VOLUME 25.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1873.

NUMBER 43

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

TER AS-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, Thirdiscount made to yearly adver-

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 [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 adoining the Western School House.

IN SNIVELY, M.D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. WAYNESBORO' PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite Bowden House. Nov 2—tf. he Bowden House. 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.

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

FFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.

Da. 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 Waynesbore',
at the residence of George Besore, Esq., as Father-in-law, where he can be found at al times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871.-tf.

DR. J. M. RIPPLE. DR. A. S. BONEBRAKE. RIPPLE & BONBRAKE, WAYNESBORO', PA. Having associated themselves in the prac-

rice of Medicine and Surgery, offer their professional services to the public.

Office in the room on the orth East Cor. of the Diamond, formerly occupied by Dr. John J. Oellig, dec'd. July 18, 1872-19

BARBERING! You Esubscriber 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 prepare to do hair cutting, shaving, s hampooning etc. in the best style. The patronage of the public is respect-Aug 23 1871. W. A. PRICE.

CCI AND SHOMAKING.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is at all times prepared to make o order Gents Coarse or fine Boots, also coarse or fine work for Ladics or Misses, including the latest style of lasting Gaiters.— Repairing done at short notice, and measures taken in private families if desired Shop on East Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by J. Elden, as a flour and feed

THOS. J. HOLLINGSWORTH. J. H. FORNEY & CO.

Produce Commission Merchants No. 77 NORTH STREET BALTIMORE, MD.

Pay particular attention to the sale o Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c. July 18, 1872-1y

SHINGFES.

S. B. RINEHART THE E

WASHINGTON COUNTY PLOWS.

manufactured by Moatz & Barkdoll can now be had of Barkdoll & Newcomer or their authorized agents. All Plows war-ranted to give satisfaction.

> BARKDOLL & NEWCOMER, RINGGOLD, WASHINGTON CO., MD.

AGENTS.—D. H. Stonebraker, Cavetown, Md. O. Bellman, Hagerstown, Md. S. B. Rinehart, Waynesboro', Franklin Co., Pa. in some degree, as he remembered the ma-March 28, 1872—1y ny deeds of kindness that he had received

COUNTY TREASURER.

ENCOURAGED by the flattering sup-Treasurer at a former Convention, I again offer myself as a candidate for that office, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating convention.

W. H. DAVISON,

Greencastle, Dec. 28, 1872.

WAYNESBORO' COMPECTIONERY!

THE undersigned informs the public that he will continue the confectionery bus-ness at the old stand opposite the Bowden fouse, where can be had at all times the goicest Candies manufactured of the pur-2 t white sugar wholesale or retail. Also ways on hand a well-selected stock of Orges, Lemons, and other tropical fruits; kes of every description baked to order and fresh ones constantly for sale. Figs, caisins, Citron, Dates, Prunes and Nuts inde a specialty. Thankful for past favors to hopes to merita continuance of the same. JOSEPH FRANTZ.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES! RS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just irreceived a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited togall and examine har stock.

Select Poetry.



INCONSTANCY.

Against the curtained pane, beloved. The snow beats thick and fast, The wild wind's sorrowful refrain Is telling of the past-And in the old familiar chair, Beside the hearth fire glow, I sit and sing the tender air You loved so long ago.

Ah, often since the springs, beloved, Have bloomed above your rest. I breathe the sweet old song that sings Itself within my breast-

As children, in the cheerless days When winter darkly lowers, Retrace the garden's sodden ways And talk of last year's flowers.

It never-seemed-to you, beloved, When we walked hand in hand, Amid the sunshine and the dew

Of youth's enchanted land-It never seemed to you or me That I could sing or smile If you were lying silently Within your grave the while.

We thought we could not live, beloved, If we were torn apart-That earth would have no more to give To either stricken heart;

Alas, the change that time has wrought Your grave has held you long, But in a home where you are not, I sing the dear old song!

Do you look back to me, beloved, From out your happy sphere, And deem me false, that I can be `live, and you not here?

Death does not always bring its balm To every aching ill-Life may outlast its dearest charm, And heart-break does not kill.

It would have been the same, beloved, Had I been first to die-Another love has worn your name, More dear, perchance, than I; Ah, after all these weary years, Would you more constant be?

Aliscellaueous Beading.

And sing the song for me?

THE BOUND BOY.

And would you drop these bitter tears,

-From the Aldine for March.

