

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME 26.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1873.

NUMBER 26.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10
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each subsequent insertion, Three
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
ore. June 29—4f.

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office in his residence, on West Main
street, Waynesboro', April 24—4f.

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite
the Bowden House. Nov 2—4f.

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.)
OFFERS his professional services to the
citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.
Dr. STRICKLER has distinguished an exten-
sive practice at Mercersburg, where he has
been prominently engaged for a number of
years in the practice of his profession.
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro',
at the residence of George Bowers, 118
Father-in-law, where he can be found at all
times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871—4f.

J. H. FORNEY & CO.
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of
Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments.
May 29—4f

HORSE RAKES.
PERSONS wanting Spring-tooth Horse
Rakes can be supplied with the first-class
article by calling on the subscriber. He
continues to repair all kinds of machinery
at short notice and upon reasonable terms.
The Metallic Excelsior Post Boring and
Wood Sawing Machines also on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Feb 27—4f

MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. C. L. HOLLINGERBERGER now loca-
ted at 37 Pearl Street, Baltimore, Md.,
has opened a new branch of the best and
most fashionable Millinery Goods. Orders
from the country promptly filled at prices
which will give entire satisfaction.
Oct 30—4f

J. H. WELSH
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 531 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3—4f

BARBERING! BARBERING!
THE subscriber having recently re-paint-
ed and papered and added new appurte-
nances to his shop, and is now amply pre-
pared to accommodate the traveling public
and others who may be pleased to favor
him with their patronage. Shaving,
Schaumponing, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly
attended to. A long experience in the bar-
bering business enables him to promise sat-
isfaction in all cases. W. A. PRICE,
sept 18—4f

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENNA.
THE subscriber having leased this well-
known Hotel property, announces to
the public that he has relinquished, re-paint-
ed and papered it, and is now amply pre-
pared to accommodate the traveling public
and others who may be pleased to favor
him with their patronage. An attentive
hostler will at all times be in attendance.
May 23—4f SAM'L P. STONER.

COACHMAKING.
PERSONS in want of vehicles of any de-
scription, new or second-hand, can be
supplied at the old "Waynesboro' Coach
Factory" on Church street. The subscrib-
er cordially invites those desiring anything
in his line to call and examine his stock
and learn his prices, which he feels war-
ranted in saying will compare favorably with
that of any other establishment in the coun-
ty.
REPAIRING of all kinds will receive prompt
attention. Thankful to the public for past patronage
he solicits a continuation of the same in the
future. JACOB ADAMS,
April 10—4f

Select Poetry.



STRUGGLE FOR THE LIGHT.

Drop not thou mortal fainting,
Shake off thy load of care,
Let not its size distress thee,
Its weight no longer bear,
There's not an ill that God sends down
But brings its balm along;
Though you may think your lot is hard,
He can do nothing wrong.

The cares and toils, and petty griefs,
That hang o'er all of earth,
They come to all, and follow all
Unto the grave from birth,
And he who shrinks from little ills,
And cowers with fear and dread,
Before life's stern realities,
Has neither heart nor head.

Though poverty may bear thee down
With stern heel shod with pain,
A strong mind and a willing arm
Shall bring thee up again.
Though sorrows of thy youth have cast
Dark o'er thy life a blight,
Bear on, have faith, and never cease,
To struggle for the light.

Seek not too much for worldly wealth,
Nor burn too much for fame,
The one flies like the morning mist,
The other's but a name.
Know not too much of other's plans.
You owe enough for you;
Still open keep to all who need
A heart that's warm and true.

By labor strive to leave a mark
To guide the coming race,
A sign post on the path of time,
That years may not efface.
This life is but the brief prologue
Unto the greater play,
But act it each and every one
As though 'twould last for aye.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TRUST.

Nat crawled out of his poor little bed,
which hardly deserved the name of bed
at all. The room was very bare and
cold. As Nat slipped on what remained
of his only pair of shoes, a heavy cloud
seemed to settle down upon his face. His
mother, a little woman, with a face pale
and worn, but cheerful, nevertheless, was
putting a few crusts of bread with three
or four cold potatoes, upon a plate.

