

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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

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## Professional Cards.

**J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug Store."

**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 adjoining the Western School House.  
July 20-4f

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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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 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 Waynesboro', at the residence of George Besore, Esq., "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 a first-class article by calling on the subscriber. He continues to repair all kinds of machinery at short notice upon reasonable terms. The Metallic Excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Machines always on hand.  
JOHN L. MITCHELL,  
Quincy, Pa.

## MILLINERY GOODS!

**MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER** now located at 37 Pearl Street, Baltimore, Md., has opened a new Stock 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

**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-painted and papered and added new furniture to his shop, announces to his customers and the public that he will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction and make comfortable all who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-cutting, etc. promptly attended to. A long experience in the barbering business enables him to promise satisfaction 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 re-furnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared 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 description, new or second-hand, can be supplied at the old "Waynesboro' Coach Factory" on Church Street. The subscriber cordially invites those desiring anything in his line to call and examine his stock and learn his prices, which he feels warranted in saying will compare favorably with that of any other establishment in the county.

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.



[Written for the Village Record.]  
**EFFIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.**

BY JOHN H. BARNES.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said, And Effie and Willie had crept into bed: There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes, And each little bosom was heaving with sighs For to-night their stern father's command had been given, That they should retire precisely at seven. Instead of eight; for they troubled him more With questions unheard of than ever before; He had told them that he thought this delusion a sin, No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been, And hoped after this, he should never more hear.

How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year, And this was the reason that two little heads So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds. Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten— Not a word had been spoken by either till then; When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep, And whispered, "Dear Effie, is you fast asleep?" "Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied, "I've tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes; For somehow, it makes me sorry because 'Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus'; Now we know there is, and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mamma died; But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray; And God would hear everything mamma would say, And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here, With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."

Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then, And ask him to send him with presents a-den?" "I've been thinking so, too, and without a word more, Four little bare feet bounded on the floor, And four little knees the soft carpet pressed, And two little hands were clasped to each breast.

"Now, Willy, you know we must firmly believe, That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive, You must keep just as still till I say amen, And by that you will know that your turns come then," "Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me, And grant us the favor we are asking of thee, I want a wax-dolly, a tea-set and ring, And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring Bless papa—dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us far better than he, Don't let him get fretful any angry again, At dear brother Willie and Effie, amen!"

"Please Jesus let Santa Claus tum down to-night, And bring us some presents before it is light, I want he should give me a nice new sled, With bright, shiny runners, all painted red; An box full of candy, a book and a toy, Amen, and then, dear Jesus I'll be a good boy." Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads, And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds, And were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep, And with fancies in dreamland, were roaming in sleep, Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten, Eve the father had thought of his children again; He seems now to hear Effie's half-suppressed sighs, And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said, And should not have sent them so early to bed; But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent, For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent. But of course they forget their troubles ere this, And then I denied them the thrice asked for kiss, But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door, For I never spoke harsh to my darlings be-

fore," So saying he softly ascended the stairs, And arriving at the door, heard both of their prayers.

His Effie's, "bless papa" draws forth the big tears, And Willie's brave promise falls sweet on his ears, "Strange, strange I'd forgotten them," he said with a sigh, How I longed when a child have Christmas draw nigh: "I'll atone for my harshness he inwardly said, By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed, Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown; Donned hat, coat, and was out in the street A millionaire forcing the cold driven sleet, Nor stop he till he had bought everything From the boxful of candy to the tiny gold ring, Indeed he kept adding so much to the store; That the various presents outnumbered a score; Then homeward he went with his holiday load, And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery was stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree; By the side of a table spread out for a tea, The work-box well filled in the centre was laid, And on it a ring for which Effie had prayed, A soldier in uniform stood by a sled, With bright shining runners and all painted red, There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see, And birds of all color were perched in a tree; While Santa Claus laughing stood in the top, As if gently ready more presents to drop, And as the fond father the picture surveyed, He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid, And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear, I am happier to-night than I've been for a year.

