

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, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

NUMBER 20.

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY W. BLAIR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum if paid
within the year; Two Dollars and
Fifty cents after the expiration
of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10
lines) three insertions, \$1.50 for
each subsequent insertion, Three
Cents per square. A liberal
discount made to yearly ad-
vertisers.

LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Cents per
line for the first insertion, Seven
Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug
Store. [June 29-14.]

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.

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite
the Bowden House. Nov 2-14.

JOHN A. HYSNONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING been admitted to Practice Law,
at the several Courts in Franklin Coun-
ty, all business entrusted to his care will be
promptly attended to. Post Office address
Mercersburg, Pa.

LEW W. DEFFICH,
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. E.—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. 10, 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 exten-
sive 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. 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 recom-
mend him to the public generally to be a
Dentist well qualified to perform all opera-
tions belonging to Dentistry in the most
skillful manner.
Drs. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPPILL,
J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BOMBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
sept 29-14]

O. A. S. WOLF,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
833 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Watches Repaired and Warranted. Jew-
elry Made and Repaired. [July 13, 1871-14]

SURVEYING AND CONVEYANCING.
THE undersigned having had some ten
years experience as a practical Surveying,
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. Seig's Grocery Store,
and is at all times prepared to do hair cut-
ting, shaving, hampooning, etc. in the best
style. The patronage of the public is respec-
tfully solicited.
Aug 28 1871. W. A. PRICE.

**CONCAVE CONVEX Spectacles at
ALEX. LEEDS.**

Select Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever on-
ward rolls,
Bearing to the eternal shore each day its
freight of souls;
But though our bark sails bravely on, pale
Death sits at the prow,
And few shall know ever lived a hundred
years from now.
Oh, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely
war and strife,
While God's great world has ample space for
every thing alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are
waiting for the plow
Of progress, that should make them bloom
a hundred years from now.
Why should we toil so earnestly in life's
short narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our
brother men?
Why blindly at an early shrine our souls in
homage bow?
Our gods will rust, our souls be dust, a hun-
dred years from now.
Why prize so much the world's applause?
Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of
praise;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn
that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred
years from now.
Earth's empire rise and fall, O Time, like
breakers on the shore,
They rush upon the rocks of doom, are seen
—and seen no more;
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem
the night's radiant brow,
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred
years from now.
O, Thou, before whose sleepless eyes the
past and future stand
An open page, like bubbles we cling to thy
protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are gauged to us if
we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hun-
dred years from now.

THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELING.

The kind old friendly feelings—
We have their spirit yet,
Tho' years and years have passed old friend
Since thou and I last met!
And something of gray Time's advance
Seems in thy fading eye;
Yet 'tis the same good honest glance
I loved in times gone by;
Ere the kind old friendly feelings
Had ever brought one sigh!

The warm old friendly feelings—
Ah, who need yet be told
No other links can bind the heart
Like those loved links of old!
Thy hand I loved in youth to clasp,
The touch of age may show;
Yet 'tis the same true hearty grasp
I loved so long ago!
Ere the last old friendly feelings
Had taught one tear to flow!

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Herbert De Browne sat in his luxu-
rious bachelor establishment in Blank
street, and pondered deeply. The sub-
ject of his cogitations was a wife, or rather
how to get one. There were enough young
ladies who would be glad to bless
their lucky stars for the privilege of be-
coming mistresses of his home, as he well
knew; but he also felt tolerably well as-
sured the home was all they cared for.
For the fortune they would wed its owner.
"Duce take the money!" he exclaim-
ed; "I wish I'd never had a farthing
and then—But botheration, then I
should have been too poor to marry any-
way. Why couldn't I have had just
wealth enough for all my wants and
nothing more? I'll foil them, though,
the mean adventuress!"
A furious pull at the bell-rope brought
the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.
"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Rinkle, he
exclaimed, abruptly, "for I am going to
close the house."
It was evident he had come to some
conclusion.
"Shut up the house, Mr. De Browne!"
ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believ-
ing she had lost her reason. "Why, such a
thing has not occurred since your lamented
uncle took possession five and forty
years ago."
"That makes no difference, ma'am; I'm
master here now, and I shall close it for
the present. Meanwhile, your pay can
still go on, and that of such dainties
as you consider indispensable. Have you
no relatives you wish to visit?" he inquired.
"No, I can't, but—"
"Then what will you do?"
"Answer me one question: Do you
really love me?"
"Yes, I do."
"Well, if you love me, will you drop the
subject."
"I think you'd better," she said, quiet-
ly, "and lead papa the money."
"And, like a sensible man, he lent it."
The *Heard and Home* says: The oracles
of the human soul speak in favor of
the purity and perpetuity of marriage.—
Men may forsake the oracles and build
socialisms out of their own fancies. It is
all the worse for them. But the intuitions,
the loves, the moral influences of the
race are on the side of marriage.
Where no hope is left, is left no fear.

