

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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NUMBER 48

HOUSE FURNITURE!

I. H. WHITMORE.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, and Manufacturer of
HOUSE FURNITURE,
AND

UPHOLSTERER.
GREENCASTLE, PA.

takes this method of informing his customers and the public that he has
REDUCED THE PRICE OF FURNITURE
from ten to twenty per cent. Owing to the advantages he has over other Manufacturers he can and will sell Furniture at a less price than any other Manufacturer in the State. Having

THREE STORE ROOMS
filled with every variety of Furniture, from a plain common article, to the finest in use, he feels warranted in saying that he can please all tastes.

EXAMINE LIST OF PRICES.
BEDSTEADS.
COTTAGE—Imitation of Walnut \$5, 6, 7, to 8
Solid Walnut 8, 9, to 10
JENNY LIND—3-Arch Top Panel, Walnut 14, 15 to 18
" " 2-Arch Top Panel, Walnut 10, 12 to 14
Round, Corner-foot, 3 Panels Walnut 25 to 30
" " Foot, Oval Panel Walnut, Moulded 30, 35 to 40
ANTIQUE—New style 25, 30, 35, 40 to 60
FINE ANTIQUE CHAMBER SUITS, Full Marble 130 to 175
COT. CHAMBER SUITS, 35, 38, 40, 45 to 60
SOLID WALNUT SUITS, 60, 75 to 85

CHAIRS.
Windsor or Wood Seats (3 one) from \$5, 6 to 10
Cane Seats, per half doz., 9, 10, 11, 11.50, 12.50 to 20
(Have over 600 of the above on hand.)
Wood Seat Rucking Chairs, from 1.25 to 5
Cane Seat Rucking Chairs, from 2 to 7
Willow Seat Rucking Chairs, from 2 to 10
Spring Seated Chairs, upholstered in Hair Cloth, Brocade, Rep. & Terry, ranging in price, per half doz., from 25 to 75
Rucking Chairs, upholstered as above, 20 to 25
Tea-tables, upholstered as above, 20, 22, 50, 25, 30 to 15
(each) from 18, 20 to 30
Box or Plain Sofas, from 18, 20 to 30
Lounges, upholstered in Hair Cloth, Brocade, Rep. Terry and Damask, Sprung Seats, (each) from 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, to 30

WARDROBES.
Imitation Walnut, for \$10, 12, 14, 16 to 3
Solid Walnut, 15, 18, 20, 25 to 6
Also, Side Boards, Wash Stands, Mattresses, and in fact everything in the Furniture line. The limits of an advertisement is entirely too narrow to give a full list of prices, and kinds of furniture manufactured at this establishment.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Remember the place.
I. H. WHITMORE,
Greencastle, Pa.
dec 1-67]

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL!

THE alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of oil, has called special attention to an article which will, wherever used, remove the cause of such accidents. We allude to

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES

The proprietor of this oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are sent broadcast over the country, an oil that is safe, brilliant, and entirely reliable. After a long series of laborious and costly experiments, he has succeeded in producing, and now offers to the public, such a substitute, in

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.
It should be used by every family because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it perfectly safe, thus insuring the lives and property of those who use it. Its present standard of SAFETY and BRIGHTNESS will always be maintained, for upon this the proprietor depends for sustaining the high reputation the STELLAR OIL now enjoys.

To prevent the adulteration of this oil with the explosive compounds now in use under the name of kerosene, Ac., &c., each can being sealed and stamped with the trade-mark of the proprietor; it cannot, therefore, be tampered with between the manufacturer and consumer. None is genuine without this trade-mark.

It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oil to use the STELLAR OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable.

For sale by
Anderson, Benedict & Co., Waynesboro.
Manon & Statler, Marietta.
E. B. Winger, Quincy.
Gelewicks & Burkhart, Chambersburg.
W. J. Dixon, St. Thomas.
J. Hoffmaster & Co., Greencastle.
Thomas C. Grove, Mercersburg.

John L. Ritchey,
JANSEN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS,
No. 136 South Front St., Philadelphia.
Feb 2-1871]

FAIRVIEW MILL!

FAMILY FLOUR, ETC.

THE undersigned having refitted and added all the latest improvements to his Mill, (formerly Frantz's) announces to the public that he is now manufacturing a superior article of FAMILY FLOUR, which will be delivered to persons at market prices. He has also on hand a supply of MILL STUFF of all kinds, which he will wholesale or retail at the Mill, or deliver if desired, at the lowest market rates. Having refitted his Mill with the most improved Machinery he feels that he is enabled to give general satisfaction.

