

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 16, 1871.

NUMBER 21.

THE WAYNESBORO VILLAGE RECORD
Published every Thursday Morning
By W. BLAIR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum in 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, Thir-
ty Cents per Square. A liberal
discount made to yearly adver-
tisers.

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 29-4f.]

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 20-4f.

I. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite
the Bowden House. Nov 2-4f.

JOHN A. HYSBURN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HAVING been admitted to Practice Law
in the several Courts in Franklin County,
all business entrusted to his care will be
promptly attended to. Post Office address
Mervensburg, Pa.

LEW. W. DETRICH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO, PA.
Will give prompt and accurate 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. N. STRICKLER,
(Formerly of Mervensburg, Pa.)
OFFERS his professional services to the
citizens of Waynesboro and vicinity.
Dr. Strickler has relinquished an exten-
sive practice at Mervensburg, 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, near his
Father-in-law, where he can be found at all
times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4f.

A. K. BRANSHOLTZ,
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 with *nitro-per* by the use of
chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide, or gas, or
the freezing process, in a manner surpassed by
none.

We the undersigned being acquainted with
A. K. Branisholtz for the past year, do hereby
commend him to the public generally, who be-
lieve a Dentist well qualified to perform all op-
erations belonging to Dentistry in the most
skillful manner.
DR. J. B. AMBERSON, I. N. SNIVELY,
E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLEY,
J. J. OELLIG, A. S. BONBRAKE,
T. D. FRENCH.
Sept 29-1f.

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

Watches Repaired and Warranted. *See*
Jewelry Made and Repaired. *See*
July 13, 1871-4f.

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 2-4f. A. B. STOLEER.

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, shaving, shampooing, etc. in the best
style. The patronage of the public is respect-
fully solicited.
Aug 29 1871. W. A. PRICE.

CONCAVE CONVEX Spectacles, at
ALEX. LEEDS.

Select Poetry.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chamber,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling white-robed for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
Where the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voice of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the Winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
I listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children.
And the mother's head droops low,
(One from under her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the Winter's snow.)
"Take our souls," and put the easement
Fits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife.
We who fight beneath the banners,
Meeting ranks of fœmen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In our simple vesper prayer.

When your hand grasp this standard,
Which to-day you grasp from far,
When your deeds shape the conflict
In the turmoil of war—
Bury to Him, the God of Battles,
Whose strong eyes can never sleep,
In the morning of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noises of the battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadow
Settles down on you and me,
May the love that never falters
Take our souls eternally.

FALLING LEAVES.

Falling, the autumn leaflets,
Yellow and withered, and sere:
While autumn winds are singing
The dirge of the waning day.

Falling, the solemn leaflets,
Out of my Book of Life—
The days of spring and summer,
With pleasure once so rife.

Fallen, from life's tree the leaflets,
Many and many a friend;
Fallen, and leaves me waiting,
To meet, like them, my end.

Falling—friends, life, pleasures;
It were an awful thing
Were the leaf-fall not an earnest
Of another brighter spring.

Where all shall be re-created
By the good and magic hand,
And share in glad re-union,
Life in the summer land.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chest-
nuts?"
"Chestnuts? No," returned Ralph
Moore, looking carelessly down on the
upturned face, whose large brown eyes
shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair
were appealing so pitifully to his own—
"What do I want of chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded
the little one, reassured by the rough
kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to
care for them, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore,
who had hurried on the point of brushing
carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.
"Are you very much in want of the
money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child;
"mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a
heart broken way," said Ralph smooth-
ing down her hair with careless gentle-
ness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but
here's half-a-crown for you, if that will do
you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted
incoherent thanks the child poured out
through a rainbow of smiles and tears
but strode on his way muttering behind
his teeth, "That cuts off my supply of
pennies for the next week. I don't care,
though the brown-eyed object really did
cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world.
His 'it! I wish I was rich enough to
help every poor creature out of the lough
of espond."

White Ralph Moore was indulging in
these very natural reflections, the dark-
eyed little damsel whom he had comforted
was dashing down the street with
quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless
of the basket of unsold nuts, that still
dangled on her arm.

