VILLAGE RECORD.

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VOLUME XXII. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1870. NUMBER 28.

JASON BELL G. F. LIDY, JACOB FRICK, D. B. RUSSELL,

MACHINE SHOP

AND

LUMBER YARD!

THE suscribers 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 Jacks.

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; Cornices, Sinaring, 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 ristct 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 Clipper 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 ona

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND ard 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 Coils, Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umberellas, 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.

MOTHER'S SONG.

Dont grow old too fast, my sweet!
Stay a little while,
In this pleasant baby-land,
Sunned by mother's smile.

Grasp not with thy dimpled hands
At the world outside;
They are still too rosy soft,
Life too cold and wide.

Be not wistful sweet blue eyes!
Find your rest in mine,
Which through life shall watchful be
To keep all tears from thine

Be not restless little feet
Lie within my hand;
Far too round these tiny soles
Yet to try to stand,

For awhile be mine alone,
So helpless and so dear;
By and by thou must go forth.
But now, sweet, slumber here.

MISCELLANY.

THE SABBATH.

It is the quiet Sabbath, with its hallowed associations and holy scenes—such as memory loves to dwell upon, and which the true Christian alone can appreciate The chiming of church bells, summoning us to the house of prayer, the melody of sweet voices, chanting praises to Him who bends a gracious ear; and the reverential voice which calls upon 'Our father who art in Heaven,' and points to Christ as the only hope of eternal life, all reminds us of the Sabbath of God—the day of sacred rest—instituted at the creation and enforced by Divine example.

The Sabbath, viewed in its true conception and design, presents a moral beauty and sublimity unequalled. Under the auspices of this day the family, free from the secular pursuit of life, are brought together in fellowship and holy communion. The family circle is, or should be, the centre of the social world. Within this circle the virtuous and the good seek refuge from the storms of life, and drink in the pure stream of unalloyed happiness. It is here that the parents lavish their fondness upon their household; that the pulses of affection are quickened in every heart, and the clear sunshine of love and happiness illuminates every countenance. To such a household the periodical return of the Sabbath brings harmony and peace, and enables them to appreciate and comply with the sacred injunction: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

But unfortunately the Sabbath is not properly appreciated, even by *many* professed Christians. Often are its priveleges perverted by what is termed 'fashionable calls,' idleness and frivolous amusements, and even in the most sensual and lustful of earth's pleasures. An intelligent, earnest piety among the rulers of households elevates and ennobles the whole, produces a social warmth softens the disposition, and forms a fount, from which flow streams of delights and tender affection. The absence of this produces at home and abroad a baneful influence, and the youth, through neglect of force of example, become vicious and profligate, a cause of grief to their parents and a moral contagion to those around them. And parents often harvest in their declining age a severe retribution in thus neglecting the minds and morals of their offspring.

How inestimable the influence which this sweet communion and fellowship exerts up on the younger members of the family. It gives a virtuous formation to their characters, preserves them from the seductive snares that beatrew the pathway of life, and teaches them that real happiness is *ever* found in the quiet circle of home, but *never* in the merry throng of dissipation. And then this influence is as lasting as it is beneficial. The remembrance of a happy home, the counsels of pious parents and the silent admonitions of conscience, will ever be forced upon the mind of the young adventurer, even among the guilty excesses of profligacy. The earliest impressions are generally the deepest, and the most difficult to be effaced; and when these impressions have been of a healthy character, they will prove an anchor to the soul.

If the Sabbath fail to engender a gracious and heavenly spirit in the domestic circle, the defect is not in the provisions of the day, but in the vices that control the mind. Thus sin blurs its brightness and beauty, paralyzes those sweet interchanges of affection, and makes home a mire of sin and degradation. If the honey of domestic happiness is not extracted from the beauteous flowers that bloom in the garden of home, the music of the fireside circle is marred, the affections of childhood nipped in the bud, and the wise purposes of Him who is alike the founder of families and of the Sabbath thwarted and rendered futile.

If the ordinary pursuits of life are responsible, requiring prudence and judgment, as well as knowledge and experience—much more responsible is it to guide an immortal soul upon the stormy sea of childhood and youth, and secure for it a safe passage thro' the perils of manhood. The pilot conducts his vessel, steering cautiously to avoid shipwreck and loss; the parent guides a deathless spirit through the perils and quicksands of youth, trusting that parental training and discipline will enable it to avoid the breakers of a treacherous world, and finally reach the haven of eternal repose.

The Sabbath School institution, like the beauty of Sabbath homes, has shown much of its precious harvest already reaped, but eternity alone can reveal it all. Its gentle and softening precepts, like the evening zephirs that wind here and there unseen, fulfil their glorious mission wherever planted. May its teachings, its wise inculcations and moral aphorisms, ever be the guiding star of the youthful mind in avoiding the path which leads to prefligacy and ruin.

