

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 24.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1871.

NUMBER 17.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug Store. [June 20-14]

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, ad-
joining the Western School House.
July 20-14

JOHN A. HYSOING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING been admitted 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 W. DETSCH,
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. STOFFER,
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, 1871-14.

A. K. BRANSHOLTS,
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 oxide gas or the
freezing process, in a manner surpassed by
none.

We the undersigned being acquainted with
A. K. Bransholts for the past year, can recom-
mend him to the public generally to be
a Dentist well qualified to perform all op-
erations belonging to Dentistry in the most
skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPPE,
J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29-14

MILLINERY GOODS!
TO THE LADIES!
MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just
received a full supply of new Millinery
goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine
her stock.
sept 29.

L. C. BRACKBILL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pho-
tographs and Mountings. Call and
examine specimen pictures. June 14.

C. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
883 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Gold
and Jewelry Made and Repaired. Feb
July 13, 1871-14.

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 Surveyors.
Parties wishing work done can call on, or
address the undersigned at Waynesboro', Pa.
Feb 2-14] 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 cut-
ting, shavings, shampooing, etc. in the best
style. The patronage of the public is respect-
fully 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 busi-
ness in front room next door to the Har-
dware Store of S. B. Binshart, and has opened
out a full line of Spring and Summer
Goods, embracing all the latest styles.
Ladies are invited to call and examine
the goods. May 11-14
CONVEX CNOCAVE spectacles, at
ALEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.

[Written for the Village Record.]
Thoughts occasioned by attending a S. S.
Festival, held near Waynesboro, Frank-
lin Co., Pa. By TEMMIE MAIR.

I shall not soon forget that day,
Perchance the thoughtless may,
Day, fraught with memories sad and sweet,
Fled with its acts away.
From mountain top to valley green,
Bathed brightly in sunlight,
While sparkling streams and songsters gay,
Hailed us with wild delight.

When we, as strangers hastened on,
To join the merry throng,
To celebrate a festive day,
The aged and the young,
Beneath the shady boughs we met,
Upon a carpet green,
While smiling softly from above,
The glorious sun was seen.

The young, the beautiful were there,
Perchance the high, the low,
The wise, the good, the rich and poor,
All, roaming to and fro,
Each heart seemed bounding light with joy,
As laugh and jest past round,
Then seated on our carpet green,
We spread our luxuries down.

With all the dainty things of earth,
The appetite to please,
While generous friends still kindly prompt,
Partake of this, that, these.

No pomp, no ceremony show,
No fashionable air,
Sweet-smelling nature all around,
The purest heart to cheer,
But pleasures of that joyous day,
Like others will have fled,
When memory dwells on those kind hearts,
Who tears of pity shed.

For oh the gentle kind were there,
Amid that happy throng,
To drop a tear in sorrow's cup,
To help the weak along,
And I, of those, shall often think;
(How sweet to memory yet.)
Tho' strangers still in name and form,
I never shall forget.

Who with that mother dropped a tear,
When from her heart was wrung,
The cry, lost, my darling child!
A mother's little son,
Those words of sympathy and love,
The willing feet that ran,
To seek the little wanderer up,
The thoughtless little lamb.

And when at last, the little one,
S. guided to her arm,
Found by a stranger, wandering far,
In tears and sad alarm,
What tears of joy and gratitude,
Fell on that mother's ear;
From stranger's lips ne'er heard before,
Again may never hear.

Accept ye sympathetic one,
The prayer this heart would send,
Thathat's warm, sincere as thine,
Smile on thee to life's end,
And tho' unknown one, ever feel
Within a mother's soul,
There blooms the flower gratitude,
For bringing to the fold,
Her little wandering boy, so dear
Found on the highway of despair,
Weeping sad alone
For mother, friends and home.

Or if like him your footsteps stray,
Beyond the pasture green,
May angels bring thee back again,
To duty's path serene,
And bring thee, to a Savior's breast,
From sin and death away,
This, this, the tribute I would give,
This shall I humbly pray.