"I do say, mother," said Nat, shivering
and looking about the room, "it is no sort
of use, we shall have to give up. I don't
see but we shall freeze to death with no
fire, and starve besides," and Nat sat down
upon the side of the bed and leaned his
face upon his hand. "I can't get a bit
of work to do, and there isn't a person in
the world that cares a cent about us," he
continued dejectedly. "It seems as if I
should not care so much as if it was just
myself; but to see you cold and hungry,
mother, is more than I can bear," and
Nat burst into tears.

"Why, my boy," said his mother, cheer-
fully, "don't give up. Don't you remember
that we have a Father who sees all our
troubles, and if we truly trust Him,
He will help us."

"You have said that for the last three
weeks, mother," said Nat, "and I have
tried to trust Him, but things grow worse
and worse."

"Though He say me, yet will I trust
in Him," is the trust we want to have."
"Nattie," said his mother, sitting down by
his side and putting her arms around his
neck. "We have each other left yet, and we
are not really sick." Her eyes grew
a little dim as she looked at Nat's pale,
thin face, "and then—there is that nice
teacher at the mission school, you know,
who thought he could do something for you."

"Yes," said Nat, wiping his eyes with
the back of his hand, "but I have not seen
him, and don't know as I ever shall; my
clothes have got so bad now that I can't
go to the school."

"Well, dear," said his mother, "we will
eat what we have and be cheerful. We
shall not starve to-day, and maybe you
may get a few pennies for sweeping, and
I may find a little washing to do. At a
rate, we will try hard one day more.
We must look as cheerful and pleasant as
we can, too; for people will be more like-
ly to help us if we smile and look plea-
sant, than they will if we look cross and
sour."

Nat tried hard to smile and eat his
share of the scanty breakfast. Bidding
his mother good-by, he took his old broom
and started out. He walked painfully up
street after street; for his feet were covered
with chilblains, and his old shoes were
hard and full of holes. At last he selected
a crossing to sweep where he thought
rich people might cross, and patiently
waited trying to look cheerful and smiling.
During the forenoon he got a few
pennies, but as the afternoon wore on he
felt very faint and hungry, and leaning
on his broom, he began to think of what
his mother had said in the morning—
"Though He say me," kept ringing in
his head. "Ah," he thought to himself, "I
have not really trusted. When everything
goes well, the trusting is easy en-
ough, but when it comes to the trying
I give in." Hearing voices near him he
started, and looking up, saw the mission
school teacher. Such a gleam of hope

Superstition and Witchcraft.

The radical sense of the word Supersti-
tion may be said to be, to believe above
that which exists, to think beyond that
which is understood. Super, means above.
Stition, probably originated from the Ger-
man Stehen, and the Latin stet, to stand.
Hence, the person who is superstitious, is
standing above the right place.

The ancient Britons worshipped the
white oak. A certain general who under-
took to conquer them, found it necessary
in order to subdue them effectually, to cut
down their forests of white oak trees.—
Fourteen hundred years ago when the
gospel was introduced by forty missiona-
ries sent from Rome, they were in the hab-
it of putting up idols of stone, somewhat
like a chimney, with a fire place in the
inside, to throw their little children into
the fire, and offer them up unto the gods.
At the present day the people of India,
bow down to wood and stone. Some of
their idols are about the size of a man's
hand; at a short distance resembling a
ginger cake, or rather what the children
would call a baby cake.

The American Indians, about the year
1610, had idols made of skins stuffed with
moss. The white people at one time be-
ing short of provisions, a certain captain
Smith stole one of those idols, and after-
wards traded it back again for a consid-
erable quantity of corn.

The following account of witchcraft by
Samuel G. Goodrich of Boston, serves as
a striking illustration of the extraordi-
nary results which may be produced by the
imaginary powers of the mind; and of
the deeds of rapine, murder and blood,
perpetrated by the hands of men, while
under the influence of superstition, folly
and madness.