His Flour in sacks can be had at Heid's Grocery, where orders may be left.

The highest market price paid for WHEAT delivered at the Mill.
COOPER STUFF wanted.
DAVID PATERSON,
Mar 21-67]

POETICAL.



SO GOES THE WORLD.

Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away
And things which seemed the life of life,
Are taken from us day by day;
And yet through all the busy streets
The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng,
The puppet's play, the showman's stalls,
And gossips chat the whole day long,
And so the world goes on.

Our little dramas come to naught;
Our lives may fail, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness,
Our finest castle fall to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars unmindful still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on.

The house grows sad that once was gay,
The dear ones seek their Blessed Home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come:
And yet the sunlight flicks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long,
The rose-buds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on.

And God goes on, and with our woes
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace;
Guarding with His heart of hearts,
Our days of pain, our days of ease—
He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The danger's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—His children all—
Through all the great eternal years,
And so, thank God, the world goes on.

THE LIFE BOAT
Our bark newly lashed on an ocean untrod,
To battle with billow and breeze,
May angels of mercy unceasingly guide,
And pilot it safe o'er the seas.
Should breakers surround it, and terrors alarm,
God steer the vessel that trusts in His arm.

When clouds of adversity darken the sky,
And tempests are rending each sail,
If faith view the heaven with rapturous eye,
How vain are the threats of each gale!
Can hidden reefs shatter, or seas o'erwhelm
With hope at the anchor, and Love at the helm.

MISCELLANY.

[For the "Village Record,"

THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

Mr. Editor:—In looking over the Pennsylvania School Journal published at Lancaster by our wide awake State School Superintendent, J. P. Wickersham—I see a notice that our town means to build a new School House; that the Directors have been looking at a Lancaster Co. model; and that they "MERIT the thanks of the community they represent."

Now, all this makes every person who loves development and progress—and who does not feel very good. The most ignorant man and the man who has no children of his own to educate, as well as the miser who could, unmoved by pity, cheat the pennyless orphan of the most valuable of all property—an Education—all see that we must have improved houses to keep the children and the teacher's feet from freezing—all see that for grading the schools and for facilitating the teacher's labors, that the old build-ings—almost said School houses—are totally unfit. Now, because some may still be opposed to building a new school house—because some don't find one moment of time to think of education—because others think pay schools are the schools—let our directors be discouraged. We say, rather, when a plan is proposed, that will narrow down our school system and keep it where the 'Rail Road' has been—from Waynesboro—then, let the directors double their energies and send committees to other places and see how liberal our cities—where land is high in figures—have been in securing lots sufficient large for children to roll the hoop jump the rope, pitch quoits, play ball, climb the ladders, play on the rotary swing, &c.

Opposition developed, contrary enlightens the mind. Nob's minded men dare to do right, tho' the heavens fall. School directors, when you see the Egyptians behind you, the mountains on your side and a deep sea before you, will you not risk the danger-water to reach the promised land? You are the architects of a monument that shall stand when your existence will be forgotten. Upon no pages of history can you write the events of the present letter, than by your school architecture and your school discipline. The ancients built cities and stupendous works of art—amassed wealth—but while most of these have passed away and their history is lost, the political and religious portion of some great man, who have lived centuries ago, have been handed down by instruction or by example, so that now in our notions, manners, habits, and customs much can be found that belonged to our ancestors or at least bears a striking resemblance to it.

If, then, posterity is affected by our actions for good or for bad, should not those who have the care of our schools stop, consider, try to gain all information they can? Our surroundings teach as much if not more than the teachers do.

We are not consistent when we spend thousands of dollars upon mansion houses—upon barns and stables for cattle, and at the same time lament that the school house—where

children spend the most time of their tender years—costs too much tax. It can be proven that the school house is worth a large percentage to our Government, the government in turn is that which protects your wealth. Without a government you can have no wealth, and almost said that without Education you can have no Government.

Indirectly, the wealthy, grumbling taxpayer—the man who is afraid that education is raising our Government—the man who fears that his children, if educated, might not work on the farm—might become proud—I say indirectly this man owes to the Educated men all his liberty and the pursuits of happiness which he enjoys.

Says one, we can Educate without a convenient and beautiful school house—our forefathers had poor school buildings. To this I answer that the age in which we live is disgraced by the antiquated style and condition of many of the houses in which children are to be taught.

