VILLAGE RECORD

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JASON BELL, Q. F. LIDY, JACOB FRICK, E. B. 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 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; 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 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 ons

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STANDard 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, saiery, 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.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Sweet voices from the spirit land I hear
Now breathing pure and holy lays—
With heavenly tones awakening memories dear
Of love and long departed days.
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore
Where joy illumines with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

When twilight shadows veil the quiet earth,
And early stars bedeck the sky—
When friends are gathered round the homestead hearth,
And cares of day are passing by,
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore,
Where joys illumines with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

When far from those most dear awhile we part,
In stranger lands to find a home
When long and dreary days oppress the heart,
And in the throng we walk alone—
They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore,
Where joy illumines with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

MISCELLANY.

STORY FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

'Henry, I wish you would give me a dollar before you go.'

'What do you want with a dollar, pray?'

'I think it quite enough to give an account of the use I make of it after I have spent it, without being called on to do so before I have it in my possession.'

'I thought if you needed anything, you could send by me.'

'Yes, and when I tell you, demur as much about getting the required articles as you do at giving me the money.'

'Well, what do you want?'

'I want notions which I can better get myself than send for. The walk to the store would do me good. I wanted to make a few calls and intended to do so whilst I was out, but instead I must make a virtue of necessity and give you a list of the several articles.

After her husband had gone, Lottie gave way to a flood of tears she could not repress. But a few years had elapsed since her marriage with Henry Curtis, and he was her first love. Her childhood had been a happy one, and all the love of a passionate nature was bestowed on him; yet possessing a spirit that could not bear restraint, she often shed tears of heartfelt grief, for it galled her proud spirit to know that she must ask a few shillings of her husband, and then perhaps, after the humiliation, be refused, or as in the case of the above conversation, be obliged to submit her wants to his generosity.

In her home she had been bountifully supplied with pocket money, and confidence enough placed in her ability to spend it, without being questioned in regard to the use she made of it. Now, it was different.

No husband who truly loves his wife will subject her to such an unpleasant course.—If she has any spirit she will fret and chafe under the restraints on her purse strings and, instead of looking up to him as a generous, noble man, mindful of her every want, she will be apt to believe him mercenary and herself a burden on his bounty. So she must curb her desire, and will naturally compare her present life with her past one; will grow dissatisfied and hunger and thirst after unattainable pleasure denied by one who should anticipate her every desire.

On this particular day, Lottie sat sad, silent and thoughtful for a long time after Henry had left. She thought of her simple request denied, she brooded over the disappointment she felt in losing, through him, her anticipated pleasure in walking out with her little ones, and of making her trifling purchases, all of which she knew he could have gratified had he thought of her happiness. She scorned the meanness which actuated him; she despised the sad loneliness which surrounded her when he could go at pleasure. She felt it to be an insane ambition which prompted him to deny her the comforts of judicious expenditure, which his moderate income would afford. It spoiled the holy quiet of domestic joys, for in the early twilight, when he returned, she could not cordially meet and welcome him, her heart was full of disquietude and discontent, aggravated and embittered by her mind, which had dwelt with augmenting bitterness upon the morning retreat.

Henry handed his wife the things he had purchased, with the question,

'Are these right?'

She found them so, but questioned.

'Why couldn't I have got them?'

'You acknowledge them right, and you have them; you could not have done more. Then, I got them for sixty-five cents. You wanted a dollar; you would have left it all at the store.'

'I would have got nothing but what I needed. Many times I want to ask some thing I have not got and cannot think to send for, when if I could go to the store myself once in a while, I should see and get a supply of the nameless necessaries which you know nothing of, and which I am obliged to go without because I cannot think of them till I need them.'

'Well, when you do think of them pencil them down and I will get them for you.—Isn't that generous?'

'No, it is not. A generous husband would not want his wife to come to him for a dollar, or five dollars, and then require an account of what she did with it. Had any one else come to you with the same request this morning, would you have denied them?'

