

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1874.

NUMBER 33.

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

TERMS—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, Thirty Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

J. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' Corner Drug Store.
June 29-4f.

DR. JOHN M. RIPPPE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main Street, Waynesboro', Pa. 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.

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 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., his Father-in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
July 20, 1871-4f.

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
ALSO AGENT
For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use

Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.

We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

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.

DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day.
Nov 27-4f. BENJ. FRICK.

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 and upon reasonable terms. The Metallic excelsior Post Boring and Wood Sawing Edges always on hand.
JOHN L. METCALF,
Feb 27-4f. Quincy, Pa.

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-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, Schampooning, 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', PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has reformulated, 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.

Select Poetry.



TREE.
Do any hearts ache there, beyond the peaceful river?
Do fond souls wait, with longing in their eyes,
For those who come not—will not come forever—
For some wild hopes whose dawn will never rise.

Do any love there still beyond the silent river
The ones they loved in vain this side its flow?
Does the old pain make their heartstrings ache and quiver?

I shall go home some day, go home and know.
The hill tops are bright there, beyond the shining river,
And the long, glad day, it never turns to night;

They must be blessed, indeed, to bear the light forever;
Grief lingers for darkness to hide its tears from sight,
Are tears turned to smiling beyond the blessed river,
And mortal pain and passions drowned in its flow?

Then all who sit on its lither bank and shiver,
Let us rejoice—we shall go home and know.

FAIR BUT FLEETING.

I saw a little bird that was singing on a tree,
And said "You sing so sweetly, will you come and sing for me?"
But he spread his dusky plumage, and speed across the sea,
For the ditty he warbled was never sung for me.

I saw the dainty blossom of a white and fragile flower,
And I said, "Come and bloom for me in the centre of my bowyer,"
But a white hand, bright as sunshine, came and plucked it from the stem;
And I trow that it was culled to grace a princely diadem.

I met a kind heart, and a heart to me said "come";
and mine went out to meet it, but was lost in sudden gloom.
Wither wander all these fair things? To some land beyond Time's sea?
Is there nothing glad and lasting in this shadow-world for me?

Miscellaneous Reading.

MORTON'S VENGEANCE.

BY JACK RATIN.

"Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
And never came to shore."

So the Seaweed, waving in the tide of the Delaware, with the "messenger" at the fore, was ready for her outward voyage to the distant East, and Archer Williston standing on her deck, looked anxiously out toward the land which held his treasure.

He was young, and youth has its privilege of love and care as well as age—but love is its glory. He had seen care, danger and grief; and now for the first time, he tasted the sweets of love. Not the love of kindred, but the love of man to the woman who is not of his blood, the love which is stronger than death; and that woman he had made his wife, and she was going with him on his voyage, daring the dangers of the sea for his sake.

He heard the dip of oars and saw the boat put out for the ship and come down the full sweep of the bending ash. He saw her father, gray-haired and bowed with grief; he saw her brothers, young and strong; but his eyes dwelt most upon the girl, who, a month ago, had given him her hand before the altar. The last farewells are said, the boat has left the shore and lies at a little distance, and the "heaving" song is heard as twenty stout men walk the ship up to her anchor. The music is led by a pious Dutchman, who can sing nothing else, but who is noted for improvising "heaving songs."

"My Johnny's gone, and I'll go too, Hoo-rooy—hoigho.
My Johnny's gone, what shall I do, Stamp and go."

And, with these brassy bosoms pressed against the bars, the anchor is torn from the ground, catted and fished, the head sails fill, the yards quartered, and with the wind on her quarter, the good ship bore away for the China seas; and Mary Williston standing on the quarter-deck looks out with humid eyes for the last glimpse of her kindred. But her husband's arm is about her, and while his eyes are sharp to see that the ship is rightly worked, he finds time to whisper words of comfort in the ears of his darling, who clings to him confidingly, for he is all the world to her now.

And a dark-bearded man standing among the seamen as they hoist the heavy sails mutters to himself, as at times his black eyes fall upon the pair, and a melovent light shows itself in his fierce glance. When all is done, and the ship is gliding on her course, this man, with another is sent to helm. His chum is a Lascar, a treacherous-looking dog, as are most of his race, and the hideous grin with which he looks at his chum has something horrible in it.