Taking Things Without Asking.

When I was a boy, I was playing out
in the street one winter's day, catching
rides on sleighs, and it was great fun.—
Boys would rather catch rides any day
than go out regularly and properly to
take a drive. As I am catching on to
one sleigh and to another, sometimes hav-
ing a nice time, and sometimes getting a
cut from a big black whip, I at last fast-
ened like a barnacle to the side of a
countryman's cutter.
An old gentleman sat alone on the
seat, and he looked at me rather benign-
ly, as I thought, and neither said
anything to me, nor swung his old whip
over me; so I ventured to climb upon
the side of his cutter. Another benign-
nant look from the countryman, but not
a word. Emboldened by his supposed
goodness, I ventured to tumble into the
cutter and take a seat under the warm
robe he had on, and then he spoke. The
colloquy was as follows:
"Young man, do you like to ride?"
"Yes."
"It's a pretty nice cutter, isn't it?"
"Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse draw-
ing it."
"Did I ask you to get in?"
"Well, sir, I—I thought you looked
so good and kind, and that you would
have no objection."
"And so, young man, because you
thought I was good and kind, you took
advantage of that kindness, and took a fa-
vor without asking for it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is that ride worth having?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, now, young man, I want to tell
you two things. You should never take
mean advantage of the kindness of oth-
ers; and what is worth having, is worth
at least asking for. Now as you tumbled
into this sleigh without asking me, I shall
tumble you out into that snow-drift with-
out asking you."
And out I went, like a shot off a shovel,
and he didn't make much fuss about it
either. I picked myself up in a slight
bewildered state, but I never forgot that
lesson.

Truthful and Obedient.

Charlie! Charlie! Clear and sweet
as a note struck from a silver bell, the
voice rapped from the common.
"That's mother," cried one of the boys,
and he instantly threw down his hat, and
picked up his jacket on his cap.
"Don't go!" "Hurry out!" Finish
the game!" "Try it again!" cried the
players in a noisy chorus.
"I must go—right off this minute. I
told her I'd come whenever she called."
"Make her believe you didn't hear!"
them all exclaimed.
"But I did hear."
"She won't know you did."
"But I know it, and—"
"Let him go," said a bystander. "You
can't do anything with him. He's tied
to his mother's apron strings."
"That's so," said Charley; "and it's
to what every boy ought to be tied; and
in a hard knot, too."
"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to
run the minute she called," said one.
"I don't call it babyish to keep one's
word to his mother," answered the obedi-
ent boy; "beautiful light glowing in his
blue eyes. 'I call that manly; and the
boy who don't keep his word to her, will
never keep it to any one else—you see if
he does!'"
and he hurried away to his cottage home.
Thirty years have passed since those
boys played on the common. Charles
Gray is now a prosperous business man
in a great city, and his mercantile friends
say of him that "his word is as good as
his bond." We asked him once how he
had acquired such a reputation.
"I never broke my word when a bod-
dy matter how great the temptation, and
the habit formed then, has clung to my
through life."—*Child's Delight.*

Running in a Rut.