Church Ettiquette.

As all persons are not as perfect in church ettiquette as they might be, the following suggestions may not be out of place:

Attending divine worship is not like attending a public show, though in this fast age there are some whose conduct makes the difference appear but small.

In entering a church with a lady, precede her when ascending and descending stairs, as also seeking a seat. In the latter case it is especially polite—you act as a sort of shield to her modesty, and then you save her the confusion of selecting a pew.

It is proper, if you are a believer, to kneel or stand at prayer, according to the custom of the church. To disregard these is vulgar—at least, it shows too much false pride, or too little reverence for the requirements of Christianity.

Excessive whispering during service is decidedly vulgar. It is sometimes necessary to address an undertone remark to your companion or companions, but seldom.

Listen to the service—especially the sermon.

Never leave church during service, unless it is absolutely necessary—as in sickness, a house a fire, or a professional call.

It is vulgar to come late. Sometimes it is unavoidable—a person wishes to display a new dress, watch chain, or perhaps a beau.

Dress as plainly as possible. We don't mean that a lady should appear in her morning wrapper nor a gentleman in his shirt sleeves. A nice medium is the thing in all matters—ladies should not be taken for milliner's show cases nor gentleman for be-jeweled and necktied monkeys. A plebian goes to church to show fine clothes, a gentleman to show respect to God.

In entering and in leaving the house, don't walk too slow like the shoddies, nor too fast like the bashfuls.

When you look around too much in church people think you want to show your profile, or that you want to attract attention to your style, or that you want to marry, or that, like poor wheat, their is not weight enough about your head to keep it still. Don't look too pious in church either, it is as suspicious as too much levity. Religious worship is neither a joke nor an emetic. If you feel extraordinarily devotional begin to think about putting something in the treasury, and it will shorten your face considerably, and spread over it the pleasant look of duty.

Wishing for Money.

'I wish that I had his money,' said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millinonaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time to wishing, but never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding unknown cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, all the mental horrors of ennui and satiety; and fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable.

Let none wish for unearned gold The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment. Wish for no man's money. The health, strength, freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love by day and night encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetoousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for the death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes only when you tread on them. The smiles that no wealth can purchase greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. You have to eat, to drink, to wear enough; then you have all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes over mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory, her ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, rocks and streams, and holy places—know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty, rich and poor alike.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light, which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of 'maiden blush.' This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome oder, and which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albo; which blooms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

A Hero in the Hour of Peril.

At about nine o'clock on Saturday night, the 27th of November, when the British steamer Twinkling Star was about fifty miles from St. Nicholas Mole, the engineers discovered that the iron plates about midships, and in front of the paddle wheels, had been strained by the heavy seas through which she was passing, and that large volumes of water were coming into the hold of the vessel, through cracks on either side, below the water mark.

Some of the passengers were advised of this, and gradually the passengers and crew were overtaken by a panic, when there was a rush for the life-boat. It was speedily lowered, and into it escaped the United States Consul of this port, Mr. Aaron Gregg, and several others. But the lowering of the boat was so badly managed, in the effort of every one to save himself, that the bow of the boat was elevated out of the water while the stern was submerged in the foam which left the paddle wheels; but they managed at last to cut the rope, and so disentangled themselves from the steamer.

No sooner had the lifeboat parted from the ship than a panic overtook the firemen and others who were left on board, and the scene—when the firemen forsook the furnaces, the oilmen the engines. the stewards the kitchens, and the captain took leave of his senses—was perfectly hellish.

The panic-stricken crew, seeing that the lifeboat had left them, believed that the ship was about ready to part and ready to founder, and just at that critical moment, Mr. Thomas Lewis, the second engineer, and the only American citizen on board, seeing every post deserted and all hands flying in the jaws of death, rushed upon deck, and with a voice of thunder and thrilling earnestness, addressed himself to them.

'Halloo there! where are you, who call yourselves Englishmen? why fly from your stations when there is a little bit of danger, and call yourselves men and Englishmen?—Come back here to your places—I am not afraid! I'll stake my life and back all I have, that I will take this vessel into port with perfect safety—if you but do your duty.' Then turning to the Captain he said:

'You Captain, you have lost your head, and allowed these cowardly fellows—these lazy land-lubbers, who call themselves English, to take your senses from you. Go up to your place on hurricane deck, and order the wheelman back to his place.' (Turning again to the firemen who stood with their bags in their hands ready to quit the ship)—'Go back to your places and do your duty, and if we are to die let us die like brave men and not as cowards! I am but a young man yet and do you think I am going unnecessarily to risk my life? And I have a young wife and a little family in Jamaica, and do you think I am going to leave them to want. Not a bit of it. I mean to go back there, and not to run away in a little emergency like this.

