

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1874.

NUMBER 20.

THE VILLAGE RECORD,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Three 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 insertion.

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincy and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr 24

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-14

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. E. Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December, 10 1871.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

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 14

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-14

REMOVAL!

DR. BENJ. FRANZ 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 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 23-14

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,

RESIDENT DENTIST

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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. E. A. HERRING, J. M. RIFFLE,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
C. S. BONERBAKER, T. D. FINEVILL.
July 17-14

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 29-14

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET, WAYNESBORO', PENNA.

The subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurbished, repainted 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 23-14. SAM'L P. STONER.

LIVERY! LIVERY!

The subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Sundry horses and first class conveniences furnished at all times. An attentive hostler will always be found at the stable. A share of the public's patronage is respectfully solicited. JOHN S. FUNK, July 30-14

TAILORING.

The subscriber announces to his old customers and the public that he has again taken up his residence in Waynesboro' and will be pleased to receive a share of public patronage. His place of business is on Lutersburg street, nearly opposite Bell's Pottery. JOS. ANDERSON. may 1-14

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. Getzer's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK. nov 27-14

CINNAMON, allspice, mustard, cloves and other spices whole or ground. at Reid's Grocery

Select Poetry.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, Autumn Leaves!
My spirit grieves
That you so soon should fade,
The beauty bright
That charms our sight
On the earth's cold breast be laid.

Oh, leaves so fair!
Your colors rare
A sweeter memory bring
Than all the flowers
Of summer hours,
Or all the buds of spring.

Your haughty pride
Could not abide
The summer's changeless green,
But you must wear
Those garments rare
Like mantles of a queen.

You rob the skies
Of sunset's dyes
And morning's crimson flush
And then by day
Your trophies gay
Bedeck each tree and bush.

But by-and-by
The wrathful sky
Will lay your beauty low,
And o'er your forms
December storms
Sweep wide the drifting snow.

Then praise be still
To artist skill,
That gives to wind or storm,
Spits to our sight
In colors bright
The beauty of your forms.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LOVE STORY OF THE WAR.

We were sitting in our room at the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Md., with a charming lady who had dropped in on a visit, one of our windows looked into that of another room so placed by the projection of the main building that half of its interior could be seen. We were looking at and admiring a little chubby, blue-eyed two year old, white as snow, who was pulling a bouquet to pieces and tossing on the fragments, or clapping her little hands with delight as a train went thundering by.

"These rooms," said our fair visitor, "have some very tender associations for me."

"Why so?" we asked.

"Well," she answered, "during the war the greater part of the hotel was seized by the Government as a hospital, and we were crowded into a few rooms. My sister and I had this. In that room where that little beauty is were two Union officers, one sick of fever and the other of a wound. It was hard to tell whether they were slowly dying or slowly getting well. I never saw such ghastly skeletons to be alive. We were 'sacch,' and not modest about it either, but still our hearts ached for the poor young men, so ill, perhaps dying, far from friends and relatives."

"If both were to know how this should be a hospital," we said, "it is so far removed from active operations."

"It was thought," she answered, "that the mountain air of the glades would be more favorable to recovery than elsewhere so this was made a hospital. One day one of these officers dragged himself to the window, and under the impulse of the moment my sister asked if we could do anything for them, and he answered, gasping for breath, that a little chicken soup would save their lives. Chickens were rare in those days—an army is hard on poultry. The men will work all night, after marching during the day, to secure a few chickens; so that while the hospital nurses and physicians had an unlimited supply of actual luxuries in the way of wines, potted meats and canned vegetables they were without anything fresh. We knew a few chickens were hid in the cellar, by a neighbor, and we coaxed one out of the owner, and after a deal of vexatious trouble—for at every turn we were met by a fixed bayonet and an insult—we got the soup ready, and as the guard in the hall would not permit us to approach our patients, my sister attempted to hand the bowl to the officer in the window. Just as he was feebly reaching for it, and she stretching herself half out to give it to him, a harsh, ugly voice below cried aloud, 'Look out there—poison!'