I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before, What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more, Hereafter I'll make it rule I believe To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve. So thinking he gently extinguished the light, And tripped down stairs to retire for the night, As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun, Put the darkness to light and the stars one by one, Four little blue eyes out of sleep open wide, And at the same moment the presents espied, Then out of their bed they spring with a bound And the very gifts prayed for were all to be found; They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee, And shouted for papa to come quick and see, What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night, (Just the thing they wanted) and left before light, "And now" added Effie in a voice soft and low, "You'll believe here's Santa Claus papa, I know; While dear little Willie climbed upon his knee, Determined no secret between them should be, And told, in soft whispers, how Effie had said, That their dear blessed mamma long ago dead, Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair, And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer! "Then we dot up and prayed dust as well as we could,— And God answered our prayer, now wasn't he good?" "I should say that he was if he sent you all these, And knew just what presents my children would please, (Well, well, let him think so the dear little elf, 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself. Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent? And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent? 'Twas the being who bade you steal softly upstairs, And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

Princeton, Pa., December, 1873.

A new religious sect has been recently organized in Roanoke county Va., They are disaffected Tinkers, and call themselves "Christ's Followers."

The Kerkimer Democrat asks; "Who is there that is not chained to some rock of the past, with the vulture of Memory tearing at his vitals, screaming forever in the ear of Conscience?"

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### KITTY'S RUSE.

"I can't stand this any longer, Kitty; this surprise is wearing out my life. I mean to have a talk with your father this very night, and know the worst, whatever it is."

Brown-eyed, brown-haired Kitty Cline looked up in dismay at her lover's clouded and resolute face.

"Oh, Robert, pray be patient a little while longer! You know just how contrary and set in his way father is. If you do as you say, the upshot will be that he will forbid you coming to the house at all. You leave it to me. I have a plan in my head. Be to Cousin Jane's to-morrow evening, and I will tell you how it works."

As Robert Dunn left the house which he did with a lighter heart than when he entered it, he met Mr. Cline at the gate, who glared wrathfully at him in return for his pleasant greeting.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a red, uncomfortable-looking face, as tho' his collar was too tight for him. Stumping into the house with considerably more noise than was necessary, he turned to the window where Kitty was sitting, humming a tune, a careless, unconcerned look upon her face, which belied the frightened feeling at her heart.

"What's that young fellow coming here so much for, Kitty?" Kitty tossed her head with an air of disdain.

"For what he won't get, smart as he thinks himself. He wanted that I should let him speak to you, but I told him that it wouldn't be the least particle of use."

The old man glared at his daughter with and air of mingled astonishment and indignation that was ludicrous to witness.

"You did, hey?" "Yes," replied Kitty, composedly threading her needle. "He seems to have got the idea into his head, some way, that you would favor his suit, but I told him it wouldn't make any difference if you did."

Here Mr. Cline fairly choked with rage, being unable to give utterance to his feelings only by an inarticulate sound.

"And that, furthermore he needn't take the trouble to call here again," continued Kitty, placidly, apparently entirely unconscious of the storm that was gathering.

"And have you the assurance to tell me miss," burst forth the indignant old gentleman, "that my favoring his suit will make no difference?"

"Well, papa, of course I'd be sorry to run counter to your wishes—more, I'd rather think you would be," interrupted her father; "it's an operation that you would not care to repeat—not while I'm above ground. Mr. Dunn is an intelligent and worthy young man, of whose preference any lady with the least particle of sense would be proud. I shall invite him to continue his calls here, and remember that it is my wish that you treat him with the respect and consideration he deserves."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Cline left the room with an air of great satisfaction; Kitty making no response, save by a subdued snifle behind the handkerchief, in which she had buried her face.

Having first made sure that her father had taken himself off down the street, she dried her laughing eyes, and as soon as it began to grow dusk, she went over to her cousin's where she knew Robert would be waiting for her, to tell him of her success, and to instruct him into his part in the little comedy that was being enacted.

At Mr. Cline's express invitation, he continued his calls with more frequency than before, being treated by Kitty, when her father was present, with a coolness which the young man took with very commendable philosophy and resignation.