Met in the golden morn of day,
We parted at its close,
Cheered by Luna's silver beams,
Speaking of sweet repose;
Farewell bright joyous, festive day,
Farewell each loving heart,
Met once upon life's ocean vast,
Met, but alas! to part.

Shall we when storms of life are past,
As friends of Jesus meet,
To celebrate His feast of love
At our Redeemer's feet?
God grant indeed it may be thus,
The loving kind, sincere,
Meet oft as strangers in life's path,
No more, as strangers there!
Woodsboro' Sept. 22, 1871.

Miscellaneous Reading.
MOTHER AUSTIN'S PLOT.
Julius Austin was a rich farmer. He
owned many and fertile acres near the
city of Buffalo, into which a lad drove,
every morning throughout "the season,"
with fruit and vegetables gathered from
the "old Austin place," as the farm was
called. Julius was good-looking enough,
and in a general way, pretty sensible; but
he had some striking peculiarities of char-
acter. He dressed with such a critical ad-
servance of "the fashion," that when a
brood, he might have been considered a
walking advertisement, had his tailor's
name only been appended to his habiliments.
And as to his hair—why, blessed
you, one would think that the wind dared
not touch it, ever so light. Every particu-
lar hair always kept itself in a just
sort of way, as though it had been glued
in position. Julius was young, too—cer-

tainly not more than twenty-five or six, so
that age could not have rendered him
what his neighbors averred he was: "a
man as odd as the day was long."

One day Julius entered the room where
his mother, who was the presiding genius
of his house, sat knitting with a gloomy
mien. He had been hoeing beans in the
garden, and his mother, from the window
where she was sitting, had noticed that
every now and then he had straightened
himself, and with his left hand resting on
his hoe, had gesticulated with his right
and made sundry motions with his head
in a manner which convicted the old lady
that "Julius had something bearing heav-
ily on his mind," so she was not at all
surprised when he left his work and came
into the house. But she was not quite
prepared for the announcement.

"Mother, I shall have to get married."
"Law bless you, Julius—how you do
talk!"

"It's just here," continued Julius, as he
twirled his hat on his left forefinger. "You
know Molly is going to set up for herself
in a month, and you are troubled so much
with the rheumatism that you won't be
able to get around to see to things, and
Sally needs some one right at her elbow—
she don't cook worth a snap since Mol-
ly has been busy, over her meddling fix-
ings. She hasn't brought in a meal this
fortnight that was fit to eat. Why, the
stomach of a horse couldn't stand such
puddings and pies as she makes."

"Well," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully,
"I suppose all you've got to do is to say
the word. You and Bessie Barton have
been keeping steady company nigh about
a year."

"Bessie Barton is no wife for me. I
would as soon think of marrying Sally,
there in the kitchen, as her."

"Mrs. Austin dropped her knitting and
looked over her spectacles at her son in
amazement.

"Why, Julius, what's the fuss?"
"There's been no great fuss; only I told
her that if John Gillman wants to court
her now as had he used to, I shan't
stand in his way. To come to the point,
mother, I want a wife who knows how to
cook and fix all sorts of victuals, and do
it up brown, too; and I've found out
that Bessie can't get up any ordinary din-
ner that anybody but a starving man
could swallow."

"And you used to be always harping
about the good dishes they served at Hen-
ry Barton's."

"Guess you haven't heard me say any-
thing about the dinner I ate there yester-
day," said Julius, dryly, as Mrs. Aus-
tin showed her spectacles up over her fore-
head and exclaimed:

"Dear me! Now, Julius you don't say
so!"

"Yes—Henry would have me stay—
Mrs. Barton was sick abed, and the hired
girl was away, so I had a chance to find
out that the good dinners I'd had there
before weren't cooked by Miss Bessie, for
of all dinners I ever tasted, my yesterday's
one was the cap-sheaf. The beef was burnt
black, and the pudding was soggy, and
the salad was enough to make a dog sick."

"No wonder, Julius," said Mrs. Austin,
somewhat anxiously, for Bessie was her
particular favorite. "No wonder; I should
think, with her mother sick and needing
to be waited on, and the girl gone, and
half a dozen extra hands to work in the
harvest. One pair of hands can't do every-
thing, nor one head think of everything
at once. I know that much."