"She nearly dropped herself, soup and all. Drawing back, she hesitated a second, and then she took a spoon and began eating the broth. 'Oh! brother,' cried the officer, 'don't wait! that way—I am not afraid,' and so she gave him the soup. It seemed to revive him, and they continued steadily to improve as day after day we supplied them with chicken broth until the cellar was empty. During this time we sat at the windows talking, and we sang to them—sang 'My Maryland' and all the Southern songs we knew until they were well enough to leave the hospital and to return to duty. They both seemed sorrow to go, and forced on us a quantity of hospital stores and some coffee which last we sadly needed. Then one gave a ring and the other a brooch as tokens of their kind feeling."

"And did they never return?" we asked.

"No," she answered, "they never returned."

"Why not?" we asked.

"They were killed in the very next battle in which they engaged. His companion wrote us about it, and the writer insisted upon opening a correspondence with my sister; and soon his letters grew into love letters, and after a time they were engaged. Nearly a year subsequent to this our patient got leave of absence, and came to be married. He put up at a hotel, and will you believe it, our own brother, who was in the Confederate service and knew nothing of my sister's affair, led a band of guerrillas at night into town and captured his intended brother-in-law from his bed. This not only deferred the marriage, but deprived the young West Pointer of his promotion, that had been promised for gallant services in the field. It was really aggravating, for exchanges had almost ceased, and it looked as if the lovers were over before they could be united."

"You should have revealed to Abraham Lincoln to give a married brigadier for an unmarried lieutenant."

"We did better. Procuring passes, we went through the lines and appealed to Jeff Davis. Jeff said he would put my brother's prisoner in his sister's keeping. They have been happily married these many years. He is a brevet brigadier general now, and it all came of our nursing the enemy in that room."

We Marry too Young.

Amongst our American population—perhaps particularly the first and second generations from immigrant parents—there appears to be a very strong tendency to marry young. This very especially applies to the female portion of the community. American young men seem infatuated about marrying girls not out of their teens. A young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age in the city, is "an old maid." Marrying young men seek a union with children of fifteen to seventeen years of age—girls that ought to be in charge of their parents for some years to come, instead of becoming mothers themselves.

This infatuation results in undeveloped and ill-developed growing girls thus becoming young mothers before they are fit to leave their own mothers' care. The first consequence of this is, that the infant offspring of a beardless boy of eighteen or nineteen years of age, and a childish girl fifteen or sixteen years, possesses but little stamina, and soon droops and dwindles, and dies in the first weeks or months of its existence.

Crossing from Brooklyn to New York on a ferry boat a few days ago, we observed a pale, delicate, unhealthy-looking little girl trying to pacify a sickly, crying, dying infant. For a little time we were completely puzzled in conjecturing whether the little girl was the mother of that dying infant or not. And yet she handled that baby with something of the air that a mother only can rightly manifest. Being curious to ascertain the truth of the matter, we made free, with needless apologies, to ask that girl if she were really the infant's mother. With somewhat of color raising in her pale cheeks, and a mother's pride, she said, "Yes, sir, this is my child."

Heartily and very sincerely did we pity that little girl. Without strength herself, there was that poor little infant wanting in vitality. Before this article meets the eyes of our readers, that poor babe must be amongst those that figure Dr. Harris' returns as dying "under one year old."—*Science as dying.*

The Little Sailor of the Lake.
We were leaning over the Creek bridge at Olcott, says the Lockport Union, watching Ed. Martin as he took his evening fish. Martin keeps the little boat house on the west side of the creek, where at any hour of the day may be found a row boat creekworthy or lakeworthy. As we stood there, there appeared on the landing at the boat house, a little fellow, "knee high to a grasshopper," who wanted to know—in a voice worthy of a man—which boat he should take. As the youngster was just about tall enough to see comfortably over an ordinary table, every eye in the party was directed with an expression of mingled wonderment and amusement at the speaker. He was burdened with little more than pantaloons, shirt and slouch sailor cap. The question as to which boat he should take was put to Mr. Martin, his father, who directed him to take the little Lena, we believe a graceful boat, large enough to hold a party of four or five comfortably.

