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Y. W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



LIFE LEAVES.

The day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden
gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid
hours,
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream,
That winds along with lulling flow;
And either awake or half in a dream,
I pass the realms of Long Ago;
While faces peer with many a smile
From the bowers of Memory's magical
isle.

There are aches and memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the restless main—
And the sea breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions
wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the
child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling
man;

But short the regrets, and few are the tears,
That fall on the tombs of vanished years.
There's a quiet and a peace, and domestic
love,
And joys arising from faith and truth;
And a love unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreamings of the ardent
youth;

And kisses of children on lip and cheek,
And parents' bliss which no tongue can
speak.

There are loved ones lost. There are little
graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting
trees,
Where the streamlet winds and the violet
waves,
And the grasses sway in the sighing
breeze;

And we mourn for the pressure of tender
lips,
And light of eyes darkened in death's ec-
lipse.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight dies,
And the night's first look to the earth is
cast,
I gaze 'neath those beautiful summer skies,
At the pictures that hang on the wall of
the past;

Oh, Sorrow and Joy, chant a mingled lay,
When to Memory's wildwood we wander a-
way!

Miscellaneous Reading.

JOHN'S WIFE.

Miss Barbara Snyder sat in her straight
backed chair before the fire, her head
drooping, her eyes closed—in tell the truth,
although she would have indignantly de-
nied it, Miss Barbara Snyder was asleep.
Her maid, a hard featured, middle aged
woman, who was moving about the room
putting it in order, as she did fifty times
a day, at her mistress's command, watch-
ed her furtively to see that she did not
fall in the fire.

"Jane," said Miss Barbara, suddenly
waking and sitting bolt upright with un-
blinking eyes, "if he comes—and I am
sure he will—don't let him in."
"No ma'am," answered Jane submis-
sively.

"Tell him he has seen me the last time,
the hypocrite! to pretend always to be so
fond of me, and then to go and marry an
empty headed doll-baby! Be sure and
send him away, Jane."
"Yes, ma'am."

A sudden commotion in the lower hall
interrupted them; a few bars of popular
air, whistled in a masterly manner, a rapid
clatter of boot heels on the stairs, and
then a young gentleman, who might have
sat as a model for a modern Hercules,
rushed in, and falling over an ottoman,
upsetting a chair, and making confusion
worse confounded in the quiet room, dashed
at Miss Barbara and took her by the
arm.

"Congratulations!" he cried, after im-
printing half a dozen kisses on her with-
ered cheek. "Aunt Barbara, she is the
dearest—"
"You may go, Jane," Miss Barbara
had recovered from the shock a little, and
as Jane had retired, she folded her mit-
tened hands tightly together, and turned
up her eyes.

"Nephew John,"
There was a comical expression of de-
spair on the young fellow's face at this
unpropitious beginning, but he said no-
thing.

"Nephew John, I am disappointed in
you! I am not angry, but I'm deeply
grieved—"
"Why, Aunt Barby?" The blue eyes
of her listener opened wide, but she si-
lenced him with a stately gesture.

"Please be quiet—I wish to speak. I
have done my duty to you, John (there
was a little tremble in her voice as she
said this, but she went on grimly) and
now you are just coming to manhood
(John was twenty-six) and I had just be-
gun to trust in you a little, and now you
desert me for a doll-baby!"

"She is not a doll-baby!" said the young
husband, indignantly. "If you only
knew her you would love her dearly."
"Nonsense!" the black eyes snapped
decidedly. "All girls are fools now-a-
days; but no matter, you have chosen be-
tween us. My will is made, and I will
not change it, but you will never be a-
gain to me what you were before."
There was real distress in John Bar-
ton's heart as he rose and stood before
her.

"If you only let me bring her here to
you," he pleaded; "I am sorry you are so
displeased. Aunt Barby, don't let this
part us."
"You have chosen." The Sphinx could
not have looked more unmoved.
"I ordered them not to admit you—you
need not come again."

