The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTD TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. $2,00 PER YEA

VOLUME 24. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871. NUMBER 10.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug Store." [jane 29—tf.

DR. B. FRANTZ,

Has resumed the practice of Medicine.
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House.
July 20–tf

JOHN A. HYSSONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING been admited to Practice Law at the several Courts in Franklin County, all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW[illegible] W. [illegible],
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA,

Will give prompt and close attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building. [july 6

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.
December 10, 1871.

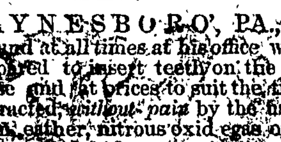
D. A. STOUFFER,
DENTIST,
GREENCASTLE, PA.

Experienced in Dentistry, will insert you sets of Teeth at prices to suit the times.
Feb. 16, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
(FORMERLY OF MERCERSBURG, PA.,)

OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.
DR. STRICKLER has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession.
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro' at the residence of George Besore, Esq., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871.–tf.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST,



WAYNESBORO', PA.,

Can be found at all times at his office where he is prepared to insert teeth on the best basis in use and at prices to suit the times. Teeth extracted *without pain* by the use of chloroform, ether, nitrous oxid gas or the freezing process in a manner surpassed by none.

We the undersigned being acquainted with A. K. Branisholts for the past year, can recommend him to the public generally to be a Dentist well qualified to perform all operations belonging to Dentistry in the most skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY, E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPLE, J. B. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE, [illegible] D. FRENCH.
sept 2[illegible]

MILLINERY GOODS!
TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.
apr 20.

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO', PA.,

HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Frames and Mouldings. Call and see specimen pictures. June tf.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Watches Repaired and Warranted.
Jewelry Made and Repaired.
July 13, 1871.–tf.

SURVEYING AND CONVEYANCING.

THE undersigned having had some ten years experience as a practical Surveyor is prepared to do all kinds of Surveying, laying out and dividing up lands, also all kinds of writing usually done by Scriveners. Parties wishing work done can call on, or address the undersigned at Waynesboro', Pa.
feb 2—tf] A. B. STOLER.

BARBERING!

THE subscriber informs the public that he continues the Barbering business in the room next door to Mr. Reid's Grocery Store, and is at all times prepared to do hair cutting, shavings, hampooning etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Aug 23, 1871. W. A. PRICE.

NEW MILLINERY STORE!

MRS. KATE G. STOVER announces to the ladies of Waynesboro' and vicinity that she has commenced the Millinery business in front room next door to the Hardware Store of S. B. Rinehart, and has opened out a full line of Spring and Summer Goods, embracing all the latest styles.
Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. May 11-tf

CONCAVE CONVEX spectacles, at
ALEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.

POOR HUMANITY.

More than half a century ago, the following lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even to offering a reward of fifty guinies.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Not hope, not joy, not love, not fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed
But through the dews of kindness beamed;
That eye shall be forever bright,
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it distained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause, it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
The silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To hew the rocks, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek afflictions humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel's wings shall rise,
And tread the palace of the skies.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue.
Oh! the good we all may do
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning
While the day's are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by.
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise
While the day's are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

Miscellaneous Reading.

OUR RAILROAD.

[COMMUNICATED.

It is said, and we believe with some truth, that the peculiar condition of the liver is responsible, in a majority of instances, for the manner in which men give expression to their views, if it does not control the ideas themselves. Thus, the wrong time and the wrong way to agitate a good question, becomes as bad as, or more than, if the subject itself was devoid of merit. While the Rail Road question is one which should and does interest almost every citizen; and while the discussion at this time, and full ventilation of the several projects which have been presented to us, seems to be desirable, and should only be productive of good: we apprehend that the acrimony displayed by some of the friends of the different enterprises, betrays a billiousness, which probably a dose of Calomel might dispel, and enable talkers and writers to present a good subject in a good and fair way.

Surely there should be merit enough in either of the propositions made us, to render unnecessary any extravagant reasons why we should favor one more than the other, and the special friends of one project could certainly win more sympathizers by an explanation of its true merits, than by an effort to belittle, misconstrue or cast suspicion upon the integrity of the propositions of its rival for public substantial aid.