Yes, yes, my friend. Revenge and wealth for you—wealth for me. You have the best of it, my good friend!"
"You do not live in hell as I do, Lascar," replied the man in a low tone, full of agony. To see them together, to know that I have played the game and lost it, something fearful to bear. Do I look like a common sailor? do I handle the wheel well?"

"You couldn't do it better."
"My yacht has given me lessons in the art. I wonder if she will be on hand—if I can depend upon the sailing master. If he fails me, were he to him—that is all."

"No talking there at the wheel," cried the Lascar, and the men were silent.
The ship passed out of the bay at length, and spreading her wings, headed away upon her course. For two days Mary kept the cabin, and on the third day, coming on deck suddenly, she met face to face the bearded man who had talked with the Lascar at the wheel. She stared and looked at him wildly. At the moment they were out of sight of every one, and she put out her hands with a gesture of repulsion.

"You here?"
"Yes, Mrs. Williston," he said, "I am here, a common sailor before the mast."
"Do; tell him that Harvey Morton won your love, and that you jilted him for a new face."

"You speak falsely, sir. I gave you up because you were a profligate, abandoned to all sense of shame. My husband knows about it, and you cannot injure me in his esteem. Why did you come here, unless to do us some great wrong?"

"Your husband does not know me," said Harvey Morton, "and the moment that he tells my name and brings me face to face with him, I will kill him before your eyes. There—enough has been said; and as for my purpose, it is not for you to know, except that I promise not to lift my hand against his life. You and you only are to blame, and you must bear the penalty."

A few words of explanation only are needed. Harvey Morton was a rich, but wildly profligate young man who had won the love of Mary Herbert before she knew his real character. But when she learned that he was a gambler, libertine and drunkard, she tore his image out of her heart forever. He had sought in various ways to regain her love, and it was not until he saw her married to Archer Williston, master of the Seaweed, that he realized how completely he had lost her. Then, I think, he went mad, and we see him on board the Seaweed, shipped as a common sailor, of what purpose only one other knew—his Lascar friend.

There was no peace for Mary Williston from the hour she parted with Harvey Morton in the shadow of the cabin. She dared not speak to her husband, for the madman had said he would kill him the moment he suspected that the secret was known. She grew paler day by day, and Harvey Morton noted the fact with devilish glee. At times as the days passed, this man would go into the top and looking out astern would note with a smile that a peculiarly-shaped sail was visible upon the distant horizon.

On the sixth day, just as the morning broke, he came down from aloft and spoke to his Lascar friend.
"To-night, when I give the word," he said, "Remember, when the alarm is given you must run up those red lanterns on the fore."

The Lascar nodded and passed by. Night came, a calm, peaceful night, and Archer Williston and his wife were on deck. Harvey Morton passed them and went toward the forehatch with a lantern.

Where are you going? cried Archer.
"The first mate told me to go down and hook a cask of pork," replied the man.
"Be careful of your light, then."
"Ay, ay, sir."

Mary stood trembling while they spoke together and whispered in her husband's ear, requesting him not to let the man go into the hold with the lantern. But he laughed at her, and Harvey went below. Not long after he came up with a ghastly face and closed the hatch. Half an hour later the ship was in confusion, for a volume of black smoke came rolling out of the hatches, and they knew that a most terrible calamity—a fire at sea—threatened them. All that men could do was done, but the ship's hold was a sea of flame, and nothing could save her.

"You dog," cried Archer, facing Harvey Morton "you have done this."
"Yes yes," screamed the madman—for mad he was. "I did it, none but I; and as you go down, remember Harvey Morton. Lascar, come. I will kill the man that lays a finger on me."

The two darted up to the foretop, and for the first time they saw those red lights gleaming there. As they gazed the mast was seen to sway amid totter, and before they could come down it went over the side with a crash. Harvey Morton was seen to strike the water upon his back, and went down with a gurgling cry, never noted to be seen by mortal eyes.

