

# VILLAGE



# RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1870.

NUMBER 50

### OH! HO! JUST THE THING WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

Now is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interests by supplying your wants at the first class store of **C. N. BEAVER**, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old dog idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

### EXPLODED. Call and examine our fine stock and don't be RUINED

by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere. We will challenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- BOOTS, all kinds and prices, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- SHOES, of every description for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children's wear, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold, also warranted and sold, at **C. N. BEAVER**.
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold, at **C. N. BEAVER**.
- VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold by **C. N. BEAVER**.
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- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, by **C. N. BEAVER**.
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- CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
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- CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale, by **C. N. BEAVER**.
- SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- INK AND PAPER, of every description, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- SPICES, for sale, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- CRACKERS, of every kind, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- INDIGO BLUE, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- KEROSENE, of the very best, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.
- LAMP CHIMNIES, also, at **C. N. BEAVER'S**.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly,  
**CLARENCE N. BEAVER.**  
Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

### GROVER & BAKER FIRST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

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Beauty and Elasticity of stitch.  
Perfection and simplicity of Machinery.  
Using both threads directly from the spools.  
No fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread.  
Wide range of application without change of adjustment.  
The seam retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.  
Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and ornamental work.  
The Highest Premiums at all the fairs and exhibitions of the United States and Europe, have been awarded the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and the work done by them, wherever exhibited for competition.  
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We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach-trimmers' use. Call and see us.  
**D. W. ROBINSON,**  
Main st., Waynesboro, Pa.  
f 17 if

**N. O. MOLASSES.**—The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses or the holidays  
**PRICE & HOEFLICH**

### POETICAL.

#### THE STREAM THAT HURRIES BY.

The stream that hurries by you fixed shore  
Returns no more;  
The wind that dries at morn you dewy lawn  
Breathes and is gone;  
Those withered flowers to Summer's ripening glow  
No more shall blow;  
Those fallen leaves that strew you garden bed  
For aye are dead.  
Of laugh, of jest, mirth, of pleasure past,  
Nothing shall last;  
On shore, on sea, on hill, on vale, on plain,  
Naught shall remain;  
Of all for which poor mortals mourn,  
Naught shall return;  
Life has its hour in heaven and earth beneath,  
And so hath death.

Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime  
Can fetter Time;  
For all the phials in the doctor's store  
Youth comes no more;  
No drag on Age's wrinkled cheek renews  
Life's early hues;  
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed  
Can wake the dead.  
For all Spring gives, and Winter takes again,  
We grieve in vain;  
Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,  
We heave a sigh;  
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,  
Time hastens to death.  
Even, with each word we speak, a moment flies,  
Is born, and dies.

If thus, through lesser Nature's empire wide,  
Nothing abide—  
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flower,  
Have each their hour—  
He walks on ice whose well-taught love  
Is fixed above.  
Truths firm and bright, but oft to mortal ear  
Chilling and dear,  
Harsh as the raven's croak and sounds that till  
Of pleasure's kneel!  
Pray, reader, that at last the minstrel's strain  
Not all in vain;  
And when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee,  
Remember me!

#### DEATH'S HARVEST.

Death seems to hold high harvest now,  
And heroes 'neath the reaper bow.  
The world's great giver gives his life,  
Our war-horse, too, gives up the strife.  
Then one who held the highest power,  
Surrenders at the final hour.  
The world's great minister, alas,  
From earthly triumphs, too, must pass,  
And he who ne'er knew overthrow  
At Death's cold wave has just bowed low.  
The press has lost its champion, too,  
And pulpits show the bitter rue.  
While all the walks of life are wet  
With tears of sorrow and regret.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### A CLEVER CAPTURE.