As the little boatman stepped into the Lena a series of questions were put to his natural protector, who was playing with the fishing line.

"Why, does that little fellow go out on the creek alone?"

"Oh, yes; he goes wherever he pleases."

"How old is he?"

"Five years old."

"Do you let him take the boat wherever he chooses?"

"Yes, he goes on the lake alone frequently with the sail boat. He takes parties out sailing miles away from the land."

"Are you not afraid to have him do so?"

"No. He knows what he's about."

It was very evident from the way he was handling the oars that he knew what he was about. He sped up the creek like an arrow, and had just the stroke that one might imagine the experienced man of oars to have. There was some surprise felt by lady witnesses that the father could allow so diminutive a piece of humanity to brave the dangers of waves alone. But they forgot, perhaps, that he was born a sailor, and moreover, that a child is no more helpless—in ordinary times just as powerful as a strong man on the fickle waves. It was faith, you remember, that in those old times did wonders on the deep.

As the party were leaving the place, remarking upon what they had seen and heard, a man who stood near, trying to catch the attention of some three-pounders with a spoon hook, gave his head an expressive shake and said:

"That boy is safer than many men on the water. I have met him miles out on the lake, sailing over the white caps as self-possessed and brave as any old tar."

The Triumphant Book.
Do not be afraid of the Bible. Its triumph is certain. The owls may hoot at the rising sun, but sunshine creeps on not withstanding. Tribes may perish, priests may die, altars may crumble into ruin; but this blessed book advances at a pace that never ceases; and if it ever retreats, it is to recover its retreat with a greater glory than its advance. This book, inspired by the Spirit of God, climbs steep hills and crosses broad rivers. It is found under the sailor's pillow; in the soldier's knapsack; and it soars with a wing that is not numbed by polar snows or relaxed under equatorial suns. It carries with it an earnest of its ultimate and everlasting victory. And this book tells us what the real disease of man is. It lays its fingers on the very spot, and it tells us the blessed truth that there is no chance or accident; that all is settled and perfectly arranged; and that even that ripple of sorrow which sometimes comes to the sensitive heart as you will find, if you trace it backward, came from the fountain of living waters, to strengthen, cheer and encourage us.

The great hearts of the olden time
Are beaming with you full and strong,
All holy memories, and sublime,
And glorious, around these throng.

The languid pulse of Europe starts
Beneath the word of power;
The beating of its million hearts
Is with you at this hour.

Press out and who may not share
The toils and glories of the fight,
At least may ask in earnest prayer
God's blessing on the right.

Make penitents rather by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

ALICE GARY'S DING HYMN.

Earth, with its dark and dreadful hills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of death give way!

My soul is full of whispering song;
My blindness is my sight.
The shadows that I feel so long
Are still alive with light.

That while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith does so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives—
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King.
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

State Line, Pa., October 24, 1874.

Within the last few years, a new meeting house has been erected by the German Baptists, about a mile and a half southwest of Greencastle which is perhaps one of the best and most convenient of the kind found in the county. It is built of brick, in size about 40 by 60 feet, and about 10 feet high to the ceiling with a basement 8 feet high built of stone.

The spot selected for its location is more or less uneven, admitting the doors to the basement to enter on level ground on the back part, while in front the doors are reached by a few steps. The basement is provided with tables and other arrangements necessary to prepare a repast or dinner at large meetings for the members and all others present. There are two doors, one intended for persons to pass in to the tables, and the other for them to pass out. This proves to be an excellent arrangement.

The plan of the meeting house is with the front on the long side. Two doors enter, one for the brethren and the other for the sisters, and the house is about equally divided for both sexes. The seats are made with backs, and are permanently fastened to the floor.

At this place a love feast was held on the 23d of October, or in other words, a meeting of a general invitation at which the bread and wine were administered, and the different ordinances practiced, according to the usages of the church. Services commenced at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, quite a number of preachers were present, and the attendance of the people was sufficiently large to make the occasion interesting.