"In the year 1692, two children of Mr.
Parris, a minister in Salem, Massachusetts,
were taken sick. They were affected in a
very singular manner, and the physicians
were sent for. They were at a loss to ac-
count for the disorder, and one of them fi-
nally said they must be bewitched.

The children, hearing this, and being
in great distress, declared that an Indian
woman, living in the house, had bewitched
them. Mr. Parris believed what the children
said; the Indian woman was accused of
the crime, and, in a state of agita-
tion and alarm, partially confessed her-
self guilty. This affair excited great at-
tention; many people came to see these
children, and they were very much pitied.

By and by, other children imagined
that they were affected in a similar man-
ner, and they said that they were secretly
tormented by an old woman in the neigh-
borhood. All these things were believed
and more children and several women
soon declared themselves bewitched. They
charged several persons with being the
authors of their distress.

They pretended that these persons en-
tered their rooms through key-holes, or
cracks in the window, pinched their flesh,
pricked them with needles, and torment-
ed them in the most cruel manner. No-
body could see these tormentors but the
sufferers themselves, although several per-
sons might be in the room, where one of
the bewitched was wailing and shrieking,
from the pinches of the witch.

Strange as it may seem, this matter, in-
stead of being regarded as a delusion, was
thought to be founded in reality. The peo-
ple in those days believed that the devil
sometimes gave to certain persons great
power for purposes of evil. These persons
were said to deal with the devil, and they
were considered very wicked.

The business they were supposed to
carry on with him was called witchcraft,
and any person under their influence was
said to be bewitched. In England, Parli-
ament had thought it necessary to make
severe laws against witchcraft. Several
persons there had been condemned and
executed under those laws. It was thought
proper to proceed in a similar manner at
Salem. Accordingly, those persons accus-
ed of practising witchcraft upon their
neighbors were put in prison, and a court
was formed to try them.

Many of them were examined and
found guilty, and some, under the influ-
ence of a disordered imagination, con-
fessed that they were guilty. The busi-
ness at length reached a very alarming
height. Nineteen persons had been exe-
cuted, one hundred and fifty were in pris-
on and many more were accused.

In this state of things, the people be-
gan to doubt the correctness of their pre-
cedings. They examined the subject more
carefully, and were very soon satisfied
that they had acted rashly. The judges
of the court also began to take differ-
ent views of the subject. Those who were
brought to trial were therefore acquitted,
and those in prison released.

Thus ended this extraordinary delusion.
We at the present day, who know that there
is no such thing as witchcraft, cannot
believe in it, and that many persons
should have been hung for a crime that
was only imaginary. But we should re-
member that it was a common error of
that age.

It was not an invention of their own—
They received their notions from Eng-
land, and it was natural that they should
act agreeably to them. We must do them
the justice to say, however, that they soon
discovered their error, and expressed their
sorrow for it."

Nov. 29th, 1873. OBSERVER.

Life is Short.

Reader, has it ever occurred to you how
short is the period allotted to man on
earth? How swiftly he passes from one
stage of life to another, until the decrep-
itude of old age steals upon his weakened
frame and exhausted nature sinks beneath
the power of death!

To-day you behold the prattling infant,
beautiful in its infantile innocence, unac-
quainted with the trials and troubles of
life, happy in its ignorance and innocence.
We contemplate the sight with pleasure;
but behold a new scene presents itself to
view. There is a young man just enter-
ing upon the arena of life. The sports
which are attendant upon the days of
childhood have passed away; and al-
though he has many scores of pleasure,
yet duties press upon him, and he fre-
quently has to contend with disappoint-
ments and difficulties, and he often wis-
hes, as his mind wanders back, that he
could be a child again. Now, we see a
man passed the meridian of life; his brow
is covered with wrinkles; his face looks
careworn and anxious; he has met with
trials and troubles repeatedly; he has bid
a last farewell to much loved friends; he
has been betrayed by those in whose
confidence he has been buffeted by the
storms of misfortune; many crosses and
losses have marked his pathway. Again,
the scene changes, and we see an old man,
the scene changes, and we see an old man,
his hair white as snow, his strength and
vigor gone. He has grown weak and fee-
ble, and can with difficulty support him-
self with the staff which he carries in his
hand. The rosy hue of health has left
his cheek, and every feature, every move-
ment shows that he is fast nearing his
eternal resting place!

