



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 51

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

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. N. BEAVER. North-east corner of the Diamond.

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's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S. CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER. TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by 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. NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER. PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, at C. N. BEAVER. HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER. GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S. SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S. CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at C. N. BEAVER'S. BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S. TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, at C. N. BEAVER'S. 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, 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, -Pitts. Oil, 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 for 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, 495 Broadway, New York. 730 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE. 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. The very highest prize, The Cross of the Legion of Honor, was conferred on the representative of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1869, thus attesting their great superiority over all other Sewing Machines. For sale by D. W. ROBISON, Waynesboro'.

NOTICE. The undersigned having had 17 years' experience as a practical operator on Sewing Machines would recommend the Grover & Baker Family Machine as the cheapest and best machine for family use. The simplicity of construction and elasticity of work made by these machines are two very important points in their favor. 250,000 of these machines are to-day bearing witness to the truth of our assertions and the demand is steadily increasing. We have also shuttle machines on hand for Tailors and Coach-trimmers use. Call and see us. D. W. ROBISON, Main st., Waynesboro', Pa. N. O. MOLASSES. The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses at the rate of \$2 per week.

POETICAL.



HOPE.

Never despair! the darkest cloud That ever loomed with pass away, The longest night will yield to dawn— The dawn will kindle into day. What if around thy lonely barge Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow, Stretch every oar! there's land ahead! And thou wilt gain the port to-morrow. When fortune frowns, and summer friends, Like birds that fear a storm, depart, Some, if the heart have tropic warmth, Will stay and nestle round thy heart. If thou art poor, no joy is won, No good is gained by sad repining, Gems buried in the darkened earth May yet be gathered for the mining. There is no lot, however sad, There is no roof, however low, But has some joy to make it glad, Some latent bliss to soothe its woe. The light of hope will linger near, When wildest beats the heart's emotion, A star when breakers roar, A star upon the troubled ocean. The farmer knows not if his field, With flood or drought or blight must cope; He questions not the fickle skies, But plows and sows and toils in hope. Then up! and strive, and dare, and do, Nor doubt a harvest you will gather; 'Tis time to labor and to wait, And trust in God for genial weather.

MISCELLANY.

One Hundred Years Ago.

The following description of a couple on their wedding day, in 1770, is amusing and interesting: To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over the neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was dressed up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now of the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befringed, while his queue projected like a handle to a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knees with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles then clustered around his wrist, and a very portentious frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

No Hope for Tipplers.

Dr. W. W. Hall tells this true story of a man who had accumulated a fortune by hard work and unrelenting attention to business. At fifty years of age he retired home from business with an ample fortune. Before he was sixty, in fact, in about five years he died a degraded drunken sot. Having nothing to do, time hung heavily. Being in perfect health he had a good appetite—indulged it, and sat around the house, rolled on the sofa, took 'naps' in the day-time, and as a result did not sleep well at night; taking but little exercise and eating heartily, he soon began to suffer from indigestion, or dyspepsia; after each meal he would feel full, oppressed, uncomfortable, and to relieve himself, at the suggestion of a friend, he took a sip of brandy; he felt better, next day he took another, then a little more, soon he took it three times a day, before meals as well as after, with the result already detailed. Thus it is that this side of heaven no man is safe from a drunkard's grave, except him who never takes a drop of liquor. It might have been thought that fifty years of abstinence would have been a perfect guarantee against a vice so degrading, but it was not.

THIS LIFE.—What is it? The vision of a day—the pleasure of an hour; then gone, and gone forever! No, not gone forever, for man will live in rapture or in woe, as the result of a few years of life—a few days spent in time. How fearful the thought! What eternal interests hang upon life's fleeting moments! Joys eternal, or pangs interminable, and all depending on the course we take—the way we live.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved. And thus, in art and in life, we learn that great lesson of practical wisdom, while we look upward to the stars, not to trample on the flywheels that lie at our feet.

A Terre Haute (Indiana) man, who was divorced from his wife some years ago, now employs her to wait on his second spouse at the rate of \$2 per week.

A Strange Cat.