One of the greatest differences between the associate Baptists and most of other denominations is found in their views of the Lord's Supper. They believe that Christ ate his supper with his disciples, before he distributed the bread and wine. Hence they call that part of the services which is calculated to strengthen the body of the Lord's Supper, and that part of the services calculated to strengthen the spirit is "the Communion." The supper is believed to represent the glory of the church in the eternal world, and the Communion, the sufferings in the present time.

It is not intended to dwell at any length upon the ceremonies of the day, but to notice a small, yet a coincidence which occurred on the occasion. One of the preachers in his efforts to expound the scriptures, brought forward an explanation or rather advanced a doctrine, known to be precisely the same preached by the Baptists in 1720 and 30 when they left Germany, and came to Pennsylvania. To state this doctrine so plainly, that there can be no misunderstanding about it, amounts to about this: It is the difference between the holy and the righteous, the difference between the perfect and the upright, the difference between the good and the just. These words are inadequate fully to express the mystery contained, and some allowance should be made for a difference of sense in which they may be used.

This doctrine involves the idea of a middle state. A first and a second resurrection. Mystically speaking, Christ is the first resurrection; Moses is the second resurrection. The dead in Christ, rise one thousand years later. With regard to the whole plan of salvation, Moses yet stands where he always stood, and points all men unto Christ. To introduce an illustration showing the difference between the perfect man and the upright man, it may be said, there are men who are very exact in their business transactions, all they owe to others, they are ready to give, and all that is coming to them they want to have; but they are not prepared to go with a man two miles, when asked to go one.

It is commonly so said that the German Baptists are Protestants, this in part is true, and yet to a very considerable extent, a mistake. The Baptists know very well that under Protestant rule they had more liberty than under Catholic rule, but so far as spirituality was concerned, they did not see that the Lutherans and the German Reformed were any more advanced than the Catholics. With regard to the resurrection of the dead, it seems, they very generally believed in the teachings of some of the ancient writers, that a man's final destiny is not determined at the hour of death. "At all events it is believed, that they carried with them from Germany to Pennsylvania the writings of Thomas Kempis, who died in 1471 in the nineteenth year of his age, and is to this day claimed by the Catholics as a member of their church. Conrad Beissel a Baptist preacher, who came from Germany to America in 1720 and died in Lancas-

A Noble Wife.

During the troubles in Poland, which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusko, many of the trust and the best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had three sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learning that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall I be safe?"

"Yes, madame. I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tryant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a full pardon of the father and the sons.

How the boys do grow! A few years since while we were editing the Democrat at La Crosse, before it was discontinued, there came to our office a bright lad named John Kellar. He wanted to learn the printing business and went to work. That was about twelve years ago. All this time he has been in our employ, and ever an honest, faithful, deserving workman, who for a long time has been foreman of the office. A few years after he began with us his youngest brother, Will Kellar, then a bright-eyed little chap, with fat legs and a business air, came. Wanted to carry papers and learn how to be a useful man. When it rained, snowed, hailed, froze or thawed, he was at his work, always doing his best. He grew out of his little trousers, out of his boy's cap, away from his bundles of papers and came to be a printer. One day he was a little boy. The next day, so to speak, he was a great big fellow, crowding ahead of the front.

To-day there comes to us a newspaper, the Atlas, of Wells, Minnesota, with the name of Will Kellar, editor and proprietor. Now, it seems but yesterday since he started out from our office with a bundle of papers, and to-day he is handling them out for others. Young man, go west—see how the boys of the prairie grow up to be men and never give up. That is the country for boys—especially those who have not pleasant homes in the east.—*Penney's Democrat.*

OUR HABITS.—It is said that we are "creatures of habit." Of course we will not deny the truth of this maxim, for we see too clearly that habit rules the world. The boy who stole the pin did not hesitate, after he had got into the habit of stealing, to rob his master's cash-box. The little boy who took delight in torturing flies as they sported on the window-pane, did not scruple in after life to take the life of his fellow. And this is the way that the prison gets its inmates, and the gallows its victim. The culprit does not arrive at the gallows by a single bound; it is not first sin; but he has become emboldened by habit, and by his immunity from punishment, until at last he reaps the harvest of his sin—death.