The people are impressed with the necessity of having a Railroad, and are doubtless convinced that a large and lucrative business awaits the Iron Horse; and the statement that 100,000 tons of freight moves now annually from Quincy and Washington Townships, without a road at $2 per ton, costing us the modest but interesting sum of $200,000 per annum, does not tend to confirm our faith in the really otherwise good arguments of its author. We may misinterpret the meaning of "Progress" article in the *Record* of 3d inst., and if so, we suppose that our liver is defective and embarasses the brain, for certainly we do not desire to misrepresent his article. Both the Miramar and South Mountain Companies strongly desire to occupy the Railroad ground in this section—they do not conceal this. It is valuable, or they think it is, and hence they propose to build a road on conditions. We desire to have a road—we do not conceal this. It would be to our advantage or we think it would, and hence we propose to have Railroad facilities.

Now, as involving the most direct course it becomes us to consider the conditions which accompany the propositions made to us, in order that we may intelligently determine which we will accept, if either. We have carefully read the different articles on the subject in your valuable paper, and if we object to such a statement as noted above, on the part of the friends of the South Mountain Road, we also object decidedly to many statements made by the friends of the Miramar. Each may have peculiar merits and in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion we should try to compare these merits calmly, and not indulge in unwarranted, specious arguments which are calculated to create wrong impressions.

As to both enterprises, we feel like the old lady at Campmeeting who, when asked if she "loved the Lord" replied that she had "nothing agin Him"; so that we think we write without prejudice.

THE MIRAMAR

Iron Co. proposes to build a road, or if you chose, extend their road via. Fayetteville, Mont Alto, Quincy to Waynesboro', if the citizens and companies along the line of the extension will subscribe $160,000 to the stock. The proposition as presented in the resolution of the Miramar Board, or rather in the subscription heading is our only guide. The articles given our newspapers and signed with a nom-deplum, even if written by the president or his authorized agent, amount to nothing as propositions. Hence we think that the way some points are presented by "Citizen" in his article in your issue of 3d and 17th inst. are acceptionable as being calculated to lead astray. "Citizen" says, "This Company proposes to build a Railroad from the Susquehanna at Bridgeport to," &c. Again—"The Miramar Co. proposes for the sum $160,000 to give us a through line running from the Susquehanna to the Potomac." Now we do not think they have ever proposed to us to do anything of the kind, and have no fixed intention to do this. On the contrary, while the eastern terminus is unfixed and they think it will be at, or near, Mechanicsburg, so the president, Mr. Ahl expressed himself within a few days.

Probably they would prefer building a through and independent line, but they and others know it is impracticable under present circumstances.

Citizen says, "It claims to be strongly supported by the Penna. and the Reading R. R. Co's and to have the promise of substantial aid, from them."

Now the report of the President to the Stockholders, as published, says "negotiations are pending with other and powerful companies" to be benefitted by our road, in relation to endorsement or negotiation of the bonds of the Co., required for superstructure and equipment, and such assurances received as leave no doubt that the generally difficult problem of placing the bonds of a new road, will be solved advantageously to our Co."—These negotiations are *still* pending—they have not been concluded, and whether they will be concluded is a matter of doubt, so long as it remains unfinished business. We think they *can* be concluded someday, but only on the usual terms dictated by the "powerful companies," and no more advantageously than the Penna. Co. have heretofore offered our people, and offer to others. They always limit the issue of 1st *Mortgage* Bonds to the amount of their investment for superstructure and equipment, hence the Miramar have not and cannot propose to give us their 1st Mortgage Bonds as "Citizen" implies. The terminus of connection with the Cumberland Valley R. R. will be dictated by the R. R. Co. which take the Bonds and which will not take any stock, and as the Penna. Co. controls the C. V. Road, and will control this, it cannot be an independent line, nor a through line, neither can any line be such occupying the same ground.

We are assured and believe that the road is let to contractors from Shippensburg to its eastern terminus, and *that* without knowing where the eastern terminus is to be. There is no certainty [illegible] that this part of the line will connect with that at Shippensburg, for there is surely at least a probability that it will connect with the C. V. Road, this side of Shippensburg. We may depend upon it that the Miramar is not to be a "through and independent line." It will be a feeder to the Cumberland Valley, and controlled by the same power that controls the Cumb. Valley road. So also the South Mountain road feeds the C. V. road at Carlisle and is only independent by reason of an arrangement which cannot be duplicated at this time. Thus, and even if the foregoing was not conclusive, we have only to look for what each Co. agrees to do in the provisions of our subscription paper,—build a Railroad. The Miramar do not say they will give us an "independent through line" and know they cannot do so, and they cannot give 1st Mortgage Bonds and do not say they will, and these strong assertions should not be made by "Citizen," for they amount to nothing but to lead us astray.