A well known inspector of the detective force once related to us a clever capture, effected by himself, of a daring thief, who had more than once escaped from prison. The inspector himself had had considerable experience, and tracked his man to a low public house; and, under pretense of being an old thief himself, threw his companion off his guard by relating anecdotes. He was unarmed himself, and knew that the real burglar—who was known to the fraternity as 'Bill the Cracksmán'—had a revolver in his breast pocket, with the use of which he was thoroughly acquainted, and the question was how to arrest him single-handed. Story followed story, and reminiscence reminiscence, until Bill and his companion—who called himself Jerry Blake—became as thick as members of the former's profession was proverbially supposed to become.  
'Now,' said Mr. Blake, after a pause, 'as a last bit of anecdote, I'll show you how Joe the Tinman was took. He'd sworn there wasn't a man in the colony or out of it that would take him single-handed. Well, as the reward for his capture was a heavy one, a chap named Simmons, who was then out of the mounted police, determined to try it on. So what does he do, knowing some of Joe's haunts, but bribes a stockman, who lived in a lonely hut, on the side of a deep gully among the hills, to let him take possession for a week or so. It was a hut where Joe was accustomed to call when he wanted to get a fresh supply of rum, for the stockman had been a convict like himself and a pal of his, but, pal or no pal, he sold Joe this time and no mistake.  
'I'd have blown his brains out if I'd been Joe,' observed the cracksmán with a savage oath.  
'I honor your sentiments,' responded Mr. Blake, 'and from what I know of Joe he shared 'em. But, you see, when he looked in one night at the hut, no stockman was there—but in his place Simmons, looking the very picture of a rough shepherd, was seated over the fire making tea and cooking damper.'  
Hullo! where's the stockman here?'—asked Joe, stalking into the hut and approaching the fire, for Joe wasn't afraid of the devil himself—besides he was all stuck around with bowie knives and six-shooters, so that he was a caution to look at.

'Where's the stockman?' says he.  
Simmons only looked up for a minute, then went on cooking the damper.  
'He's gone.'  
'Gone where—dead?'  
'Pretty night it. He's down at the station with marsh fever. I've been ordered up here in his place.'  
'And who may you be, mate, when you're at home?' asked Joe, savagely, for he was disappointed at losing his friend.  
'When I'm at home,' said Simmons, still busy with his damper, 'if home means England, I might be lord, mayor, or chancellor of the exchequer, for any chance I have of getting back there—but being here where I am, I'm only a jailbird, like you, mate.'  
Joe, who wasn't accustomed to bold speaking of this kind, stepped back a pace or two and laid his hand on a six-shooter.  
'Who do you take me for?' he asked with an oath.  
'I don't take you for any one but your proper or improper self,' said Simmons quite unmoved, and filled two tin mugs with the sweetened tea.  
'And who am I?'  
'Joe the Tinman.'  
Joe handled his pistol as one prepared for action, but Simmons burst into a laugh.  
'Leave off handling your barking-iron,' he said, 'and take that mug of tea. I'd advise you to put a taste of rum in it, for the night's a nipper.'  
You know where the bottle is, so make no bones about it. When old Mike—that was the name of the stockman—sent me up here in his place, he didn't forget to say who was his friends and best customers.  
All this was said in so easy and comfortable a way that the bush-ranger was thrown off his guard; and no wonder, for Simmons was a tall, thin young fellow at that time, and the Tinman, besides being armed to his teeth, was middle-aged, short thick set, and with the muscular development of a bull—The hut was miles from any other habitation, and the night, what with wind and rain was a screamer.  
'So Joe the Tinman and Simmons 'the trap' sat to their tea together, and a jolly night they had of it, I've heard. The pitcher of spirits was filled and emptied again and again. Songs were sung and tales were told till the noisy revelry within the lonely hut almost rivaled the dash of the rain and the scream of the blast without.  
'Towards morning each took to boasting of his powers of doing this thing or that thing, and among other things, Simmons, who'd been when a more boy a sort of acrobat at a circus, boasted of his powers of jumping.  
'Now,' he said, 'supposing the traps were about me, and you was one of 'em, I'd clear a short man like you at a bound—and provided you weren't armed, I'd defy a dozen like you to catch me.'  
The Tinman, who was bumptious in his cups, denied this.  
'Why,' said he, 'if you was to try to leap over me, as you say, I'd just up with my arms and pin your two thread-paper legs so' He illustrated his words by action, but Simmons only laughed.  
'Nonsense! I'd skim over you as a swallow skims over a bit of water. You wouldn't even touch my shadow as I passed.'  
The Tinman, drinking more rum, grew angry.  
'I'd like to see you try it. You're more of a grasshopper than a properly built man, that's what you are. Come, I'll bet you this good watch that you don't jump clean over me as I stand now, back toward you.'  
'Watch he hang'd I says Simmons, 'I bet you a bottle of rum against the bowie you've got in your belt that I clear a short chap like you, hold up your hands as high as you can, at a jump, only give me the run of a few yards.'  
'Done!' And drawing the Bowie knife from his belt, the bush-ranger laid it on the table.  
'Gammon!' observed Bill, who had listened with much attention to the story. 'It's a thing as Leotard, or any o' them springy chaps couldn't do.'  
'It's only a trick,' replied Mr. Blake—a mere circus trick—which every clown in the ring understands. Here, I'll show you how it's done in a minute—that is, I'll show you how Simmons must have done it, according to my belief.'  
With ready obedience Bill stood up, and turned his back to the operator.  
'I suppose that's how the Tinman stood?'  
'I should fancy just so. Raise your arms a little above the level of your head. That's it. Throw them back a little, and I will show you how the trick was done.'  
Bill, following every direction, raised his hands high over his head, then let them decline slightly in the direction of his new friend.  
'The latter taking Bill's wrists in his hand, brought them gently together.  
'This is how the thing must have been done,' he said. 'Simmons must have taken advantage of a position that placed the bush-ranger absolutely in his power to draw a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and before the other could make a movement, slip them on so.'  
The thing was done in an instant, and before the cracksmán could well realize the fact he found himself seated in one of the chairs, his hands fettered, and his captor, calm and smiling, standing over him.  
'What do you mean by all this?' Bill gasped out at last, looking about him with bewildered amazement. 'Is it a joke?'  
'A capital joke!' replied the other. 'It was I who tried the same joke on the Tinman, and it succeeded capitally.'  
'You?'  
'At that time I belonged to the colonial police, now I'm Mr. Inspector Simmons. My address is Scotland Yard, and I'm very much at your service.'  
The Liquor Question.—'What's yours?'