"If you will only hear me—"
"But I won't! good afternoon." So
John Barton left her, with her face turn-
ed away from him and her hands still
clasped before her.

Miss Barbara Snyder was proud. Miss
Barbara Snyder was wealthy. Miss Bar-
bara Snyder was fond of having her own
way. But she was still a woman, and in
her heart of hearts she loved John Bar-
ton, her handsome nephew, dearly. His
mother, her only sister, had died when he
was a little child, and his father dying
soon after, Miss Barbara had, in a fash-
ion, adopted him. She indulged him from
the day of his entrance into her house;
she had watched over him and made him
her one object in life. He had been the
gleam of sunshine in her life, and to his
honor be it said, he had never been un-
worthy of the love and confidence which
she gave him.

"Aunt Barbara" was to
him the only person in the world, and al-
though people marveled at the affection
of the bright faced young man for his grim
old aunt, it was genuine and true. He
had gone through college in a thorough-
ly satisfactory manner, and afterwards
had settled down into as steady and trust-
worthy a young business man as there
was in the city, and for three years had
behaved entirely according to his aunt's
wish in every respect.

One day, however, the peace and tran-
quility of Miss Barbara's household were
broken by a rumor which came to her
ears. John, her John, was paying atten-
tion to somebody! She was at first in-
credulous, but as the days went by she
was forced to believe it; for one night
John, sitting at her feet, his yellow hair
shining in the fire-light, told her with
much confusion and embarrassment that
"he was going to be married."

Miss Barbara was a good woman, but
she was very whimsical, and a little sel-
fish, and above all, very jealous of her
own dignity, and the knowledge that John
had asserted his own independence, and
actually planned out his future without
consulting her beforehand, was a hard
thing for her to bear. She was not pa-
tient nor forgiving, and the result of
John's confidence was a very unpleasant
scene. She who had never spoken harshly
to him before, overwhelmed him with
hard, bitter words, and then, when he
was gone, wept herself to sleep over his
"ingratitude," as she chose to call it.

When at last he was really married,
her anger knew no bounds, and his first
visit after that event, ended as we have
seen.

The days passed slowly after John,
with his bright face and ringing voice,
was banished, and Miss Barbara at this
time felt regretting her harshness, etc.,
was often tempted to send for him again;
but her obstinacy, or pride, as she called
it, prevented her, and so she fretted and
worried until Jane was almost driven to
distraction by irritability and unreason-
ableness. She was so cross, so hard to
please, and so "awfully savage," as John
would have said, that Jane became at last
worn out, and one day, when her duties
were unusually hard, she surprised her mis-
tress by packing up her movable prop-
erty and departing from the house. Then
Miss Barbara was wretched. For three
days she sat in solitary state, and then
sending for her lawyer, directed him to
insert an advertisement in the leading pa-
pers to the effect that she wanted a "young,
neat and a lady-like person for a compan-
ion."

"No more old woman for me," she said
savagely, in response to her lawyer's look
of surprise, "after the behavior of Jane,
who has been with me for thirty-nine
years," and then authorizing him to ex-
amine each applicant, she sent him away
and waited.

Two days afterwards the lawyer return-
ed, accompanied by a tall slender young
woman, who had come to see if she (Miss
Barbara) would engage her.

Miss Barbara's black eyes looked keenly
at her for a moment, and after inquir-
ing sharply into her antecedents, referenc-
es and the like, Miss Alice Worthington
(as the lawyer called her) was duly in-
stalled in the office of "companion," and
a most delightful companion she proved to
be.

Miss Barbara was at first disposed to
be a bit critical and captious; but the
young girl was so anxious to please, so
sweet tempered and amiable, so quiet and
self-forgetful, that Miss Barbara's sever-
ity melted away by degrees, and at last
she began to love her attendant and to
try in various little ways to make her con-
tented and cheerful in her new home.