Pat Maloney, better known by the name of Father Pat, on returning from work, one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement. 'Pat,' says she, 'there's a strange cat in the cabin.' 'Cast her out, thin; don't ye be a botherin' me about the baste.' 'Faith, an' I've been, striven' to do that for the matter of tin minis past, but she is beyant my reach, behind the big red chest in the corner. Will ye be after helpin me to drive her out, Pat?' 'To be sure I will; bad luck to the coustie she has for me house. Show her to me, Biddy, till I teach her the respect that's due to a man-in-his-own-house—to be taken possession without so much as yer lave—the thief of the world!' Now, Pat had a special antipathy to cats, and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one way of egress for the animal, he says to Biddy: 'Have ye iver a male bag in the house me darlint?' 'Divil a one is there, Pat. Ye'd took it to the mill-wid-yez-to-bring-home chips this morning.' 'Faith, an' I did, and there is it yet thin. An' have ye nothin' at all in the house that will tie up like a bag, Biddy?' 'Troth, an' I have, Pat. There's me Sunday petticoat—ye can draw the strings up close at the top, and sure it will be better for lettin' that cat-lavin' ye.'

'Biddy, darlint ye're a jewel; just be after bringing it to me at wanst.' Biddy brought the garment, and sure enough it made a good substitute for a bag. Pat declared at a glance that it was 'fillagant.'

So, holding it close against the edge of the chest, he took a look behind, and saw a pair of eyes glaring at him. 'An' is it there ye are, ye devil? Be out of that now, bad luck to ye, ye thavin' vagabone. Be bad an' ye won't lave at all with perlie axin'—yehself will bate the pigs intirely. Biddy, have ye any hot wather?' 'Sure I've the full o' a tay kettle, all a billin' Pat.'

Be after castin' the matter of a quart thin behind the chest, and we'll see how the baste minds the like o' cat.' 'How'd close this, here goes the steamin' hot wather.' So saying, dash went the water and out came the animal into Pat's trap.

'Arrah, be the holy poker, I have him now-Biddy—Is it nine lives ye have, ye baste? Well now be axin me pardon for all the thavin' ye've been doin' in my house, or it's nine lives will not save ye. Biddy saxe how'd o' the poker, and whilst I shoulder the bag, just what the daylight out o' the haythin divil intirely.'

Pat threw the bundle over his shoulder and Biddy struck about three blows to the tune of St. Patrick's day in the morning, when she suddenly stopped.

'What smells so queer, Pat? Sure it's takin away the breath of me with the power of it. Oh, murther, Pat? it's the divil ye have in the sack!' 'Bate him, thin—bate the horns off!' 'I'm faintin'—cast him off ye, Pat.'

'Oh, murther! murther! Biddy Maloney what have ye done? You've vent and mistaken a horrible pole-cat for a haremsless tame cat!' 'Pat, for the love o' me, if you're convenient to the door unclose it, for I'm perit intirely. Oh, Biddy Maloney, that ever ye should have left odd Ireland to be smothered and murthered in this way!'

'Faith the little villain beats the divil himself; he's ruined me house and kilt Biddy, an' put me all out of coustie wid me own self. Oh, ye murthern baste.'

By dint of washing and scouring and airing, and the burial of Biddy's best petticoat under the ground for a space of time, things were at length set to right again.

But not a little reprimanding took place on the occasion, and neither of them ever forgot the expulsion from the cabin of Biddy's 'strange cat.'

As all young ladies desire to be considered beautiful, we publish the following recipe, for accomplishing that desired end: How to be beautiful when old? I can tell you maiden fair— Not by lotions, dyes, and pigments; Not by washes for the hair; While you're young be pure and gentle; Keep your passions well controlled; Walk, work and do your duty, You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow white locks are fair as golden, Gray as lovely as the brown, And the smile of age more pleasant Than a youthful beauty's frown, 'Tis the soul that shapes the features, Fires the eyes, attunes the voice; Sweet sixteen, be these your maxims, When you're sixty you'll rejoice.

I think the judgments formed at night are never so bold and fresh as judgments formed in the morning. It in the morning a man is without charity, if he is despondent, if he is dull, if he is unnerved, you may be sure that he is living wrong. For the order of nature is that a man should rise from his bed in the morning as birds rise, singing, and in perfect health. I would say to every young person whom it concerns—form, if it is a possible thing, the habit of doing your duty in the day time, and reserve your night for lighter tasks, and keep early hours with your bed.—Becher.