Then addressing Mr. Nathan, a solicitor who was buckeling on a life belt said: Take that thing off, sir, not the slightest necessity for any nonesense of that kind. You stand by me, and everything will go well.' And that little American citizen Mr Lewis, so inspired confidence into the whole panic-stricken crew, that they resumed their places, and carried the steamer successfully into the harbor of St, Nicholas Mole. I am informed by Mr. Nathan a passenger that had it not been for the courage and presence of mind of this second engineer, she must have foundered, and all hands been lost, whereas, the steamer was safely conducted into one of the best harbors in the world, without her cargo having been damaged to the extent of a single shilling. The cargo was valued at £12,000. The life boat got into port a few hours after the steamer.

A GAME OF BLUFF.—We heard a good 'goak' the other day on one of the 'young bloods' of this city who went down to the edge of Arkansas on business. While down there he went to a party, and while at the party danced often, and became very familiar with one of the settler's wives. Rackensack stood it as long as he could but finally be coming enraged, he went up to the 'blood' and said:

'Look here, Mister, that is my wife you are dancing with.'

'Well what of it?' said the 'blood'.

'Why this: you dance with her again; you speak to her; you even look at her again; and I'll blow the top of your head off.'

'Now, look here,' said the blood, coolly; 'do you see that umbrella setting thar?'

'Well s'pose I do?'

'Well, you handle that umbrella; you touch that umbrella; you even look at that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat, and then — *I'll spread it!*' Rackensack 'scooted'—*Fort Scott Republican.*

A WISE JUDGE.—A man brought complaint before the village justice that one of his sheep, which had been missed for some time had been found in the flock of another villager, who refused to give it up. The defendant swore that the sheep was his. There were no more witnesses summoned, and the judge had to decide between the two parties, each stoutly maintaining their rights. The wise magistrate left the decision to the animal itself: he ordered the sheep to be brought into the court, and after forbidding any interference of the contending parties turned it loose. The sheep walked straight way to the plaintiff's sheepfold; and the court entered judgment with costs against the defendant.

'You charge a dollar for killing a calf, you smutty rascal!' said a planter to an old negro. 'No, no, massa,' replied the gentleman from Africa, 'I charge fifty for kill un calf, and fifty for de *know how.*'

Anecdotes of Washington.

As what relates to the Father of his Country seems the inheritance of our nations the following incidents—for which we are indebted to Dr. Alfred Langdon Elwyn of this city—properly belong to the public. They are told in the unpublished journal of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—an authority which places their reality beyond doubt; and they are of interest, as revealing the inmost thoughts in critical periods of some of the principal men of the Revolution.

Shortly after Washington was appointed by Congress commander-in chief—that is, in the latter part of May or the begining of June, 1775; the exact date given in the diary is not remembered—after the battle of Lexington, but before the Revolutionary War had fairly begun, some intimate friends gave a dinner to the General at the Gray's Ferry Tavern, near Philadelphia, on the opposite bank of the Schuylkill. The party, of whom the General was one, consisted, besides Washington himself, of Dr. Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Benjamin Rush. After dinner, John Adams filling his glass, rose and said: 'I propose the health of the command-in-in chief of the American forces!' Washington's face became a little suffused with emotion and he started back in his chair, but said nothing. The others filled their glasses and stood up, exchanging looks. As by an electric flash, while they glanced into each other's eyes, the feeling came over all that the occasion was too grave for hilarity: the prospect of an uncertain civil war rose darkly before their minds, and their wine untasted, they sat down in silence!

The other incident shows Washington's character in a new and interesting light.—The narrator, at that time surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, was seated in Washington's tent a day or two before the battle of Trenton. The General was engaged in writing, when suddenly tearing off a piece of the paper on which he had just scribbled something, he crumpled it in his hand, and rising from his seat threw it on the ground, and then paced the floor absorbed in thought. This act was repeated several times, and the doctor's curiosity being aroused, he put his foot on one of the pieces of paper which happened to fall at his feet, and, as Washington walked away, transferred it to his pocket. On reaching his own quarters he found the words written were, 'Victory or Death.' This phrase was given out the next day to the troops as the countersign.—*From* OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP, *in the January number of Lippincott's Magazine.*

Agricultural Items.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

Don't forget to salt your stock during the busy season.

Every successful farmer is to some extent a scientific man.

Do not keep more live stock on your farm than you can keep well.

House all things as much as possible—animals, utensils and crops.

A few roots daily to all stock are as welcome as apples to boys and girls.

The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more they will thrive

Sell when you can get a fair price, and do not store for rats and speculators.

A good cow is a valuable machine, the more food she properly digests the greater the profit.

Use diligence, industry, integrity, and proper improvement of time to make farming pay.

We believe in clean kitchen, a clean wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

Replace all the bars where you often pass, by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before.