##### An Anecdote of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay was a western man, and any measure he supposed would aid the great West always had his support.  
Some immigrants from the Rhine happened to settle at Vevay, Indiana, and conceived the idea, then a new one, that American grapes would make good wine. The experiment was tried, and proved a success.  
A present of half-a-dozen bottles was sent to Mr. Clay, who, as might be supposed, was in raptures over the success attending the experiment.  
A couple of bottles were carefully put aside to be taken to Washington, in order to have it tested and sampled by the wine-bibbers of that city.  
In those days members of Congress traveled either on horseback or by carriages to the Federal city. Mr. Clay had his own carriage, and used it on the journey. When the tired horse came to a hill, Mr. Clay took advantage of the circumstance to stretch his weary limbs by walking to the top; but so anxious was he for the safety of his wine, to show that the West could procure an article not inferior to that made on the Rhine, that he carefully and tenderly carried a bottle in each hand, lest they should be broken.  
Arriving at Washington, the wine was presented to Mr. Madison, then President of the United States, who, to show off its good quality, gave a large dinner party in honor of the event.  
The fact that Mr. Clay had presented the President with a couple of bottles of Western wine, made of the juice of the Western grapes, was made public, and a small quantity given to each guest to taste. Each sip was followed by a wry face, yet, all as a matter of course, pronounced it excellent, superior, magnificent.  
As in the case with all general rules, there was, of course, one exception, in the person of a bluff member of Congress, said to be ex-Governor Vance of Ohio, who, turning to Mr. Clay, with a quizzical look, said—  
'Mr. Clay, this will be excellent wine, but it tastes to me like Kentucky whiskey, and mean whiskey at that.'  
Mr. Clay seized his glass and tasted, and paused a moment, and then was forced to acknowledge the corn.—The sons of Mr. Clay, as anxious as Mr. Clay to taste the Western wine, had opened the bottles at home, drank the contents, and filled them with whiskey, and the Great Commoner, knowing nothing of the fact, had carried the new-made whiskey in old wine bottles to Washington to have it stamped as Western wine.  
The joke, so the tale goes, was so good a one that Mr. Clay forgave the juvenile trespassers, and none enjoyed it more than he, though he was the victim.