Down an obscure lane she darted be-
tween ruinous rows of houses, and up a
narrow wooden staircase to a room where
a pale, neat-looking woman, with large
brown eyes like her own, was sewing as
busily as if the breath of her life depend-
ed upon every stitch, and two little ones
were contentedly playing in the sunshine
that temporarily supplied the place of
fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you

have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"O! mother, mother, see!" ejaculated
the almost breathless child. "A gentle-
man gave me a whole crown. Only think,
mother, a whole half crown!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen
the rapture his half-crown gift diffused
around it in the poor widow's grieved strik-
ing home, he would have regarded still
less the temporary privation of cigars to
which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little
chestnut girl passed as entirely out of
Ralph Moore's memory as if her pleading
eyes had never touched the soft part in his
heart; but Mary Lee never forgot the
stranger who had given her the silver
half crown.

The crimson window curtains were
closely drawn, to shut out the storm and
tempest of the bleak December night;
the fire was glowing cheerily in the well
filled grate, and a dinner table, in a glitter
with cut glass, rare China and polished
silver, was only waiting for the pres-
ence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?"
said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron
of about thirty, as she glanced at the
dial of a tiny enamelled watch. Six o'clock
and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study,
mamma, come on business," said Robert
Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old
who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Aud-
ley, stepping to the door.
But as she opened it the brilliant gas-
light in the hall fell full on the face of
an humble looking man, in worn and
thread-bare garments, who was leaving
the house, while her husband stood in the
doorway of his study, apparently reliev-
ed to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose
cheek had paled and flushed, "who is
that man and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he
came to see if I would bestow upon him
that vacant clerkship in the bank."

"And will you?"
"I don't know, Mary; I must think a-
bout it."

"Charles, give him the situation."
"Why my love?"
"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and
you have said a thousand times you
would never deny me anything."

"And I will leave my word, Mary,"
said the good-hearted husband, with an
affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a
note this very evening. I believe I've
got his address about me somewhere."

An hour later, when Robbie, Frank
and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed,
in the spacious nursery upstairs, Mrs.
Audley told her husband why she was
so interested in the fate of a man whom
she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied
her husband, folding her fondly to his
breast, when the simple tale was con-
fided. "Never forget one who was kind to
you in the days when you needed kind-
ness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor
lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed,
when a livered servant brought a note
from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Aud-
ley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed as
he read the brief words. We shall not
starve; Mr. Audley promises me the sit-
uation."

"You have dropped something from
the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, point-
ing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the stray—
It was a fifty pound note, neatly folded
in a piece of paper, on which was writ-
ten: "In grateful remembrance of a
half-crown piece that a kind stranger be-
stowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty
years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel
of bread upon the waters, and after many
days it had returned to him.

Let Me Sleep.

"Let me sleep," said my companion half
pettishly, turning from my touch. "Let
me sleep." The words haunted me for
hours afterwards. How often has the wish
breathed in this weary world, "Oh,
let me sleep!"

The man whose conscience lashes him
for misdeeds, evils committed and unre-
pentent cries, as he drops his head into his
thorny pillow, "Oh, let me sleep." With
sleep comes oblivion. The mourner who
has seen some bright and beautiful one
fade from his embrace, like a summer flow-
er above the pillow face of the prostrate form
below him, and sighs, in the agony of his
soul, "Let me sleep; sleep with the loved
one whose smiles shall never welcome my
footsteps more." "Let me sleep, says the
traveler, who footsore and weary has id-
led long in the world, and sees hopes per-
ish unfulfilled, joys wither ere they are
tasted, friendship, which he thought endur-
ing, changing hue like the chameleon, and
rainbow promises, fading and melting in-
to colorless air "Oh, let me sleep, for I
am weary."

The rosy-cheeked child, the blithe maid-
en, the thoughtful matron, those for
whom life puts on its finest aspect, its
most enduring smiles, all have periods in
which they long that the oblivion of Lethe
may flow darkly and deeply over them.

"There comes a sleep unto all—a sleep
deep, hushed and breathless. The roar of
a cannon, the deopthoed thunderbolt, the
shocks of an earthquake, or the rush of
ten thousand armies cannot break up the
still repose. With mute lips and folded
arms one after another the ephemers of
earth sink down into darkness and nothing-
ness. No intruding footsteps shall jar
upon their rest, no disturbing clank shall
wring from them the exclamation, "Oh,
let me sleep."