The catastrophe had scarcely occurred, when a schooner yacht swept down and hailed them. The boats were lowered and the officers and crew of the Seaweed, with all their valuables, were copyeoyed to the yacht.

"I don't know what to say to you, Captain Williston," said the master of the schooner. "My officer ordered me to follow you and close when I saw three red lights in the top."

"Who is your owner?"
"Mr. Harvey Morton."

"Then he has gone to his reward," said Archer, "for, as I live, he deserved his fate. You will never see him more, for in his mad thirst for vengeance he fell into the pit his own hands had dugged."

"He was mad," said Mary, laying her hand upon her husband's arm.

"Pary, my husband, that God, who out of this man's wickedness has worked our salvation, may forget his crimes in their atonement."
He pressed his lips to hers and was silent. He forgave Harvey Morton in his watery grave.

A Vision of Death.

I saw—whether asleep or awake I cannot tell, but this I know—I saw the dark and dismal door of Death. It was narrow as the grave, and only one could enter at a time, and tread its winding steep. Yet thousands passed the door. At its threshold all left their earthly idols—Some cast a wistful look as they pushed forward, and shrieked, some lingered trembling and some rushed forward regardless of consequences. There were seen all ages all ranks and all conditions passing toward the door.

I saw the drunkard quaff his bowl of poison, burst open the door of death, and stagger in—I heard a groan, a fall, a hollow, dismal sound, and all was silent as the tomb.

Next came a voluptuary. He laughed, he danced, and leaped the fearful leap. The door closed upon him. I heard a trembling cry. Spectators shuddered and turned their eyes away and nothing more was seen.

A selfish miser came. His head was white with care. His look was fearful with despair. He staggered to the door, laid down his gold, and wept. A dismal cloud enveloped him. A laugh was heard; and when the cloud was gone, gold, miser—all had disappeared.

There came a man of honor. His step was stately. At his nod many bowed and fawned. He, too, must pass the gate. He touched the secret spring. The door flew wide open. Darkness enveloped him. The multitude shrank back to follow some other leader. And now nothing was seen save a few dried leaves of laurel.

There came a giddy youth. His eye was sparkling, his step was light. Many a jocular story hung upon his lips—While looking on the world he ran backwards against the door, and fell. I heard a piteous moan, a distant shriek, and silence reigned again.

I saw one other come. Hope sat on his brow. He smiled and wept; but looking forward he traced the path. In his hand he held a little book, which he often read. I saw he had a glass that penetrated the dark abyss. I heard him sing—
"Twas not a spark of earth, but soft and sweet like the sounds of distant music—
he passed the door of death; and like the sun, passed down to rise more glorious on the morrow."

Dear reader, how will it be with you? Were you dying to-day, would death open the door of endless bliss in heaven or everlasting woe in hell? Which?

A Bewildered Father.

Gillingham was in Williamsport the other day, and while attending to his business there he had a strong premonition that something was the matter at home; so, in order to satisfy himself, he determined to run down to Philadelphia in the next train. In the meantime his mother-in-law sent him a dispatch to the effect: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once."

The lines were down, however, and the dispatch was held over, and meanwhile Gillingham arrived home, and found his wife doing pretty well, and the nurse smiling around with an infant a day old. After staying twenty-four hours, and finding that everything was tolerably comfortable, he returned to Williamsport without anything being said about the dispatch, his mother-in-law supposing, of course that he had received it. The day after his arrival the lines were fixed, and that night he received a dispatch from the telegraph office dated that very day, and conveying the following intelligence: "Another daughter has just arrived. Hannah is poorly. Come home at once."

Gillingham was amazed and bewildered. He could not understand it. Daughters appeared to him to be getting entirely too thick. He walked the floor of his room all night trying to get the hang of the thing, and the more he considered the subject the more he became alarmed at the extraordinary occurrence. He took the early train for the city, and during the journey was in a condition of frantic bewilderment.