##### A True and Touching Incident.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend.  
'Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day,' said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile.  
'No, Millie, I will not, you may trust me,' and she wrapped her infant in a blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way. 'Now don't forget your promise,' whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps.  
Poor Millie! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed pleasantly; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated, he had also broken his promise.  
Silently they drove homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.  
'Give me the baby, Millie. I can't trust you with him,' he said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream.  
After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, so closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms.  
Over the dark waters the noble steeds bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it to her breast, no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned round just in time to see a rosy face rise once more above the dark waters and sink forever—and that by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father can better be imagined than described.  
A PITHY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.—You are the architects of your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner, 'Be just and fear not.' Keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level—water don't run up-hill—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite, generous, kind. Study hard, play hard. Read good books. Love your fellow-men, love your country and obey the laws. Love truth; love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God.—Ez.  
Charity is the crowning glory of the Christian profession.

##### A FEARFUL NIGHT.

[From the Austin (Texas) Journal May 17.]  
We published some days since, a brief, and necessarily imperfect account of this strange and most painful calamity, which we now correct, with fuller particulars, as we receive the statement from the lips of Bravet Colonel Merriam, Major of the 24th Infantry, who is now in Austin. The Colonel, after almost four years of military service on the frontier of Kansas, New Mexico and West Texas, had received leave of absence, and was journeying with his wife and child from El Paso to the Texas coast.  
They had reached the head of the Concho river, and camped for the night, on Sunday, the 24th of April. The stream at this point is so small that a man can step across it anywhere. The banks were 20 feet above the bed of the water. Fatigued with the long journey of 68 miles in the previous 24 hours, without water, the party were pleasantly resting, when early in the evening, Col. Merriam was roused by the signs of an approaching storm. The tent was fastened and made as secure as possible, and about 9 o'clock a hail storm burst upon them, accompanied by some rain and a strong wind. The fall of hail was unprecedented, lasting until nearly 11 o'clock; the stones being the size of hen's eggs, and striking the tent and prairie with a noise like near and incessant musketry.  
The Colonel, who was not ignorant of the sudden and extreme overflows to which the mountain streams of Texas are liable, went out into the darkness as soon as the storm had ceased, to note what effect had been produced on the rivulet. To his amazement he found in the formerly almost dry bed of the creek a resistless torrent loaded and filled with hail, rolling nearly bankfull, white as milk, and silent as a river of oil!  
He at once saw the danger, and ran back to the tent shouting to the escort and servants to turn out. He placed Mrs. M., the child and nurse in the carriage, and with the aid of three men started to run with it to the higher ground, a distance of not more than 60 yards. Scarcely a minute had elapsed from the time the alarm had been given, but already the water had surged over the bank in waves of such volume and force as to sweep the party from their feet, before they had traversed 30 yards.  
The Colonel called on some cavalry soldiers for assistance, who had just escaped from the United States Mail station near by, but they were too terrified to head or to help.  
Colonel Merriam then abandoned the hope of saving his family in the carriage, and tried to enter it in order to swim out with them, but he was swept down the ice-cold current like a bubble. Being an expert swimmer, he succeeded in reaching the bank about two hundred yards below, and ran back to renew the effort; then he received the terrible tidings that the moment after he was swept down, the carriage, with all its precious freight had turned over, and gone rolling down the flood, his wife saying as she disappeared, 'My darling husband, good-bye.' The little girl of a few hours before, which a child might step across, had become a raging river, covered with masses of drift wood a mile in width, and from thirty to forty feet deep.  
The bereaved husband procured a horse from one of the cavalry, and rode far down the torrent, but could see nothing in the darkness, and heard naught but the wild sound of the waves. 'So passed the long wretched night.  
Before day the strange and momentary flood had passed by, and the small stream shrank to its usual size, and ran in its wonted bed. The sad search began. The drowned soldiers and servants, four in number were found, and the body of the wife taken from the water about three-fourths of a mile below, and prepared for a journey of fifty-three miles to the post of Concho, for temporary burial. Not till three days after was the body of the child found, four miles down the stream, and a long distance from its bed.—Mrs. Merriam was a lady of fine culture and attainments, valued and beloved by all who knew her. The little girl, not three years old, was remarkable for the maturity of her mind and the sweetness of her disposition.  
The carriage was drifted by the current about a mile, and lodged in a thicket. The storm and flood are represented as frightful beyond description. The Beaver pond from which the Concho takes its rise was so filled with the icy hail that the catfish were killed by the congelation, and were swept in wagon loads, together with the myriads of smaller animals of the plain, such as rabbits and snakes, all over the country, by the sudden and rushing flood.  
Three days after the storm, when the party left the Concho, the hail still lay in drifts and winnows to the depth of more than six feet.