'Perhaps not; but it would have been different. I should have lent the money, and would have expected it returned.'

'There it is; one would think I made no return for the paltry amount I am obliged to beg. I can call it by no milder name; yet to another person it is a pleasure to open your purse for double the sum I ask. Yet you expect me to succumb to fate quietly.'

'I give you all you ask but money, and I have but little of that.'

'My friends gave me all that you do, and even more, and I gave them nothing in return; to you I give all of your home comforts. I make the best use of everything. Things that were not required of me at home, and those I would not do for my own mother I do for you, and what is my reward? I have food to eat, and perhaps, after a good deal of fault finding, I get a pair of shoes and a calico dress a year. No one else would do for you what I do for five dollars a week, yet you weekly refuse me one; whilst you are away at your work earning money, I am at home working for what? You come home, count your money, and replace it with never a word of money to me. And any man who will strive to make his wife dependent on his bounty, deserves not the name.'

'There is no use getting warm on the subject. I got what you sent for. What more do you want?'

'Nothing at your hands. I shall cease to respect you if you follow this course. I cannot help it; you even find fault with the expense of my young home once a year.—Those among whom my lot is placed are nothing to me. I respect them as friends; but you for whom I have sacrificed so much, to strive to make me a dependent, then I cannot help the longing desire for my past position—for dear friends and the home I left—for a mother's hand to be laid on my aching head. I often ask you to do me a service, you promise, but do you always perform? I have known you to refuse to do some little chores for me, and an hour afterwards to do something at the request of a neighbor far more laborious. Would that neighbor do for you what I do?'

'Well you are hard to suit, Suppose I gave you a dollar every time you ask me, how long should I have one?'

'Suppose you gave one, or even two dollars a week voluntarily, I should have no need to ask you and should feel far more independent. You would win the warm love and gratitude of my heart, would smooth away all difficulties, and bind me to you, whereas how you wean me from you, and are doing that which you

'Will blush to own
When your own spirit stands before the throne.'

'I'll give you five dollars if you won't lecture me any more.'

'I do not want to lecture, I only want to show you the error you have fallen into before it becomes a confirmed habit. I don't want you to do cheerfully for another, what is a hardship to do at home. You know it is said 'a lion abroad, a lamb at home,' and *vice versa*. You are only doing what hundreds of others in our midst do; it is so much easier to tread the broad way than to walk in the narrow path. There are so many solicitations of pleasure, but kindness at home makes the sunshine of our lives; it will find its way to the hidden treasures of the hardest heart, when harshness and tyranny will seal them forever. Kindness will purchase peace and contentment and love.—We all long for what life cannot give. Our aspirations are infinitely beyond our attainments, but I will try and make my demands to correspond with your means of gratifying them.

'Sunshine and shadows ever attend us.—Let us keep in sunshine; a rainbow of promise spans our future, and we can walk amid roses and shun the storms.

'Do not be angry with me for this lecture as you are pleased to term it. The words I have uttered have flowed from a heart full to overflowing, I could not help it, and I want you to think of what I have said, for you know it's just.'

'And give you a dollar next time you ask it?'

'Yes and not ask what I do with it, either.'

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF AMERICA.—One of the best definitions of an Irishman's idea of America that we ever saw, is contained in the following extract from the Fairy Circle, a tale of John Brougham's Irish Echoes:

'Where did baccy come from, Carney?' inquired Mary.

'Why from Mereky, where else,' he replied, 'that sent us the petaty.'

'Long life to it for both, say I. What sort of a place is that, I wonder?'

'Mereky, is it? They tell me its mighty sizable. 'Moll, darling, I'm told you might rowl England through it, an' would hardly make a dint in the ground; there's a fresh water ocean inside of it that you might d'hround Ireland in, and save Father Matthew a wonderful sight of trouble; and as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, excepting it might be by the smell of whisky. If I had only a thrifle of money, I'd go and seek my fortin there.'