The condition imposed by the Miramar Co., is, that within a certain territory $160,000 of stock should be taken, or $110,000 of stock exclusive of the Mont Alto Iron Co;

But "stock" in what?

The South Mountain Co's condition is, that the people exclusive of the Mont Alto Co. should take $150,000 of their 1st Mortgage 7 per cent. Bonds—not 2d Mortgage Bonds as "Citizen" says? This is plain and easily understood. The 1st Mortgage Bonds of the Miramar go to the assisting and controlling "powerful" R. R. C. They will take nothing else, as the 1st Mortgage Bonds are only valuable in their judgement, no "stock" for them, altho' they virtually own and controll the Stockholders railroad property. But it is "Stock" we are tendered by the Miramar, and again we ask—In what? If the Miramar Co. was chartered and organized only to build the Miramar Railroad, we might suppose that "Stock" enough would be issued to build said Railroad—and no more. But it can issue an unlimited amount, and not only for Railroads, but for extensive lands and dear knows what not. It is an Iron Co.—but we do not know where the works are situated or where any of their Iron Real Estate lies, and subscribing to the "stock," means, to anything and everything the controlling element in the Board may own or take a fancy to purchase.—The Railroad might pay a handsome amount into the treasury, on an economical cost of construction; and other operations might engulf it all—and much more. Thus whether Miramar "Stock" will ever pay at all, is a question, the answer to which cannot be even guessed at, until it is known at least approximately, about how much is to be issued, and for what purpose.—We do not say, or mean to suggest that the Co. will do anything improper, but that they have power to issue large amount of stock in operations and at places where we have no interest at all, and these would probably seriously affect the "paying" qualities of the Stock. The Southern Pennsylvania Iron and R. R. C. built a Railroad from near Marion to Mercersburg and beyond—19 miles in length. It cost in construction, about $810,000, or nearly as much as the average cost of all the Railroads in the U. S. including equipment, notwithstanding in this average are included the many Tunnels, Bridges and works of great magnitude. But while the Road cost $810,000—the amount of stock subscribed is $925,000, and the Co. have a floating and funded debt of over three quarters of a million of dollars—and part of the money, at least, realized from the Bonds, was used in constructing the Railroad.

We believe that our people and all who are asked to subscribe to any road in this section can afford to give away of their means, in order to secure a road, if this was necessary, but we do not believe it to be necessary.

The simple question before us thus far, is whether we will take $110,000 of Miramar, "Stock or $150,000 of South Mountain, 1st Mortgage 7 per cent. Bonds, and get one of these railroads. The one will surely pay 7 per cent. and of the other let each one judge.

"Citizen," says, the South Mountain project is impracticable, will cost more &c—poor arguments. The engineers are on the line and not only find it practicable, but, without involving Tunnels or 100 feet grades, it can be built for less than he states the Miramar will cost. Heavy deposits of ore mark its entire length and it is no wild visionary scheme, but a bonafide practible proposition.

"Citizen" asks "Who believes that Jay Cook & Co. will endorse these bonds?" We reply, that we don't think anybody believes it. The S. M. Co. does not offer to have them endorsed. This is a man of straw. "Citizen" says "still less is it probable that the owners of the Mont Alto Iron Works will take the amount of Bonds assigned to them" and overstates the amount they are asked to take. We don't know what the Mont Alto Iron Co. will do—but if they think as the "powerful" R. R. Co's. appear to, they will take either Company's stock. "There are many other points, in which, the text is not adhered to, by friends of both lines, but we have already exceeded our limits and wish to come to a close.