"Alice," said she, one day, as the young
girl sat opposite her before the fire, "how
old are you?"
"Not quite nineteen," and yet so quiet
and dignified and womanly. It was al-
most incredible. Miss Barbara looked
at her again, and with a new approbation
in her face, saw how pure and sweet the
fair face looked, with the sky-blue eyes
half hidden by the white lids; she saw
how smoothly and plainly the brown hair
was fastened back, how neat and trim the

dark dress, how snowy were the cuffs and
the narrow collar, and her heart was filled
with wonder. "A girl in the nineteenth
century without a ruffe, a puff, a crimp,
an overskirt, a rash, or a suspicion of a
panier about her! Truly, wonders would
never cease. As she gazed on this *vera*
avis her heart was filled with pity for poor
John, who had thrown himself away.

"She's just the wife for him," she tho't;
"if he had only waited a little he would
have liked her, I am sure." And then
she dismissed the thought with a sigh, and
turned to Alice for consolation.

As the days went by, Miss Barbara's
heart began to yearn for her nephew—
"If I loved Alice dearly, but even she did
not take the place of the absent one. His
handsome face haunted her day and night,
and often, as she heard a sudden noise
in the hall or at the door, she would look
up eagerly, half expecting to see him, as
she used to.

"I am getting old," she said to herself.
"Perhaps I was a little hard with him—
my boy. 'I'll ask Alice.'"
And so one night she called Alice to
her, and as she sat at her feet in the fire-
light, as John had often, she told her all
about, and how she longed to see him a-
gain.

"I'm getting old, Alice," she said. "I
may soon die, and I want to see my boy.
Perhaps I was wrong about his wife. It
would do me know harm to see them
once, Alice."
And Alice answered gently that per-
haps it would be better for them all to do
so; but she avoided her kind friend's
eyes, and there was a scarlet flush on her
face that was unusual.

The next day Alice, under Miss Barba-
ra's directions, wrote a little note to John
Barton.

"Tell him to come soon," she said; and
as Alice wrote this Miss Barbara sat and
thought intently for a time, her face rest-
ing on her hands. "Tell him," she said
again, "tell him he may bring his wife if
he likes—I can at least see her to please
him." And so the note was written and
the messenger dispatched.

After this decisive step was taken Miss
Barbara was in a flutter of nervousness
all the time. She donned her richest
dress, her most costly cap, and then sat
expectant, until she heard John's step on
the stairs, and John himself came in as of
old. Of course there was a few minutes
during which they both talked at once;
and then, when the first excitement was
over, Miss Barbara suddenly grew grave.

"Where's your wife," she asked in her
old grim way.
John rose and rang the bell. "She's
down stairs. I told her to stay till I sent
for her." And then as the servant made
his appearance, "Show my wife up."

Miss Barbara waited quietly.
"You will love her a little for my sake?"
pleaded John, as a light footstep was
heard at the door, and then, greatly to
Miss Barbara's surprise, Alice Worthing-
ton came in the room.

"My nephew, Mr. Barton, Miss Worth-
ington," she said, then turning to Alice:
"I am engaged now, and you may be ex-
cused."

To her surprise John coolly put his
arm around the waist of his new acquain-
tance and led her across the room. "Alice
Worthington Barton, Aunt Barbara,"
he said; and then, with the old mischief
in his eyes, "Love her a little for my
sake, please."

There are children's voices in the great
house now, and Jane, who was in the plot
and is now back in her old place, and
Miss Barbara pet them almost to death,
while John, the rogue, teases his aunt
laughingly about the "doll-baby" to which
she considered him sacrificed. But if there
is any person who Miss Barbara loves as
dearly as "her boy," 'tis the sweet-faced,
gentle girl whom they married. To her
mind all feminine graces and virtues
are possessed by "John's wife."

TO A COLD-FOOTED LADY.—Madam,
says Dio Lewis, allow me to prescribe for
you. I have had a long experience in
the management of delicate women, and
believe I can give you some important
advice. For the present I prescribe only
for your feet.