Mothers used to provide a switch for their daughters from the nearest bush; now the daughter gets her own switches from the hairdressers.

Late Hours.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached April 24th, on 'Late Hours' and the 'Unfruitful Works of Darkness,' and in the course of his sermon said: 'If you want to make the ruin of a child; give him liberty after dark. You cannot do anything nearer to insure damnation than to leave him at liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get in communication with people that will undermine all his good qualities. I do not like to speak to parents about their children, but there are thousands who think their child cannot do wrong. Their child will not lie, when his tongue is like a bended bow; he will not drink, when there is not a saloop within a mile of his father's house, where he is not as well known as one of its own decanters; he never does iniquitous things, when he is reeking in filth. Nine-tenths of every twenty allowed perfect freedom at night will be wounded by it. There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night; or if he is abroad, you should be with him. If he is to see any sights or take any pleasure, there is nothing that he should see that you should not see with him. It is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never ought to find a passage into a man's brain. As an eel, if he wriggles across a carpet will leave his slime, which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that can never be got rid of, once permitted to enter; and there are individuals going around with obscene books and pictures under the lapsels of their coats, that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that can never be effaced. There are men who have heard a salacious song, and they never can forget it. They will regret having learned it to the end of their lives. I do not believe in a child's seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have all its imagination set on fire with the flames of hell. Nobody goes through this fire but they are burned, burned, burned; and they can never get rid of the scars.'

A PERPLEXING EXPERIENCE.—A friend of mine whom I met in Charleston, a Turkish Nestorian, was smoking in the forward ear when a very elegantly dressed young lady of complexion about as light as his own, entered the car and took her seat. She was so refined in her dress and appearance that he supposed that she had made a mistake, and gallantly suggested to her that the ladies' car would be more agreeable, when she stated that her color, not perceptible to a stranger, prevented her entering there. He conversed with her, and found her intelligent and educated. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of South Carolina. He was that evening publicly ridiculed at the hotel for talking to a 'nigger girl,' by men who would have done well had they shared her refinement. A few days afterward, remembering the incident, and seeing a lady of apparently mixed blood in the first-class car, he thought she had made a mistake, and to save anything that might wound her feelings, he politely suggested to her to change to the forward, second-class car. She colored up, highly insulted, and calling her husband from outside, screamed, 'This man calls me a nigger!' The husband got into a towering rage, and came near laying violent hands on his poor innocent friend. He was only restrained by some passengers, who explained his position as a foreigner unacquainted with American peculiarities.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A few days before the adjournment of the last session of the Legislature of North Carolina, a wealthy conservative from a distant portion of the State, happened to be in Raleigh, paid a visit to the capitol. Taking a seat in the lobby of the Senate chamber, he meditated on the degeneracy of the times which permits colored men to hold seats in that body. He was roused from his reverie by a colored Senator, who arose, and in the course of his remarks used the familiar quotation from the 137 Psalm, 'Let my right hand forget her cunning,' etc. He could contain himself no longer, and, turning to a friend, said:

'Isn't it disgusting to hear such an ignorantus attempting to quote Shakespeare?'

A Michigan constable, from whose custody a prisoner had escaped with only a shirt on, while in search of the convict, was told by one of his neighbors that there had appeared at the house of the latter, during the night, an individual who was stark naked and who refused to give any account of himself. The neighbor further said that the stranger was still in his house, and might yet be taken. The constable flew around, got his handcuffs, and rode up to the residence of his informant, to find that the lady of the house had given birth during the night to a very fine baby.

'Why,' said Miss Anna Dickinson, on one occasion, stopping forward to the footlights and commencing a lecture with a lofty flight of eloquence. 'Why was I born?' She paused, and a thrill ran through the audience. Again she roused the tones of the winsome woman rolled over the expectant people as she repeated the question, 'Why was I born?' And again she paused, that the due impression might be made upon her hearers before she answered her own question.—'Why was I born?' she asked once more in touching and almost painful accents, when a wicked boy in the gallery shouted, 'I give it up!'

The following will be exceedingly useful, as it tells how to get of stumps: Bore a hole in the stump with an auger; fill it full of petroleum and let it stand four days. Then set fire to the stump and it will burn out like the wick of a candle. This has been successfully tried by a reliable agriculturist.