Butter is ninety-five cents per pound.

A Surprised Lady.

The Williamsport Pa. Bulletin says:
On Saturday evening last a young gentle-
man of this city concluded that he would
attend church. He straightway presented
himself at the door and was taken in
charge by a police sexton, who showed
him into a seat beside a young person of
the feminine gender. This young person
was attired in a white gown—fresh from
the laundry—and gaiters of spot or wrin-
kles. With that instinctive neatness com-
mon to most of the fair sex, the young la-
dy had spread out the skirt of her gown
as much as possible, to save it from the
rumpled incident to a sitting posture. The
young man on taking his seat did not at
first observe the display of drapery beside
him. After a while he cast his eyes a-
round. They fell on the white muslin,
and he felt himself growing red and white
by turns. Could his—in short, could his
shirt have escaped from its confinement in
his unmentionables? His hand trem-
bled, but he unerringly laid hold of the
lady's property. Lifted his coat, under
his prostrate. The lady, surprised at his
to her unaccountable maneuver,
moved a little but said nothing. The
young gentleman again became interested
in the sermon, but glancing down at the
seat a moment or two after, beheld to his
horror, what he supposed to be unman-
ageable garment. With a convulsive ef-
fort he clutched it in his shuddering hand,
and was endeavoring to put it where it
should have been, if it had been his mus-
lin, when the lady moved far enough a-
way to take her skirt out of the reach of
the unhappy young man. With an ex-
pression of countenance plainly depicted
the unutterable thoughts within him, the
young man took up his hat and hurriedly
left the sanctuary.

A Non-Committal Captain.
Captain Ward, of Portsmouth, was an
eccentric of the first water, and one of his
peculiarities was that he never gave an
desired answer to a direct question. An
amusing instance of this evasive habit is
related. One morning, four of his friends,
who were aware of this trait in his char-
acter, observed the captain going to mar-
ket, and after some bantering, entered in-
ting from him the price he had paid for
his purchase. They accordingly settled the
preliminaries, and stationing them-
selves at different points along a street
which he must pass on his way home, a-
waited his coming. Very soon the bluff
old gentleman made his appearance, with
several pigeons in his hand. As he ap-
proached, the first questioner accosted him
with:

"Good morning, captain! What did
you give for pigeons this morning?"

"Money," said the captain, bluntly, as
he passed up the street. The second gen-
tleman, a little further on, addressed him
and asked:

"How many pigeons this morning, captain?"

"I bought 'em for all I carry 'em" he
said. "Never forget one who was kind to
you in the days when you needed kind-
ness most."

"How much are pigeons a dozen, cap-
tain?"

"Didn't get a dozen—only bought half
a dozen," said the old gentleman, still
plodding on his way. Finally, the fourth
and last of the conspirators cottoned to
the wary old salt by observing, in the bland-
est tones:

"A fine lot of pigeons you have here,
captain! What did you get them for?"

"To eat," was the pertinent and em-
phatic rejoinder, and the captain reached
home without further molestation.

A Strange Case.

A sad incident occurred at Steuben-
ville County Infirmary a few days ago,
resulting in a horrible death, the bury-
ing of small lad named Murphy, aged
five years—a reel-footed child, who was
deserted by the mother to cloak her shame.

It appears that two poorer children
named Philip Sheridan and Andy Stewart,
dug a large hole in the orchard adjoining
the infirmary. After effecting this part
of the diabolical act, the two little fiends,
whose ages, were respectively five and ten
years, repaired to the infirmary grounds
and caught the reel-footed boy, and car-
ried him to his living grave. Shrieking,
yet without power of being heard, the lit-
tle victim was caught by the young ex-
ecutioners, and forced into the hole—
Holding him down they shoveled in the
earth and stone upon his writhing body,
stifling his cries as best they could, until
the poor deformed body ceased to struggle
and the spirit took its flight to Him who
gave it.