Small narrow minds always run in
ruts. Large and comprehensive minds
originate ideas and strike out original
courses. A monkey can imitate, but it
requires a man of mind—something more
than instinct—to originate. A small mind
can be sharp and shrewd enough to
follow and pick up the mental crumbs
of a large mind, and turn the same to pro-
fitable account. Our longheaded John
Calvin, our broadheaded Martin Luther,
and our highheaded John Wesley, lead
their millions of followers to day. New-
ton, Harvey, Fulton and Gall were large
minded men, and made original discover-
ies. We, lesser lights, profit by their
teachings, and follow in their wake. The
only objection to this "rut" is that, if
they oppose measures which, if car-
ried out, would result in their good. The
world changes. One season succeeds an-
other. Daylight succeeds darkness. One
generation—yes, generation—succeeds an-
other. And the world moves. Let us
move with it. Those who oppose will be
run over, crushed, and left behind the
ever forward movement. Instead of follow-
ing blind and feeble guides, let us look
to the great Teacher, and follow Him. Is
our course through dark and dismal ways?
Light from Heaven, through faith, will
shine on our path and make the way "all
serene." Let us get out of the ruts of ig-
norance, skepticism, superstition, fear, de-
pendency, and spiritual death, and come
up into the open way whose roads are
straight and free of impediments, and
are illuminated by the brightness of truth.

Old Maids.

A quaint and gallant writer some fifty
years ago said: "I love an old maid
—I use the singular number, as speaking
of a singularity in humanity. An old
maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is
an antiquity; not merely a record of the
past, but the very past itself; she has es-
caped a great change, and sympathizes
not in the ordinary mutation of morality.
She inhabits a little eternity of her own.
She is Miss from the beginning of the chap-
ter to the end. I do not like to hear
them called Misses, as is sometimes the
practice, for that looks and sounds like a
resignation of despair, a voluntary extinc-
tion of hope. I do not know whether
marriages are made in heaven (some peo-
ple say they are, but I am almost sure
old maids are. There is something about
them which is not of the earth, earthly.—
They are spectators of the world, not ad-
venturers, or rambles, perhaps guardians;
we say nothing of tattlers.
They are evidently predestined to be
what they are. They owe not the singu-
larity of their condition to any lack of
beauty, wisdom, wit or good temper;
there is no accounting for it but, on the
principal of fatality. I have known many
old maids, and of them all, not one that
has not possessed as many good and
amiable qualities as ninety and nine of a
hundred of my married acquaintance. Why
then, are they single? It is their fate."

Truth the Best Policy.

It is related of a Persian mother, on
giving her son forty pieces of silver as his
portion, that she made him swear never to
tell a lie, and said:
"Go my son; I consign thee to God!
and we shall not meet here again till the
day of judgment."
The youth went away, and the party he
traveled with were assailed by robbers.—
One fellow asked the boy what he had
and he answered: "Forty dinars are sewed
in my garments." Man incurs
suffering only through dishonesty. The results
of fully of ignorance. Woman's highest
happiness comes through the valley of
the shadow of death. The hardest law
that ever man framed for woman is ten-
der and benevolent compared with the
irreversible natural law under which she
lives, and moves, and has her being.

Pluck.

Pluck is what wins the great vic-
tories of the world, when to it is joined
the physical stamina requisite for constant
work. Let the slow boys read the follow-
ing:
It is not unusual to find that the lead-
ing men of our day, or any other day,
were very unassuming boys. Daniel Web-
ster, the acknowledged statesman of Amer-
ica, was notoriously dull when a boy, a
poor scholar in college, and graduated
without honor. Henry Ward Beecher,
indubitably the most popular divine in
this country was a fourth-rate scholar when
young and completed his studies without
distinction, except on the play-ground.—
Robert Rantoul stood near the foot of his
class in college. Sir Walter Scott was
rather a dullard when a boy. Patrick
Henry whose oratory stirred the hearts of
the F. F. V's, was too stupid a boy to
keep on the shady side of the tree under
which he would lie, like an unthinking
brute, the livelong day.

We May Never Know.

