

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



HEADS, HEARTS AND HANDS.

Heads that think, and hearts that feel,
Heads that turn the busy wheel,
Make our life worth living here,
In this mundane hemisphere;
Heads to plan what hands can do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through,
Thinking head and toiling hand
Are masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring,
Until honest work has wrought
Into shape the thinker's thought,
Which will aid to civilize
And make nations great and wise,
Lifting to a glorious height
In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show
With their light the way to go;
Touch a tube of gas, and light
Blossoms like the stars of night!
Touch another tube, and lo!
Streams of crystal waters flow;
Touch a telegraphic wire,
And your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands;
Hands that dare to touch subsidies,
Hands that never touched a bribe;
Hearts that hate a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust;
Heads that plan for others' weal,
Heads poised over hearts that feel.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

About twenty years ago, or in the year 1854, a planter living near Houston, Texas, was inspired for adventure by the current stories of wonderful gold-findings at Pike's Peak, and impromptu from his wife he consented to his departure. While ostensibly thrifty, the plantation was really encumbered by debt, and some new financial departures seemed necessary for its redemption. Perhaps this was the final reason inducing Mrs. Du Bose's assent. At any rate, the planter started for the distant mining-country, after taking the family means severely for his outfit, with hope of finding enough of the precious ore to return in a year or two as a rich man. Nearly always a desperate game of chance, gold-digging is a particularly perilous hazard for the adventurer of mature years who stakes the very home of his flesh and blood upon it. Du Bose was not successful in it. His letters from the Peak told of continued disappointment and hardship, though ever expressive of a determination to fight the battle yet longer. What time his patient and devoted wife, and an infant son, born a year before the amateur miner's departure, knew many denials at home in the exigencies of the embarrassed estate, and could not only respond to the discouraging messages of the husband and father with love and prayer.

Such was the story, told in much interrupted correspondence, back and forth, until the memorable tumult and disruptions of war in 1861 cut off all postal communications whatever between the warring sections of the nation. Before that time Mrs. Du Bose had been obliged to sell the unlucky plantation and remove with her little boy to the neighborhood of some of her relatives in New Orleans; and when hostilities began the mother and child were guests of Mrs. Jennings, a sister of the former, in the Crescent City.—Borne down by her sorrows and the public anxieties of the time, the poor lady died soon after the battle of Sumpter, and the young orphan fell to the charge of his aunt.

And now this boy becomes the hero of the tale. Left chiefly to his own resources after his mother's death, the little fellow passed much of his time in the streets, and thus, when the national forces occupied New Orleans, became a familiar of various barracks. One day Colonel Vance, of the Forty-seventh Indiana, whose quarters he had infested for nearly a week, was induced by his handsome face and neglected appearance to question him of his history. As his childish replies suggested no definite idea of a good home, but did reveal his orphanage, he was taken straightway to the Hoosier officer's kind heart as a waif worth saving. In short, the Colonel's imperfect understanding of his circumstances, and his own juvenile eagerness to go with the soldiers, resulted in his summary adoption as a son of the regiment. Almost immediately thereafter the gallant Indianians were ordered Northward and took their *protege* with them; and from thenceforth to the end of the war the little Southern roder to a black pony beside his Colonel's charge, and had a thorough baptism of fire.

With that same ending of the war came back the misguided miner of Pike's Peak, who, while cast off from all hope of Southern return or home letters by war's wall of flame, had wandered to California and there made the long-sought fortune. In N. Orleans they told him of his wife's death and his son's disappearance. Whether the lad had gone none could say; he left his aunt's house one day to look at the Yankee soldiers, and never returned. As may be imagined, this intelligence filled the self-accusing man's cup with grief. But he would not believe the missing boy was dead. In the New Orleans and other

papers he advertised large rewards for the return or news of his straying child, and visited all his own and his late wife's relatives and friends throughout the South for tidings or counsel. Numerous imposters answered the advertisement; but when put to the test of question, as to the family-names, &c., were found wanting. Disgusted at these attempted impositions, as well as disheartened otherwise, Mr. Du Bose at last disappeared again—going back to California it was supposed—and the search rested.