Always give the soil the first meal. If it is well fed with manure it will feed all else—plants, animals and men.

We believe in good fences, good barns, and good farm houses, good orchards, and children enough to pick the fruit.

We believe in large crops, which leave the soil better than they found it making both the farm and the farmer rich at once.

A borrowed tool, if broken, should be replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if it be a sub-soil plow.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime, gypsum and guano will be of little use.

VERY CLEVER.—The pastor of one of the churches in the city of Syracuse, was catechising the pupils of the Sabbath School, and asked among other question, 'Whose is God?'

Various answers were returned by the children, after which the minister proceeded to speak of the omnipresence of the Deity, concluding his remarks with the admonition:

'Remember dear children, that God is everywhere.'

The words had hardly escaped his lips when a roughish little fellow rose up and said:

'Please sir, did you say that God was everywhere?'

'Yes, my son; everywhere.'

'Is he in my pocket?'

'Yes, he is in your pocket'

'Well, I guess I've got you there,' was the triumphant retort; 'cause I ain't got any pocket.'

The people living on the banks of the creek below the port houses, in Louisville, dam up the waters and skim off the floating grease, which they make into soap.

Hope for Inebriates.

From the Philadelphia Day.

We are glad to chronicle the fact that temperance men are beginning to indicate a change in their opinions and policy with reference to their treatment of inebriates—At the meeting of the 'Temperance Blessing,' held at Concert Hall, on Saturday night, Judge Allison presiding, the report recommended the establishment of homes for the treatment of intemperance as a disease; and denounced the common practice of dealing with drunkards as offenders and criminals.

We regard this as hopeful signs of the times. The principle that intemperance is a disease, and should be treated in institutions provided for the purpose, was recognized by our Legislature in 1866, by granting a charter to the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of establishing such institutions as the 'Blessing recommends.

The Sanatarium, at Media, is the first fruit of this effort. It was opened in a small way for the reception of the inebriates in June, 1867, since which time 104 have voluntarily placed themselves under its care. Of this number forty have returned to society, and are successfully engaged in business. Twenty seven have been much improved; nineteen have not been heard from, and only eleven have proved to be irreclaimable.

Let the people encourage this work by their sympathy and means, and let the state and city recognize it in a similar way, and an era will commence which will be marked by this new philosophy, and will deal with the drunkard in the spirit of charity and good will, which is essential to his recovery.

Erring man cannot be restored by disgusting reproaches. Diseased men cannot be cured by law, or by force The Christian and humanizing methods which have characterized the organization and conduct of the Sanitarium at Media, and marked it as a success, must become the popular means of reaching and restoring the large class of our citizens who are addicted to alcoholic and opium excess. Public opinion should not regard it as more disreputable for a drunkard to go to an institution to be cured of this disorder, than it is to go to the seashore, springs and mountains, for the cure of scrofula, rheumatism or dyspepsia. When our civilization shall have advanced thus far and our Christianity becomes more thoroughly practical and less technical and rigid, there will be hope for much thorough reform.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.—Our readers are aware that the late Hon. Daniel Webster was not so careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was at times taken advantage of At one time a man sawed a pile of wood for him, and having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

'But he has paid me,' said the man.

'No matter,' replied his dishonest adviser, 'call again with it. He don't know and don't mind what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay much smaller bills over twice.'

The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him; but paid the bill without demurring.

The fellow got 'short' some three or four months afterwards, and bethought him of the generous and loose manner of Mr. Webster in his money matters; and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account, which he immediately recognized, and scanning the woodsawyer a moment, said—

'How do you keep your books, sir?'

'I keep no books,' said the man abashed.

'I think you do sir,' continued Mr. Webster, with marked emphasis, and you excel those who are satisfied with the double entry system. You keep your books on the triple entry plan, I observe.'

Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added—

'Go sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire.'

The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

PAUL SCHOEPPE.—In the New York, as well as Baltimore *Staats Zeitung*, has just appeared a letter from Berlin, written by Prof Rudolph Gneist, D D., in reference to Dr. Paul Schoppe, for whom he says there is no great sympathy in his birth place. Prof. Gneist says that six or seven years ago a person of the same name and corresponding age, was sentenced to prison in Berlin for adroit forgeries. He had been private secretary of Count Blankensee, from whom he stole $27 000. The father of the alleged forger, it is stated, also, was a village minister. Afterwards both emigrated to the United States. The press of Germany revives the whole affair of these alleged old forgeries in discussing the Schoppe affair in this country.

OF PICKLES.—A young man, knowing that a young lady of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written. 'If not accepted, I shall join the Cuban army.' In return, she forwarded a pickle jar, containing a single mango (man go)

The new style of popping the question is in this style: Can I have that spare rib you got from Adam?

Steady on his pegs—A shoemaker.

A stern necessity—A ship's rudder.