1st. Procure a quantity of woolen stock-
ings—not such as you buy at the stores
under the name of lamb's wool, that you
can read a newspaper through, but the
kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the coun-
try knits for you, thick as a board, that
will keep your feet dry and warm in spite
of wind and weather.

2d. If you want to be really thorough,
change them every morning, hanging the
fresh ones by the fire during the night.

3d. Procure thick calf-skin boots, dou-
ble uppers and triple soles, and wear them
from the first of October till the first of
May. Make frequent applications of oil
blackening.

4th. Avoid rubbers altogether, except
a pair of large rubber boots, which may
be worn for a little time through snow-
drifts or a flood of water.

5th. Hold the bottoms of your feet in
cold water half an inch deep, just before
going to bed, two or three minutes, and
then rub them hard with rough towels
and your naked hands.

6th. Now, madam, go out freely in all
weathers, and, believe me, not only will
your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as
a consequence of the good circulation in
the lower extremities, your head will be
relieved of all its fulness and your heart
of its palpitations. Your complexion will
be greatly improved and your health made
better in every respect.

Spanish proverb:—"He who has nothing
to do, let him buy a ship or marry a
wife." "From many children and little
bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is
never a great one unless he knows Latin.

THE AGED.
Oh, pass ye by the aged
With gentle step and slow;
They have the burden of years to bear,
And the tide of their life is low,
Speak kindly as ye greet them,
For their world is dim and cold,
And a beaming look from a youthful heart
Is the sunlight of the old.

And commune with the aged;
Ask them of days gone by;
You know not what a store they have
Of hoarded memory;
Of hopes, that like the rainbow shone,
Only to fade in tears;
And love and sorrow, change and death,
Bind their long scroll of years.

And learn ye from the aged
How with a tranquil eye
They look back on Life's stormy sea
And all its vanity;
The hope deferred, the dark despair,
The daily toil and strife,
They are buried all in the waves of time;
Of the aged ask of life!

And pray ye for the aged;
With tottering steps they stand
Upon the very borders
Of the Everlasting Land.
Ask for their strength in weakness,
And Faith's supporting rod,
And through Death's cold dark water
The strong right arm of God.

A Pathetic Frontier Incident.
Mr. John W. Van Brocklin, of Twin
Bridges, a short distance away from Vir-
ginia City, Nev., was helping to build a
church at Sheridan, and was away from
home with his wagon and team from Mon-
day morning till Saturday night. He
had been several weeks so occupied. He
was, therefore, absent from his wife and
two little children, the eldest five years
old, all week, except Saturday nights and
Sundays. Mrs. Van Brocklin and the
children enjoyed good health, and the
husband and father had no fear for the safety
of the birds in the home-nest. There were
near neighbors, too. On Saturday even-
ing the two children used to toddle a good
distance along the road by which their
father came, to meet him and get a ride
home in the wagon.

On a late Saturday Mr. Van Brocklin
was returning home as usual, and the two
little fellows had gone quite a distance to
meet him. He stopped to take them in
the wagon, and, as he lifted them up, he
asked, "how is mamma?" Two little voices
replied, "Oh, papa, mamma's dead."
He thought he did not hear correctly and
asked again, "Your mamma?" The lit-
tle voices chimed together, "Yes, papa,
mamma's dead in the bed." Van Brocklin
hurried his team home. He found his
wife indeed in bed insensible, and fast
sinking in death. She was there alone;
no neighbors were near. He called loudly
for help—the neighbors were alarmed,
a doctor was summoned, but before he
arrived the poor woman had passed away.

The doctor said her attack was of a
paralytic nature. This is the children's
story, gathered from them by odds and
ends. On Thursday evening, Mrs. Van
Brocklin called her children to her, and
told them she was sick, and to run and
call the nearest neighbor. Then she fell
down on the bed. She never said any-
thing more to them, and they at first
thought she was asleep. It was growing
dark and they were afraid to go for the
neighbor. They slept in their clothes,
and tried to awaken their mother in the
morning, but she would not rouse. They
ate what they could find cooked in the
house, and drove up the cows morning
and evening to be milked; but there was
nobody to milk them, and at the usual
time they turned them out into the pas-
ture again.