Again the curtain rises, and we see the
hearse bearing its inanimate burden to the
grave—the last home of all that is left of
him whom we saw but a few years ago—
rejoicing in the amusements of youth.
He has acted his part in the drama of life
and passed off the stage, to make room
for others. All this has passed in a few
years, like the lightning's flash, that
shines in the heavens for a moment, and
is gone. Such is the life of man!

Life is short and uncertain. To-day,
we see a man rich in all the vigor of
health and strength. To-morrow, death
seizes his prey, and he is borne to his last
resting place. How important, then,
dear reader, that we should improve each
passing hour. If we would pause occa-
sionally and consider that we have immor-
tal souls; if we would look beyond this
earth and see what a beautiful home is
awaiting our coming; if we would permit
our hearts to be true to themselves; to
feel that there are sweet companionships
to be found there—perhaps some loved
one—a happy change would be wrought
in our natures! How much better fitted
we would then be to enjoy the blessings
of life! But we seldom think of these
things until some loved one is borne away
from our side to the land of shadows; un-
til we feel that one link in the chain of
association has been broken. But better
this harsh stroke, if it reminds us of our
duty, than wait until the mind is weaken-
ed by disease, and death is ready to seize
his victim.

Man's death and burial creates no sad
thoughts beyond the circle of home where
he was most intimately known. The din
and bustle of the world goes on as ever.
The hearse and the funeral train passed by.
Perhaps a few of our fellows may stop
awhile to inquire who he is; then pass
on again, forgetting that a heart has
ceased to beat forever. Even the mourn-
er's tears that flowed so freely are soon
dried up, and the corpse, the dark badge
of death, are cast aside, and the lifeless
clod of the valley is soon forgotten. Such
is life! If we die to-day, the sun will
shine as brightly and the birds sing as
sweetly to-morrow. Not a wheel in the
machinery of the business world will cease
to move, and scarce a voice of mirth be
checked. Such is life! How short it is!
How soon we are forgotten!

The world moves on, a creature dies,
And in the grave is entombed he lies;
His soul to heaven—like a star is shot,
The flash is gone, and man forgets!

Pay the Printer and everybody else
you owe.

MY HOLLY DARLING.

BY J. H. BARNES.
The stars may pale,
The moon may fall
To rear her silver crest;
The sun may pour
His rays no more
Along the purpling west.

The robe of night,
With jewels so bright,
No more may glad the eye,
Nor blushing day,
In bright array,
Ride up the Orient sky.

On early wing,
The lark may sing,
His matin song no more,
Nor ocean's wave
In beauty lave
Its silver sanded shore.

The smiling plain
May ne'er again
Its verdant tints unfold,
Nor Mollie's brow
Be twined as now,
With wreaths of wavy gold.

But ever shall my memory,
My brightest fairest one,
Be hallowed by a thought of thee,
Whom I have loved alone.
PITTSBURG, PA., Nov. 10, 1873.

For the Record.

The tendency of the age is toward mo-
ney-making. The poor wish to become
rich, and the rich aspire to greater riches.
The tradesmen and the professional man
are no longer contented with small profits.
They desire to do in a year what their
fathers took a score of years to achieve.
The slow but sure method of earning mo-
ney is no longer fashionable. It belongs
to the old stage coach period. Six per
cent. investments are laughed at. Ten,
twenty, fifty, and one hundred per cent.
are considered legitimate.

What was called rascality by our fath-
ers passes current now for business shrewd-
ness. If a man can evade the letter of the
law, although he violates its spirit, he is
called sharp, and society hails him as a
shrewd manager. He is judged by his
success, and is envied by the crowd for
his ability and sagacity. Men of small
means grasp ventures that promise large
returns. They seldom stop to ask, is it
right or just, but plunge headlong to de-
struction or to dazzling success.