When he arrived he jumped in a cab, drove furiously to the house and scared his mother-in-law into convulsions by rushing in, in a frenzy, and demanding what on earth had happened. He was greatly relieved to find that there were no twigs in the nursery, and to learn how the mistake occurred. But he is looking now for the telegraph operator who changed the date of that dispatch. Gillingham is anxious to meet him. He wants to see him about something.

A dispatch from Greensboro', N. C., gives the announcement of the sudden death of the celebrated Siamese Twins on Saturday morning last, the 17th instant, which occurred at their residence at Mount Airy, Surry county, N. C. Chang was partially paralyzed last fall, since which time he has been fretful, very much debilitated, and strongly addicted to drinking liquor as a means of alleviating his sufferings, which terminated in his death on Saturday morning. Eng was so overcome with horror and grief that he died about two hours later. They were nearly sixty-three years of age, were both married and had large families. "In death they were not divided," but it is hoped, for the benefit of science, that their bodies will be.

Leopold commences February 18th.

TO A CHILD.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
What e'er the business of the day,
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If starting fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread;
If wealth His bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow;
If He who gave should take away,
O'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss;
And then, my child, perchance you'll see
Some one in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

A Remarkable Operation.

Benj. Franklin made his name famous when he flew his kite and brought down lightning from the clouds which had been flying around without paying its way—Now we not only flash through on wires, but science has crippled electricity and used it to perform miracles. The reader will remember when General Kilpatrick returned from Chili, three years since, of his having a remarkable operation performed upon him by a physician in New York, who removed a largely fleshy formation from the General's neck by filling it full of needles and then attaching a galvanic battery to it. Ten minutes after the current of electricity was let on the bunch had entirely disappeared.

A remarkable operation was performed by a Whitehall physician a few days ago. A gentleman who had been suffering from superabundance of adipose tissue consulted a physician, asking for relief from its burden. The gentleman consented, and with the medical practitioner entered a telegraph office. The fat man was requested to remove his coat and vest, after which the physician surrounded him with wires, attaching the ends to a powerful galvanic battery.

At a signal from the doctor, Manager W. B. Eddy, let on the current. The patient writhed and twisted when he felt the current passing around him, still he stood like a martyr. Presently he began to shrink; he grew smaller and smaller; his clothing hung in bags about his fast diminishing form. The doctor felt much pleased with the result of his experiment, while the formerly fat man's joy was very great, although he seemed to be suffering most acute pain. All of a sudden there was heard a loud clicking at the instrument, as if Pandemonium's great bell had been let loose. The operator sprang quickly to answer the call. He ascertained it was from the New York office. He quickly asked, "What's up?" An answer came back as if some infuriated demon was at the other end of the wire. "What in thunder are you about? Cut off your wires, quick! You are filling the New York office with soap-grease!"

Swift Retribution.

A Belgian journal gives the details of a peculiar frightful tragedy which was perpetrated last month in one of the villages of that kingdom. A young girl in service at Brussels had saved quite a little fortune of eighteen hundred francs, and hearing that her mother was ill and required her care, left for home by rail, alighting about a league distant therefrom. To reach her destination she would have to pass a gloomy wood; so, fearing the dangers of the way, she resolved to pass the night at the house of an uncle who lived near. She accordingly knelt up her relations, and having told her story and her fears she was put into the room of a female cousin who was away at work. While lying awake in the middle of the night, she heard a conversation which filled her with horror; her hosts were planning to murder her for the money she carried. Thereupon she leaped from the window, and fled, half naked, until utterly exhausted, she met two gendarmes. After she had told them what had happened, they led her back to her uncle's house, where a light was observed in a distant part of the garden. The gendarmes approached the spot silently, and found that both the uncle and aunt were engaged in burying a body enveloped in a bloodstained cloth. The victim was their daughter, who, having come home late, had crept up stairs quietly so as to not awake her parents, and had been killed in mistake for her cousin. The aunt went mad on the spot, and the uncle stabbed himself from remorse and dread of the consequence of his crime.

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, waving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.—When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

What am I Going to Do.

One morning a young lad set off to go with some thoughtless companions to a place of Sunday amusement. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "I am going to break the Sabbath. Suppose God should punish me for my wickedness." This so alarmed him, that he turned back and spent the day in a becoming manner.