##### The Berkley Egg.

It was a great many years ago, before the introduction of steam navigation into the waters of Long Island Sound, when Capt. Thayer, one of the pioneer captains in steam-boat travel, commanded a sloop in the waters of Taunton river. One morning, being at the landing of Berkley, and having occasion to cross to the other side, he entered a barn where the boat's oars were kept with which he was to cross. While there a hen came cackling off the nest, having laid an egg.—Being a practical joker, it occurred to him to operate a little upon the superstitious fears of the inhabitants of that benighted town. He accordingly picked up the warm egg, and wrote on its susceptible shell with his pencil, 'Woe to the town of Berkley, and replacing the egg left the barn. In due time the nest was cleared of its eggs, and the one bearing the wonderful inscription discovered. The wonderful news was at once telegraphed from house to house through the town, and before night hundreds had journeyed to the spot to see it for themselves. Consternation was depicted on every countenance in view of the impending calamity which they were certain the phenomenon denoted. It finally occurred to them to ask counsel of their pastor in this hour of terror. Parson A. was accordingly sent for, and arriving, the cause of alarm was made known to him, backed-up-by-an exhibition-of-the-egg.—The parson examined it attentively, after which he laid it down, and for many minutes seemed lost in reflection. His parishioners thought they saw in this fresh cause for alarm, and one and another would ejaculate in hoarse whispers, 'The Lord wrote it! The Lord wrote it!' 'At length the old man rose as if to address them, and stretching to his full height, exclaimed, 'If the Lord wrote that he didn't know how to spell Berkley!' and bidding them good day, walked off.—Their eyes were opened, and they saw at once the trick of some mischievous wag; but it was not until some time afterward that they found out the author, to whom they ever afterward owed a grudge.

A thin, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in Philadelphia, the other day, and inquired: 'Is there a man in your list of insured persons named M.?' The agent politely answered, 'I attend to that business sir.' 'Well, I want my belt insured, but you say I have no belt.' 'Different prices,' answered the agent; 'from three to ten dollars a year, pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness.' 'Well,' said M., 'I want ten dollars worth.' The agent inquired his state of health.—'Well, I am sick all do time, I've shut out do bed two, three hours a day, and do doctor says he can't do nothing more good for me.' 'If that's the state of your health,' returned the agent, 'we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health.' At this M. heaved a sigh, and said, 'You must think I've a pig foot! You think I come pay you ten dollars vor insure my belt von I was well!'

A Celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, 'When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning, so I determined in the future to thunder less and lightning more.'

A French priest, lauding the superior virtue of a religious over a civil ceremony of marriage, recently declared that every union he had blessed had prospered, and produced the following letter in proof.—'Respected Sir:—Since we received your blessing, we have been so completely happy that, after ten years of married life, we have just welcomed our twelfth baby. Under these circumstances, my husband joins me in the prayer that you would kindly withdraw your benediction.'

An Irish Judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court, as well as the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailer, said: 'Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you keep those two respectable gentlemen until seven, or half past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours' start of them.'

RESISTANCE TO ERRORS.—We all need resistance to our errors on every side. We use unto us when all men speak well of us; and we use unto us when all men shall give way to us!

An ungalant Congressman proposes to lay a tax of twenty-five per cent. on corsets.—Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why shouldn't the ladies have the same privilege?

A Paris actress, who was to be vaccinated, refused to spoil her arm by a scar, so she had the operation performed a few inches above her ankle.

A female preacher married a couple lately in Iowa. At the end of the ceremony the minister kissed the groom.  
A doubtful verdict—when a young man is referred to 'ask papa.'  
Why is a proud woman like a music book She is full of airs.  
Much creed, little faith; much ore, little gold; many words, little work.