Advertising Rates.

On column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

All transcient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resign me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
Then we see the blossoms faded,
Ere to bloom we might have aided,
Immortal garlands braided
Every year.

past go more dead faces,
Every year,
red leave vacant places,
Every year;
s the sad eyes meet us,
ning's dusk they greet us,
me to them entreat us,
Every year.

wing old," they tell me,
ery year;"
re alone," they tell us,
ery year;"
no new affection,
y recollection,
w and dejection,
Every year."

scellaneous.

Banging Hair.

To our sight there is nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged.

A lunatic might be excused from such an erractic style of hair dressing, but how a woman in the full possession of her faculties, and with the knowledge that she has a character to keep up, can wear her hair banged, to us, is a profound mystery.

From whence came this style? What originated it? Who set it afloat? Nobody on earth can say truthfully that it is beautiful. We have never heard that it was healthy. We never heard of its curing the liver complaint, or the rheumatism. It does not render any one more liable to draw a prize in a lottery. It does not insure the wearer against being drowned, or struck by lightning, or bored by sewing machine agents.

It does not make a tall woman look shorter, nor a short one taller or a fat one leaner, and if it is becoming to any human face then that face has escaped our notice.

It will metamorphose the prettiest girl of our acquaintance into a monstrosity, and as for its effect on a plain woman, may the saints deliver us from seeing it! It sets our teeth on edge! It imparts to the average female face the most discouraged, woe begone, donfor generally expression we have ever seen—as if the person had played her last card, got euchered and was ready to sell out cheap to the first purchaser.

Just imagine Lady Washington with her hair banged! Think of Barbara Fritchie waving the flag in Stonewall Jackson's face with her hair banged! Picture to yourself Joan of Arc leading her troops to victory with her hair banged.

A woman in this style of hair arrangement resembles a Shetland pony, which has not been well groomed, and which is in doubt about his dinner. Banged hair gives the wearer and expression of doubt and uncertainty, as if she felt a little anxious lest the thatch on her forehead might suddenly go back on her and show something which ought not to be seen.

We always commiserate the woman whose hair is banged. We feel like asking her if there is anything we could do for her. She appears to us like a woman in trouble. We speak softly to her as if ordinary tones might jar her nerves. We wouldn't offer her a subscription paper for the world! Nor be glad if anybody trod on the trail of her dress, or squirted tobacco juice on her velvet mantle.

We look at her and wonder how she would seem with that mask taken off her forehead. We wonder if she has got moth patches on her temples, or a mole on her classic brow, or a "cow lick," or a colony of pimples and "black heads." Her forehead is to us as profound a mystery as fortune-telling, or psychomancy or materialization; and we get so full of doubt over it that we would give half a dollar to see the fringe lifted and what is under it brought forth to the light of day.

We wonder if she admires herself in the glass? If she thinks "bangs" are bewitching? If she never wishes she had not cut her hair off, and so condemned herself to wear her hair that way, willy, nilly? Does her husband admire it? Does he ever sneer at it behind his newspaper? Does he ever tell her he wishes she had as pretty a forehead as Mrs. Smith? Does he ever call her an angel, and think to himself how an angel would look in bangs?

But there! what is the use of conjecturing? Fashion is omnipotent; so is folly, and we do not doubt that somewhere in the world, to-day, somebody is saying, "Bangs are becoming!"—*Exchange.*

One Form of Rudeness.

A breach of politeness, and one which is most annoying to refined and sensitive people, is the very general habit of interrupting one's conversation. The impunity with which this is done has degraded rational conversation, which ought to be the greatest charm of social intercourse, into a farce. A man or woman who has anything to say that is worth saying, desires to say it in his or her own way; and those who have brains to appreciate it, will be equally desirous of hearing it without interruption. Yet it is a common thing for a parlor conversation to partake more of the babble of babel than a conversation among rational beings who are supposed to know and appreciate what each other say. One begins to relate an incident, and before he has finished two sentences some parot in fine clothes chimes in with her senseless, gabble, breaking the thread of discourse and compelling the narrator to begin again or abandon the attempt to instruct or entertain.

This is the grossest impoliteness; but it is as common an occurrence as conversation itself. It is hardly too much to say, that nine out of every ten people who indulge in this habit are incapable of carrying on a rational conversation on any useful topic, and they indulge in those breaches of etiquette by way of covering their retreat and hiding their ignorance.

We suggest to young people—and old ones, too, for that matter—that here is a promising field for social reform. Never interrupt a conversation by interjecting remarks, however appropriate and witty they may seem. All sensible people will respect you, and conclude that you have good sense and know how to use it to the best advantage.