"I don't care!" sobbed Julius Kings "You're real mean so you are!" And he threw himself down on a pile of disjointed kindling wood, in a paroxysm of childish rage.

"Is that the way to talk to me?" angrily demanded Mrs. Parley, bestowing a most cordially given box either side of the doomed young victim's head, "and you nothing on earth, but a bound boy! I ha'nt no patience with you-and Job himself wouldn't have!"

"Gently, mother, gently. What's the matter now?" demanded Farmer Parley, cautiously thrusting his sunburnt shock of hair into the wood shed door.

"Matter!" cehoed Mrs. Parley. "Why just look here! Them wheels off, the old wheelbarrow hysted up to the roof, with the second-hand harness you bought of Deacon Salisbury and the strips for the new rag carpet-and all the wood tumbled down, higgledy piggledy, to make room for it. And the hons ain't fed, and the cows ain't gone after-and their ain't noth-"HE subscriber has now for sale a prime in' done that ought to be! I tell you I harntele of Chestnut Shingles, a supply of which he will continue to keep on hand.—
He has also for sale a large lot of dlastering ute, and go for the cows; and not a blessute, and go for the cows; and not a blessed mouthful of supper will you get this

Julius Kingley obeyed sulkily, and with down-drooping head. He was a bright looking boy of about thirteen with dark gray eyes and thick brown hair, which hung over a square low forehead; and as he walked he clenched his boyish hands until the nails indented the flesh in cres-

ent shaped marks. "I won't stand it!" muttered Julius to himself. "They have no business to treat

me so. And then the wrathful mood subsided from both Mr. and Mrs. Parley-the care in sickness, the nearly mended clothes, the many little tokens of watchfulness so new and grateful to the orphan boy; and little Alice, too, who troted at his heels when he went to gather apples in the ormarvelous of creation.

the boyish dignity of thirteen.

"You ain't in earnest about his supper, mother? said Farmer Parley, as they sat down to the well spread evening board. "Yes, I be. Have some quince sass, Alice?

"Remember, he's a growin' boy, pleaded her husband. "I can't help that; he's got to learn to

behave himself. There ain't no other way black silk, and the farmer donned his cunningly ready to our hands, and there of managin' him. It was only yesterday he blowed off the top of one of my best preserving caus, to show Alice how a steam boat worked; and last week I most got poisoned with a bottle of some stuff he'd in," said Mrs. Parley reflectively. "I got tucked away on the shelf, that I took should hate the worst way to have the

Sulpheric acid, mother," said little Al-"It was to—"
"I don't care what it was for," interupted the farmer's wife. "Julius can behave well enough when he's a mind to, and he's

And the farmer knew from the way his wife compressed her lips together, that she was in unmitigated earnest.

Julius Kingsley went supperless to his with jet black hair and grave violet gray soom, but before he had begun to undress eyes, and the farmer made his best bow as room, but before he had begun to undress a soft knock come to his door, and Alice's voice whispered:

"Julius! Julius!" "What is it?"

Open the door. I've got a piece of peach-pic for you and two rusks, and a bowl of milk."

"But what will your mother say, Alice." rolled up above her elbow, and tying on She's gone to Mrs. Badger's and she thinks I'm in bed, but I got up and dressed myself. I couldn't sleep, Julius, thinking how hungry you must be."
And she nestled down close at the bound

boy's side, as he eagerly devoured the supper, which she brought him. "I was hungry, Alice," said Julius, as he took a long draught of milk, "and you're a good little thing, I'll do as much

for-you-some-day." Alice laughed. "I_don't_get_into_scrapes_like_you_do,_

Julius.' "That's no sign you never will." Mrs. Parley, secretly relenting in the depths of her motherly heart, gave Julius the brownest cakes, and the juciest bit of meat for breakfast the next morning. "He'll behave himself now, I guess," she thought; but in this she was mistak-

Julius did up his chores in the shortest possible period of time, that afternoon when Mrs. Parley had betaken herself to the Sewing Circle with little Alice, and the farmer had gone to the neighboring village, and applied himself with more zeal than discretion to the further prosecution of the experiment that had ended so disastrously for the preserving can.
"The tea-kettle isn't of glass," thought Julius, "and I know I can make that

Vain unction to lay to his soul; for just as that experiment, whatever it happened to be, reached the culminating point, up flew the tea-kettle from the stove, tortured by much caloric, and bang went the iron lid, right into the dresser cupboard, that held Mrs. Parley's best set of china. Julius stood staring aghast at the ruins. All house keepers have their domestic idols and this new 'iron stone' set was Mrs. Parley's. The tea-pot lay noisless and demolished before his eyes, three cups were broken, and the handle was dashed off from the cream pitcher, while the knob was chipped neatly off the cover of the sugar

Julius only paused for one glance at the general ruin, then, he turned and fled inrloriously from this Waterloo of his sc entific efforts.