During the trial of a case in a city court, lately, a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this, of course, the attorneys objected, and it was ruled out by the judge. He would proceed again to tell what his wife told him, when the attorney would shout out, 'How do you know that?'—'My wife told me,' was the answer. This was repeated several times. Presently the judge, unable to contain himself any longer, interrupted—'suppose your wife was to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?' 'Well, I'd ink day was down.'

A man in New Orleans accidentally swallowed six false teeth last week, and now he bolts his food right down, in lumps, and chews it after it reaches his stomach. He says he is satisfied, because he can go clear through the bill of fare and get back to business before the other boarders get their potatoes mingled properly with the gravy. He likes it first-rate, and he has taken out a patent for the principle. State and county rights for sale.

There once lived in a village not more than three hundred miles west of New York, a certain tradesman who had a large family, and little 'treasures' were continually being added to his board. One day one of his little boys happened to be in a store, and was thus interrogated by a young man present: 'John, how many brothers and sisters have you got?' 'I don't know,' answered the boy, 'I hain't been home since morning.'

One man reprimanding another, said that he talked like a fool. 'True,' he replied; 'but it is that you may understand me.'

Whoever owes his shoemaker can't say that his sole is his own.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

High Time in a Sleeping Car.

About midnight, when we were either lost in sleep or dropping away, a fearful scream that made the blood curdle broke upon our startled ears. This wild yell came from a female throat, and was followed by cries of 'Oh! stop him, 'Hold him, 'Don't let him go,' and the wildest confusion ensued. All the men sprang to their feet, and all the women screamed. Running along the passage way, I found a woman clinging to a male specimen of humanity and begging him to go to bed, and learned through a great deal of incoherent exclamation, that the man was a sleep-walker.

'Oh, James, do come back to bed; do wake up—please do!' she cried piteously. 'Why, I am awake, you fool!' snorted the husband.

'No, you're not. That is the way he always answers, and he'll go out and get killed under the cars. Won't somebody stop—the train?'

'Come, come, my good fellow, waken up, waken up,' roared the stout man shaking the supposed sleep walker so violently by the shoulders that he must have had a free admission to the fire works. In this he was assisted by our Kentucky friend, who appeared in a fearful-suit-of-red-flannel. This was too much for the afflicted man, charged with the crime of somnambulism. He went to fighting—shaking the stout man off with such force that corpulence went down in a sitting position, and hitting Red Flannels in the stomach. Blazes disappeared from sight through the curtains of a section from whence other female screams went up, and unmistakable evidences of a general engagement.

The sleep-walker, after whipping all within reach, explained that he had got up with no intention to walk in his sleep, but to get a drink of water; but, being given to somnambulism, his wife had taken the alarm, and with this information he retired to his couch in a very sulky-manner. Our Kentucky friend came tumbling from the section he had invaded, with his face scratched, his red flannel shirt torn, and giving evidence of having suffered from an encounter. He told me next day that when he raided in on the bed he rolled over a fat woman into the arms of a thin one, who went at him tooth and nails, to the great damage of his underclothes and countenance.

Miss O'Neal has answered the chap who called her 'Darling,' 'sweet,' and all that.—Here it is: 'Oh! you say you are lonely without me, that you sigh for one glance of my eye; you're blarneying always about me—Oh! why don't you go to papa apply? You men are so very deoeiving, I can't believe aught that you say; your love I will only believe in, when jointure is made ar-fait.'

'This trash about eyes, voice and glancing may do for a miss in her teens; but he who to me make advances must talk of his bank stock and means. You beg me to go galivating, to meet you at the foot of the lan—e with a kiss too! why man you're ranting! do you think I am wholly insane? When you woo a lady of sense, sir, don't whine about sorrow and tears, its a matter of dollars and cents sir, no tale of romance interferences. Oh! poverty is not very funny (my style I'll not try to conceal it.) I can't get a husband with money, I'll live and die Nora O'Neal.'

Josh Billings thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited: John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncorrosionous, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous hose rake is now and forever offered to a generous public.—These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad kast in a ten akker lot of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer or good moral karakter should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one.