The neighbors seeing their children at
their usual daily tasks, supposed, of course
that it all was right with them at home,
and it so happened that none of them called.
The oldest began to be a little frightened,
and suggested to the other: "What if
mamma should be dead? She must be
dead or she would wake up," and so the
little boys came to the conclusion that
their mother had gone away from them,
and wondered what papa would say when
he heard of it. Their curiosity on this
point was excited, and, with their hearts
full of news, they started out to meet their
father coming home in his wagon. They
had been about forty-eight hours with
the shadow of death in the house, and were
not old enough to realize what it meant.

DROPPING OFF.—From youth to old
age, men see their friends and acquaint-
ances "dropping off" the stage—going
to their long homes, leaving a temporary
blank in their sphere, soon to be filled by
others. The healthy and robust antici-
pate long life; the delicate and effeminate
expect, by care, to preserve their lives;
the sickly resort to remedies to restore
health, and those who are old and feeble
hope to prolong their days. All look
forward and act as though "dying young"
at middle age, the exception.

Successing years makes inroads on
short-sighted calculations, and de-
spite of age, snatches his victims, re-
gardless of class or condition of health,
taking the most robust and healthy,
and those in apparently poor health,
and all should live in readiness for
departure, whether the call comes
sooner or later. The present is the best
prepare. Those who have studied the
uncertainties of life, and have pre-
pared themselves for a summons to appear
before the Supreme Ruler of the Universe,
qualified to attend to the duties and
responsibilities of life, are the best citizens and
most useful members of society.

What Money Cannot Do.
Many, many things can money do. It
can transform the wilderness, drain the
morass, cover the desert with blossoms,
rear up suddenly splendid dwellings,
where only hovels were before, fill them
with delicacies, fill them with flattering
friends. But though money can do al-
most all things, it cannot make young
trees old, nor old folks young. Here am
I surrounded with old, old elms, huge in
trunk, with vast branches, each large as
a tree, stretched out afar, to gain some
light and liberty, and yet all feeding by
the same root. One looks up into this vast
canopy as into the nave of a cathedral;
yet no cathedral was ever so beautiful.
What architect would dare stretch out
stone as these branches do? With their
immense weight, they lie upon the air as
seemingly light as a feather's spray. Run
your eye from their summit back to the
trunk. What immense leverage! Upon
these huge arms winds play and storms
have wrought. Out of these rude and
shapeless things storms have even evoked
music. All along the weather-oven spaces,
moss in green patches lies along the
rugged boughs, poor and weak in itself,
yet able, of its mere beauty, to add grace
to this giant tree. It is too high for sing-
ing birds, which love lower trees and
shrubs; but squirrels live here, having
homes in the holes left in the branches
where storms have broken off former com-
panion boughs.

Mighty as this tree is which throws its
protecting arms over the house, it was
once a riding whip, which when used for
an hour was stuck into the ground, took
root, and behold, here it is! I look envi-
ously upon this and its companion trees.
No money can build such as these. Na-
ture cannot be bribed to furnish them to
order. While waiting for them to die?
One should have ancestors. No matter
about what they put in their wills, if on-
ly they will plant enough trees, which,
when they come along, shall be old and
huge!

Young trees and young men are got up
too nicely—trim and snug. Only when
a tree opens its top, and lets the sunlight
clear into its very centre, does it begin to
be noble. Old trees! Unlike old men,
they have no infirmities. Their strength
does not depart, and their glory abides!
Happy are they who frolic under them
in childhood, and who sit in old age
calmly beneath their shadow. We give
out something of our life to the things
which surround us. And trees, water-
brooks, beetling rocks and dwellings reg-
ister our thoughts of sorrow, or our great
joys; and, in after years, we recall much
of our inward experience from the voice-
less teachings of inanimate things.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

I'm too Busy.
A merchant sat at his desk. Various
letters were spread before him. His whole
mind was absorbed in the intricacies of
his business.
A zealous friend of religion entered the
office. "I want to interest you a little in
the effort for the cause of Christ," said
the good man.