We will be excused for repeating that these spacious arguments weigh not a feather. We believe either Co. will do what they have offered, no more and no less; and we must not lose sight of what their offers are, and the meaning of them. We do not like "Citizens" treatment of the article by Farmer. They scarcely require "any extended discussion" because no character exists. No surveys made &c. "Farmers" proposition strikes us as being very worthy of discussion, and some of his suggestions, as among the best made. True there are strong objections to some of his views, for instance getting assistance from London road—such as the cat affords to the mouse. "Citizen" continues "the narrow gauge is not such a road as this community requires, or will accept if it can get a wide gauge." Indeed! In another place "Citizen" says, "it takes a long time to educate the people up to their true interest;" and now that so much time has been expended and the work of schooling commenced, we propose to get a thorough education before we stop, and to include among the branches taught, "Narrow Gauge," in which "Citizen" manifests his deficiency. Not require a narrow gauge? Not accept narrow gauge? Neither require or accept what some of the best engineering talent of the world pronounces to be best? Can he know that the Denver road is 900 miles long, and runs along as great mineral deposits as the whole of our State contains? That in Susquehanna Co. in our State they require and accept, and pay for building a narrow gauge? That thousands of miles are projected, including one from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

That it is claimed they are the best, safest, cheapest and most desirable? Why, while we profess to know but little about them; we do know that when such claims are advocated in their favor, we can do no less than investigate them—include them in our education. This is not the way to summarily dispose of the suggestions of others. Give to all, due credit for earnestness, and an honest desire to do what is best for the whole community, even as we claim it for our own opinions. Present all the best points in favor of the Miramar—and if the people prefer, they will fulfil the conditions required, and the Miramar *road* will be built. But let them fairly know what they get in return, so that they can act intelligently. Present all the best points in favor of the South Mountain, and if the people prefer, they will accept. But let them know all the facts and bearing upon the question. But we do not believe, that our only hope lies with these two companies. Let us work harmoniously, and get all the information we can, as to our true interests, and if it indicates the Miramar,—well and good; if it points to the South Mountain,—good again;—if to neither, there are other ways which may commend themselves to our higher and improving education, and we may get a better whistle for less money. R. G

Selling A Coat.

A story is told of a clothing merchant on Chatham Street, New York, who kept a very open store and drove a thriving trade, the natural consequence being that he waxed wealthy and indolent. He finally concluded to get an assistent to take his place on the side walk to "run in" customers, while he himself would enjoy his *otium cum dig* within the store. Having advertised for a suitable clerk, he awaited applications, determined to engage none but a good talker who would be sure to promote his interest.

Several unsuccessful applicants were dismissed, when a smart-looking Americanized Jew came along and applied for the situation. The "boss" was determined not to engage the fellow without proof of his thorough capability and sharpness. Hense the following dialogue:

"Look here young man! I told you some dings. I vil gone up de street und valk me back pas dis sohp youst like I was coundryman, and if you can make me buy a coat of you I vill hire you right away."

"All right," said the young man; "go ahead and if I don't sell you a coat I won't ask the situation."

The proprietor proceeded a short distance up the street, then sauntered back toward the shop, where the young man was on the alert for him.

"Hi! look here! Don't you want to buy some clothes to-day?"

"No I don't want me nothing," returned the boss.

"But step inside and let me show you what an elegant stock we have," said the spider to the fly, catching him by the arm and forcing him into the store.

After considerable palaver, the clerk expectant got down a coat on the merits of which he expatiated at length, and finaly offered it to "the countryman," at thirty dollars, remarking that it was cheap as dirt.

"Dirty tollars? My kracious! I would not give you twendy. But I don't vant de coat anyvays."

"You had better take it my friend, you don't get a bargain like this every day."

"No; I don't vant it. I gone me out. Good-day."

"Hold on don't be in such a hurry," answered the anxious clerk. "See here, now, the boss has been out all day, and I haven't sold a dollar's worth. I want to have something to show when he comes back so take the coat at twenty-five dollars; that is just what it cost. I don't make a cent on it; but take it right along.

"You mans don'd I told three, four couple dimes that I don't vant de coat?"

"Well take it at twenty dollars; I'll lose money on it, but I want to make a sale, anyhow, before the boss comes in.—Take it at twenty."

"Vell, I don't vant de coat but I'll give you fifteen tollars, and not one cent more.

"Oh, my friend, I couldn't do it! Why the coat cost twenty-five; yet sooner than not make a sale, I'll let you have it for eighteen dollars and stand the loss."

"No, I don't vant it anyvays. It aint vurth no more as fifteen tollar, bnt I vouldn't give a cent more. So help me kracious,"

Here the counterfeit rustic turned to depart, pleased to think that he had got the best of the young clerk; but the individual was equal to the emergency. Knowing that he must sell the garment to secure the place he seized the parting boss, saying:

"Well, I'll tell you how it is. The man who keeps this place is an uncle of mine, and he is a mean old cuss, I want to burst him. Here, take the coat at fifteen dollars."