A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. 'What!' said a sneering bachelor, how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?' The only reply was: 'Friend, when thee be married thee'll know.'

Families of respectability are not jealous of it; but upstarts are constantly guarding their respectability.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE DEATH PENALTY.

The Louisville *Commercial*, of January 26 has this startling narrative. We purpose laying before our readers the most startling event that has transpired for many years in our midst. It is so well authenticated, and yet so incredible, so terrible, with such an air of truth surrounding it, that we cannot refrain from giving to the public what has been rumored vaguely for some days in portions of our city. It is well known that the unfortunate Kriel, who suffered death—or was supposed to have done so—last Friday went to his doom grim, implacable and unnaturally firm. It was well known that his desire to live was paramount to every other earthly desire. His bearing on the scaffold was so unnaturally calm that those who stood near him thought the man did not realize that death was so near, but still clung to life with a terrible tenacity.

When the rope that held the trap was severed, and the body fell, it was a subject of remark that the closed hands and position of the legs and feet remained entirely unchanged, showing a tremendous exercise of will and control of nerve. The neck was not broken, neither was the rope drawn so closely about the man's neck that its mark could be distinguished, nor was the skin chafed a particle. General Whittaker, who was present at the execution by the request of the prisoner, and who examined the body as it hung, declared in the hearing of those in the vicinity of the scaffold that pulsation in the carotid arteries of the neck was discernable after the jail surgeon and his assistants had declared life extinct!

After hanging some minutes, Kriel's body was placed in the coffin. The limbs remained flexible, the hands opened with the least persuasion, and were crossed on his bosom. The eyes that stared half open when the black cap was withdrawn, remained closed after the slight touch upon them and the face assumed an appearance of nobility and rest. The red flushing in the cheeks came back, to a certain extent, and the dark coloring on the neck, under the knotted rope, partially disappeared. The short time that elapsed between his being placed in the coffin and being driven away was also a subject of remark. No one seemed to have any charge of the body, and it was driven away in a lonely hearse to the vault at the cemetery. Now comes the closing scenes in this strange story. Near midnight a light wagon was driven rapidly out Walnut street, in which were seated three muffled, silent figures, one of them a surgeon of great experimental knowledge, a firm believer in the theory of resuscitation of animal life through the galvanic process. In the wagon was a mattress and several dark blankets. The wagon halted near the cemetery fence; and the horse was held by the driver, and two men went to the vault, carrying between them a large sack well filled. In a short time they returned, bearing with them a motionless figure shrouded in a blanket.—The figure was placed on the mattress, and in silence the wagon was driven back to the city. The body was conveyed to the surgery of a most skillful and learned surgeon, where some ten or twelve excited and expectant students stood anxiously awaiting the arrival. The body was placed in a recumbent position on the table, the clothing loosened, the chest extended, and an incision made in one of the veins of the arm. At first but a small drop of dark colored blood came forth, but repeated incisions and manipulations of the body caused it at last to trickle forth more freely. The galvanic battery was applied, and horrible and wonderful to relate, in less than fifteen minutes the warm blood began to course through the chilled body, and at last the eyes were opened. The students stood appalled, and could hardly realize the extent of the demonstration before them.—One of them spoke to Kriel, asking him, 'Are you sensible?' The eyes answered expressively, and his lips opened ineffectually, for no speech came forth. Stimulants were poured down the throat of the revived criminal, and in less than one hour after he had been placed in the surgery, Kriel sat up and asked them, 'What have you done? Am I alive?' The consternation, and yet the professional delight of the spectators were loudly expressed. The experiment of a reckless class of students and an able experimentalist, had resulted in the resuscitation of a man who had been hung a short time previous.—Steps were immediately taken to save the life of the wretched man. Justice had been satisfied by the public execution, though life returned. Why should they deliver up what had so providentially and wonderfully been restored. None of Kriel's personal friends were notified. Strangers disguised him, furnished him with means, and by daylight a man weak and tottering, but firm and immovable in his demeanor, crossed the river, and was last seen by a watchful, silent friend, who kept near him on the train leaving Seymour, Indiana, on his way to an unknown, but, it is hoped, better future.