"Sit, you must excuse me," replied the
merchant, "I'm too busy to attend to that
subject just now."
"But, sir, iniquity is on the increase a-
mong us," said his friend.

"Is it?" I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at
present to do anything."
"When shall I call again, sir?"
"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm
busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish
you a good morning."

Then bowing the intruder out of the of-
fice, he resumed the study of his papers.
The merchant had frequently repulsed
the friend of humanity in this manner.
No matter what the object, he was always
too busy to listen to their claims. He even
told his minister that he was too busy for
anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stran-
ger stepped very softly to his side, laying
a cold, moist hand upon his brow, saying,
"Go home with me."
The merchant laid down his pen, he
felt dizzy, his stomach felt faint, he left
his counting room, went home and retired
to his bed chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed
him and took his place by the bed-side,
whispering, "You must go home with me."
A cold chill settled on the merchant's
heart, spectres of ships, notes, houses, and
lands flitted before his mind. Still his
pulse beat slower, his heart heavily, thick
fumes gathered over his eyes—his tongue
refused to speak.—Then the merchant
knew that the name of his strange and
important visitor was Death.

Humanity, mercy and religion had all
alike begged his influence, means and
attention in vain, but when death came
he was powerless—he was compelled to
have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves
too busy to secure life's great end. When
an excuse rises to our lips, and we are
about to say we are too busy to do good,
let us remember we cannot be too busy
to die.

RIGHT SIDE.—Look on the
right side. The right side will make
you feel better. The right side will make
you feel better. The right side will make
you feel better.

What Josh Has Seen.
I know of people who, when they do you
a favor, do it just as an old bull terrier
lets you pass in front of his master's door
—with a growl.
It is only the hilly eddicated, and the
very best bred people, that can be famil-
iar with each other, familiarity breeds
contempt, among the half breeds.
The wheel of Fortune is always on the
move, and we often lose to-morrow what
we win to-day.
I have always noticed that there is a
grate deal of good luck in industry, and a
grate deal of bad luck in laziness.
It is a rare treat to find a true friend as
it is a diamond that has no flaw, and isn't
oph cutter.

He who is every body's friend hasn't
got time to be any body's.
There is no true friendship among loaf-
ers and skulawags, there is only satima-
cys.
There is no man living now days that
can tell the world any thing new; the
very best that a modern writer can do is
to shine up old things.
Solomon, seven thousand years ago, af-
ter plundering from those who had writ-
ten before him, laments that there is
nothing new under the sun."

"When I hear a man say that 'he has
got friends' I know the conclusion
rite off that he don't deserve emny.
Don't try to make a friend out of a
weak man, it is like trying to carry wa-
ter in a sieve.
One reason why happiness is so scarce
is this world is because most people mis-
take pleasure for happiness.
True generosity consists in giving what
you can afford to those who deserve it.
My young friend, look out for them
men who shut up one eye, and talk to you
with other.
Happiness seems to consist in wanting
nothing.
Health will bring munny, but munny
won't health.