The Kind of Religion we Want.

We want religion that softens the step and turns the voice to melody and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floors with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing on its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and the gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

Five Families with Eighty-five Children.

In the vicinity of New Jerusalem, Rockland township, Berks county, there are five families having together 85 children. First is the family of Abraham Hilber, who is now 80 years old and still actively engaged in farming. His wife who is also still living, is the mother of 21 children, nearly all of whom are living and have settled in that section. The youngest child is 23 years old. Next is the family of Benjamin Angstedt, also a farmer, aged 75 years, who is father of 19 children, all born of one mother—the youngest being 23 years old. The family of John Barto deceased, who died a few years ago at the age of 70 years numbers 17 children, all one wife. Wm. Barto, son of John Barto, is 53 years of age and the father of 14 children, all having one mother. Another of these five prolific families is that of William Youse, aged 50 years, who with his wife had 14 children. The families have an average of 17 children each. Rockland has about 360 voters and a population of about 1,600.

DEATH IS BIRTH.—No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors is darkness, its feverish dream is passing away; and when we awake it will be into God's sunlight.

The End of Greatness.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound in chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was no another city to conquer, set a city on fire and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal after having to the astonishment and consideration of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stopped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exulting named his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal—died at last by poison administered by his own hands, unlamented, unwept for, in a foreign land.

Caesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he would sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but could not, or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men, who from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the world tremble to its centre by their tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a **suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one a lonely exile.**

Some things to Disbelieve.

When a man advertises for a partner, and wishes a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred dollars, and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. profit, don't believe it. When a man offers to give gold watches or jewelry worth fifty or hundred dollars for only one dollar, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all other diseases by merely sending a three-cent stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make every one else rich, and looks to other people's interest more than his own, don't believe it. When a man advertises, and omits to give his name or neglects to put his number or place of business where he can be found, don't believe it. When a man offers to give you something of great value for something of a less value; in other words, to give you something for nothing, don't believe it. Many people advertise on purpose to filch young men of money, gained by hard labor, and before entering into any speculation which may be offered you, take advantage of some of the many means at your command and ascertain the facts with reference the proposed business before you invest, and thus save your money, and assist in effectually breaking up all swindling establishments.

For Low Spirits.

Take one ounce of the seeds of resolution, mixed well with the oil of conscience, infuse it into a large spoonful of the salts of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called "others' woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, then sweeten them properly with the balm of prudence; and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. Be careful to get the seeds of true friendship, as there is a seed very much like it called self interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills and take one night and morning, and the cure will be effected.

How true is the saying that great minds run in the same channels, though centuries of time may divide them. Thousands of years ago Confucius said: "The full moon does not always last," and the other night a South end man, who was setting by the window, softly remarked; "The moon is gittin' smaller, an' bout next Friday it'll be dark enough to gather in the balance or old Crosby's wood pile."

An Irishman discharged an overloaded gun at a rabbit. Having been knocked senseless, as he recovered and rose from the ground and saw the nimble rabbit making off over the hill exclaimed, "Faith an if ye'd bin at my end of the gun, you would't be scampering about in that way, sure."

The Charm of True Marriage.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free-love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what is the greatest advantage, what the most priceless, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine; No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter into it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with—only the blindest sentimentalists will deny that. On the other hand, however—and this is not more sentiment but sober fact—of all God's goodnesses to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that he cares for us not only with the wisdom of a Creator, but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrow alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of childhood's home, a relation in which two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property their interests, their parental affections all in common, and moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.

Hint on Immorality.

The veriest trifles are never altogether forgotten. Let the mental stimulus be strong enough, and the details come back with photographic precision. In dreams we often see the forms and faces and expressions of feature of childish friends whose very names we thought we had forgotten. It sometimes happens that in the faintness of death visions come back in the failing intelligence, so vivid and so fresh, that they are more real than the realities of pain and sorrow. Beautiful glimpses of the days of early innocence sometimes come to the world-weary sufferer; even old Falstaff when dying "babbled of green fields." It is not strange then that things which had made a deep impression in youth should linger ineffaceably in the breast of the old.