If our school houses are to remain in the present style to serve as monuments whereby we can see how our revolutionary fathers were compelled to live, it will answer the purpose very well. If they are to educate the rising generation then the style of architecture, the surroundings and conveniences should be in proportion to the influence of our day. Look at the advancement in every thing during 30 or 40 years past—save the school House which mostly stands on some rejected lot in town or in the country.—Within 10 years Waynesboro has bore the burden of a war debt and has built four good churches besides. Surely she will not when called upon to provide facilities for the education of her children, contract the school grounds, prevent the adornment of its surroundings, nor be slow to provide the necessary apparatus for a gymnasium. Our Revolutionary fathers bought our liberties with blood and treasures, and surely we who have them, together with a hundred fold more wealth than they possessed, are in duty bound to strengthen and repair the safeguards which alone can perpetuate the freedom proclaimed by the old bell nearly 100 years ago. Our most learned men conclude that the stability of a Republic, like ours, depends upon the education of the entire mass of its people. Where there are educated voters, there the tares of anarchy, aristocracy, or of despotism, can not thrive.

We are all mutually concerned whether we have good laws or not and it is the duty of every community to cast in its lot and do its whole duty—then and not till then will this free land of ours be secure.

H.

Christian Song.

Many think song is a luxury which they have a right to deny themselves if they please. Few have thought it a duty that they should be instructed in Christian song, and should teach it to their families; and yet the command to sing is as explicit as the command to pray, and we do not think of neglecting to teach our households to pray. You will bear witness, the greatest trouble of Christian experience is what we may call the liquefaction of thought into emotion. The Greek method of culture was philosophical, and we have followed largely in the same direction. This is an important element in the education of the people, but we find it difficult to express the wine of emotion from the cluster of thought.

The wings God has given us to fly up to him are the wings of song. The lyrical element is the best expression of feeling. All forms of experience have been touched in the poetry of chant and song. Why should we neglect these gatherings of expression? Why should you try by thought to get to God, when you can sing your way to him with half the effort? There is a railroad to Mount Washington. A man who sings through life is like the man who ascends the mountain in the car; the man who does not sing is like the traveler who pants on foot up the steep ascent. Many say, first reason, emotion last. But in the hymn, the same truth may touch all hearts—as well Lord Bacon as the poor slave on the plantation. Singing is the process by which intellectual propositions can be converted into emotion and heart expression.

Dr. Stowe said, when he visited a certain institution in Germany, in one room were boys with violins playing, another room was full of boys singing. The teacher said, 'if the children don't sing, the devil is in here; but when they do, he has to go and sit out there.' Evil cannot dwell in a sphere of sacred song, and so to bring this to a close, 'Speak to yourselves in psalms and hymns, singing and making melody to the Lord in your heart.'

The Repentant Burglar

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident, which marked the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister of the village of Waterford, New York.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed: 'What is the matter?' and turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing all the occupants were looked up in slumber.

'Give me your watch and money,' said he, 'and make no noise, or I will fire.'

'You may put down your weapon for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess,' said Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said: 'I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed.' He opened the door and pointed to the cor-

where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence.

'These said he, 'are my holiest jewels. — will you take them?'

He proceeded to say that as a minister of the gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to his one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer, and there, in that lonely house amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his remorse and penitence, while the representative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to 'go and sin no more.'

Such a scene has few parallels.

Vices of Genius.

Coleridge was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner by Christopher North on an occasion when some literary performance had to be complete by a certain time; and on that very day, without taking leave of any member of the family, he ran at full speed down the avenue to Ellersay, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where, drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to a level of the vile. When his spree was over he would return to the society of decent men.

De Quincey was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. An ounce of laudanum a day protracted animal life during the forenoon. It was no infrequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book and his arms crossed on his breast. When his torpor from the opium had passed away, he was ready for company until about daylight. In order to show him off, his friends had to arrange their supper parties so that, sitting until three or four in the afternoon, he might be brought to that point at which, in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful.

Burns was not less a drunkard than Coleridge. It was a weakness of Charles Lamb and who can not remember the last days of Poe without irremissible regret? He was on his way to Baltimore, and was found by a gentleman who knew him, in a state of beastly intoxication, unconscious as a log, and died that night in the ravings of delirium tremens!