In the meantime the lost heir, upon the resumption of peace, went home with his Col. to the latter's home in Portland, Jay county, Ind.; and subsequently, when his Western friends broke up housekeeping, betook himself to Atchison, in Kansas.—It was about four years ago, while preparing himself for future self support by studying at the Circleville College, in Kansas that some friend of Colonel Vance's remembered having seen his father's advertisement in some paper, and told the student thereof. But the paper could not be found; the details were very indistinctly recalled, and only lately has young Du Bose, now a clerk in a hotel at Indianapolis, become aware of all the circumstances of the paternal search and failure. According to the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which relates the whole romance in admirable style, the son is now as much at a loss to discover the whereabouts of his father as the latter formerly was to reclaim him, having traveled all over the Southwest in vain pursuit of some recent clue to the ex-planter's place of abode. He has secured ample proofs of his own identity, however; believes that his missing sire is somewhere in California; and doubts not that due correspondence with California post masters, and advertisements in proper journals, will yet restore him to the paternal arms and a fine fortune.

Success.

There are a great many kinds of success. One man devotes the whole of his life to the amassing of wealth. He aims at the miser's success. He wants money and he gets it. In order to get it he gives up his family. Nothing in the household is so dear to him as money. For the sake of money he gives up friendship, and high and honorable intercourse, and public-spiritedness, and generosity, and liberality. He gives himself up to money making and money saving. And when he has become rich there is for him no honor that comes from public spirit, no pleasure that friendship affords, and no joy of the family. His better feelings are all dried up, and he stands like a mummy in a king's tomb in Egypt. With his money-bags and priceless jewels around him, he is bonded in his own success, behind which is his forever grinning. There is many a rich mummy and there are many live monkeys that go past him and wish they were just like him—young men who do not know how to look inside and see what is the reality and secret of life. I am ashamed of men who thus slander human nature.

Other men seek pleasure-success. They say: "My life is keyed to pleasure, and I mean to have it." If they seek it at the end and aim of their lives, they will probably get it; but they will get nothing else.

Others seek power success, and others praise-success; and they may gain the success which they seek, but they will lose other things.

Whatever men seek they may have; but they must have it with its limitations, with its results, and with its bearings upon their eternal destiny.

THE SLANDEROUS TONGUE.—The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey, and sometimes gall. It is bitter now and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, "it loves a shining mark." And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the noble-minded, soil the reputation of the pure, and break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see; and yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapses of tendency towards chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

CULTIVATE FLOWERS.—Why is it that so few persons cultivate flowers? They are so beautiful, and teach such excellent lessons, that the time spent in giving them attention is put to most beneficent use. In many towns and villages in various sections ground is cheap, and where yards are large, there might be such a display of flowers that the streets would furnish promenade of tempting pleasure. The influence of a home is always helped by a profusion of flowers, and children who grow up breathing the perfume of but roses and pinks which were trained by a mother's hand will derive a benefit that may be everlasting. So plant flowers, cultivate, water, cull them; and thank the good Father that he has sent them as messengers of his mercy.—*United Presbyterian.*

Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the

THE NEW CRUSADE.

Great enthusiasm is manifest in some quarters over the praying women's crusade against the liquor dealers. The evils of the retail traffic in alcoholic drinks cannot be measured or numbered. Human sufferings arising therefrom are most appalling. God only knows how great is the sum of sorrow and wretchedness that must be charged to the account of strong drink. Hence, the Christian and philanthropist as well as the innocent victims of these sinful misfortunes will take every proper method to suppress the evil. Zeal to root out the very deepest source of its growth may be most worthily aroused.—But even here all things should be done decently and in order. Not only what is lawful, but what is expedient, it to be the law under which we act.

It is right to pray for the success of temperance and the suppression of grog shops and doggeries. It is right to join in a united effort to this end. It is well to awaken and educate public sentiment to the threatening and wasting evil. It is wise to call in the aid of combined sympathy in order to reach more effectually a great good, a radical reformation. Yet no man is crowned except he strive lawfully.

We regard the praying women's crusade as aiming to effect a good in a wrong way. It will fail in the end. It invades civil rights. No true Christian piety and right philanthropy will ever group our fellowmen in the effort to attain a benefit for our race. The whole teaching and spirit of the New Testament is against the course of those women who take forcible possession of another's premises in order to pray and brow-beat him into decency, sobriety and total abstinence. The moving, singing, praying, fanatical tide rolling irresistibly toward the dramshop, obstructing the sidewalk, crowding the door, filling the saloon, surrounding the counter, stops, at least for the time, the nefarious business. Sprinkled and squirted with beer and swill water, denounced with imprecatory oaths and blasphemies, threatened with empty bottles, axes, and naked blades, and exposed to all in vain, for they continue to worry the soul of the offender into full submission. It is a little worse than the old pugilistic preacher who in a square fight knocked down the bully and then pounded grace into him with his two fists.

It is not moral suasion. And it is still more doubtful whether it be, after all true Christian faith and godliness. It is just possible that those who kneel in the muddy gutter or on dirty sidewalks, or filthy floor of the beer saloon to pray and sing in the temperance crusade are not the most truly pious and godly people of the town.

We believe that the time and breath spent in devout prayer to God in the closet, or in the church, would be as well spent. And God would as likely hear and answer, too, such prayer. We are admonished not to cast pearls before swine by Him whose divine mission was not to cry or lift up his voice in the streets. If He tells us that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence when the violent take it by force, yet it never does violence to men. So we cannot afford to aim at reaching a good object by using a wrong, or even questionable means.

Many pious persons are misled by what only seems pious. It is a good thing, for instance, to pray for the safety of persons exposed to the dangers of railroad accidents. But if a company of singing and praying women were to get on the track before the train and obstruct its passage by continued hymns and supplications, refusing, persistently, to give way, they would be interfering unduly with the civil rights and privileges of others. And this could hardly be justified by the mere fact that they are piously engaged, and that their purpose was to secure a blessing on the travelers in the cars. The piety and propriety of the crusaders would better appear, if they left the track unobstructed, and would do their praying at home or in the church where it would not interfere with the railroad company or the passengers who go freely on board the train.

A few years ago we were requested to invite our congregation to join in a whole day's prayer in the Baptist Church, Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, for the shutting up of the drinking places on Sunday. Here was a great evil to be suppressed. And praying is good, even if from 8 o'clock A. M. till night. But to this we said: Nay. We have laws against the evil. Officers bound to enforce them. The Courts are ready to punish offenders. Now, it is not quite pious to shirk the duty of informing on transgressors and having them brought to justice; and instead, taking the more easy course of simply praying to God to do it all for us. For our part we think it is more reasonable and religious to enforce the laws. If they are not just what we would like them to be, let them still be used as far as can be, for a terror to evildoers. While we have detectives and police officers to restrain crime, it is not the best evidence of piety to pray that God would become our mayor and constable.

Besieging the low liquor dens with force and arms, under the guise of piety, where the incense of prayers and hymns is mingled with the fumes and stench of the pot-house, is of a piece with that zeal which a few years ago thought the gospel would be more efficacious in the theaters and dance houses than in the churches. That has been tried, and notwithstanding exceptional cases of good, it is found wanting. So will this new phase of the temperance revival, no doubt, also soon run its course. Permanent results can only come from true Christian freedom and faith.—*Our Church Paper.*

PLANT A HOME.

Young beginners in life's morning,
Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever.
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime, and then the dollar,
Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, having babes around you,
Coming up to take your place;
Give something to remember—
Homestead memories let them trace
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet—
Breathe the blessed air of freedom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.

"Keep the Gate Shut."

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he despatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post, before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result, the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones: "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man, or boy, who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his Master's command is "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements; and when the bold blasphemer would instill doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his in famous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool who "hath said in his heart, there is no God."

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.—Judge S. gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at end of the Freshman year without a dollar, and with several very ugly habits. About the close of vacation the Judge said to his son: "Well, William, are you going to college this year?" "Have no money, father." "But I gave you one thousand to graduate on." "That's all gone, father." "Very well my son I gave you all I could afford to give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation, he left home, made his way through the college, and graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than Wm. H. Seward.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.—It is the solemn thought connected with middle life, that life's last business is begun in earnest, and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave; that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the long day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature, with gigantic footsteps is hastening to her winter grave. So does man look back upon youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up the hill but down, and that the sun is always waning, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than the first, if he will look on and not back.

WORDS OF APPROVAL.—The ability to find fault is considered by some people as a sure sign of superior insight, when in the majority of cases it is only an indication of shallowness and ill nature. One deserves as much credit for seeing the merits of a picture as its defects, for finding out the lovely traits in a character as for lying in wait for its imperfections; indeed, he who steadfastly and on principle determines to see all the good there is in any person is that person's greatest benefactor, and can do most to lift him up into what he might be. Following this vein a little further, if we love our friends not only for what they are, but for what they are capable of being, our very love will assist in transforming them into the realization of the ideal for which we love them, and thus the constant outpouring of our affections toward them will act as a perpetual lever, lifting them nearer and nearer to the realization of their desires. It has no doubt the truth of this; let us be proved by practical demonstration.

Let us not be chary of complimentary and appreciative utterances, but forgetting self, and remembering those dearer, or who should be dearer, in assuring their happiness and success most surely secure their own.

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of these own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.—*Bishop Lightfoot.*

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A Mother Killed by Grief.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* gives the following account of an incident which "happened," it says, in Crawfordsville, Ind., on Sunday last: "The depot had been broken into that noon and some money and a quantity of tickets stolen from the office and things generally upset by a party of boys. Warrants were issued and among them one for a boy named Mike McNeal. About midnight the McNeal family were called upon by the officer of the law, and information that the boy Mike was wanted, at the same time reading the warrant. Mrs. McNeal was astounded, and said there must be a mistake. None of her boys would be guilty of theft, she knew, and it was all a mistake. Her feelings overcame her and she fainted.—The officer however, bearing the warrant had no other course to pursue, but to demand the boy. The mother again fainted, and when she was restored to consciousness the officer agreed to let the boy remain until they had seen the party by whom the warrant had been sworn out. If "Mike" proved to be the one, they would return to the house, if not, he would not be arrested. The officer found, however, that except in name, "Mike" was not the boy. The real culprit was a Mike McNeal a cousin of the former. The officers returned to gladden, as they supposed, the mother's heart, by telling her the boy was innocent. To their horror they reached the house and found Mrs. McNeal dead. The shock and grief combined had been so great as to kill her. The affair caused considerable excitement in town."

Made Him an Emperor.

There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life, neglecting his people, his family, and his affairs, drinking and gambling. He had a dream one night which vividly impressed him. He saw a figure looking at him with a serious face, and pointing to a dial when the hands marked the hour of IV. The figure looked at him sadly and said these words, "after-four, and disappeared. The nobleman awoke, in great terror, thinking the vision foreboded speedy death. "After four!" What could it mean? It must mean that he would die in four days. So he set his house in order, sent for the priest, confessed his sins, and received absolution. He also sent for his family and begged their forgiveness for past offenses. After arranging his affairs with his man of business he waited for death. The four days passed on and he did not die. He then concluded the vision meant four weeks. He did all the good he could, but at the end of four weeks he was still alive. It is plain now, he said, the vision meant four years, and the next four years he gave his whole life and fortune for the improvement of his people, his neighbors, and the poor, taking an honorable part in public affairs. At the end of four years he was elected Emperor of Germany.

HAVE ANIMALS A FUTURE LIFE?

The following is taken from "Recollections of Mary Somerville": "I shall regret to leave, at death, the sky, with all the changes of their beautiful covering; the earth with all its verdure and flowers; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. Since the atoms of matter are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficult to believe that the spark, which gives to their union life, memory, affection, intelligence and fidelity is so transient."

Every atom in the human frame, as well as that in animals, undergoes a periodical change by continual waste and renovation; the abode is changed, not its inhabitant. If animals have no future existence the existence of many is most wretched; multitudes are starved, cruelly beaten and loaded during life; many die under a barbarous vivisection. I cannot believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery; it would be contrary to the attribute of God's mercy and justice. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals.

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About Dogs.

Rev. Dr. Iraenus Prime, of New York, writes as follows to the *Observer*:—"My son came home from Princeton, where he had been reading Divinity, and brought a dog to which he was fondly attached, and his affection was fully reciprocated. The dog slept on a rug beside his master's bed. When my son was making preparations to go to Europe, the dog manifested great uneasiness, watching the packing with evident anxiety, and listening eagerly to the conversation of the family. The day of departure came. The dog was shut up in a room alone, and howled while the master went away.—Night came and the dog wandered about the house, up and down stairs, though his rug was lying ready for him by his master's empty bed. He had disturbed me in the early part of the night by his whines as he sought his master in vain. In the morning I went into his room and found him asleep on his rug. He never woke again. The dog was dead."

CARE FOR A PASSENGER.

A well-known Philadelphia went to Pittsburgh five days ago, and when he entered the sleeping car the thought struck him that he might get to walking about during the night while asleep, as he was something of a somnambulist, and walk off the platform into a better world. So he went to the conductor and gave him a dollar with strict instructions that if he saw him walking around the car in his sleep, to seize him and force him back at all hazards. The Philadelphia turned in and soon his reverberating snore echoed the screech of the locomotive. About two o'clock Loomis awoke, and as the air of the car seemed stifling, he determined to go on the platform for a fresh breath or two. Just as he got to the door the brakeman saw him, grasped him and held him down. When the Philadelphia recovered his breath he indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? Let me up, I tell you; I am as wide awake as you are." But the brakeman put another knee to his breast and insisted that the man was asleep, and then he called another brakeman, and after a terrific struggle, during which the unfortunate received bumps and blows innumerable, the railroad man jammed him into a berth, put a trunk and eight carpet bags on him, and then sat on him to hold him down until morning.

A correspondent writes: "While reporting the proceedings of the Republican State Convention at Dallas, Ga., I met a colored preacher who, from a habit he has of commencing his addresses with the exclamation (thrice repeated), 'Come to the Rock,' has acquired the name of 'Come-to-the-Rock Ben.' On one occasion, while a member of the Legislature, he advanced to the front of the Speaker's desk, and taking two 'rocks,' as small stones are called here, he struck them together, exclaiming, 'Come to the rock, and proceed in a vigorous speech to address the House. His name is Benjamin Will, and he has deservedly won the high regard of many in the State. His eloquence is of a very high order. He is a colored Robert Colver, having all the earnestness and pathos of the Yorkshire blacksmith, with more natural dramatic talent. During a period of temporary confusion in the Convention he gained the floor, and having exclaimed, 'Come to the rock—the rock of Republicanism and good fellowship,' delivered a brief and magnetic speech which restored order and harmony. Some day I hope to hear and to report to you one of his sermons. He is a man whom kindly circumstances might have made famous, and whose life-work, though quietly done, must be very fruitful."

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Wit and Humor.

What is invariably the beginning of love? The latter L.

Felt slippers—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

A pair of lovers will sit up half the night, and not burn as much kerosene as the family uses in an hour during the evening.

Latest farm music:
I wish I was a granger,
And with the farmers stand,
A clover blossom in my hair,
A pitch fork in my hand.

Legitimate business.—A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"Doct^r," said a lady to her physician "don't you think the small bonnets that the ladies wear nowadays have a tendency to produce congestion of the brain?" "No madam. When you see one of those bonnets, there are no brains to congest."

A dealer in horse-flesh sold to a gentleman of little experience in such matters a steed as "perfectly without fault." Next day the buyer came back in great fury, because his groom found out that the alleged "faultless horse" was blind in the right eye. "Why," replied the shrewd dealer, "that is not the horse's fault; it is only his misfortune."

"What do you sell those fowls for?" inquired a person of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of questionable appearance. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist; "I look them to be patriarchs."

Who puts out at der pest hotel, and dakes his oyster on der schell, and mit der fraulins cuts a schwell? Der drummer.

Who was it comes into my scotch, and drows down his pundles on der vloer, and never schlops to shut der door? Der drummer.

Who dakes me by der handt und say: "Und goes for peeces rightt away? Der drummer.

Who spreads his samples in a trice, und dells me 'look, und see how nice! Und says I gets 'der bottom price? Der drummer.

Who says der tingt vas eggert vine "Yrom Sharnay, und-on der Rhine," und abeats me den dimes out of mine? Der drummer.

Who dells how sheep der goots vas bot; mooch less as vos I goulf imbort, but lets dem go as he 'short? Der drummer.

Who warrants all der goots to suit gustomers upon his route, und van dey games dey vas nooot? Der drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been out, drinks mine beer, und eats mine krount, und kiss Katrina in der moult? Der drummer.

Who, ven he comes again dis vay will bear vot Pfeiffer has to say, und mit a plack eye goes away? Der drummer.

While traveling in the South a few weeks since, I was amused at the following incident:

On board the train was a colored family, consisting of father, mother, and three children. The two eldest ranged from fifteen to seventeen, the youngest about eight. The two eldest were black as an epitome of midnight, the youngest was of the brightest saddle-color. An old gentleman of inquiring mind asked the mother whose children they were.

"Deys mine," answered the old Dinah. "What, all three?" queried the old gent. "Course dey is," said Dinah. "Well, who is their father? asked the old gent.

"Dere is dere fader; dat's my old man," said aunt Dinah; pointing to an old grey haired and decrepit dork sitting near.

"Why," said the old gent, "you don't pretend to tell me that he is the father of all three?"

"Course he is de fader ob ol free; he is my old man, he is," said Dinah, somewhat impatiently.

"Well, now," said the old gent, "just tell me this; how does it happen that these two are so black, and this one is so white?"

"Why," de Lord love you, honey," returned Dinah with a grin, "don't yo know dem two old uns was dun burned for de war in old reb times; dis yere one," pointing to the young cream-color, "was born since we is free."

The man of inquiring turn of mind was silenced if not convinced.

A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; and a cubic yard, six million eight hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence, estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

The oyster beds of Virginia cover an area equal to six hundred and forty thousand acres, and those great mines of sub-marine wealth are estimated to yield an annual money value of ten millions of dollars.

One firm in Harrisburg has recently received 20,000 bushels peanuts.