The two young murderers went
back to the house without informing any
one of the deed, and the buried boy's ab-
sence was first noticed by Mr. Porter, the
Superintendent, about one o'clock. Up-
on making inquiries, a little black boy in-
formed him that Andy Stewart and Phil
Sheridan had "buried 'Limpy' down in
the boiler." On going to the spot, Mr.
Porter found the newly made grave, and
below the surface the lifeless form of lit-
tle 'Limpy.' The little murderers have
been sent to the reformatory. This is
one of the saddest incidents we have ever
had to record.

MONEY.—Men work for it, beg for it,
steal for it, starve for it, and all the while
from the cradle to the grave, nature and
God are thundering in our ears the solemn
question: "What shall it profit a man if
he gain the whole world and lose his own
soul?" The madness for money is the stron-
gest and lowest of passions; it is the Mo-
lock of the human heart, before whose
ramparts more altar the finer attributes of
humanity are sacrificed. It makes mer-
chandise of all that is sacred in the hu-
man affections, and often traffics in the
awful solemnities of the eternal.

Let not an injury or an insult corrode
in your bosom, for, so doing, you increase
the injury by your own act.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of
inquiry, when what we search for is ex-
cellent.

A Wonderful Balm.

A manufacturer and vender of quack
medicines for rheumatism and the growth
of hair combined, recently wrote to a
friend for a recommendation of his (the
manufacturer's) "balm." In a few days
he received the following, which we call
pretty strong:

Dear Sir—The land composing this
farm has hitherto been so poor that a
Chiuannan could not get a living off it,
and so stony that we had to slice our po-
tatoes, and plant them sideways; but,
hearing of your balm, I put some on the
corner of a ten-acre field surrounded
by a rail fence, and in the morning I
found the stones had entirely disappeared
and a neat wall encircled the field; the
rails were split up into firewood, and piled
up symmetrically in my backyard. I
put half an ounce in the middle of a huck-
leberry swamp; two days saw it clear off,
planted with corn and pumpkins, and a
view of peach trees in full blossom through
the middle. As an evidence of its ter-
rific strength, I would say that it drew
a striking likeness of my son out of a
snail-pod, drew a blister all over his
stomach, drew a load of potatoes four
miles to market, drew grease out of a fat
and eventually drew a price of ninety-sev-
en dollars out of a defunct lottery."

A certain old Vermont farmer pre-
served his constant good nature, let what
would turn up. One day one of his men
came in bringing the news that one of his
oxen was dead.

"Well," said the old man.
"Well, he was always a breechy cuss!
Take his hide off and take it down to
Fletcher's it will fetch the cash."

An hour or so afterward the man came
back with the news that Lineback and
his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man.
"Well, I took them of B. to save a bad
debt that I never expected to get. It is
lucky it ain't the brimides."

After the lapse of another hour the
man came again to tell him that the night
brindle was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man.
"Well, he was a very old ox. Take off
his hide and take it down to Fletcher's;
it's worth cash, and will bring more than
any two of the others."

Heruppon his wife, who was a very pi-
ous soul, reprimanded her husband severely,
and asked him if he was not aware that
the loss was a judgment from heaven
upon him for his wickedness.

"It is," said the old man.
"Well, if they will take the judgment
in cattle it is the easiest way I can pay it."

Ugliness of Mormon Women.

A late writer says: Nothing impressed
us more in Salt Lake city than the home-
liness of the women. It may be ungal-
lant to mention it; but, as every one
that goes there thinks it, here goes the
statement of the fact. Now, homeliness
of feature is not a disadvantage. There
is a handsome ugliness and a pious home-
liness; but with these Mormon women it
is a vicious, outrageous uncomeliness, in-
dicative of moral disfigurement. The Tab-
ernacle was alive with them. They made
us shudder. It is "assault and battery"
to have them look at you. What Brig-
ham or any other man would want of sev-
enteen such creatures I cannot imagine—
One of them, I should think, would be a
great horror. Such dislocations of nose
and misplacements of mouth, and ruins
of eyebrows, are not gathered in any other
place on this continent. There must be
a good many witches among them. We
would not have been much surprised to
see them riding home on a broomstick.

The only excuse that we can see for poly-
gamy is that it would take at least fifty
such women to make one wife.