This settled the business. The proprietor saw that this was too valuable a salesman to let slip, and so engaged him at once; and he may be seen every day standing in front of the shop urging innocent countrymen to buy clothes which "are yust de fit," at sacrificial prices.

At Lawrence Kansas, on Sunday, while a minister was holding fourth in the church a crowd got up a cook-fight in the yard. The people who had congregated to hear "The word," went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited until the battle was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd and said: "We are all miserable sinners—which whipped?"

A LONG CANE.—A Yankee in Texas who sat listening to the stories of a Louisianian in regard to the marvelous growth of sugarcane on his plantation, near New Orleans, finally said: "That ain't nothing. I've seen cane in New England more'n a mile long!" "What kind of a cane was it?" was the general inquiry.—"A huricane!" answered the triumphant Yankee.

SHADOWS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

No human footsteps have ever yet trodden in a pathway leading through perpetual sunshine.

Shadows belong to the earth-life.

Shutting out the blue sky of delight, and purpling all the golden fields of gladness, their raven wings are spread, at times over every human life.

The shadow reveals the substance.

The shadow of the oak lies darkly over some lonely wood nook, while its branches are kissed by the sunlight and the breezes; and shadows upon human lives reveal the existence of a something above or beyond that holds the gleam of God's own glory, and is touched by the breath of His choicest good, howsoever little of this great truth our sorrowful souls divine.

How narrow and circumscribed would be our mortal vision were it not for the shadowy night.

Into fields of immensity, bespangled with jewels of God's own setting, we may gaze only when standing in the darkness; and the still, small voice of Jehovah comes nearest between the sunset and the dawn.

As the shadows of night open to human vision the grandeur of the material heavens, so through the darker shadows of disappointment and death is revealed to youth's clear vision the brighter light and glory of the heavens immortal.

Shadows of the night!

To the olden patriarchs and prophets, as well as to the Shepherds of Judea, and to the wise men and devout astronomers of all times and ages, the heavens, through earths shadows, have declared the glory of God. So with the coming of the deepest shadows, the rustling of some angel wings is heard, and Hope, with its silver lining soon begins to edge with brightness the darkest clouds that overspread our human hearts and homes.

Beyond the cloud lies the sunlight, and over every human sorrow bends the angel of a coming joy. A wee shadow lies upon the soft green moss, while just above is the opening beauty of the violet, with its incense-breathings of sweetness to the ari. The shadows around the old homestead—how they are remembered!

Of the orchard trees, of the brooklet path, of the grand old forests, where we gathered nuts, and swng in the stout guarled grape vines—and forever and ever, in the sanctnary of the soul, will the memory of all these lie like a shadow sweet and tender.

The shadows of poverty are fires that test the coins of friendship; and in the darkness of distrust we learn to lean on Christ. We sit in the sultry summer all day beside the sea, in our hair the briny spray, and in our heart a dream whose sweetness none may know. Floating down the Nile in a gondola of gold, are led thro' Elysian fields by the tall Museus, feel upon our face the light breath of the nymph beloved of Nuna, bow low at the Pantheon altar, remembering the power and invoking the good gifts of the gods, when, suddenly, a step upon the sands, and a *shadow* over the white flow of your rament, buickens our pulses, and the dream is vanished and the visiion fled.

We kneel with dumb lips, and dull despairing eyes, low in the shadow of a cedar nourished by the clay once cradled on our bosom; and from our lonely dreaming we are lifted by unseen hands into the shade of palm trees, growing by the river of life in the land of the Hereafter, and give one sweet moment's foretaste of the bliss that *is to be*—

When the little white angel, Lenore,
Comes tripping across the green medows,
To our wide-open arms, as of yore.
And we sing her to sleep in the shadows.

PRETTY GIRLS PERILS.—Mary E. Tucker says: Your pretty girl falls more easily than another, because she is caught with flattery, and tempted with the promise of luxury. These are two evils that your thoughtful, plain girl, or your truly beautiful girl are rarely enshrouded with, but there evils that constantly encompass the "pretty girl."

She is handed along the line of an almost countless army of admirers, and she at last becomes common. These glittering steps are natural; they have been travelled by many, many of your pretty girls in the heretofore—they will feel the footsteps of many another in the years to come.