Douglas Jerrold was a devotee of gin, so also was Byron. Steele, the brilliant author of the Christian Hero, was a brilliant drunkard. Man wrote of him that he would dress himself, kiss his wife and children, tell them about his pressing engagements, heal it over to a groggery under the 'store,' and have a revel with his bottle-companions.

A Diamond Story.

The New York Mail tells of a Brooklyn lady, who took passage in a Broadway omnibus, with only 85 with her, and who was particularly struck by the appearance of a fellow passenger, who was dressed in the most magnificent style, and wore on one of his fingers a superb diamond. After getting out of the omnibus she found her pocket had been picked. The editor now goes on to say:

She wondered all the way there who had picked her pocket, and blamed alternately all the honest people who had ridden with her in the stage, but she never for a moment harbored a suspicion of the gentleman of the ring and things. She got home and told her neighbors, who consoled her, in the usual neighborly way, by 'hoping it would be a warning to her,' she was lucky to get off so easy, etc., etc. She told her husband what laughed at her till she cried, she says, then kissed her and gave her \$10 to buy a new purse.

A friend dropping in after dinner, she had to tell the story all over again. Strange to say, he suspected the gentleman with the ring.

'Was it in when you paid your fare?'

'He was?'

'Could he have seen your purse, and where you put it?'

'Why, of course he could?'

'Didn't he get up and then sit down again—the second time beside you?'

'He did not?'

'Where's your pocket?'

'Why, here,' said the lady, plunging her nervous fingers (for she was excited by the cross-questioning) deep into the pocket of the dress which she still wore—'right here. And God bless me!' said she, as she withdrew her hand again. 'As I'm a living woman but here's the ring!'

True enough. The exquisite, in abstracting the purse, had left the solitary behind him.

A Broadway jeweler values it at \$1,500.

A Good Story.

A Parkersburg (West Virginia) paper says that several members of the Legislature took cars at Gratton late on the evening of the 6th ultimo for Wheeling, and among the number was a Mr. G., of somewhat large proportions physically, said a Mr. D., of proportional undersize.

The two—the stalwart Mr. G., and the smooth faced little Mr. D.—took a berth together, it seems, in a sleeping car. The little man laid behind, and the good natured, waggish Mr. G. before.

Mr. D. was sleeping and snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under legislative burdens, soon rose, and was sitting by the stove when an elderly lady came aboard and desired a berth.

'All right, madam,' said G., 'I took a berth with my son, and you can occupy my place in that berth where my little boy is sleeping.'

Taking Mr. G. at his word, she disrobed and lay down with the boy.

After a quiet repose of some time, the boy Mr. D., became restless from some cause, and began to kick around to the annoyance of the old lady; so, in a maternal way, she patted him on the back and said:

'Lie still, sonny, pa said I might sleep along with you.'

'Thunder and lightning!' cried the legislator. 'Who are you? I'm no boy, I am a member of the West Virginia Legislature.'

It is said that the old lady swooned, and could not be brought to till D. promised G. should be impeached.

D. swears that the thing shall not rest there. What action the legislature will take for the protection of its dignity remains to be seen.

Slurs on Women.

Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of no more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others who they forget, a mere somebody else's mother and sister. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens upon the developments of crimes in our public courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness of life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.

Evening.

There are two periods in the life of man to which the evening is peculiarly interesting—youth and old age. In youth we love its mellow twilight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes we can commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship while there are none to witness but the generous heaven and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread in the slumber of a moonlight scene around and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and hear the waving waters and molting songs of other purer worlds. It accords with the lighter flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

A humorous story is told of two prominent members of the House of Representatives, when the onslaught on slavery first began to assume formidable proportions in Congress. Joshua K. Giddings of Ohio, and John Snyder of Pennsylvania, the latter a pro-slavery Democrat and the former an abolition leader, who occupied one of the double desks then in use. During the absence of his associate, Snyder had a board partition placed down the centre of the desk, designed to authorize the alleged disunion schemes of his neighbor. Giddings was surprised on his return, but was too fond of a practical joke to be outwitted. He had two slips printed in large type containing the well-known couplet:

Great wit to madness nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
These he posted on each side of the division. The laugh was now against Snyder and the partition was promptly removed.