Do not Worry.
Do not worry. Be easy. Matters may
not be smooth; clouds may abound; trou-
bles may come; but be easy. Ease will
give rest and strength. Worry lessens
our fitness to bear. We all might do bet-
ter where we often do ill, in this respect.
Life is full of care, and we are called to
bear a part therein. How easy to attend
to one thing at a time. How often we
forget this, and brood over a heap of vexing
matters that may come. There is a strong
call upon man for trust in life. We must
believe that success will, in the ordinary
course of things, attend our efforts. It is
easy work to imagine brother John or fat-
her G. in going with hay to market, tum-
bling from the load and breaking their
limbs. But we think it easier to suppose
they have had ample success, and cheer-
fully await their return. The existence
we bear in life is strictly forbids us to har-
bor ill forebodings. "Be glad and joy-
ful" should be our motto. The Great
Ruler loves to see his children happy.—
There is not a shadow sent from any quar-
ter to fall on mortal beings, that may not
be so turned or passed aside as to reveal
some hidden blessing or treasure. Courage,
brother, in thy work. Hope ever—
High attempts are thine. Lessons of love
mingle with thy hardships. Fatality
will cheer before thee with her drawings
of cheer. Guide in the path of progress.
Dismay should be left behind.—*Morning
Star.*

OUT AT NIGHT.—Fathers and mothers,
look out for your boys when the shadows
of evening have gathered around you!
Where are they then? Are they at home,
at the pleasant social fireside, or are they
running the streets? Are they gaining a
street education? If so, take care; the
chances of their ruin are many. There
is scarcely anything so destructive to
their morals as running abroad at night.
Under cover of darkness, they learn to
be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious;
they catch up loose talk, they hear sin-
ful thoughts, and they see obscene things,
and they become reckless and riotous.
If you would save them from ruin, see to
it that night finds them at home. More
than one young man has told the chaplain
of the State prison that here was the
beginning of his downward course, that
finally brought him to the felon's cell.
Let parents solemnly ponder this matter,
and do all they can to make home attrac-
tive to all the children, so attractive that
the boys will prefer it to roaming in the
streets. There is no place like home, in
more senses than one—certainly no place
like home for boys in the evening.

LOAFING.—We quote the following
from an exchange, and we recommend it
to all our readers:
"Young man, pay attention. Don't
be a loafer; don't keep a loafer's compan-
y; don't hang about loafing places. Get
your work to do to sit around day after
day, or stand about corners with your hands
in your pockets—better for your own health
and prospects. Bustle about if you have
anything to bustle about for. Many a
poor physician has obtained a real patient
by riding after an imaginary one. A quire
of bank paper tied with a red tape, car-
ried under a lawyer's arm, may procure
his first case and make his fortune.
The word—'to him that hath shall
be given.' Quit dreaming and complain-
ing of busy and mind your chances."
The above advice and then all
well. Idleness is the mother
of all evil.

PROMISING YOUNG STUDENT of nature
New Orleans amuses himself with
a rat, which, from his place of con-
cealment, he draws across the sidewalk
as people are passing. Women shriek
when they see the rat, and men violently
kick it with sticks and umbrellas.

Wit and Humor.
"Don't get above your business!" as
the lady said to the shoemaker who was
measuring her ankle in order to ascertain
the size of her foot.
Siam is an ungallant country. There
the first wife may be divorced, and after
that every wife may be sold for cash or
for a yellow dog.
If we thoroughly examine, we shall
find that pride, policy, and power are
three principal ingredients in all the dis-
turbance of churches.
If your errand boy takes an unusually
long time to bring your mail from the
postoffice, don't reprove him for being slow
until you find out how many postal cards
he has had to read.

A keg of birch beer exploded on a Jer-
sey City fruit stand, recently, doing dam-
age to the amount of fifty dollars. We
have known the wonderful power of birch
from the time we were a boy, when a very
small piece would often make us explode.

"Doctor wants to know if you will
please pay this bill now?"
Old gentlemen look over the items
and replies:
"Tel Doctor I will pay him for his
medicines and return his visits."

"Mary, my dear," said a doting hus-
band to the lady that owned him, "if I
turn Mormon and marry another help-
mate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your
own dear sake!" "Be content with one
Mary, my duck," said the loving wife;
"in my opinion, another would be merely
a super-new-Mary."

The "India-rubber bustle" is again
heard from. This time it was Brooklyn
young lady, who was thrown from her
carriage coming down