Perhaps the warmth and cordiality of his host had something to do with this, or he might have been sustained by various private interviews with Kitty, and which seemed to be very pleasant and satisfactory to all concerned.

contented frame of mind. She spent the greater part of the day in answering sundry notes, and which were slipped under her door by her cousin who was in the plot, the contents of which seemed to afford her great satisfaction.

When the old gentleman visited Kitty in the evening, he found her considerably subdued, which he ascribed, in no small degree, to the regimen of bread and water to which he had condemned her, being in blissful ignorance of the more appetizing fare that had been surreptitiously smuggled into her.

When her father intimated that she could leave her room as soon as she signified her willingness to take the husband he had selected for her, she yielded a sullen assent.

Kitty was careful to express her determination to defer her marriage as long as possible, and, as a natural consequence, her father was prompt in asserting his determination that the ceremony should be performed at once.

Kitty contrived to retain the sullen, resentful look she assumed until the hour appointed for the wedding. Then her face became radiant with smiles and blushes, and which created such a marked transformation in her countenance as to attract her father's attention.

"Ha! she is making the best of it, as I knew she would," was his inward comment. Kitty's married life was a very happy one.

"I have the best husband in the world," she said, one day, in the hearing of her father.

"And you may thank me for it," he chuckled. "You never would have married Robert if I hadn't insisted on it—Girls never know what is good for 'em; it's well that you had some one to choose for you."

Kitty made no reply, save by a roguish smile and which was quickly communicated to the countenances of those present, who were acquainted with the secret, as well as good result of "KITTY'S RUSE."

### The Wife.

Here is the best tribute to woman we ever read:

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband, not useful, not valuable, not conveniently simple, but lovely and beloved; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her be beloved, honored and cherished in the fulfillment of the marriage covenant, and she will be to her children and society a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety for her husband's love is a tower and fortress, shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it; and by love I mean love expressed in words and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out; it is to a house as a person to a machine—one is life, the other mechanism; the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She glows over. It is airy, graceful, and warm-welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means.

"Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

**THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."**—In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of "Hail Columbia," adapted in measure to the "President's March," was written by James Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March' I feel sure of a full house. Several about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mr. Fox, who sung them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The tune and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience delighted. Eight times it was called for and repeated, and sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre, and in a few days was the universal song of the boys in the street. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

Economy is said to be carried to such an extent in a town in Michigan that the paper mills have been compelled to suspend operations for want of rags.

Matrimonial: It is no good now-a-days for a man to offer his hand if there's nothing in it.

## Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Adversity often leads to prosperity. Employment is Nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness. Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good will. Whoever makes the truth appear unpleasant, commits high treason against virtue. He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots. Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry a lightning rod to attract trouble. Small means often accomplish great things. Each of us may do something to others, and true sympathy and loving ministry are never lost. No doctrine is good for anything that does not leave behind it an ethereal furrow, ready for the planting of seed which shall bear abundant harvest. There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character in which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self denial. There is much more to be said in favor of most men and creatures than we generally think. The trouble is that we care too little about finding out the good we must not hope to be mowers. And to gather the ripe, gold ears, Until we have first been sowers And watered the ground with tears. If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are indifferent to you. Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart. It is not what people read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. "Be ye also righteous."

It is perhaps well for us that we do not count up in early life the number of steps many of them weary ones, we shall have to take in treading the long road that reaches from the cradle to the grave.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back every man the reflection of his face. Frown as it will, and it will turn and look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

Each change in your inward experience or eternal condition is a new trust by which to try your faith and love, and will be a help toward perfecting your soul, if you receive it with love and submission.

Habits influence the character pretty much as under currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes or retard our progress their power is not the less important because imperceptible.