And the next day all Bickerton knew that Farmer Parley's bound boy had run away, after first demolishing all of Mrs. Parlev's china, out of sheer revenge, because she had boxed his ears the day be-

"I always knew that boy wouldn't come to no good," said Deacon Jones. "There was a vicious look in his eyes. croaked Miss Lavina Denham," "and I only wonder he didn't set fire to the house,

or barn you all in your beds." But little Alice cried bitterly and treasared more tenderly than ever a goggle eyed doll, with arms out of all proportion, and teet several degrees larger than her head, which was the last wooden exploit Julius had presented to her.

"I'll never have another bound boy," asserted Mrs. Parley."

* * * * "Well, well," sighed the farmer, "how time does slip away from us, to be sure! Alice is nineteen to-day, and it don't seem birthday. She's been three months in the city now, wife."

come bome alone neither."

"Eh," the farmer opened wide his blue eyes; "you don't s'pose she's engaged to

that Mr. Clinton?" conscious smile. "I've suspicioned it this long while, and Mrs. Carter writes that it'll be a splendid match, and half the young ladies in Boston are envying our big house in Boston?"

Mr. Parley stared steadfastly at the

"Who is he, any way?" he asked in a troubled voice. "She's all the child we've got wife." "We can't give her to a man without knowin' who, and what he is."

chard, and thought of the wooden toys "You needn't worry," said his wife, with his ingenius jack knife furnished the most the superior calmness of one who is post-"He's a steady-goin' as you be your-"I suppose I am a trial," sighed Julius; self-at least, so Mrs. Carter writes-and but she needn't have torn all my machin- he's an inventer whatever that may be.ery down; and then to box my ears, too. Any way, he made a great fortune out of It was rather a derogatory process to a patent he's sold to the government. Alice won't have to work all her days as hard as I have done, and that's one comfort."

And when Alice's shy letter, which implied far more than it told, intimated that she was coming home under Mr. Clinton's escort, the old farm house was duly swept and garnished for the reception of the honored guest. Mrs. Parley put on her best butternut suit, which seemed to him as correous as it had been on the day he had bought it, twenty good years ago.

"I wonder which train they will come fettered with its subtle malignity. turkcy spoiled."

But such a catastrophe was happily averted for the travelers arrived just as the stormy twilight made the glow of the great wood fire doubly grateful.

There was the crunch of wheels without, the opening of the door, and then Alice was in her mother's arms. In the background a tall figure stood stately and dignified and self-contained

Alice introduced Mr. Clinton.

"You must like him very much, father for my sake," she said, "because I have promised to be his wife." When the hospitable meal was over and Mrs. Parley came in from the kitchen, pulling down the sleeves that had been

"Mother," she said with her face all smiles and dimples, "Mr. Clinton has brought you down a present."

"A present!" cried Mrs. Parley. "And father must get a hammer and screw driver and open it very carefully, for it's china."

"China?" -"Yes,-real-china, imported-from Canton, so transparent that you can look through it in the colors of life. Oh, it is

so beautiful?" "She stood by, gleefully clapping her hands as the treasures were unpacked and enjoying her mother's delight as the beautiful fragile things by one made their appearance from countless wrappings of sil-

ver paper. "How kind it is of you, Mr. Clinton! said Mrs. Parley, looking up with beaming eyes. I always set store by china."
"Not kind at all," said the young man quietly, "it is simply the settlement of a

very old debt."

"A debt," repeated the farmer's wife with puzzled eyes. "I don't think I fairly understand you, Mr. Clinton."

He smiled. "It is to replace the set

which I broke, trying experiments, twelve years ago.'' -Mrs. Parley stared, beginning to have uncomfortable doubts as to the entire san-

ity of her daughter's lover. And then, as he smiled again, a sudden light broke in upon her brain. "It ain't never"—she began, and then topped short.

