

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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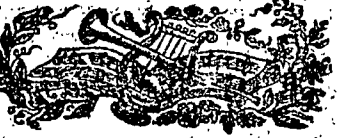
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1870.

NUMBER 29.

JACOB DEBEL,
G. P. LIDY.

JACOB FRICK,
D. S. RUSSELL.

POETICAL.



"FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET."

The labor is over and done;
The sun has gone down in the west;
The birds are asleep every one;
And the world has gone to its rest—
Sleepers on beds of down,
'Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Cosy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
'Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Begging or stealing to live, and whiled
Like wafers on an angry sea.

II.

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of Night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Waken to summer and mirth;
But one little sleeper has gone to its rest,
Nether to waken on earth—
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lorn;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dews of the sweet May-morn!

III.

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night-air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without even a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city,
In the most Christian land,
Without even a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

MISCELLANY.

THE HEIRESS' CHOICE

A TRUE STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the early winter of 1852, Nathan Atherling lay dying in a New Jersey city, not far from the Hudson. He had amassed great wealth in mercantile business, but now, in the prime of life, he was to leave it all behind him. His wife had been dead several years, and his only near and dear relative was his daughter Ada—the only child that had ever been born to the blest him—and a blessing indeed had she been—the light of his home; the pride and joy of his heart; and the one sweet, pure flower that had shed a celestial fragrance over the latter years of his life.

The daughter stood by her father's bedside, both her hands clasped in his.

"Ada," said the dying man, "when I am gone you will be left the mistress of great wealth, and I need not tell you of the many trials and temptations you may be called upon to endure, nor the manifold snares which designing people may set in your path. I have tried to educate you well—and truly, and I know you have been a diligent student in all the things appertaining to life. But you must allow me to speak one word more of parental counsel. In three years you will have reached your majority, and will then become sole guardian of your property. I hope you may live long to enjoy it; but that enjoyment must depend much on the character of the partner to whom you shall give your hand and your heart. Oh, my child, be wisely—be circumspect. Marry no poor man—wisely because he is handsome and good-hearted, and choose no scion of wealth simply because of his wealth. Let your choice be governed by sterling merit; and to that end do you cultivate self-respect without pride, and a virtue of life and judgment without ostentation. God help you, sweet one, in that important ordeal. Remember—the last prayer of my soul shall be to that end."

No maiden could be more generally courted by the marriageable young gentlemen of her acquaintance than was the beautiful orphan heiress, Ada Atherling. At the age of eighteen, by provision of her father's will, she came in full possession of very nearly a million of dollars. A girl with more of haughty pride might have kept all poor admirers at a distance; but so mild and so kind was she—so respectful to all whom she considered worthy to be held as friends—so deferential to modest merit—and so utterly oblivious of all qualities of rank and fashion, when litted with selfishness and snobbishness, that young men of humble station were long-headed that she would be kind and respectful to them, and that she could smile upon them as sweetly as upon those more favored of fortune.

At length, when Ada had reached the age of twenty, there were two men who had come nearer to her heart than had any others. One was Philip Nettleton, and the other was Amos Robbins. Both were book-keepers in heavy New York houses; and both had prospects of soon being admitted into several business partnerships—both were respectable, sober, kind-hearted men, and both were called upon to be held as friends—so deferential to modest merit—and so utterly oblivious of all qualities of rank and fashion, when litted with selfishness and snobbishness, that young men of humble station were long-headed that she would be kind and respectful to them, and that she could smile upon them as sweetly as upon those more favored of fortune.

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meditative, and reserved. Amos Robbins was the more polished, sparkling, witty, and freely social.

Both of these young men loved Ada Atherling, and though she had never, by word or sign, given either of them to understand that she could return that love, yet she had shown, in many ways, that their position in life did not, in the least, limit her respect and esteem; but on the contrary, she treated them with far more consideration than she did those who came floating about her on the golden sea of fortune.