Public officials of the Tweed stripe rob
the taxpayers of their hard-earned money,
and with millions of plunder enter the
courts and snap their fingers at the vain
efforts made to punish them. Money ar-
rests the arm of justice corrupts legisla-
tion, and wields a power that no monarch ever
dreamed of possessing.

What can be done to arrest this fatal
tendency of the age? The remedy is with
the people. The public morals must be
improved. We must return to the com-
mon-sense virtues of older times, when a
rich rascal was no better than a poor one,
when men were honored and judged by
the weight of their brains and not their
gold. There are honest men in every
community. They may not crowd the
sidewalks or block the streets by their
number, but they can be found if the peo-
ple care to look for them. Summon them
to the front! Order the thieves and
money rascals to the rear! Make per-
sonal integrity the line of advancement!
and money, as the step stone to power
and influence, will lose its potent charm,
and be sought for simply as a means to
strengthen the arms of honest endeavor,
and promote the general welfare of man-
kind.

Respect the Body.
Respect the body, dear men and wo-
men! Speak of it reverently as it deserves.
Don't take it into an unworthy place;
give it sunshine, pure air and exercise—
Be conscientious as to what you put down
its throat. Remember what is fun to be
cool and confectionary trades may be
dead to it. Give it good, wholesome food;
let it be on intimate terms with friction
and soap and water; and especially don't
render it ridiculous by your way of dress-
ing it.

Recognize the dignity of your body;
hold it erect when you are awake, and let
it lie out straight when you're asleep—
Don't let it go through the world with
little mincing steps or great gawky strides;
don't swing its arms too much and don't
let them grow limp from inactivity. Re-
solve to respect its shoulders, its back and
fair proportions generally and straight-
way shall "stoops" and "wriggles" and
"greasy bends," be unknown forever.

Respect the body, give it what it re-
quires and no more. Don't pierce its ears,
strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't
roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother
it under a heavy bed covering all night;
don't put it in a cold draught on sight
occasions, don't nurse or pet it to
death; don't dose it with doctor stuffs;
and above all don't turn it into a wine
cask or chimney. Let it be "warranted
not to smoke" from the time your man-
hood takes possession.

Respect the body; don't over-rest, or
over-love it, and never debase it, be able
to lay it down when you are done with it,
a well-worn but not misused thing. Mean-
time, treat it at least as well as you would
your pet horse or hound, and my word
for it, though it will not jump to China,
at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent
thing to have, especially in the country.
—Heath and Home.

LATE REMORSE.—Have you ever stood
by the grave of one dear to you, and been
compelled to remember how much happier
you might have made that life which has
now passed beyond your reach? Has the
hasty or unkind word come back to you,
and repeated itself over and over till you
would gladly have given a year of your
own life to recall it and make it as if it
had never been? Let us remember that
those who are now living may soon be
dead, and beware of adding to the things
done that ought not to have been done
the tenderness withheld in life, but poured
too late in remorseful and unavailing
regret. Let us be tender to friends while
they are with us, nor wait till they are
dead to find out their good qualities. Let
us bring all possible sweetness, tenderness
and truthfulness into all our relations,
thus blest and being blest; let us keep
our arms high, our hearts warm our hands
ready to do good. So shall we ally our-
selves with heavenly legions, who will
fight our battles with the power of dark-
ness. So shall we, amid the changes of
our earthly lot, plant ourselves upon the
everlasting foundations, and calmly note
how the things of this world fade and pass
away, knowing that we laid up a store of
things that endure.

Everything that tends to discompose
or agitate the mind, whether it is excessive
sorrow, rage, fear, love or despair—in short,
whatever acts violently on our mental
faculties, tends to injure the health.

Wit and Humor.

Respect for old age never had a bright-
er illustration than in the case of the young
lady who always refuses to go to the wash
tub when her mother or grandmother is
present.

An Irishman has defined nothing to be
"a footless stocking without legs." A
description by another Emerald is bet-
ter. What is nothing? he was asked.
"Shut your eyes and you'll see it," said Pat.