"Yes, it is mother!" cried Alice radiantly. "It's Julius—our Junus.
"Whose cars you have boxed deserved—" laughed the young y so many times," laughed the young

"And he has made his fortune, mother and he is a great man now; and I always knew it would be so," went on Alice, flushed and excited. "And it all came from the experiments he was always try-

ing."
"Weli I never!" cried Mrs. Parley; ture, she has a right to demand their owhile the farmer rubbed his spectacles, penly-expressed admiration. and laughed a low chuckingly laugh, which expressed his perfect contentment to make herself very agreeable to them. better than all the adjectives in Webster's

Dictionary could have done. And the chill December moon shining through the far off window, beyond the orbit of the fire, beamed upon no happier honsehold in all the land, than gathered that night round Farmer Parley's hearth-

Does it PAY ?-A great many business men don't t advertise, because they think it "don't pay." John V. Farewell says, "Without advertising, I should be a poor man to-day." A. T. Stewart says,

And now 'He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.' Robert Bonner said, "My success is owing to my liberality in advertising." Amos Lawrence said, "Advertising has furnished me with a competence." Stephen Girard said, "Constant and persistent adver tising is the sure road to wealth." Nicholas Longsworth said, "I advertised my productions, and made money." Here is the evidence of the most successful busiright she should be away from us on her ness men in America, of the present and the past. It is a well-known fact that Barnum can make a fortune every three "Yes," said Mrs. Parley, nodding her years by the judicious use of printers' ink. head eagerly, "and I don't believe she'll There are merchants in almost every city who could increase their sales one hundred per cent. by expending a comparatively small amount in advertising. don't think he amounts to much-he don't "You men are so slow to put two and advertise"—is a very common remark atwo together," said Mrs. Parley, with a mong farmers, mechanics, and the laboring men in all classes. It is a well-known fact that in all communities men who do the largest amount of business are those who advertise there wares. True, men little girl. Only think! won't it be nice may advertise foolishly and fail to receive to have our Alice a rich lady, livin' in a returns, but judicious advertising brings a rich return for every dollar invested.

HINTS ON POLITENESS.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you shall do so or not, by at least a look of recognition. "Excuse my gloves" is an unnecessary

apology, for the gloves should not be withlrawn to shake hands. When your companion bows to a lady you should do so also. When a gentle-

men bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return. A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his object is beneath your notice.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended. Whispering is always offensive, and often for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subject of it.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapons, it is always is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab, and been

The mountain is apt to over shadow the hill, but the hill is n reallity.

For the Village Record. THE HONEYMOON.

BY JOHN H. BARNES, JR. A willing bride he led her From home and friends away, For blithely he had wed her. Upon that bright May day

The world seemed bright before them A happy, golden day, And love's bright sun shone o'er them, And night seemed far away.

But hearts that feel the lightest, And loves that are most warm, Like sunshine, the brightest, Before the coming storm.

And flowers that are the fairest. Are soonest to decay. And clouds of tints the rarest, The soonest float away,

Ere autumn turned to winter. Or summer chilled to fall, Death whispered—the bride listened-And answered at his call.

The cypress crowned the myrtle, The brightness turned to gloom, The hopes so sweet in budding, Were destined ne'er to bloom.

The hopes, the dreams elysian, The love, the joy, the trust, Had faded like a vision, In bitterness and dust. Pritsburg, March, 1873.

Coquetry.

Young girls who rejoice in a fair share of beauty very often do what they can to secure for themselves the name of being oquette. They like the title.

They like to feel that they have the power to bring stubborn men to their feet. And, indeed, the commencement of a coquette's career is suspicious enough. In a limited way she is a very queen-

sovereign—often a tyrant. This is the bright side of the picture. So the coquette plunges into the amusement of a flirting with infinite zest, and does as much damage in a short time as

But as she grows older, her triumphs become fewer and her disappointments

Her power of attraction grows less, unconsciously she acquires an overbearing demeasor, the natural result of her many She gets the notion into her head that

men are bound to admire and pay their

homage to her; that, as a superior crea-

and snubs and ridicules them most unmercifully. Strange as it may (and does) appear to the coquette, they do not like this sort of thing, and are not attracted thereby.

than court her society. She becomes, too, as fitful and changable as an April day; one moment she will them. The true secret is to pay your be gushingly sentimental and confidential, men liberally, promptly, and regularly, and the next cold and distant, and biting-

And now comes the dark side of the picture. Her reputation gets impaired; for at last the truth leaks out that she is a co-

People decline to place themselves within reach of her baleful influence, for they shrink back from the probability of being

Her voice is to them as the voice of the syren, and her eyes as the will-o'-the-wisp, luring poor mortals on to a miserable fate. And so, if she is not altogether avoided, her society is courted only by those who mean just as little, and are as heartless as she is, who are proof against all her assaults and who have no objection to carry a flirtation to its most extreme limits, and end the matter there.