"Nonsense, mother. It's no more work
—and I've heard more than one say so—
to cook for a dozen than one when a body
is about it. Isn't it just as easy to roast
a large piece of meat as a small one, and
to stir up a big pudding as a little one?"

"To tell the truth," Julius pursued with
a small measure of embarrassment, "I'm
sorry—not that I found it out, for it's a
lucky thing for me that I did—but that
is so, for in other respects Bessie is as
smart as steel." "And Julius looked for
the moments as though to give her up caused
him real pain.

Mrs. Austin was not so disappointed as
to let the curiosity said to be so natural
to her sex remain long dormant.

"Well, Julius, who are you going to
marry?"

"That's just what I don't know myself,
but I've hit on a plan by which I can get
the kind of wife I want without the bother
of courting. I've written an advertise-
ment stating my needs, desires, &c., and
this afternoon I shall take it to the print-
ing office."

Mrs. Austin dropped her knitting again
and ejaculated:

"Dear me, what is the world coming to?
Here he wants to do away with the good
old fashion of courting, and marry a per-
fect stranger. What healthiness nonsense!"
"Old foginess is passed away. The
world is growing wiser," said Julius, sage-
ly as he folded a closely written sheet of
paper which he deposited, carefully in his
pocket, then tapping the pocket signifi-
cantly, he added, "This will get me a wife
that you will be proud of. Mark my
word about that."

to death over that very dinner. She knows
how to cook. I've been there to see when
I know she made the cake and biscuits
and had them light and rich as a cork
and baked to a turn."

How much richness there might or
might not be in a cork, Mrs. Austin did
not stop to consider, but telling Sally to
have the bay mare before the buggy, the
little woman made herself ready for a
drive.

The next day Julius drew from his pocket
a newspaper and showed his mother a
long and very explicit matrimonial ad-
vertisement to which the not very poeti-
cal name, "Peleg Pinchback," was affix-
ed.

Suddenly Mrs. Austin was wonderfully
taken up with her son's plan for getting a
wife.

"She couldn't see after all," she said,
"why the advertisement wouldn't be just
the thing."

The next day brought a half dozen let-
ters in a manner which convicted the old
lady that "Julius had something bearing heav-
ily on his mind," so she was not at all
surprised when he left his work and came
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to her sex remain long dormant.

A Western Case.

A murder trial of extraordinary inter-
est was held a short time since in the
Brown county Circuit Court at Mt. Ster-
ling. The facts are of thrilling interest.
Two years and a half ago two men started
from Texas in a wagon, labeled in
large letters, "P. Kimball, Dallas, Texas."
They traveled through Arkansas and Mis-
souri, and crossed the Mississippi river at
Hannibal.

Almost immediately afterward Kimball
was missing, but his traveling companion
continued on in Pike county, offering to
and finally selling the team and wagon,
and on reaching Pittsfield, Pike county,
registered his name as Wm. H. Stout.

The body of the man Kimball was short-
ly afterward found in a slough in Pike
county, evidently having been murdered.
Nothing more was heard of the supposed
murderer after leaving the hotel at
Pittsfield for over two years. In the mean
time, the counties of Pike and Menard,
where the murdered man had relations
residing, each offered \$500 reward for the
apprehension of the murderer. Finally,
some six months ago detectives got trace
of Wm. H. Stout, a telegraph operator of
Grand Island, Nebraska, who answered
the description of Kimball's companion.
They got a requisition, went to Nebras-
ka, arrested him and brought him to Pit-
sfield, where the case was taken by
change of venue to Brown county.

On the trail, the City Marshal of Han-
nibal identified the prisoner as Kimball's
companion when passing through that city.
Three others recognized him as the one who
crossed the river at that point with Kim-
ball, while others testified that he is the
same man who continued on with and
sold the horses with the wagon.

On the other hand, it was in evidence
that the prisoner (Stout) handled the des-
patches in reference to himself as the sus-
pected murderer of Kimball, and was
thus advised just when he might expect
to be arrested, and yet made no effort
to escape; that while confined in the Pit-
sfield jail, the prisoner continued with him
broke out and escaped, but he refused to
deny, and admitted that the jailer and he
had found a woman worthy to be his
wife.