A Bridgeport lady remained too long on
a train to kiss a female friend, and trying
to get off after it had started, was thrown
violently on her face. "If ever I kiss
anybody again!" she said, venturously, as
she arose, "my woman, at least," she
thoughtfully added.

An old farmer said to his sons—
"Boys don't spekerate or wait for some-
thing to turn up. You might just as well
go and sit on a stone in the middle of a
meadow with a pail 'twixt your legs, and
wait for a cow to back up to you to be
milked."

A German peddler sold a man a liquid
for extermination of bugs. "And how
do you use it?" inquired the man after he
had bought it. "Ketch the bug, on drop
yon littel drop into his moult," answered
the peddler. "Fehaw!" exclaimed the
purchaser. "I could kill it in half the
time by stamping on it." "Vill," calmly
explained the German, "dat is a good
way, too."

A negro once said in a prayer meet-
ing: "Bredren, when I was a boy I took
a hatchet and went into the woods. When
I found a tree that was straight and big
and solid, I didn't touch that tree; but
when I found one leaning a little and hol-
ler inside, I soon had him down. So when
the debil goes after Christians, he don't
touch dem dat stand straight and true,
but dem dat lean a little and are hol-
ler inside."

NOT THE WIFE'S FAULT.—An Irish-
man who had just landed, went to see his
sister, who was married to a Yankee.
The couple lived very happily together,
and when Pat came, the gentleman took
him over his place to show it to him. Pat,
at the evidence of prosperity, said to his
brother-in-law:

"Begorra, you are very happy here,
with this fine property to live on; mes-
ter had good luck, intirely, so she had,
in getting you for a husband."

"Ah, yes," responded the married man.
"You would be very happy but for one thing."
"And what's that?" asked Pat.
"Ah Pat," returned the gentleman,
"I am sorry to say that we have no chil-
dren."

"No children!" exclaimed Pat; this
Begorra, it's not me mesister Maggie's fault,
for she had two before she left Ireland,
and that's the reason me father sent her
to America."

TEACHER.—"Who was the first man?"
Head Scholar.—"Washington; he was first
in war, first in—"
Teacher.—"No, no,
Adam was the first man." Head Scholar.—
"O, if you're speaking foreigners, I's pose
he was."

BILL ABP ON THE CRISIS.—Munny to
be healthy must be scattered around so
that everybody can get sum. When it's
most all piled up in a few pyramids the
least jostle will tumble it to the ground.
If I was King I'd fix a remedy for bloated
fortunes mighty quick. I'd tax a man
nuthin on an incum of 5 thousand dollars
and under. I'd tax 10 per cent. on all be-
tween 5 and ten thousand; twenty per cent.
on all between 10 and 20 thousand, and
so on, double up to 50 thousand. Above
that I'd take it all, every dollar. I tell
you that will get em. That will keep
down these Wall street rings. I will let
a man have enuff for all decent and re-
spectable purposes, and after that he must
do his sheen for them who sweet and toil
and have been as smart or as mean or
as lucky as himself. It will put a limit
upon a man's avarice and keep munny
in better employment than paying \$50,
000 for a horse or 100 thousand for a
diamond pin.

Code of Farm Rules.
1. Take good newspapers and—read
them.
2. Keep regular accounts of all your
farm operations.
3. Perform every operation in the
proper season.
4. Perform every operation in the
best manner.
5. Complete every part of the opera-
tion as you proceed.
6. Finish one job before you begin
another.
7. Leave every tool when you leave off
work.
8. Have a place for everything and
return things to their places when done
using them.
9. Repair your buildings, tools, fences
and all else, the moment they require
it.
10. Be humane to all dumb animals.
11. Give your stock good shelter in
winter, and none but good food at all
times.
12. Don't keep a lot of snarling dogs
and tribes of cats about the premi-
ses.
13. Don't buy anything you do not
require, because it is cheap—particularly
at auction sales.
14. Don't refuse to make correct ex-
periments in a small way of new
things.
15. Attend to little things—drops of
water make the ocean.
16. Attend to your own private busi-
ness—don't meddle in that of others.
Lastly, marry a good woman if you
haven't one already.

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