They have no respect for her. She cannot deceive them by her arts and studied grace.

Even the delights of a true friendship are denied her; she is deserted upon the first opportunity; for in dealing with her men have few qualms of conscience. She is only getting paid back in her own

The end of the matter is that she, too, frequently becomes really crossed in love; the man upon whom she has set her heart ignores her as a heartless coqutte, nor can all devices bring him to her side. Then she is miserable, and finds what

mistrke she has made. But her humiliation is not complete. As years roll on, admirers of any sort grow scarcer and scarcer, until there are none left.

She becomes soured in disposition, and ultimately develops into a waspish old maid, or contracts a loveless marriage. Girls you who are beginning your career, and already boast of your conquests, look on the dark side of the picture ere

Vanity has slain its thousands—hearts and souls. Lef not yours be added to the list.

it is too late.

People who are continually medling with other peoples business, will always be found incompetent to attend to their

"I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Sparks to his a crime or a blunder, or somtimes both, wife. "Health?" was the quick retort, "why I have had the plague ever since I was married."

Send For Mother.

"Dear me! it wasnt enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I'm old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother?" -And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, not withstanding. After a hatchet. you have trotted her off and got her safely in your home, and she flies around administering rebukes and remedies by turns, you feel easier. It's right now or soon

will be-mother's come. In sickness, no matter who is there or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you the million.

In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspects. The verdant young to her. maces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleeps which it accomplishes with its eyes half open and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shrick out "send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they havebeen ridiculous, and given mother a good

many "trots" for nothing.

Did any one ever send for mother and she fail to come, unless sickness or the infirmities of age preventes her? As when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do and able. And when the summons comes which none yet disregarded, though it will be a happy day for her, it will be a very dark and sad one for you, when God too will send for mother.

Every-Day Duties.

There are a great many kinds of charity, and many people have many ways of displaying it. Practical people do not consider it charity to give a penny to the street mendicant, of whom nothing is known, and haggle with a poor man, out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a poor seamstress to starvation prices; let her sit in her wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relative into your "Yes," said he. family and make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her beyond the barn you will find a lane. dependent situation. It is not charity to Take that lane and follow along about a turn a poor man who is out of work into mile and a half. Then you will come to the street, with his family, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to exact the utmost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as the hill, and there the roads prevaricate; and you take the left hard read until rent with a supercilious air and patronage, as the hill, and there the roads prevaricate; if God had made you the rich man of and you take the left hand road until you different blood from the shivering recipi- | get into a big plum thicket and when you And so she does not take the trouble ent, whose only crime is that he is poor. get there, why, then—then—then— It is not charity, though you bestow She assumes a half defiant attitude, your alms by thousands, if you bestow it grudgingly and reluctantly. It is far from charity for an employer to be constantly goading and carping at an employee—it not only impairs his efficiency but renders him sour and discontented.-The consequence is, they rather avoid Men who hire workmen should try to encourage them and they in return will labor far more cheerfully and earnestly for and in this true charity you will find yourself surrounded by people who are true and devoted friends.

hours in the busiest lives, but they make after they had done that, they went back up the whole sum of the lives of many .- | and drawed the cellar." The stranger Many live without accomplishing any gave in. good; squander away their time in petty. triffling things, as if the only object in life were to kill time, as if the earth were not will never be over successful. Too much place for probation, but our abiding res- polish is decidedly inimical to great sucdence. We do not value time as we should cess. A man has need of civility, good but let many golden hours pass by unim- address, and courtesy, but he needs very proved. We loiter during the day time much more than these qualifications if he of life, and ere we know it, the night draws desires to attain very extraordinary results. near "when no man can work." Oh, hours He requires indomitable energy, boundless misspent and wasted! How we wish we enthusiasm, and unconquarable zeal to could live them over again. God will re- carry him over every difficulty, and never quire from us an account of the manner allow him to rest until he accomplishes in which we spent our years, and he will the object he resolves upon. It has genjudge us so differently from our own judg- erally been that most successful are the ment. The years that we spent in promo- men who have but one business and one ting our selfish motives, ignoring our soul's idea, who allow no other occupation to ensalvation, these all in his sight will be gross their thoughts, but who determine in wasted. Let us be prudent then in the this one field to do or die. When men employment of our time that when the take up any calling in this spirit, it is Great Judge investigates the works of each next to impossible that they shall not be one, he will not say that we have lived successful. wholly in vain.