Julius was so perfectly satisfied that he
did not ask permission, nor desire to see
the future Mrs. Julius until he should
see her in her bridal robes. The day for
the wedding was finally set, and Julius was
a little surprised and a good deal vexed
when Dora insisted upon the wedding
taking place at Henry Barton's. His fam-
ily, she wrote, were the nearest kin she
had in the world, and since they were per-
fectly willing, she should very much pre-
fer being married at their house.

"I don't believe I care anything for
Bessie now," muttered Julius, as he read
Dora's letter. "I'm determined I won't
any way since I am going to marry an-
other, but—well, confound it, I don't
like the notion of having Bessie by when
I am married; but Dora seems so set a-
bout it I supposed I shall have to let her
have her way."

Julius was uncommonly serious and re-
ticient, as, with his mother by his side he
drove to the house of Henry Barton on
the day appointed for his wedding. He
was going to the very house where he had
passed so many happy hours with Bessie.
Going there to be married, not to her, as
his heart at this late hour told him he
should be, but to another, one whom he
had never seen, about whom he knew
nothing save that she could make ingre-
dients, and the quantity of each, neces-
sary to make certain delectable dishes.—
But was not this enough? Julius tried
to reason with himself that it was. He
thought of Bessie's spoiled dinner, and
tried to steal his heart more sorely against
her but in vain, he was in Bessie's home
—breathing the air she breathed, seeing
the scenes with which she was familiar,
her birds were singing in the cage over
his head, her flowers were blooming in
the window. Everything spoke to him
of her. He felt that moment that he
loved her only, and he was thinking of
her when his thoughts should have been
given to his bride, until some one came
for him. The few guests who had been
invited, and minister, were waiting in the
parlor, and the bride was in readiness.

Mechanically Julius followed his con-
ductor to the room where for the first
time he was to behold his bride. The
door was thrown open. His mother was
in the room looking mysteriously myrth-
ful. Two or three of the neighbor's girls
who, from their dress, were to act as
bridesmaids, were there, and Bessie, also
dressed in white, with a few pale roses in
her hair.

But where was the bride?
Julius stood in awkward silence, look-
ing about the room.

"You wonder where she is; Dora
Mead I mean," said his mother, "Come,
Bessie, don't stand there blushing; go
come forward and let this dainty epicure
know how he has been outwitted."

Bessie looked almost ready to sink with
shame. Covering her face with her hands
she dropped into a seat.

"Lawful sakes!" said Mrs. Austin,
persuasively; "you needn't take on so,
just because your name in Bessie Barton
instead of Dora Mead, and as for you, Ju-
lius, I know by your looks that you're
nothing but sorry 'that there's no Dora
here to meet you; though," she whispered,
"you'd better step up and ask her over
again."

And Julius was only too happy to do
as his mother suggested; and when he led
his bride, blushing "celestial red" before
the aged minister, who can tell how
many degrees happier he felt than an
hour before he had expected that the event
of his marriage with Dora Mead could
make him.

A paper that takes—A sheriff's war-
rant, or it will fall.

A Good Doctor.

An exchange gives its readers some ad-
vice how to choose a doctor. The advice
is as good for the doctor as for patient.—
Here it is:

Avoid a man who, for you may be
sure he will be a mean doctor, just as cer-
tain, as he would be a mean husband.
Shun a doctor that you can buy to help
you out of a scrape—a good doctor can-
not be bought.

Avoid the untidy, coarse, blundering
fellow, for the man who is clumsy in hitch-
ing his horse, you may be sure is not han-
dy at midwifery or surgery.

Avoid the doctor who flatters you and
humors your appetites.

Avoid the empty blow-horn who boasts
his numerous cases and tells you of seeing
forty or fifty patients a day while he
spends two hours to convince you of the
fact. "Put him down as a fool."

To be a good doctor, one must first be
a man in the true sense of the word.
He should be a moral man, honest in
his dealings.

He must have good sense, or he cannot
be a good doctor.