The sad and darksome weeks of the autumn of 1857 were passing. Financial ruin swept up and down the business highways of the great city. On Tuesday, October 13th—the day that saw twenty banks in New York suspended—when ten thousand people had been thrown out of employment in the New Jersey city—the house Robbins was connected with failed; and on the next day the house where Nettleton had all his hopes of business anchored, went by the board. They had been among the best houses in New York, and had held out to the last; but the besom had swept their credit away, and the ruin was absolute.

So Philip Nettleton and Amos Robbins were without employment and without money; for, in anticipation of entering into partial proprietorship in their respective establishments they had allowed their surplus salary to remain in the hands of their employers, and in neither case had a dollar been saved. The man who, on the morning of the first day of that eventful month of October might have retired from business with a fortune, now found himself the owner of not one solitary dollar.

Philip Nettleton was sorely distressed. He was an orphan, and a sick sister had been depending upon him for support for over a year. That sister now lay prostrate, and she must have succor and comfort. He sought it all up and down the business part of New York, where he was acquainted, for employment as a clerk or salesman; but there was no opening. Then he sought in the New Jersey city where he lived, but without success. Weary and sick at heart, he was on his way homeward, when he met the butcher of whom he had bought some meat, and to whom he had told the story of his great need.

"Well, Philip, what luck to-day?"
The young man shook his head sadly.
"Nothing turned up, eh?"
"Nothing." And Philip would have passed on, but the frank, well-meaning old butcher detained him.

"Look'e, Philip, I don't want to insult ye, nor hurt your feelings; but if you ain't above putting on a clean white frock, and driving out my market wagon, and delivering goods to my customers, I can give you a job and pay ye as much as they'd pay ye these times, to sell silks and satins. My man, Furbush, is down sick, and can't be out for a month or two. What say?"
Philip Nettleton gazed up into Mr. Dwinial's honest face, and then looked down upon the pavement.

"I know it's rather a come-down for a young man who's been expecting to be a New York merchant; but it's better than nothing, my boy; and what's more, it'll be good for your health. My soul, it'll make your cheeks red and plump!"
A little while longer—a struggle, and a gulp—and Philip said:

"Mr. Dwinial, I will come to-morrow morning, and commence to drive your wagon. Thank God, I have found employment at last! And to himself he said, silently in his heart, "Poor Nellie shall not suffer while I have strength and opportunity to labor."

What a wonderment there was when people saw Philip Nettleton, the highly-educated and the ornate, clad in a butcher's frock, driving Mr. Dwinial's wagon, and delivering parcels of meat and vegetables through the town.

It did not happen on the first day, nor yet on the third day he had to deliver a parcel at the house where Ada Atherling lived; and as he passed through the gateway with a heavily laden basket on each arm, he saw the maiden whom he had learned to love, looking upon him from one of the parlor windows. He did not bow his head in shame, but he gave a respectful nod of recognition, and passed on. When he was once more upon his seat, and had taken up the reins, knowing that the gaze of the maiden was still fixed upon him, he said to himself, "Farwell, Ada. You can never stoop to this. But I have never had a right to hope, so what have I lost? What, say the privilege of your, sometime, companionship, which might only have lured me more deeply into the pit of disappointment and sorrow?"

On the evening of that same day, Amos Robbins sat in the little counting-room of the store of a friend. Two ladies stood very near to the partition thereof, the upper part of which was of glass sash, and open; and this was what they heard spoken by two men in the little box of an office. The first spoke in continuation of remarks already made.

"Mr. Dwinial himself told me how it was. You know Nettleton has a sick sister, entirely dependent upon him; and when he came out from beneath Brown & Boswell's house, he had not a five-dollar bill. He has searched day after day for employment—"
"As I did," broke in the silvery voice of Amos Robbins.
"Yes," rejoined the other, "but unlike you, he was determined to do any work he could find, so that it was no use; and when Dwinial offered him the butcher's frock with ten dollars a week, he took it."
"Good! I must have come tough," said Robbins.
"He didn't so tough to him as folks here and there suggested. First speaker."

"I can't say that I am fond of ill-used, punished Robbins; but good Lord! to come down to driving a butcher's cart! I wonder if Miss Atherling has set her eyes upon him in that uniform. If she has, she must have been somewhat taken down. Nettleton has been quite intimate with the golden lady, and I have thought he had really entertained hopes of making an impression. But—ye gods!—what an impression the butcher boy must make, eh? By the Masses, I consider my chances enhanced an hundred fold by Philip Nettleton's falling down from his social circle."

The two ladies left the store. One of them was Ada Atherling.
A few days after this, cards were issued for a select party at Miss Atherling's. Philip Nettleton received one, on the margin of which was written:

Shrink not, He who has the most courage to do a brother's duty at the risk of social position, need not fear that he can threaten to be so in the estimation of—
ADA ATHERLING.

Philip Nettleton pressed that missive to his lips, and it was wet with his tears. It was not much; but the simple words from such a source, gave him more hope than he had even dreamed of.

The evening came, and people wondered as much to see Philip Nettleton there as they had wondered when they first saw him upon the butcher's cart. Amos Robbins wondered if Miss Atherling would deign to notice him, and when, not long afterwards, he saw the lovely heiress take Philip's arm and walk out into the conservatory, he remarked to a friend, "Zounds! She don't know that he drives a butcher's cart!"

"Miss Atherling," said Philip, when they were alone, "I had, in my mind, relinquished all hopes of returning to this city."

"Had you thought, Mr. Nettleton, that Ada Atherling's esteem was of so treacherous a character?"

How earnest she looked as she said this; and what a light ethereal there was in her large violet eyes; and that trembling of the hand which rested on his arm. Some spirits have a power of interpretation that can read thoughts not spoken—they catch them by electric transmission. Philip Nettleton, at that moment, believed that Ada Atherling loved him. And still under the electric influence, he took the hand that rested upon his arm, and gazed down into her face.

"Miss Atherling—Ada—I must speak one word, even though it be the sign that separates us forever. How far—O, how far, towards the sum of all earthly happiness would your esteem suffer me to aspire?"
"Mr. Nettleton—"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the noble girl proceeded; after the manner of speech of her companion:

"Mr. Nettleton—Philip—before Heaven, I would not dare to limit the aspirations of a true and noble soul."

We need not repeat the impassioned words of the lover, nor the frank and heartfelt responses of the maiden; only we will tell that in the end Ada's hand was resting upon Philip's shoulder, and that she murmured, in joy-broken accents, "O, my father, if you can look down upon your child in this hour, I know you will bless the choice she has made!"

A TERRIBLE FATE.—The *Montana Democrat* says: "One of the saddest affairs we have ever been called upon to record occurred in Yell township, in this county, on Saturday, Nov. 25th. The facts, as we have gathered them, are these:

Emery Ackerman, a young man, twenty-five or thirty years of age, left Boonsboro on the day mentioned to go to his father's in Yell township, having with him his gun, and hunting as he journeyed along. When in Yell township, nearly home, he fell into an old deserted well, thirty feet in depth. Upon the mouth of the well plank had been placed and covered over with dirt. Over all the snow had fallen, completely hiding all evidences of the terrible pit. On to it he walked, and the rotten plank giving way, he was instantly hurled to the bottom of the well. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. A portion of the old stone wall remained, and on to it he clambered. But above him there was no means of escape, nothing by which he could climb, nothing by which he could clutch. Death stared him in the face. How he called, for help, hour upon hour, throughout that long night, and the next day, and the next, only God knows, for the echoes of the voice never pierced beyond the dark and dismal cavern into which he had fallen. Hope fled and the King of Terrors confronted him.—He scratched upon a stone the story of his entombment, and upon the fourth day he probably perished. On Friday the sixth day, some one fell on his tracks, which were yet imprinted in the snow, and coming to the well, at once realized that a human being had been precipitated below. The search was made, and the facts as we have related, then brought to light. As young Ackerman did not live at home, it is likely he was never missed, so that no search had ever been instituted."

CRANBERRIES A CURE FOR CANCER.—The *Tuscaloosa Ala., Observer* says: "We have stated more than once that the common cranberry was efficacious in the cure of cancer; but we have never until very recently been an eye witness to the fact. Mr. Middleton's Belk, residing within four or five miles of this city, who was afflicted with a cancer on the nose, for the last eight years, was induced to try cranberries as a position, and to his great joy and satisfaction, he experienced a perfect and radical cure."

A certain boarding house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." No, no, said he, "they're all married, and have large families, too."

Horrible Calamity.

The fire at Detroit, Michigan, on Sunday evening, was a most lamentable affair. Five young children perished in the flames. The deceased were all children of Henry DeCaussin, a Frenchman. The *Detroit Post* gives the following particulars:

On Sunday evening, while the mother and children were sitting in one of the rooms occupied by the family, over the grocery store, they heard a sound in the store as if something had fallen from a shelf, but no attention was paid to the matter until the sound was repeated a few moments later. Going to the door at the head of the stairway leading to the store, Mrs. DeCaussin was horrified to find that the lower room was nearly filled with flames. Giving the alarm to her eldest daughter, she seized her babe and rushed through the flames, followed by her daughter bearing another young child. All of these were severely burned, but the heroic daughter after placing her young charge outside the building, rushed intrepidly into the flames to rescue the other children. She succeeded in reaching them, and expired in attempting to bear her little sister Juliana from the building. When found, her arms still clasped the dead body of the little girl. Several persons attempted to rescue the little ones whose shrieks sent a thrill of horror to the hearts of all, and one brave man actually entered the building, but was powerless to reach them, and narrowly escaped with his life. The building was constructed wholly of wood, and burned with great rapidity, a barrel of kerosene oil that was standing near the stove (where it is supposed the flames originated) aiding the spread of the flames.

As soon as the fire was extinguished, the work of removing the debris from above the dead bodies was commenced, and they were soon reached. The bodies were fearfully charred, and turned over to the city sexton for interment. The names of the dead children were Clemence, aged 15 years; Edward, aged 12; Eugenia, aged 8; Sophia, aged 5; and Juliana, aged 2 years.

Mr. DeCaussin was away from home at the time of the catastrophe, and knowing nothing of the origin of the fire, but it is supposed that the stove fell down, and being situated near the stairway (the only egress from the dwelling) resulted thus disastrously.

FAMINGS AND COMFORTS AT EIGHTY.—I have got very deaf. What a blessing! There is such a lot of silly talk it cannot bear—such scandals, etc.

My eyes are failing—How fortunate I do not see a typhoid fever, and wickedness that is going on around me! I am blind to faults that would provoke me to denounce.

I have lost my teeth and my voice is not very audible. Well! I find it is of no use babbling to folks who won't listen, so I save my breath for better purposes. I don't show my teeth where I can't bite. I venture on no tough meat.

My taste is not so discriminating as of yore and the good is that I am more easily satisfied, don't keep finding fault, am contented, and thankful. A nice palate is a plague I have got rid of.

My joints are rather stiff. Well, if they were over so supple, I do not want to go to see the sights, hear concerts, make speeches or arouse at feasts.

I am not so strong as I was; but for what do I need to be stout? I am not going to wrestle or fight with anybody. My morals are greatly improved.

My brain is not so clear as in my younger days, and all the better, for I am neither so hot-headed nor so opinionated. I forget a thousand injuries.—A fragment left by William Jordan, Author of "Man I Have Known," &c.

To-Morrow.—On the Little Miami Rail road is a station called Morrow. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired: "Does this train go to Morrow, to-day?" "No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him. "It goes to-morrow, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?" "Not exactly. It will go to-day, and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave, in disgust, another employe, who knew the station alluded to came along and gave the required information.

Inasmuch as there are many happy parties and witty sayings attributed to the Irish, while some are vulgar and bawling enough. Among the former we class the following:

An Irish woman, who had kept a little grocery store, was brought to her death bed, and when she called her husband to her bedside, "Jemmy," she faintly said, "there's Miss-tress Malloney, who owes me six shillings."