DISCOUNT ON DULLNESS.—The New York Observer, being a religious paper, if noticed, still unappreciated. Every may be appropriately heard on the ques-

The activities of the age, the diffusion of perfume. The morrow scems all the brighknowledge by schools, books, periodicals, ter for the rude storm that has played athe spirit of inquiry, the spread of infidel- bout us to-day. Every dew drop is heavy ity, the prevalence of doubt, the subtlety with its sparkling gems. There is joy and of false science, demand live, strong earn- beau y all around us if we can trace it est, capable men to preach the Gospel. It | midst familiar things, and not neglect the will not answer to educate dullness or opportunity of basking in the sunshine of mediocrity. It was forbidden that a son life when there is not a cloud to hide from of Aaron should be a priest if he had any us its enjoyment. blemish. Even a flat nose excluded him. And the age wants no halfbaked minister.
The West will not hear them. The East cannot beat them. The heathen know too much to take them. They are not wanted | Divorce is not a much more clauserate afon this earth. To get money to educate fair. The husband who is dissatisfied with dull boys because they are pious is robbing his wife gives her a paper on which a few

offended without cause

Wit and Anmor.

A Western paper speaks of a duel be-tween two "jackassperate individuals."

A genius has discovered how to cut wood without using an axe or a saw. He uses

There is a man keeps a list of all banks in the country, so at to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

A Popular parlor magazine—a big kerosene lamp. They furnish reading for

A young woman in Wisconsin recently poured a potfull of glue over her lover, because he didn't seem disposed to stick

A schoolmaster on being asked what was meant by the word fortification, answered:

"Two twentifications makes a fortification."

The editor of a Western paper lately went up in a balloon, in pursuit of some of his delinquent subscribers. A contemporary suggested that he had took the wrong road, as such chaps always go in the other direction.

. A certain political speaker closed an address in behalf of his party with the following florid peroration: "Build a worm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather: skim the clouds from the will continue to do as long as they are sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-sluice an earthquake; lasso an avalanch; pin a dipper on the crater of an active volcano; hive all the stars in a nail keg; hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; unbuckle the belly-band of eternity, and paste 'To let' on the sun and moon but never sir—never for a moment, sir, delude yourself with the idea that any ticket or party can beat our candidates."

EXPLICIT DIRECTION.—"Cau you tell me the road to Greenville?" asked a Yankee traveler of a boy whom he met on the road.

"Yes sir," said the boy, "do you see our "Go to that. About three hundred yards

"What, then? "Then, Stranger, I'll be hauged if you

ain't lost.'' An old joker who was never known to rield the palm to any antagonist in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps, at hearing a traveler state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runuers and drawn up a hill to a more favorable location some half mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ethiel?" said the bystanders, "O, fudge!" said the old man, "I once saw a two-story house down east drawn by oxen three miles." A dead silence ensued, the old man evidently had WASTED HOURS .- Oh, how many of the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gaththese upon the record of our past! How ering all his energies, he bit off a huge many hours wasted, worse than wasted, in frivolous conversation, useless employment; hours of which we can give no achieve," said the old man, ejecting a quantum of the said count, and in which we benefitted neither | tity of tobacco juice towards the fire place, ourselves or others. There are no such "but that warn't the worst of the job, for

He who is too much of the gentleman

There are thousands of gems along the wayside of lite, all entirely unnoticed, or passing cloud, however tiny, seems to have tion treated below. It says:

"The time has gone by for dull preachers.

"The time has gone by for dull preachers.

"The time has gone by for dull preachers.

"The market same and shadow. Every comes to us laden with a sweet." its errand of sunshine and shadow. Every

God and a fraud upon the Church. It is a characters are traced. Being translated, they are about as follows: "I no like you. I think you like other man more better. How irreconcilable is the man who is I give you piece a paper. Uou can go. Goodeeby.