LUNAR INFLUENCES.—According to a North Carolina writer the influence of the moon or vegetation may be determined by trying the following experiment:

Take any given quantity of common peas and divide the same into four parts, keeping them separate. Then, on any ground at all fit for vegetation, when the season approaches, saw the contents of the first parcel on the first or second day of the new moon; the second parcel sow near the same spot on the first or second day of the second quarter; the third parcel sow on the second or third day before the full moon, and lastly, sow the fourth parcel on the second or third day before the moon is out. Now, the first parcel, sown under the new moon, will grow very fast, blossom most beautiful, but will not bear much fruit; the second will blossom and bear very little; the third parcel will not only blossom beautifully, but will bear fruit in abundance; and the fourth and last parcel will scarcely rise from the ground. Likewise all fruit trees, set at the new moon, bear abundantly. In pruning trees, the same effect takes place. For trees pruned at the new moon will shoot forth branches, but will prove unproductive, but if pruned as the full, it will bear abundantly.

It is pleasant to know, upon the authority of a veteran statistician, that in 1850 the population of the United States will be 179,000,000. How, then, we will all look back with contempt upon this day of small things.

When a lady sings to you, 'Come rest in this bosom,' don't you do it—her husband or lover may be round.

Man is evidently intended for an active life. He brings into the world with him certain wants, which he must satisfy in order to live. certain duties and propensities which lead him to happiness from particular enjoyments and industry, or aptitude for labor, or both. It is wisely ordered by Providence that nothing valuable can be procured without industry—not to mention riches and honor, neither food nor raiment can be procured without the toil of the hand or the sweat of the brow, and the sentence pronounced upon man, 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread,' it is a blessing rather than a curse. Moderate and habitual labor is conducive to health. The industrious man rarely complains of loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hypochondria, or other ills which flesh is heir to. He is never troubled with ennui, disgusted with society, or wearied with life—cheerfulness and good spirits are the concomitants of good health which is inseparably connected with industry.

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.—Butler says poverty is only an idea, it is nine cases out of ten. Some men, with \$10,000 a year, suffer more for want of means than others with \$500. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is \$10,000 a year, and he suffers enough by being damned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go into debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes, who never know a minutes peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

How SOON FORGOTTEN.—There is a volume of history in the following picture of man's insignificance:

So lately died, so soon forgotten.—'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we think like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral, but goes on as usual. We are not missed on the street.—One or two members still hold our fortune and name in kindly remembrance, but the crowd moves on in the daily circle, and in a few days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the vestige of our souls.

Did He!—The following is published in *Exchange* as a 'rich joke,' and its richness will be apparent to all upon learning that Henry Peab is the editor of the Iowa County Herald. Upon a late electioneering tour he slept in a farm house with two others in the same bed, and the next morning the lady of the house inquired how they slept. 'First-rate,' answered one, 'I slept behind, Bill slept before, and Henry Peab in the middle.' 'Did he?' exclaimed the old lady.

A man who has a strong mind can bear to be insulted, can bear offences, because his is strong. The weak mind snaps and snarl at a little; the strong mind bears it like a rock, and it moveth not, though a thousand breakers dash upon it and cast their pitiful malice in the spray upon its summit. Napoleon said, 'He who can control himself is greater than he who control armies.' Parents will find their greatest achievements in controlling themselves—the next in teaching their children self-control.

Two Irishmen disputing about their pedigree, suggest the best idea of respectable pedigree, 'My ancestor,' said the Paddy, 'was an invited guest in the ark.' To the devil wid yer ark,' rejoined his fellow Irishman; 'I'd have you to understand that my progenitor had a boat of his own.'

A couple of ladies got into a New York omnibus which was so full of passengers that only one could get a seat. The anxious driver looked down upon the stage and, 'Have you got a seat, madam?' Lady—'Oh! yes; but I have no place to put it!'

TRUE REMOVAL.—Lamps do not talk they simply shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the water its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. Its steady work is proclaimed and made known by its quiet works rather than loud or frequent protestations.

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten cent piece stage traveling to railroads.—The farmer he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

There is a moral taught by the following conversation which needs to be learned by many fathers. Said a little four-year old:—'Mother, father won't be in heaven with us, will he?' 'Because he can't leave the story now.'

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics.

A bigamist lawyer, in response to a question from the Judge, as to how many wives his client has, said: 'We have thus far counted up only thirteen, but there are yet twenty-nine States to hear from, your honor.'

A wasterly writer gives it as his belief that if as much attention were paid to improving our soil as is given to grapes, a hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop.

When a lady sings to you, 'Come rest in this bosom,' don't you do it—her husband or lover may be round.