Not long ago an old man lay on his death bed, and waking from a doze rested his dim eyes upon his grand-daughter who stood near him. He beckoned her to him, and calling her by a name that she had never heard him utter before, he took her hand in his, pressed it tenderly and kissed it. None of those who stood around had ever heard the name, and thought it only a sick fancy. It was not the name of his wife, long dead, nor of any of his old flames, that they know of. No, he had never spoken of *her* when he was well; but in a secret and precious corner of his heart he had cherished a beloved image—a deep impression that outlasted all that came afterward. And when his fading eye dimly saw his grand-daughter near him, the unreal became stronger than the real. He saw in her a companion of his youth; he felt once again the sunshine in his heart, the summer in his veins, the fresh chivalric impulse of boyish love. It was not his granddaughter's hand that he kissed, but that of a young girl over whose grave perhaps the grasses of fifty summers had grown. Touching and poetic as is this hidden duration of love and memory, it has a deeper significance than mere poetry. In the fact that nothing that was ever a part of life is wholly lost, there is an intimation of immortality.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The Largest Clock in the World

The large clock at the English Houses of Parliament is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days but it will only strike for seven and a half thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter hours, and by its strokes the short hand reporters regulate their labor. At every stroke a new reporter takes the place of the old one, while the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

His Wish.

He stepped into a green grocer, a few mornings since with a vacant, weary, care worn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them. I can't remember exactly what I came in for."

"Perhaps you want some coffee?"

"Ain't it funny I can't remember?" remarked the stranger as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand and scanned everything behind the counter in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his bad memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No that ain't it."

"Is it macaroni, mustard, chow chow, soap or wine jelly?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small measure of beets?"

"Indeed, I do not." Then his eyes sparkled and he said:

"I have it now. I remember what I came in for; it all came back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it is plain as day—Wasn't it funny I didn't think of it before?"

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad will you?"

"No sir."

"Well, then, I will tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me. I have the prickle heat."

He wasn't scratched, but had it not been for his activity he would have been kicked.—*New York Star.*

One day two men were arguing about hogs, when one invited the other to his premises to look at his hogs, which were so thin that the wind used to play sweet music thro' their ribs, when the one invited over to look at the hogs remarked: "My friend, your hogs are very fine, very fine indeed. Why sir, they are so fine that they can creep through a knot hole two inches and a half in circumference, two abreast, without rumpling their hair. There was much gritting of teeth but the men said nothing.

FAITH AND FEELING.—Emotion is, in the nature of the case, transient. You find yourself in a high state of feeling. You enjoy it; you want to keep it up; you try to do so. You fail. While the feeling is at flood you suppose you have much faith; when it is at ebb, you suppose you have little. Neither the flood nor the ebb proves anything. You should neither be exhilarant because of feeling, nor depressed for lack of it. Feeling no more proves the existence of religious life than the sparkle of the sun on the snow proves growth in the grass beneath it. The corn needs light and darkness as much as sunlight. Life is the test of faith.—*Christian Union.*

Recently a mother made her appearance on the piazza where her daughter and the latter's young man had gone several hours before to enjoy the evening air and moonshine, and began looking around as if she had lost something. "What are you looking for, ma?" asked the young lady. "The morning papers, was the reply. The porch was vacated.

An Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed upon him, and, with his horns tossed him over the fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, and said: "If it was not for your bowing and scraping your apologies, you brute, fair I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose.

The young men who stand around the church doors on earth, watching the people come out, and smiling on the girls in an emecie sort of way, will some day hang around the gates of heaven while the decent people go in, and the first thing they know the gate is shut forever, and they will have to get accommodations elsewhere.

The wooly skin of the peach, the birching colors of the apple, the flavor of the pear, the juice of the watermelon all do fade as a leaf; but the peanut holds its own forever, the transcendental combination of fruit and vegetable, king of the gallery, par excellence on the half shell and the greatest promoter of matrimony in the wide world.

A South American plant has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window, because he is too diffident to say goodbye to the cashier and clerk.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. So when a man says every bone in his body aches, you may know he is a landed proprietor of 200 acres.

"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your soul, man, cabbages of course. A good plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

It is a part of the unwritten parental code that our own children are "darlings" the neighbors "brats." A rule without an exception.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

Diseases

OF THE

Bladder & Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion, or Nervous Disorders of Breath, Troubled with Symptoms of Dyspepsia, Pain in the Side, Chest, and Head, Want of Energy, Dull Countenance, and many Pain.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits, Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of a invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world. It

RHEUMATISM
SPERMATORRHŒA,
NEURALGIA,
NERVOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
INDIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION,
AGUES AND PAINS,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
DROPSY,
HEAD TROUBLE,
PARALYSIS,
GENERAL ILL HEALTH,
SPINAL DISEASES,
MUMPS,
DEAFNESS,
PILES,
LUMBAGO,
CATARRH,
KIDNEY COMPLAINTS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH.

And stimulates the Torpid Liver, Bowels and Kidneys to healthy action, thereby purifying the blood of all impurities and curing many new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most incredulous of its value as remedial qualities.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Having you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fees. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

March 8, '79, 1y.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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OH! MY BACK!