We may never know of the anguish
hidden in smiling eyes.
We may never know of the weary
hearts beside us day by day, whose
prayer is for strength to wait till God shall say
"Well done." We may sit down at the
same fireside, clasp hand at the same so-
cial band, look into other's faces—none
can see the heart; and who may tell of
the sad failures—the soul sick, pining for
a Father's hand to lead beside still wa-
ters of peace and rest.
Ah! never till we soar beyond the
stars and all the tears be wiped from our
eyes, shall we understand that inscrutable
mystery, the human heart. Ah! despair
not when life seems hard and dreary; by-
and by the shadows will fall apart—the
fettered hands will be free—the burden
burden be removed, the tired hands be
folded, and sleep, with her healing wings
shall hover over us, and rest be won.
Thank God for the rest of the quiet
grave. Thank God for the home beyond
it; and be sure, "when ye awake in his
likeness ye shall be satisfied then."—*Kentucky
Templar.*

THE WORLD OVER.

From all parts
of the world we continue to receive tidings
of destruction of life and property by
flood, fire, and shipwreck. In China, the
storms and floods, of which we have pre-
viously had some accounts, are reported
to have swept away three thousand persons.
The Russian mining town of Bogoslovsk,
in the Ural Mountains, has been burned
by incendiaries; and, in addition to the
great disaster in our own country alre-
ady chronicled, we are beginning to receive
accounts of numerous wrecks which oc-
curred during the late gale along the Lake
and Atlantic coast. At Halifax, ports
on the St. Lawrence, and on both sides of
the great Lakes, the devastation has been
unusually heavy. These, and the other
great calamities that have overtaken us,
are proofs of the helplessness of man, with
all his proud achievements in science,
against the unleashed elements by which
he is surrounded.

The editor of the Logansport Journal
has been shown "an apple raised on a tree
at Fort Defiance, Ohio, which is supposed
to be 150 years old, as it was grown there
when General Wayne commanded that
post, in 1811." This apple beats anything
we have heretofore heard of for "keeping."
Prefer less before unjust gain, for that
brings grief but once, this sayever.

Don't Complain.

Don't complain of your birth, your training,
your employment, your hardships; never fancy
that you could be something if you only had
a different lot or sphere assigned to you.
God understands his own plans, and knows
what you want better than you do. The
very things that you most deprecate as
fatal limitations and obstructions, are prob-
ably what you most want. What you call
hindrance and discouragement, are prob-
ably God's opportunities, and it is nothing
to dislike his medicines, or any certain
proof that they are poisons. No! a truce
to all such impatience.—Choke that devil-
ish envy which gnaws at your heart be-
cause you are not in the same lot with
others; bring down your soul, or rather
bring it up to receive God's will and do
His word, in your lot, in your sphere, un-
der your cloud of obscurity, against your
temptations; and then you shall find that
your condition is never opposed to your
good, but really consistent with it.

Man's Duty.

Gail Hamilton in one of her recent let-
ters discusses the question of man's duty
towards woman.—Here is a specimen of
her mode of treating the matter: "Look-
ing at it without regard to spiritual com-
pensation, God is the most partial of be-
ings. He made one sex strong, and the
other weak; and upon the weak he placed
a heavy burden, whereas upon the strong
he placed none at all. Worse far than
this, he made the burden of the weaker
sex inseparable; while the only burden
of the stronger sex was so loosely and
lightly laid that it could always be shifted
to the shoulders of the weaker, and it
always has to a greater or less degree,
been thus shifted, so that the weaker has
borne the load of the stronger in addition
to its own. With all this, he left to no
one's choice whether to be male or female
or whether to be at all; but of his own
will he begot us.—To man he gave not
only strength but joy; to woman not on-
ly weakness, but suffering. Man incurs
suffering only through dishonesty. The results
of fully of ignorance. Woman's highest
happiness comes through the valley of
the shadow of death. The hardest law
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at Fort Defiance, Ohio, which is supposed
to be 150 years old, as it was grown there
when General Wayne commanded that
post, in 1811." This apple beats anything
we have heretofore heard of for "keeping."
Prefer less before unjust gain, for that
brings grief but once, this sayever.

Wit and Humor.