**Origin of the Celebrated Passage.**—One of the debates in Congress, which suddenly called Daniel Webster to his feet, he made a brief but quite eloquent speech, apparently without any opportunity for previous preparation. In the course of his remarks, he threw out the following sentence, which has ever since been admired as one of the most harmonious and expressive in the English language. He was speaking of our military conflict with Great Britain: "Our fathers raised their flag against a power which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum beat, following the sun in its course and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." As he sat down, one of the Senators congratulated him upon his speech, and, alluding to the above passage said to him it was inconceivable how Mr. Webster, in a speech so manifestly unprepared, could have formed so perfect and so beautiful a sentence, which, with hours of study, he could not improve. Mr. Webster replied that it was not extemporaneous; that in his Summer vacation he had visited Quebec, and whilst standing upon the massive and almost impregnable citadel there, looking out upon the wondrous scene of national grandeur and of nature's loveliness spread before him, the idea occurred to his mind. He immediately took his seat upon a gun, and with a pencil and paper, sketched the thought in the most appropriate language he could at the moment command. Upon arriving at his hotel he sat down at his leisure, and wrote it and rewrote it with many intermissions and emendations, until he had moulded it into the form of words which satisfied him. He then laid it aside in his retentive memory, to be used when the occasion should offer.

It is a singular but not less true remark in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; Monroe eight years after Madison; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six; Madison was sixty-six; Monroe was sixty-six; John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson and Monroe all died on the 4th of July.

Where the sun can't come, the doctor must.

## Wit and Humor.

When a man's nose becomes a little reddish, it ought to be pulled like other reddishes. An advertisement for a district school teacher in New Hampshire concludes in this way: "N. B.—No man need apply who wears a shawl."

"I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

A retiring man says nobody ever paid him much attention until he broke out of jail, and then he was much sought after.

An epicurean has discovered that the pleasantest way to take cod liver oil is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeons.

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it? He replied that "Twas very good, but it spoiled a dinner worth two of it."

A Rochester editor went hunting the other day for the first time in twenty years, and he was lucky enough to bring down an old farmer by a shot in the leg. The distance was sixty-six yards.

An undecided fellow courted a lady for twenty-eight years, and then married her. She turned out a perfect virago, but died in two years; after the wedding. "Now," said he, in a self congratulating tone, "see what I have escaped by a long courtship."

A Rural gentleman standing over a register in one of our stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Married, I guess I'm going to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a running 'up my legs."

"Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked sweet sixteen of her sire. "Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?" "Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me back some of these nights, with interest."

A Fairfield Vermont mother learned of her daughter's contemplated elopement and on the night appointed for the flight put some laudanum in the girl's tea. The latter fell asleep and did not wake up till morning, and in the meantime Rome got tired of waiting and went home disgusted. He goes with another girl now.

A gentleman of transatlantic "raising" had mentioned the exceedingly likely fact that he had seen as many as fifty snakes up a tree at one time. An Englishman, however, ventured to evince a decided incredulity. "Waal, stranger," said the Yankee, "there were forty." "Forty! But that is as wonderful as fifty," exclaimed the other. "Waal, stranger," was the rejoinder, "you seem tarntation hard to please. We'll say twenty—there! And I'm darned if I don't fight afore I take off another snake."

"Julius, is yo better dis mornin'?" "No! I was better yesterday, but got over it." "Am der no hopes den ob your discovery?" "Discovery of what?" "Your discovery from der convalescents dat fetched you on your back." "Dat depends altogether, Mr. Snow, on de prognostication dat amply de disease; if der should terminate fatally de doctor thinks Julius is a gone nigger; should dey not terminate fatally, he hopes dis colored individual won't die till anoder time."

A schoolboy being requested to write a composition on the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, woman and children—in fact whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

**AN INFIDEL AGREING WITH PAUL.**—An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel, who attacked him with such expressions as these: "That the blood of Christ can wash away sin is foolishness; I don't understand or believe it." The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly."

The infidel replied with surprise, "How is this that Paul and I agree exactly?" Said the student, "Turn to the first chapter of Corinthians and read the eighteenth verse."

The infidel read, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God."

The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible, and soon believed it to be God's power of salvation.

**BAD DREAMS.**—Bad dreams are frequently caused by a tight neck band, which prevents the blood when it has reached the brain from flowing freely back again. Compression of any part of the body should be avoided at all times, but especially during sleep. The lighter the bed clothes are the more refreshing and sweet will be repose. For this reason, comforters made of delaines or other thin woolen material and stuffed with wool are far preferable to those made of cotton, and warmer even than blankets, since the fibers of wool are wider apart and the same weight goes farther in retaining the warmth of two bodies.