A GALLANT HIBERNIAN.—In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came to procure seats, but, seeing no vacant ones, were about going to a back car, when Patrick rose hastily, and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. 'But, you will have no seat for yourself,' responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it. 'Never ye mind that,' said the gallant Hibernian, 'ye're welcome to it. I'll ride on the cow-catcher to Philadelphia any time, for a smile from such *illigantly* ladies!' and he retreated into the next car amid the cheers of his fellow passengers.

Sleep and Death of Plants.

When the cold weather comes some plants die, and some go to sleep for the winter.

Some plants always die in the fall. Corn dies, so does the bean vine. And so do many other plants. In order to have such plants another year, we keep some of their seeds to put in the ground in the spring.

But some plants sleep in the winter. Look at a tree. Its branches are all bare. It seems as if it had no life in it. But there is life in it, and it will show itself next spring. It's life is asleep, just as I told you it is in the seed before it is put in the ground. Its sap is all still in its pipes. The mouths in the roots have stopped their busy work. The buds all over the tree are asleep in their "winter cradles." The wind rocks them back and forth, but it never wakes them up.

How much life there is asleep in that tree! The buds are all there which are to make all that you will see on it the next summer. They are covered up snugly from the cold in their winter coats. The little things are very still, but they are alive. They only want a warm sun to show it. As soon in the spring as they feel the warmth through their coats, they begin to swell, as I have told you, and soon open their coats and go to work to make leaves, and flowers and fruits. A great work they do after their long sleep. Look up into a tree in summer and see how those leaf-buds have filled every branch with leaves. You can hardly believe that it is the same tree that you saw so bare in the winter.

Some plants die down to the ground, and their roots live through the winter. You know that this is the way with tulips and daffodils. They come up in the spring from the roots that have been in the ground all winter. So, too, do the beautiful crocuses, that peep up so early in the spring that they often get covered with snow. The roots of grass, too, live in the earth through the winter.

The life in these roots is asleep through the winter, just as it is in the trees and bushes. Their little mouths do not drink up any sap. How much life there is asleep in winter covered up in the earth!

What do you think becomes of all the leaves that fall, and all the plants that die in the autumn? They are not lost. They decay and become a part of the earth. A great deal of the ground under your feet was once in the shape of stalks, and leaves, and flowers. And now the roots suck up from it sap to be made into the same shapes again. So you see that the dead plants and leaves of one year are used in making the plants and leaves of the years that come after.—*Child's Book of Nature.*

At Ease in Society.

'I'd rather thrash wheat all day in the barn,' said Reuben Reily to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, 'than go to this pesky party; I never knew what to do with myself, stuck up there in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would go out and pull their coats off and chop on a match, they'd be some sense in it.'

'Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub,' said Lucy. 'The fact is we never go anywhere, or see anybody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out.'

The remarks of this brother and sister were but echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at home in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasure garb of good manners is only put on upon rare occasions, it will never fit well, and never feel comfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home, to cultivate yourselves. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect, and graceful bearing. I have never seen such vigorous, hearty manhood in any class as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. Note carefully how well-bred people behave and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is good and beautiful. Above all, if you wish to be at home in society, fill your brain with ideas. Set your mind to work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into. Take the newspapers and read them thoroughly. Knowledge is power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worth talking about, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received, you will not fail very soon to find yourself at home.

Conundrum by a clergyman at a dinner party: 'Why don't they build mills on the lower Mississippi?' Answer: 'Dam it they can't.' Response by a lady of the party: 'Why does the devil never skate?' Answer. 'How in —— can he?'