MY LIFE A VAPOR.—How beautifully
descriptive of life's short, fitful dream is
the following from the pen of Dr. Cham-
bers:

"The time in which I live is but a small
moment of this world's history. It is a
flight of a shadow; it is a dream of vani-
ty; it is a race against a meteor; it is a
flower which every breath of heaven can
withier into decay; it is a tale which as
remembrance vanishes; it is a day
the silence of a long night will darken
and overshadow. In a few years our heads
will be laid in the cold grave, and the
green turf cover us. The children who
come after us will treat upon our graves;
they will weep for us a few days; they
will talk of us for a few years; when our
memory shall disappear from the face of
the earth, and not a tongue shall be found
to recall it."

THE WIFE.—It is astonishing to see
how well a man may live on a small in-
come who has a handy and industrious
wife. Some men live and make a fair bet-
ter appearance on six or eight dollars a
week than others on sixteen or eighteen
dollars. The man does his part well, but
his wife is good for nothing. She will even
upbraid her husband for not living in as
good style as his neighbor, while the fault
is entirely her own. His neighbor has a
neat, capable and industrious wife, and
that makes the difference. His wife, on
the other hand, is a whirlpool into which
a great many silver cups might be thrown,
and the appearance of the water would
not be changed. No Nicholas the Diver
is there to restore the treasure. It is on-
ly an insult for such a woman to talk to
her husband about her love and devotion.

Let not an injury or an insult corrode
in your bosom, for, so doing, you increase
the injury by your own act.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of
inquiry, when what we search for is ex-
cellent.

Little Footsteps.

Hush! I think to-night, as I sit by
my window watching the stars, that I
hear the footsteps of an older sister, long
since called form earth to heaven—
Memories, sweet and dear, come crowd-
ing upon me as the echo of her innocent
prattle seems to sound in the vaulted sky.

The laughter of that little comes down
to me through the years, and makes me
happy as when her little voice made mu-
sic around the hearth-stone. But she
was wanted by the Father, and one lone,
still night, angels came and bore her a-
way to a brighter and better world—
Her bright, golden curls, her light blue
eyes, the dimpled cheek, the ever-laugh-
ing lip—all, all were buried beneath the
cold earth, but not forever. No, no. In hea-
ven she will be glorified; her curling hair
will be swept by the gentle zephyrs of the
Golden City; her pretty, blue eyes will
gaze brighter in the sunlight of the Lamb
and her laughter will ring forever in the
City of the King. Oh, yes, it is her lit-
tle footsteps that I hear to-night, as she
with hands of angels pass and repeats the
throne, singing hallelujahs and praise to
the Lamb that was slain. List! It is
the music that awakes the shepherds of
Judea who watched their flocks by night,
it is the same heavenly anthem that made
the hills of Bethlehem resound with joy
hundreds of years ago. And the burden
of that song is, and ever will be, "Peace
on earth and good will to men."

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.
Liberty is the right to do whatever you
wish, without interfering with the rights
of others.

Save your money and you will find it
one of the most useful friends.

Take care of your pennies and they will
grow to dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all
the trouble in this world; beware of strong
drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious,
honest and saving, may reach the highest
honors in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; re-
member it has no power to tell how much
it suffers.

WILL PARENTS TAKE HEED.—On all
hands complaints are made of the increas-
ing ill health of our school children. Now
who is to take the matter in hand? Who
is to say there shall be absolutely no les-
sons learned out of school, unless the pro-
longed duration of school hours shall be short-
ened? It needs, we think, only that the
parents shall themselves insist upon this
to effect it. Why wait till brain fever
has set in? Why wait till little spines
are irretrievably crooked? And of what
mortal use is it to keep on pouring into
them into a vessel when it is incapable of
holding anymore, and is only wasted upon
the ground?

FANNY FERN.

A druggist is not inappropriately term-
ed the chief pillar of society.

Dr. Payne, in his lecture at Chicago,
said that seven out of every ten women in
America are invalids. He had examin-
ed thousands of ladies in a single city,
and found them all more or less diseased.
Women, he said, lace too tight, depriving
their lungs of fresh air; they leave the
upper part of the chest bare, which
should always be warmly clad; and in-
stead of plain, wholesome, nourishing diet
they fill their delicate stomachs with un-<