From this pretty girl the beautiful differ as does music from the brain; almost as widely as differs pandemonium and paradise. The beautiful girl may be pretty, but she is much more always than that; the "pretty girl" is never anything more than just pretty.

THE LOST RACES OF AMERICA.—The Prescott, Arizona, *miner* states that Mr. McKinnie, who has for some time been exploring the tract of land on which he lives in the valley of Salt river, discovered an extensive mound into which he made excavations at two points, after removing the earth to the depth of two feet, he found apartments from nine to eleven feet square; regularly built with cement still clinging to the walls. In these rooms were found various agricultural impliments utensils and weapons, all made of stone, ornaments of colored stone and the bones and teeth of animals. Mr. McKinnie is preparing to send a number of these interresting relics to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The Santa Fe *Post* of a late date also mentions that ex-Governor Arny, who has returned from a tour through the western part of New Mexico, has discovered the ruins of seventeen towns, and collected many relics of the races who once inhabited them. In some of these ruins the walls of the houses were built of stone, but the majority are adore.

Wit and Humor.

An invalid at the sea-shore is trying to get up his strength by eating mussels.

Our *devil* says the North Pole is made of Brass, and the South Pole of Gold.

Why are the stars and stripes like the swells of the ocean? Because they will never cease to wave.

It is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly established female seminary.

If you are afraid you will scream when your tooth is being drawn, you should your jaw.

A lady in a menagery, on being asked why she so clocely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was looking for the keyhole to his trunk.

A young bachelor was urged to marry, but replied: "I don't see it. My father was a single man, and he always got along well enough.

A man in Canton swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something the matter with the horse, for the owner would never have fooled it away in that ridiculous manner.

"Is my face dirty? asked a yeung lady from the back woods while seated with her aunt at the dinner table on a steamer running from Cario to New Orleans.—"Dirty! No. Why did you ask?" Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that every stroke some immortal passes to his maker: some fellow being crosses the river of death: and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long, before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before 17.

Only one person in ten thousand lives is to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE.—When any man on the shay side of middle life has the fortitude to look around to note the number of his old and valued friends, he is shocked to find how meagre is the list. One after another has disappeared from no other preceptible cause than that their physical powers, originally vigorous, had succumbed in the feverish, and we might also say insane, battle of life Too long and too diligently have they stuck in their professional pursuits, or been fascinated by the allurements of society, taking relaxation only by fits and starts, and seemingly under the impression that they have still a longer career before them.—Having realized a very fair competence, they might very well ask themselves why they should continue to toil, to speculate and to rack their brains, when a life of comparative ease and reflection would, in all respects, be more becoming. This is exactly the question, however, which they never put. The upshot is well known. Through sundry real or imaginary entanglements their day of safety is past. A cold, fogy, drizzly November finishes them, and at about two o'clock on a wintry afternoon they are, in all the pomp of hearse and carriages, decoursly conducted to the burying ground.

Curiosities of Life.

With every beat of the pulse a soul goes out of time into eternity.

Half of all who live die before they are 17,

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 200 reaches the age of 60 years. The Married live longer than the single. There is one soldier to every 8 persons.

Out of every 1,000 born but 95 weddings take place, but there are a few more births than deaths annually

Of 1,000 persons who have reached the age of 70 years, 43 will be clergymen, 40 farmers, 23 workmen, 32 soldiers, 39 lawyers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors, the rest women and men of various calling in life.

Virtuous men live longer than the dissipated. Intelectual employment, with plenty of manual exercise, is conductive of health and longevity.

The farmer and laboring man would live longer if more time were given by them to mental culture and more attention to the laws of health; clergymen would add to their days by more bodily exercise and less mental anxiety, and the same is true of professionable men generally. Gluttons dhe young. Fast men and women do not live out half their lives. Drunkenness is more destructive of life now than it was half a century ago.

Suicide is on the increase.

Wealth and poverty make new diseases (often alike, showing that here as elsewhere extremes meet), and add agrivating features to old ones.

Avoid exposures, such as a draft of air when the system is heated, sudden cooling off when perpiring freely, neglecting to put on a coat or shawl after ceasing labor or active employment, when much fatigued, are fruitful sources of disease among the laboring classes. Late suppers, and turning day into night and night into day, are great causes of shortness of life.

Nature sets a premium upon the observance of her laws, and the God of nature upon a life of rectitude.