"Och!" exclaimed her husband; "Biddy darlint, ye'r sissible to the last!"
"Yes, Jemmy; and there's Miss-tress McGraw, I owe her one dollar."

"Och! be jabbers, and ye're as foolish as Iver!"

If you would enjoy good health, be regular in your habits. Have regular times for eating, and eat at no other times. Whatever system you adopt—once, two, or three meals per day be regular about it. Do not eat two meals one day, and three the next. Better eat three meals every day. Retire and rise at regular hours. Have a regular term for exercise. Arrange your work, whatever it may be, so that it can be attended during certain hours, and have other regular hours for recreation, study, etc. In short, have a regular time for everything, as far as possible, and let everything be done at the appointed time.

ETERNITY.—What is it? A mysterious depth unfathomed save by the infinite. What is it? All for our joy or woe. Solenn, awful, yet glorious thought. And can eternity belong to me, Four pensioner on the bounty of an hour?

What shall our eternity be? We are answering this question daily. The problem will soon be solved. Whether are you going reader? Are you bending your steps downward to the night of sorrow, or upward to the height of glory? Wake impenitent friend, wake and repent and pray, before life is ended and eternity begun.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.—Why should delicate, house-bred little girls wear upon their legs only thin muslin drawers and fine cotton stockings, while the great strong men, who are their fathers, wear stout, warm cloth both for drawers and pantaloons, and leather boot-legs, besides?

Why should the little girls go with their arms and shoulders bare, while their fathers have shirts and lined coats-sleeves on their arms? Why?

PHENOMENON.—A Scotch lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience, the word phenomenon. "Maybe, my friends, ya dinna ken what a phenomenon my be." "Well, I'll tell ye: Ye've seen a cow, (cow) and doubt weel, a cow's not a phenomenon. Ye've seen an apple-tree. Well, and apple-trees're not a phenomenon. But when ye see a cow gang up the apple-tree tail foremost, to pull the apples, it is a phenomenon."

"Love," in the Indian language, is "Schin-lendamo withewarin." It is so severe an undertaking to trap a squaw that you love her, under these circumstances, that the amorous Indian does not attempt it. It facilitates his matrimonial enterprise with the simple logic of a club, where with he knocks the queen of his affections on the head. The whole business is then readily concluded by dragging her to his wigwam.

They have a fellow living in Lafayette, Ind., who is humility personified. "The other day he asked a young lady if he might be allowed the privilege of going home with her, and was indignantly refused; whereupon he inquired, very humbly, if he might be allowed to sit on the fence and see her go by."

Labor is of noble birth, but prayer is the daughter of heaven. Labor has a place next the throne, but prayer touches the golden scepter. Labor, Martha like, is busy with much serving, but prayer sits with Mary at the feet of Jesus.

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir."

"Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence, "tain't me."

Spring says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there until the dog had passed.

Josh Billings says, "Some people say Love is blind—but knowlots of fellows who can see a darned sight more in their gals than I can."

Some husbands so love their wives and children that they do not come home till morning, in order not to disturb 'em' taking care of the baby.

MACHINE SHOP

LUMBER YARD!

THE subscribers 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 Ferretizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibbons' 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, 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 Clippert Mower.

LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"

WAYNESBORO, PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON

PROPRIETOR,

SONG:

ATL—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 fanned 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 bought 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 chosen soul, 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 ALL

WAYS ON HAND.

PATENT, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL

Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at.

ROBINE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES

all kinds at

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR

and Tooth Brushes at

BRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM

for medicinal use at

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-

ard Patent Medicines of the day at

EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING, PERFUM-

ery and toilet articles generally at

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-

fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."

July 18

FIRST FALL ARRIVAL!

WELSH has just received a full assortment of

goods in his line of business. His stock

consists of all the latest styles of Men's and

Boys' Clothing.

HATS AND CAPS,

Men's, Women's, Misses', Boys' and Children's.

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

A variety of every description. Ladies and

Children's Boots, Gaiters, and Shoes.

IRONING

Presses, Steamers, and all the latest styles of

Ironing Presses, Steamers, and all the latest styles of

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