame, you have made a mistake. Our advertisement announces for sale palpitators, a new article of female apparel with which young ladies whose bosoms are not fully developed are enabled to beautify their forms, and render perceptible the affectionate emotions of their loving hearts. Hence they are called palpitators.'

'La me! your advertisement didn't say anything about parallels enveloping female bosoms and show their bottoms of affection. Now, if you denounce them as bosom pitaters you'd be more intelligent. Well, I'm after stomach pitaters, which I have much affection for; besides, my bosom is parallel enough, and I reckon for the future we'll keep it so without putting pitaters in it, any how. Good bye, Mrs. Milliner. Come Ike, let us tramp.'

KNOWING EACH OTHER'S HEARTS.—If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical anthyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not conceal our sentiments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with 'I love you' in either heart, and neither knows it. Each thinks, 'I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?' and so they part and go their ways alone.—Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask, even to their dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

RELIGIOUS GEMS.—The Christian is made perfect through suffering.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

The Bible is a window in the prison of hope though which we look into eternity.

The merit of our actions consist in not doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions well.

Uprightness in all our dealings with one another is a matter not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

Amidst all disorders, God is ordering all wisely and justly, and to them that love Him, graciously; therefore we ought not to be dismayed.

No person can be so feeble or so poor that he has not a duty to perform; which being performed, makes him one with the highest and greatest.

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply—'I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity.'

The rays of the sun shine upon the dirt and the mud, but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy may mingle with the vileness of the world, and yet be pure in itself.

HOW HE BECAME DEAF.—A Vermont landlord, famous for being deaf just when he wanted to be, when rallied upon his infirmity one day, told his amused guests the following story:

When a young man, he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer, in an adjoining town. On leaving him, a balance of two dollars was due George for wages. Having called repeatedly for his money, the old man had some excuse for not paying. A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs, consisting of four, one of them, which is generally the case, being a small runt, as they call them. George told the old man that he would take a pig for his money; the old man said he might have the small one. George jumped in the pen, and seized the largest pig. The old man bellowed out:

'Take the small one!'

'Let him squeal,' said George, 'I can hold him.'

'Old man excited:

'Take the small one!'

'It's his throat,' replied George.

Old man desperate, and as loud as he could bellow:

'Take the small one!'

'Let him squeal; I can hold him,' answered George.

'Take him along, you deaf cuss; I can't make you hear nuthing.'

George carried off his pig in triumph.

A gentleman remarked, the other day, with great gravity, that the weather had taken cold. When asked why, he said, 'It froze it *snows* so much.' That chap still lives.

Dubbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. All he has to do is to tell him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

Proverbs vs. Popinjays.

Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer 'New World,' and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus preparing for a gastronomic duty, was a little creature of a genius fop—decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of an irreproachable whiteness, 'miraculous' neck tie, and spiderlike quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate bridal corded his head affectedly aside with—Waitah!

'Bwing me a propwellah of a female oostah.'

'Yis sah.'

'And waitah, tell the steward to wub my plate with a wegetable called an onion, which will give a delicious flawaw to my dinnah.'

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminutive paused, he brought his fists upon the table with a force that made every dish bounce, and then thundered out:

'Look here, you gaul darned ace of spades!'

'Yis sah.'

'Bring me a thundering big plate of skunk's cucumbers!'

'Sah!'

And, you old ink pot, tuck a horse blanket under my chin, and cut me down while I feed.'

The poor dandy showed a pair of coat tails instanter—and the whole table joined in a tremendous roar.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of Philadelphia, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee whose name is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass to visit his family.

'You are in the employ of the railroad?' inquired the gentleman applied to.

'Yes.'

'Well, now, suppose you worked for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?'

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

'No,' was the man's prompt reply. 'I would not expect that; but, if the farmer had his team all hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride.'

Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterward with a pass good for twelve months.

BADLY SOLD.—Mr. A. called on a farmer, and asked him the price of oats, and was informed that they were worth thirty-five cents per bushel. He agreed to pay forty cents on condition that he should be permitted to 'tramp' them in the half bushels. To secure the bargain, he paid for twelve bushels, and the next day took his wagon and went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, after which Mr. A. got in and gave a most vigorous 'tramping' contracting their proportions considerably. The farmer thereupon emptied the oats into the bag, without filling up the measure. Mr. A. raved, but it was no use. The farmer had complied with his part of the agreement, and as an evidence, told Mr. A. after he had measured the oats, he might 'tramp' them all day.

Hans once met Pat on a lonely highway. Each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment:

'Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' faith, it is neither of us.'

Hans replied:

'Yaw, dat is dru; I am anoder man, and you is not yourself, we both be some oder bodies.'

The maddest man in Indiana lives at Paltoka. He told his wife he was going down the cellar to commit suicide, and did go down stairs and fire a broad-side into the pork barrel. His wife kept right on knitting, and afterwards while the man came up stairs swearing that the woman hadn't got any feeling.

A poetically disposed country newspaper remarked that 'it is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come.' The other local paper condoled in its next issue thus: 'It grieves us to learn that our contemporary's wife has lost an eye.'

A facetious gentleman of Williamsburg, Massachusetts, dining on a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlady where the fowl came from. She replied it came from Williamsburg. 'Impossible,' exclaimed the gentleman; 'for the town hasn't been incorporated over forty years.'

'Who's that gentleman, my little man?' was asked of an urchin. 'That one with the spike tailed coat?' 'Yes,' was the response. 'Why, he's a brever uncle of mine.' 'How's that?' was asked. 'Cause he's engaged to my Aunt Mary.'

A French child asked the priest the other day, 'Why, is it, father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for a week, a month, or the whole year?' 'Why you little goose, to have it fresh, to be sure,' was the reply.

And old lady on reading that an icehouse had been burned, remarked, 'Dear now, I suppose it was from spontaneous combustion. I often noticed that the ice in the wagons smoked.'

Why is a pretty girl like the hub of a cart. Because it is always surrounded with fellows.