A boy saw a person drop his purse, which he picked up, and was walking off with it and the money which it contained. "What am I going to do?" came to his mind, and the answer followed. I am a going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest; God has said, "Thou shalt not steal." In another moment he ran after the person and gave up the purse. The man gave him a half-a-crown, and an honest half-a-crown is worth more than a great many dishonest pounds. "What am I going to do?" asks the Sunday school scholar on his way to the Sunday-school. "I am going where the young are trained up to fear God, and keep His commandments. May I be a studious, attentive scholar, and pray God to make me one of His obedient children."

Often ask yourself—and never be afraid to ask—"What am I going to do?" A bad act will not bear reflection as a good one will. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand or the left, remove thy foot from evil."

Style in Old Times.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1772, wore robes of scarlet, laced with black velvet, and in summer, black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color generally the cape and collar of velvet, of a different color from the coat.

In 1782, Governor Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of velvet one or two inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, white satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

In 1770, Gen. Washington arrived in New York from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England he wore the old Continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice President, wore a sword and walked about the streets with his hat under his arm.

At Levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles. He held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep, with black feathers. Along sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt, hung at his side.

VENTILATE YOUR CHILDREN'S ROOM.
—Most parents before retiring make it a duty to visit the sleeping rooms of their children. They do so in order to be satisfied that the lights are extinguished, and that no danger is threatening the little ones. But if they leave the room with close windows and doors, they shut in as great an enemy as fire, although the ravages may not be so readily detected. Poison is there slow but deadly. Morning after morning do little children awake weary, fretful and oppressed. "What can it mean? what can it be?" the mother cries. In despair, she has recourse to medicine. The constitution becomes enfeebled, and the child grows worse. The cause, perhaps, is never traced to over-crowded sleeping-rooms, without proper air, but it is, nevertheless, the right one. An intelligent mother, having acquainted herself with the principles of ventilation, will not waste her room for the night, with out having provided a sufficiency of air for her children, in the same manner that she provides and regulates their night covering, or any other requisite for refreshing slumber.

Sometimes, by judiciously lowering a window, and at other times by leaving a door open, this end may be attained. In many houses the day and night nurseries communicate. When this is the case, the window of the further room should be open. Even in severe weather, young children can bear this arrangement if they are not exposed to a direct draft.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.—Sidney Smith, it is said, cut out the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to your fellow creatures. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time and eternity. By the most simple arithmetic sum look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and suppose you live forty years after you commenced this course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand beings happy—at all events for a time.

Experience is the pocket compass few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

One of the attractions at a Tennessee fair was a prize of one bushel of potatoes for the ugliest man rider.

Washington's birthday, Feb. 22d, is the next holiday.

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At Levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles. He held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep, with black feathers. Along sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt, hung at his side.

VENTILATE YOUR CHILDREN'S ROOM.
—Most parents before retiring make it a duty to visit the sleeping rooms of their children. They do so in order to be satisfied that the lights are extinguished, and that no danger is threatening the little ones. But if they leave the room with close windows and doors, they shut in as great an enemy as fire, although the ravages may not be so readily detected. Poison is there slow but deadly. Morning after morning do little children awake weary, fretful and oppressed. "What can it mean? what can it be?" the mother cries. In despair, she has recourse to medicine. The constitution becomes enfeebled, and the child grows worse. The cause, perhaps, is never traced to over-crowded sleeping-rooms, without proper air, but it is, nevertheless, the right one. An intelligent mother, having acquainted herself with the principles of ventilation, will not waste her room for the night, with out having provided a sufficiency of air for her children, in the same manner that she provides and regulates their night covering, or any other requisite for refreshing slumber.

Sometimes, by judiciously lowering a window, and at other times by leaving a door open, this end may be attained. In many houses the day and night nurseries communicate. When this is the case, the window of the further room should be open. Even in severe weather, young children can bear this arrangement if they are not exposed to a direct draft.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.—Sidney Smith, it is said, cut out the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to your fellow creatures. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours