

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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Waynesboro' Village Record,
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By W. BLAIR.

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

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr 19-1f

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' 'Corner Drug Store.' [June 29-1f]

DR. JOHN M. RIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main Street, Waynesboro'. april 24-1f

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N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December, 10 1871.

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DR. HENRY BOWLS (formerly of Virginia) announces to the citizens of Waynesboro' and the public generally that he is prepared to treat the different diseases to which horses are subject, including lock-jaw. Thorough study and many years practice are the best recommendations he can offer. Persons requiring his services will find him at Minter's Hotel. may 21-1f

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-1f

REMOVAL!

DR. BENJ. FRANTZ has removed to the new Office building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street, where he can always be found, when not engaged on professional visits.

Office Hours:—Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2 and 6 and 9 P. M. Special attention given to all forms of chronic disease. An experience of nearly thirty years enables him to give satisfaction. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-1f

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.
Drs. A. A. HERRING, J. M. RIPLE,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. K. SNIVELY,
A. S. BOKERBAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17-1f

J. H. FORNEY & CO.

Pruduce 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 29-1f

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, 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 23-1f
SAMPL P. STONER.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is at all times prepared to make order Gents Course or Foe Boots, also course of fine work for Ladies or Misses, including the latest style of lasting. Gaiters.—Repairing done at short notice, and measurements taken in private families if desired. Shop on East Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by J. Eiden, as a flour and feed store.
THOS. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

LUMBER.

30,000 Feet of different grades of Pine Board Lumber for sale by
FRICK & CO.,
S. E. & D. Works.

Select Poetry.



THINE OWN.

[The following beautiful and touching verses, by a New Orleans lady, were written as a farewell to her husband, during her illness, and in prospect of an early departure to the better land.]

Call me no more thine own! The Summer hours,
So loved by me, shall never come again:
I scarce shall look upon the spring's pale flowers,
And in this life of weariness and pain
Shall be no more thine own.

The spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale;
Freed from gray winter blue shall glow the sky;
But ere the sweet breathed violets grow pale,
This fading form in dust shall lie,
And be no more thine own.

The shadow of the parting hour is nigh;
It falls, dear one, upon my heart and mine:
Alas! to leave thee when life's morning hour
Is golden o'er by love almost divine,
To be no more thine own!

I soon shall leave thee; thou, beloved, wilt feel
A gloomy shadow o'er thy pathway thrown;
And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal,
That in this dreary world thou art alone,
And I no more thine own.

No more thine own! To wake for thee, at eve,
The chords of music sweetest to thine ear,
To love thee still through joy and grief,
To be thy truest friend, of all most dear,
But not on earth thine own.

On these near hills, whose beauty never fades,
My lingering feet shall rest. Oh! do not weep!
Thou shalt dwell where sorrow ne'er invades,
With Him who giveth his beloved sleep,
And I shall be thy own.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE WIFE'S TEMPTATION.

'Mercenary little thing? Who could imagine that she should be so artful?' said Mrs. Fulton contemptuously; and society, judging from its own standard, quite coincided in her opinion.

He was double her age. Of course she had married him for money.

Was it so? Lily Rivers herself could scarcely answer the question. She was very friendly, very desolate; it was but dreary work, acting as governess to Mrs. Fulton's unruly children, and bearing the airs of that great lady herself. Mark Grant's tender heart melted with infinite compassion at the sight of the fragile young creature, bearing her cheerless life so uncomplainingly, striving so bravely to fulfill her duties. An intense desire to shield and protect her came over him; then, to his own amazement, Mark Grant, who, for nearly two score years, had resisted all matrimonial traps, found that he had fallen hopelessly in love with his sister's pretty governess.

When Mr. Grant, the rich banker, asked Lily to be his wife, she was almost overpowered by the unexpected honor; his vows were the first words of affection she had listened to for many years. It was so delightful to have some one to cling to—know that she was not utterly friendless. She never asked herself if she loved this man as a wife should love her husband, she esteemed him above all other men; he loved her, he said; she could render his home a heaven upon earth.—'What more was wanting to complete her happiness?'

So Lily reigned like a queen in Mark Grant's stately mansion at Clapham, and felt a vivid delight in the luxury and splendor with which her husband loved to surround her. Mark never seemed tired of ministering to his young wife's pleasure.

A year passed thus, then Gerald Lacy appeared upon the scene. He was Mark's cousin—handsome, wealthy, and talented; he was one of society's idols, had somewhat tired of its attractions, and now, after some years of foreign travel, he had returned to his native land. We have said he was rich and idle; how could he employ the time better than by devoting it to his cousin's lovely wife? Such pastime was necessary to Gerald's excitement-loving nature. He was not a bad man, only a thoughtless trifler, and he assured himself he meant no harm.

Mark did not understand the value of the treasure he possessed. Lily was his cousin; it would be only a charity to cultivate her life! Thus he reasoned.

Accordingly, Mr. Lacy set himself to work to render himself agreeable. Lily was not very difficult to please; she received all his attentions graciously, for Gerald was a new experience to the girl; his gay manner captivated her simple fancy; he was a hero in her sight; he called her his friend; Lily imagined that never before had friendship assumed so fair a guise to mortal being.

Day after day passed, each brighter than the last; then summer came, and still found Gerald at Lily Grant's side. There were boating excursions when the limped waters were calm as a mirror, Lily seated near him, looking like a water-fairy in her dainty white robes. Long rides, when the horses' hoofs brushed the diamond drops of dew from the grass; promenades upon the terrace when the moonbeams bathed the landscape in a flood of silvery grandeur.

During the summer days, Gerald Lacy was careless no longer; his thoughtlessness had drifted into sin; and without a struggle, he yielded himself up to the fierce passion which consumed him. He declared to himself that he could not live without her. He felt no remorse for the dishonor he would bring upon his kinsman's name, no pity for the woman he would stain with disgrace; absorbed in his selfish passion, he was deaf to the voice of conscience.

One day, Mrs. Grant's maid delivered to her mistress a note which excited strange emotions in that lady.—It was from Gerald, declaring his love, and entreating her to meet him in the arbor that evening. As she read, Lily's face was crimsoned by a deep flush of shame; she saw the terrible abyss which yawned beneath her; and, kneeling down, she prayed as one in deadly peril might pray, that she might be enabled to resist temptation. She had almost loved him, she acknowledged to herself; but now, for Mark's honor, she must be strong.

The golden radiance of the day had just yielded to the cool shades of the evening; Gerald impatiently awaited the woman he loved. Would she come? did she love him? he asked himself then, even as he thought, pale as death, Lily stood before him. Gerald sprang forward, with outstretched arms, then drew back hastily, awed by the expression of the pure, proud face.

'I received your note,' she commenced in harsh, constrained tones; then, crying impetuously, 'Oh, Gerald! how could you insult me so?' she burst into passionate tears.

All Gerald's fine-gentleman composure forsook him; he would fain have kissed the wet, flushed cheeks, but dared not.

'Don't cry, darling,' he said, piteously. 'I would give my life to save you from a moment's pain. I love you so dearly, Lily!'

'And I love you as a brother,' she sobbed. 'I trusted you so entirely, and now you ask me to leave Mark—to dishonor him!'

Rushing to Death.

Returning from an enjoyable trip to the country, accompanied by a lady friend, we had the misfortune to lose the train, arriving at the depot just in time to see it moving off; whereupon my friend, with an agility which might have delighted me under other circumstances risked her life by attempting to spring on the steps of the rear car. Perhaps her leap might have ended successfully; perhaps life or limb endangered; but I frustrated the rash attempt and edified her with a moral lecture concerning the suicide, while we waited for the next train. I think that it is better to lose twenty minutes, or even half an hour, than to risk a life; yet we everywhere read of people who run these fearful risks too often successfully. Very recently a distinguished graduate of a Virginia university wanted to deposit a letter in the post-office on the other side of the railroad track. A locomotive was approaching; he thought he could cross before the ponderous engine could come along. He miscalculated the speed. In another moment he was a shapeless mass. Had he waited two minutes—half a minute—the train would have passed along, and he could have deposited his letter.—A young lady wished to show her friends how easily she could cross in front of a locomotive; she did cross, but her streaming dress caught in the passing wheels, drawing her under its crushing weight.

One day a young wife looked from her chamber window and saw her husband leave the cars, which daily passed her home.—She ran down stairs to greet him at the door, but when she reached it he was not there. She thought he was playing a little trick; she called for him playfully, but there was no answer. She saw a crowd of men approach the gate, open it, and come up the path with her dead husband. He did alight from the cars with safety and step upon the platform before the station. There was a train in the opposite direction; he thought he had plenty of time to cross in front of it, and did cross except by one single inch; the wheel struck the heel of his boot, wheeled him around under the cars, and all was over; one minute longer and he could have crossed with the locomotive ahead of him.

Limbs are broken, lives are lost every year in any large city, by attempting to cross in front of moving horses or vehicles. And all this foolhardy daring that a few moments of time may be saved.

By the Wayside.

Two aged men entered a street car a few days ago, in a neighboring city. One of them who was paralyzed, said, in reply to a question of the other as to his welfare: 'I have a very large interest in the next world.' When asked, 'how are you off for this world?' he replied pleasantly that he had enough to meet his wants while he lived, and then again added, 'but I have a very large interest in the next world.' The conversation attracted the attention of other passengers, and those words kept wringing in his ears all the rest of the day. He could not get rid of the deep impression made by the singular earnestness and happiness of the old disciple.

Surely this is the beauty of old age.—Its joys and blessedness, the calm assurance of a portion beyond this life in 'the inheritance of the saints in light.'

Little, too, did the veteran think of the power of his reiterated sentence upon the hearts of his fellow-travellers, who did not even know his name. Yet these wayside utterances of warm-hearted Christians are often the most eloquent lay-preaching, both to unconverted people and to believers who happen to overhear them. Our unconscious influences are frequently the best or the worst that we exert.

But the best of all is when the pilgrim life draws near its close, and when the staff and sandals are soon to be laid aside to feel that our 'best and largest interests are in the next world.'

The treasure grows at more than compound interest. Its value increases as the vision of it widens like the firmament.—'The riches cannot 'take to themselves wings and fly away.' It is a life interest for eternity, and faith only asserts its divine prerogative, 'while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, but the things that are not seen are eternal.'

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.—We make our best use of this world when we regard it as the basis from which to survey the other. Without heaven, poetry could have no existence. The key-note of the poetic is future perfection, and the heaven of the Christian is the highest perfection. I know of no better illustration of these truths than a simple expression which fell from the lips of a godly friend of mine. Through perseverance and industry, he had been able to build himself a house. But his chief boast was, that from his fire-side he could see his father's house on the distant hill. 'No matter the weather,' said he, 'whether winter or summer, spring or autumn—no matter the sky, whether cloudless or stormy—when I sit by my east window, father's roof and chimney-tops, the gleam of his lamp at night, are always visible to my sight.' His words contain the philosophy of life, and enclose, as in a nutshell, the principles of holy living. Envious—yea, thrice envious—is the man who can pierce the clouds of social darkness which surround our earthly homes, and see his Father's house, with its many mansions, in the distant heaven.

Out in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best—
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—
Some love the tent, and some the field;
I often wonder who is right—
The one who strive—or those who yield?

Some hands fold when other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have led
Some see when others shun the fray.

Some swords rest when others clash—
Some fall back where some move on—
Some flags furled while others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep—
The virgins of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above a grave.

Old Love Rekindled.

The wedding was that of Mr. Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major Sibley, United States army. She was Miss Humphries, daughter of Judge Humphries of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, and twenty-seven years ago was affianced to Mr. Conger, then a handsome, blooming youth. Miss Humphries was pretty, a belle and a flirt. Her flirting propensities did not please Mr. Conger, and he remonstrated with her. Being a high-spirited girl she finally broke the engagement, telling him she would never marry him.

He left the State. She married and he married. Major Sibley lived twelve years. There were no children and at his death she went abroad. Mrs. Conger lived a few years, and left three children. In October, weary of European life, Mrs. Sibley determined to return to her home in Cincinnati. Arriving in New York, it occurred to her to come to Washington for a few weeks. Oh, woman, how mysterious are thy ways! One day, time hanging wearily on her hands, she wandered to (?) Congress; of course, never dreaming that in this august body sat her affinity! An hour passed; the debates were prosy and tedious. So, gathering her wraps about her, she prepared to leave the gallery, when there was a tap on her shoulder. Turning, who did she behold but the lover of her youth!

After commonplace greetings in an agitated voice, she made the inquiry, 'I suppose your family are with you?' 'Did you not know that my wife was dead?' With tragic start, she averred she did not. They chatted some time, and on leaving she said, 'I am at the Arlington, will you come and see me?' Hesitation on his part, blushes on hers, and then in a low voice, replied Conger, 'I will come if you take back what you said to me twenty-five years ago.' 'I will,' she answered, and she smiled. The engagement was very brief, and the happy train were united.—Cinn. Com.

THE GENTLE LIFE.—This is the beautiful heritage of the well-born man and the gentle woman. They may be poor or rich to-day, they may be living a life of leisure or toiling for their bread—all the same they carry with them the grace, the care, the gentleness, the consideration, the knowledge which we call intuition or instinct, which comes from generations of culture and a thousand qualities of mind and heart which win social recognition and bring happiness to the possessor.

The accumulation of more money as an inheritance for children is often worse than nothing in their hands; it deprives them of all incentive to personal effort and unfrequently proves the means by which they ride fast to destruction. Money is worse than nothing if the lives of the past and associations of the present have not taught us how to put it to its noblest uses.

But the order, the training, the experience of a life are invaluable. They form, with education, a key that unlocks the recesses of the world, and becomes a power that no loss in stocks or bonds or houses or lands can deprive the fortunate possessor of. They make him the equal of the best, and therefore at ease with all men.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—Says the New York Tribune: In Murrysville, Cooke county, Tenn. Mrs. Kennedy has for some years suffered great pains, and 'felt something running up and down her stomach.' So at last, after some hospital treatment, she sent for Perriam Gyles, M. D. This physician having summoned two of his brethren, an operation was undertaken. Surgical particulars are unnecessary. The result was that two living rattlesnakes, the one thirty-six, the other thirty-two inches long, were removed from the woman, and she is now perfectly well, while the snakes, in a stuffed state, adorn the museum of Col. John Stephens. Mrs. Kennedy says that several years ago 'she swallowed two small, soft, white eggs, which she found in a field, supposing them to be partridge eggs.' The gentle reader may ask if we believe this story. To this we answer that we do not believe one word of it. We reject the eggs and the snakes and the rattles and Mrs. Kennedy altogether, and even of the remainder of the narrative we have certain doubts.

Life's Lesson.

'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

While, year after year, the beautiful, true and the good, are taken from the ranks of life, it is a joy to know that the spirit world is made richer through the poverty of this.

In early life, surrounded by friends whose voices greet us on every side, and whose smiles are ever ready to welcome us, death, and the spirit world, seem far away—sometimes almost as though they were not. Life is not real; we tread its pathway with pleasure and delight, but as we advance in our journey, as voice after voice is hushed in death, and form after form which we have loved has passed from our sight, as the pleasures of this world recede from our view, and we are left alone to tread the down of life, our minds instinctively turn from the seen to the unseen and spiritual. For with every friend that has passed away some joy has faded, and every friend that has gone to the spirit world, has stranded the river of death with another chord, that will make our passage over more easy. One by one passes over until we come to think more of Heaven than of earth. Knowing that our loved ones are there, we sometimes feel that a part of ourselves is with them, for where our treasure is, there will our heart be also.

We seem to follow our friends beyond the veil, at times, and as one writer beautifully expressed it, 'They are not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death in the blue distance, the smoke of their cottages.'

We learn to think of them as not lost, but still ours—not dead, only living in the spirit world, whither we shall soon follow; and thinking of them thus takes from our bereavement half its sting. Then weep not, mother, because thy child is taken; a kind Father would wean thy heart from earth. Weep not, child, because thy mother is gone; thou may'st love her still, and she may perchance be watching thee from the spirit world, and is a ministering angel to guide thy feet to that better land.—The Wayside.

Failures in Business.

The man who never fails in business can not possibly know whether he has any 'grit' in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, then rises, who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder, and a grocer, and as often as he failed, he 'tried and tried again,' until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times of come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune, and made it worth a million dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the ornament of his nation.

The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made it one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables, and bedsteads, and barrels, many a long year before he made himself a 'giant' on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley slave life of a Mississippi flat boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

Gen. Grant failed in everything except smoking cigars, he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago 'he brought up' on top of a wood pile, 'tanning it' for forty dollars a month and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

The lesson for every young man is this: As long as you have the health, and have the power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing try another, and a third—a dozen even. Look at the spider; nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to its place of attachment, and on the twentieth succeeded. The young man who has the gift of continuance is the one whose foot will be ablest to breast the angry waters of human discouragement.

WHY EARS SHOULD NOT BE BOXED.—In 'Physiology for Practical Use' (D. Appleton & Co.) we find the following: There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ears and ought to be carefully avoided.

* * * And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially that adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane he could scarcely devise a more efficient means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way.

Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that 'looking guilty' proves guilt.—An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has face 'ready made' for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheek in nine times out of ten.

The sweetest pleasures are the soonest gone.

Wit and Humor.

Colorado calls for more women. It has scarcely a single one.

Mr. Berg denies the report that he is about to cause the arrest of several large grocery firms for bottling cats-up.

A stout old woman in Detroit got mad lately because a photographer wouldn't let her fan herself while she had her picture taken.

'Are there any fools in this town?' asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday.—'I don't know,' replied the boy; 'are you lonesome?'

When the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband, it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet.

A new answer to an old question:—'Why is a ship designated as "she"?' Because she always keeps a man on the look out.

A Philadelphia girl called a young man a thief, and when requested by the mother of the accused to prove the charge, said he had stolen several kisses from her.

An old clergyman spying a boy creeping through a fence exclaimed: 'What! crawling through a fence! Pigs do that.' 'Yes,' retorted the boy; 'and old hogs go along the street.'

'Do you understand the English language?' said a McLean county man the other day, addressing a lightning-rod agent. 'I do,' replied the agent. 'Then I'll be—'—if I want any of your rods. The lightning man, somewhat electrified, drove on.

A land agent in Colorado remarked to an enquiring emigrant, that all that was needed to make the place a paradise was a comfortable climate, water and good society. 'That is all that is lacking in hell,' was the reply.

A boy was seen in the streets of St. Paul a few days ago with his cap full of green apples. He was followed half a mile by three doctors, before the first gripo seized him, and then they all had plenty of business for the next hour trying to keep him undoubled.

Mrs. Van Cott says that at one of her prayer meetings a negro brother prayed: 'O Lord, send angel to pin de wings on Sister Banco's heels dat she may fly troo de world preachin' de everlastin' gospel.' And one added: 'Lord, give her wings on her shoulders, too, kase her preaching will not have effect, for she'll fly upside down.'

A noted hunter of South Hero fears that he has been the victim of a 'sell.'—He has a gun that scatters shot badly, so that it is not of much account. A while ago he saw an advertisement in a city paper, offering to send information whereby such 'scattering' of shot could be effectually prevented, on receipt of fifty cents. He sent the money, and in due time he was informed that to prevent his gun from 'scattering' he should 'put in only one shot.'

A Maine rogue has been selling kegs supposed to hold ten gallons of liquor each. A pint of rum was sealed up inside of each of the kegs, and so placed that taking out a small cork the purchaser could test the liquor, but while there was a pint of liquor, there were nine gallons and seven pints of water separated from it. Sometimes other people are taken in the same way. A young lady attains a few accomplishments, she puts them on the outside, she is judged to be everywhere as she is in the parlor. Some fine day a young man discovers that he has been sold, he has bought a piece of calico that will not wash—and vice versa.

A minister comes on trial, he preaches three or four prepared sermons, the people are delighted; they secure him.—Alas! they soon learn that his good points were merely arranged for exhibition.—After his pint of strength is gone it is all milk and water.

Moral.—When you make a test, put your gague all the way through.—Church Union

VALUABLE INFORMATION.—A correspondent gives his testimony as to the value of using glue as a healing agent for cuts, bruises, etc. 'I have used glue for this purpose for the last 22 years, mostly in the cabinet shop, and never employ anything else. I have received many severe cuts and bruises, and never lost any time to speak of. Often a piece of thin cloth is sufficient after glueing over the wound. I use the best imported glue. I never took cold in a wound yet, and it is the most speedy healing agent I ever employed. Last autumn an acquaintance of mine came in the shop with his head all bunched up. He had received a severe bruise on the back of his head, and took cold in it; and it was badly inflamed. I spread a glue plaster over the wound and bound a moistened cloth over to keep the glue from becoming dry. In one week his head was entirely well.

Ladies who imagine themselves martyrs to tyrannical husbands can or should pity their sisters in India. Among other restrictions, the Hindoo Bible forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyes, eat dairy food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror, during the absence of her husband, and it allows him to divorce her if she injures his property, scolds his quarrels with another woman, (thinking that!) or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.