'This world is all a fleeting show,' said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. 'Yes,' was the prompt reply; 'But if you have no objection, I'd rather see the show a little longer.'

'John,' said a victimized husband, 'how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses.' 'Why so, Pete?' 'Why, I'd cheat somebody afore night.'

An Irish gentleman fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back.

Slanders not of those who slander you. Bite not the serpent because he bites.

PITTSBURG.—Pittsburg people never have fresh air, except when out of town. They live on coal smoke and floating cinder. The people breathe smoke, eat smoke, chew smoke, and carry it loose in their pockets. Little boys and girls stand on the corners with wet brooms and sponges to wash people's faces for five cents. Everybody is of a color in Pittsburg. At the post office window the clerk distinguishes the people by certain signs; it being impossible to see their faces for the layers of coal dust and smoke.

Every one wears mourning in Pittsburg. A barber once went there to color hair and whiskers. He moved in a week. Men kiss each other's wives in Pittsburg, unable to tell which is their own only by the taste. People feel their way by door knobs, and read by raised type. A man once stood in his room with the windows raised, changed his shirt nine times in four minutes, and only got a clean one on him when the window fell by accident and kept the smoke out.

Bed clothes are unknown in Pittsburg. Leave the window open and sheets of smoke settle upon you like newspapers from a machine press. Men carry lanterns to see to shake hands. When looking at a watch to see the hour, it is the fashion to light a match. They make broadcloth by hanging a spider's web out till filled with smoke. They roll the smoke, sweetened, into sticks and sell it for licorice!—*Louisville* (Ky.) *Sun.*

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—In the name of God, amen! I, Timothy Doolan, of Ballydowderry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and weak in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart—glory be to God!—do make this, me first and last will and ould and new testament; and first, I give my soul to God, when it plazes him to take it—shure, no thanks to me, nor I can't help it—thin, and my body to be buried in the ground, in Ballydowderry Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and all that live after me, belonging to me are buried. Pace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly on their bones. Bury me near my godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, betwixt and betune him and me father and mother who lie altogether at the other side of the chapel. I lave the bit of ground containing ten acres—rale 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 is going to have twelve black bonnifs. Teddy, me second boy, that was killed in Amerika, might have got his pick of the poultry; but as he is gone I'll lave them to his wife who died a week before 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 can shoot. I lave to them all the sun and moon and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

A foreigner, who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought that he would beat the natives at their own game.—Seeing some very large water melons on a market woman's stand, exclaimed:

'What! dont you raise larger apples than these in America?'

The quick-witted woman immediately replied:

'Apples! anybody might know you are a foreigner; them goseberries.'

Brown has been in love with a young lady, and asked permission to call her by the expressive name of some animal, which was granted on condition that he should have the same privilege. On leaving, Brown said, 'Good night, deer.' 'Good-night, bore,' said she. Brown has since given up the company of young ladies.

A little boy who sat listening to some gentleman conversing at his father's table heard one of them quote the well-known line 'an honest man is the noblest work of God,' when he said he did not believe it, for his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

Out west they tell a story about a dog which was greatly interested in music which attended singing school and was subsequently found in the yard with a music book in front of him, beating time with his tail on a tin pan and howling 'Old Hundred!'

Some unmitigated old fogies say a woman has the right to get married—the right to reject suitors—the right to use her tongue—the right to one husband and the right to weed that one's hair.

'The man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphisics in the world, said a stump orator, at a meeting the other evening. 'Then,' said a wag, 'your mother ought to have the premium.'

Deacon Foster, a colored Boston octogenarian, explains the late apathy in respect to the glorious 8th of January, by saying: 'Butler's bin dar since Jackson's bin gone.'

Why is a pun in a new book like a pang of conscience? Because it is apt to pierce the sole.

Why is a pair of spectacles placed on the nose like a ship going out?—Because they are put to sea.

Kitchen girls are now termed 'young ladies of the lower parlor.'

When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should discontinue the use of tight stays and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.