'During the trial of a case in a city court, lately, a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this, of course, the attorneys objected, and it was ruled out by the judge. He would proceed again to tell what his wife told him, when the attorney would shout out, 'How do you know that?'—'My wife told me,' was the answer. This was repeated several times. Presently the judge, unable to contain himself any longer, interrupted—'suppose your wife was to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?' 'Well, I'd ink day was down.'

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TEACHING A DUTCHMAN.—A Dutchman lately left Austin for White Pine with some thing less than a cart load of provisions, tools, and blankets, carrying them on his back— On his arrival, not meeting with any success at trade, he took on a big digget and left for Austin, carrying with him his stock in trade. On his way home a man driving an empty wagon overtook him, and seeing him so heavily loaded, asked him if he would get in and ride.

'No, py gosh!' was his answer. 'But,' said the teamster, 'my wagon is empty, and you are perfectly welcome.'

'No, py gosh!' replied he. 'I learns dis Dutchman some tings. I learns him to go to Vite Pines! He carries these plankets, py tam!'

The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two-year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her.

He answered, 'No.' 'What is the reason you will not kiss me?' 'I'm too little to kiss you. Papa will kiss you; Papa kisses all the big girls.' He was permitted to play with his toys.

The best and most conclusive reason for an effect we ever remember to have heard, was given by a Dutchman in reply to a friend who remarked, 'Why Haas, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen.' 'Oh, yaw,' was the reply, 'I know the reason for dat—my mother was a woman.'

A countryman from Indiana was in Cincinnati a few nights since, and thought it would be smart to ascend a colored dancin' on the street. She struck him a stunning blow under the chin, and walked off majestically saying, 'Who sez de colored troops didn't fight nobly?'

MEDICAL ADVICE.—'Doctor, doctor,' said a conceited oxcumb to a distinguished physician, during the prevalence of an epidemic, 'does the fever affect the higher orders?'

'No,' replied the M. D., 'but it's death on tools, and you'd better leave the city immediately.'

A Countryman in a factory bet the engineer a dollar that he could seize the flywheel and hold it. He seized it and was picked up on a pile of bricks outside the building, with a window sash for neck tie.

SOMETHING TO TAKE.—'Will you dake sumping?' said a testotoler to a friend, when standing near a tavern. 'I don't care if I do,' was the reply. 'Vell,' said Frank, 'let's dake a walk.'

At Ottumwa, Iowa, a nice young man put a sheet around him to scare a Dutchman. Some one asked the young man afterward what ailed his black eye, and he said he had received bad news from Germany.

A couple were married recently in Troy. The groom paid the minister two dollars for his services, and then walked off with the latter's silk hat, leaving his old plug in its place.

A Virginia negro cocked a gun and blew down the muzzle to see if it was loaded. He didn't state his conclusion, but the by-standers who saw his head fly off, think that it was.

One of the gentler sex says that the heaven of the strong-minded women is 'where buttons grow in their proper places, and men cease from bothering, and needles are at rest.'

'I say,' said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in a garden, 'are you digging a hole in that onion bed?' 'No,' said Pat, 'I'm digging out the dirt and leaving the hole.'

A Belgian was recently hung by mistake in Burges, and, as a slight recompense to his wife, the generous-hearted government has accorded her free permission to beg.

'Sam, why don't you talk to massa, and tell him to lay up de treasures in Heaven?' 'What de use ob him layin' treasures dar, where he never see um again?'

'Woman is a delusion!' exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. 'And man is always hugging some delusion or other,' was the quick reply.

Much is said in these days of woman's sphere. Is it not true that her principal fear is that she will not get married. A benevolent gentleman has discovered that in forty years a snuff-taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose. What is the difference between a falling star and a fog? One is missed in heaven, and the other is mist on earth. A man at Atlanta, Ga., recently, who sleeps with his mouth open, had his false teeth stolen by an adroit thief. To cure a bachelor's aches—carry to the patient seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it. If you wish to see a woman go off like a flash, just accuse her of using powder. In Pike County, Ohio, they have found what they call a 'white black snake.' Warm but not woolly—The mittens sometimes given gentlemen by the ladies. The memory of good actions is the star-light of the soul. What kind of robbery is not dangerous. A safe robbery, of course.