And it is by such small beginnings as these that the great destroyer gets his spite, years before due, not alone by crime, but by the sins of habit. Look upon the world, and note the evil consequences of the indulgence in morbid habits. Look at that pale, puny youth, as he walks languidly along with the cigar in his mouth. Did nature give him that dread paleness? No; it is acquired by a long course of habit, until at last he is left a mere shadow. Thousands there are who find out, only too late that they have destroyed their health, and shortened the term of their natural life by injurious habits.

"GIVEN IN."—It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified things in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not easier, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

Chance is an unseen cause.
Patience is the key of content.
The May of life blooms only once.
Time is an herb that cures all diseases.
Children are the to-morrow of society.
A word in season is the mother of ages.

Wit and Humor.

A toper's favorite birds—Swallows,
Why is flannel like mahogany? Because it is made into drawers.

What looks most like a half cheese?—The other half.

What should clergymen preach about? About fifteen minutes.

A single woman has generally a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

Why is a bed the ground work of endless falsehood? You may lie and reelion it.

Remember, young ladies, oranges are a not apt to be prized after being squeezed a few times.

The cat is a wonderful builder; We have seen a cat run up a house in five minutes.

A St. Louis man advertises for "girls to work in hair." If married women will suit he can be supplied.

Why does a widow feel her bereavement less when she wears corsets? Because then she is so-laced.

The man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog recently.

The difference between the cook and her lover is, the one cooks the meat and the other meets the cook.

As the cold weather approaches the old maids and widows are becoming more spruce, frisky and busy than ever. They are putting in for the "tidal wave."

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge?—One is water in the pitcher and the other pitch her in the water.

Susan Jane must have been scantly dressed when she was looking out for her lover and asking: "He'll come to-morrow; the wind's at rest. The moon is full and fair. I'll wear the dress that pleased him best. A ribbon in my hair."

"Just keeping it lighted for another boy," is the latest juvenile invention when a mother suddenly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth.

Harry, after looking on while his new little sister cried the other day at being washed and dressed, turned away, saying: "If she screamed like that, I'd heaven don't wonder they sent her off."

In a Western State on election day a Fifteenth Amendment appeared at the polls bright and early and voted. In the afternoon he again put in an appearance, ballot in hand, working his way to the voting place. A gentleman who had noticed him in the morning, inquired if he had not voted once that day. "Oh, yes," replied the colored gentleman, "I voted dis yer mornin' for Congress, now I give for to vote for Constable," and considerable argument was necessary to convince him that one vote a day was the legal allowance.

Two Irishmen, lately landed, were boarding at hotel where they were sorely troubled with mosquitos, and could hardly obtain sleep enough to satisfy nature. "Put yer head under the blankets," said Mike, "an' thier'll not bite ye."

"Pat did as requested, but scarcely had he found himself free from the mosquitos, when he was attacked by the bedbugs, that he had failed to notice.

"Bad luck to me, Mike," said he; "here's another kind-wind-wings-an' fiddles; but, begorra, they bite as hard as the others."

TIT FOR TAT.—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a young man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, the lover placed a ladder to the window, and in a few minutes the young girl was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon some distance from the house. After awhile the lady broke the silence by saying: "Well, you see what proof I have from you of my affection, I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surely fellow, and gravely answered: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind in the room."

"Then we must go back and fetch it." They were soon at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady renounced, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called: "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not," and then shut down the window, leaving him to depart alone.

Mr. Abraham was a large dealer in clothing. Mr. Simons was a small dealer, whose place of business was next door to Mr. Abraham's. It was very trying to Mr. Simons when his wealthy neighbor hung his awning pots and cross-pieces full of coats and pants, shading the sidewalk and completely hiding his modest store from view; so he began to utter threats. "I will trash old Abraham," said he; and he said it very often. One day Abraham met him on the street. "Meester Simons, doct you say dot you would trash me?" "Meester Abraham, I—I may, half said, such a thugbot of I doct I half slauger my intidit."