Justice consists in doing no injury to
men; decency, in giving them no offence.
When is a clock on the stairs danger-
ous? When it runs down.
A warning to fashionable assemblies—
look out for pain!
When a lady faints, what figure does
she need? You must bring her 2.
If shoemakers are not radical, they are
at least addicted to extreme measures.
Why is the letter S like a sewing ma-
chine?—Because it makes needles need-
less.
Gardeners might not like to part with
their garden, though they are always ready
to fork over their grounds.
Why do they "go up" so much more
of pears, peaches, and small fruits now
than formerly? Why because they can.

A Boston paper says the best way to

improve the lot of woman is to put a
good house on it and a good man in the
house.
Woman's Rite's.—Putting on her chig-
nons, arranging her curls, buttoning her
gaiters, and adjusting her Grecian bend
and things.
Young ladies in New Haven are a
learning to play the violin. The idea of
having four strings to their bow is fasci-
nating.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles

in the open air it began to rain, when a
by-stander advised the auctioneer that
the next article put up should be an um-
brella.
"They say cotton is declining," ex-
claimed an old lady as she removed her
spectacles, and laid down her paper. "I
thought so," she continued, for the last
thread I used was very feeble."
Are the jury agreed? asked a judge
of the court *ad hoc* whom he met on the
stairs with a bucket in his hand.
"Yes," replied Patrick. "They have
agreed to send out for a gallon."

The difference between a bachelor in

love and a married man in love is said to
be that the bachelor looks out for No. 1,
and the married man for No. 2.
A gentleman renowned for his charity,
says no beggar can go away from his
gates unsatisfied; they can always get a
Bite. He keeps a dog tied loose.
A New Jersey man is getting suspi-
cious because his wife has several times
lately asked him why he did not apply for
work at the nitro-glycerine factory, which
has been blown up twice lately. He is
watching for the other fellow!

A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting

held near Rushing, the colored preacher
said: "I tell you, lubbed brethren, that
the debble is a big bog, an' one of these
days he'll come along an' root you out."
An old negro in one of the anxious
pews, hearing this, raised himself from
the straw, and clasping his hands, ex-
claimed in the agony of his tears. "Ring
him, Lord! ring him!"
The comment of a colored preacher on
the text, "It is more blessed to give than
to receive," is invaluable for its point, as
well as eloquence. "I've known many a
church to die cause it didn't give enough,
but I never have known a church to die
'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die
dat way. Brethren, has any of you knowed
a church to die 'cause it gave too much?
If you do, just let me know, and I'll make
a pilgrimage to dat church, an' I'll climb
by de soft light of de moon up de moss-
covered roof, an' I'll stan' dar, an' I'll
up my hands to heaven an' say, 'Blessed
are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

AN ELDER'S MISTAKE.

A United
Brethren presiding elder, out in Minne-
sota, preaching to a strange congregation,
was much annoyed by some of the young
folks talking and laughing during the
services. He paused, looking at these dis-
turbances, and said: "I am always afraid
to reprove those who misbehave in church.
In the early part of my ministry I made
a great mistake. As I was preaching, a
young man, who sat just before me, was
constantly laughing, talking and making
uncouth grimaces. I paused and admin-
istered a severe rebuke. After the close
of the service one of the official members
came and said to me,—"Brother,
you made a great mistake. That young
man whom you rebuked is an idiot."—
Since then I have always been afraid to
reprove those who misbehave in church
lest I should repeat that mistake, and
reprove another idiot." During the rest
of that service, at least, there was good
order.

EXERCISE.—The Lockport Journal

contains the following practical suggestion:
"Now that the croquet and base ball sea-
son will ere long be over, we would sug-
gest, in order that the muscle-developing
process may not lie dormant during the
long winter months, that the base ball
athletics turn their attention to saving up
the wood piles of widows and sick folks
during the winter. The exercise is fully
as healthful, is not so violent, dangerous,
nor tiresome as base ball, and we are sure
the results will gratify a curious public
fully as much, and we would prefer to
give the record of a wood-saving class to
that of a base ball club in our columns.
What you say, gentles? Physicians recom-
mend young ladies to form walking clubs.
This is a matter in which steps should be
taken."