He should be strictly temperate. No
one should trust his life in the hands of
an intemperate doctor.

It is a good sign if he tells you how to
keep well.

It is a good sign if the members of his
own family respect you.

It is a good sign if the children like him.

It is a good sign if he is neat and han-
dy in making pills and folding powders,
and keeps posted in all the latest improve-
ments known to the profession for alleviat-
ing human suffering.

It Might Have Been.
We hear a great deal about this phrase,
"It might have been." Sentimental youth,
and love-lorn lassies, growing old bachelors
and "picky" old spinsters, all join in
this contemptible whine, "it might have
been." But the words have another
meaning well worth looking for, too. In-
stead of mourning over the irrevocable
past, and sighing, "it might have been
better," we should do a far more sensible
thing if we picked up our crumbs, and
said, "it might have been worse." Tak-
ing time to think, there is no more cause
for sorrow than joy; all bitter complain-
ing only brings us so much the more
speedily to that place which is the quiet-
ness of everything doleful. It is not
very likely that any of us will be called
to endure more than good old Job. When
earthly blessings were taken from him, he
did not raise a great hue and cry, but pa-
tiently said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord
hath taken away; blessed be the name of
the Lord."

If ever we are so happy as to get to
Heaven, then we may see that much which
we call trouble and sorrow now, are really
our greatest blessings; and our utter
ruin might have been wrought in soul and
in body if circumstances had been as we
so often blindly wished they might have
been.

Then we shall see that, of all glad words
of tongue or pen, the gladdest are these,
"It might have been."

The Weather in Mars.
The planet Mars has recently been the
object of unusually careful inspection by
English astronomers, and some curious re-
sults have been reached. The oceans are
easily distinguished from the continents,
the former generally wearing a green-blue
color, and the land a well-marked red hue.
Over these pass clouds at times, or what
the observers consider to be such when-
ever they see a whitish light gradually re-
placing these ordinary colors. On a re-
cent occasion, comparing the observations
of two astronomers, it was found that a
certain well-known sea was partially con-
cealed from view by a great cloud-mass
spreading over many thousand square
miles of the surface. As the hours past
the cloud seemed to be melting away,
whether by the sun's heat or because they
had fallen in rains was, of course, not de-
termined, until the shores that had been
concealed was wholly restored to view.
Referring these phenomena to the day
of the planet, it was ascertained that the
clouds had come up in the early forenoon
and past off about noon. It was seen that,
as a rule, the mornings and evenings are
misty, and that, as with us, winter is more
cloudy than summer.

The Way to Succeed.—Fortune, suc-
cess, fame position, are never gained but
by piously, determinedly, bravely strik-
ing, growing, living in a thing till it is
fairly accomplished. In show you must
carry a thing through if you want to see
anybody or anything. No matter if it
does cost you the pleasure, the society, the
thousand people gratifications of life.
No matter for these. Stick to the thing
and carry it through. Believe you were
made for the matter, and that no one
else can do it. Put fourth your whole en-
ergies. Be awake, electrify yourself, and
go fourth to the task. Only once learn
pleteness and proportion, and you will
become a hero. You will think better of
yourself; others will think better of you;
The world in its very heart admires the
stern, determined doer. It sees in him
the best sight, its brightest object, its richest
treasure. Drive right along, then, in
whatever you undertake. Consider your
self amply sufficient for the deed. You'll
be successful.

Colorado people, who were thrif-
ting with taking a bath by hanging a wet rag
on a nail and climbing the rag in the
secrecy of water, indignantly deny it.
"They say that Eastern people may bathe
on style by bathing, if they want to, but
that they will not indulge in such fool-
ishness. They shall still use sandpaper."

Wit and Humor.

What do great liars do when they die?
They lie still.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in
the ark. On the head.

In the darkest hour of misfortune,
there is a hand to guide, a love to save.

When is a ship like a scarf pin? When
it is on the bosom of a heavy swell.

A beer barrel exploded and killed a
boy in Boston the other day.

An ugly disease in females—the wrig-
gles. Common sense is the only remedy.

Albums may be said to be dip nets
whereby young girls catch fatality.