

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC. \$2.00 PER YEAR

VOLUME 27. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1874. NUMBER 24.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Three-fifths of a cent per square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincy and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel, apr-17

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

WAYNESBORO' PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-17

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WAYNESBORO', PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. E. Real Estate 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 21-17

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-17

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.

ORZELI HIGGS—Between Sand 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2nd and 91. 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 23-17

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. E. A. HENNING, J. M. RIPLEY, A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SEEVER, A. S. BOSEBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH, July 17-17

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 29-17

THE BOWDEN HOUSE

MAIN STREET, WAYNESBORO', PENNA.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, 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 23-17

LIVERY! LIVERY!

THE subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Speedy horses and first class conveyances 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 30-17

TAILORING.

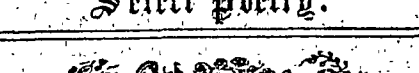
THE subscriber announces to his old customers and the public that he has again taken up his residence in Waynesboro' and will be pleased to receive a share of public patronage. His place of business is on Leisterburg street, nearly opposite Bel's Pottery. JOS. ANDEKON, may 1-17

DAIRY

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geiser's Store where persons can obtain either at any hour during the day. BENJ. FRICK, no 27-17

WALTER GRUBBS, ginger snaps, and fancy crackers at Reid's Grocery

Select Poetry.



NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY O. W. HOMES.

There is no time like the old,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that open first.

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids
On the splendor of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eye glistened o'er us,
That will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sun-flower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love
That we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side;
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

Miscellaneous Reading.

FARMING 80 YEARS AGO.

A great many farmers and farm laborers are greatly in the habit of complaining of hard times and low prices of farm products and labor, for the past few years they are continually harping all at the old old times of our forefathers, and sighing for a return of those happy days. In our opinion farmers and laborers are a great deal better off now than they were eighty years ago. At the present time farmers live in better houses, have better furniture, live better, and have better carriages, and more time to ride in them than they had eighty years ago. At that time it was only the very rich that could afford a riding carriage at all, common farmers rode to church on horseback with their wives or children seated behind them, or in a cart. Now every farmer has his riding carriage, and his son as soon as old enough, must have his buggy and fast horse, while in the house the daughter must have her piano, costing from \$500 to \$1000, nearly the price of a good farm eighty years ago. Perhaps a brief account of the farmers' farming, products, prices and wages of eighty years ago, when Washington was President of the United States, would be interesting to our readers.

Pennsylvania was at that time one of the most populous States in the Union, and contained a population of 434,373. It was also one of the best agricultural States, a portion of its land was a rich virgin soil, the greater part heavily timbered and when cleared produced heavy crops of the different varieties of grain. It had also the greatest variety of manufactures and varied industries of any other State, made the greatest variety and quantity of manufactured goods, both for home consumption and exports to other States. Philadelphia was then the most populous, wealthy, and also the greatest commercial city in the country. Its population, including suburbs, was 42,530. New York at that time only contained a population of 33,000 and was reckoned the second State in the Union; while Boston, the intellectual "hub" of the United States, could boast only about 18,000 souls. These figures compared with those of the present day, show more forcibly than the most elaborate rhetoric of words, the unparalleled and amazing growth and rapidity of American progress.

Farming in that day was indeed hard and constant work; farmers in that day cleared the land by first girdling the trees, and then as they rotted or fell down rolled them into heaps and burned them. For the hardest kind of farm work, such as clearing and grubbing land, a good hand was paid, eighty years ago, 40 cents per day and his "wittil" with a dram of whisky or rum two or three times a day. The cost of clearing timbered land was from five to ten dollars per acre, and the crops raised the first few years did not average over 12 to 18 bushels per acre; rye about the same, oats 15 to 20. The wages of good farm hands was from five to seven dollars per month; per day, 30 to 35 cents, except in harvest time, and then 40 cents per day, and extra good victuals, with a pint of whisky, to each man. In wheat harvest, on which occasion the female portion of the community turned out strong, the women received the same pay as the men, minus the whisky. Men who boarded themselves and found their own whisky, or done without it, were allowed 50 cents per day, it will thus be

Daily Life.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulsive nature to get the better of us?—That impatient just now you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those light and trifling things—they have gone to give their account against you. That criticism at another's expense; you mean no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by?

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good! How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing, but it must be our daily life that will do it.
"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And a pleasant land."
So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have appeared the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such graces; you can make your life so attractive, that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic, but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for heaven. Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and dependent soul? You will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? Then shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest graces—goblets from which we quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and sit at its close that the day had been made better by these strivings; when you have overcome some nightly temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the shortcomings of the day, we promise earnestly and with tears that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "little acts shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them." Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirits' chariot wheels move on to ward towards the celestial city.

LIKED HER PLACE.—A good story is told at the expense of a somewhat inexact personed housekeeper in this village who found herself one morning without a servant to cook or wash, or for hours' trial, and she started out in search of a girl. After calling at several places without success, she was passing one of the best residences in the town, and observed a tidy-looking woman cleaning the yard. Halting, she inquired of the woman whether she knew of a girl that could be hired. The answer was in the negative. The lady had by this time become desperate, and resolved to hire the woman before her, although she knew it was wrong to covet her neighbor's servant. In a low tone of voice she began to relate her troubles, and wound up by urging the woman to leave Mrs. — and come with her, offering her a dollar more a week than she was then receiving. The woman answered that she liked her place, and could not be induced to give it up. And she added: "Besides, I generally sleep with Mr. —, and I don't think he would allow me to go away."

The lady departed, utterly astonished at what she had heard. Her feelings may be imagined when she afterward learned that she had been talking with the mistress of the mansion, and the wife of one of our most esteemed citizens.—*Fort Plain (N. Y.) Register.*

A cane nowadays is about as much a sign of rheumatism as a masculine hair parted in the center is a sign of genius.

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

A clean skin is as necessary to good health as food.

It is better to be flush in the pocket than in the face.

The best way to rise in a lady's estimation is not by stares.

THE STILL MOVES ON.

Time still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win and many lose the race,
For which they struggle day by day;
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems,
How lightly valued, when obtained,
The prize that flattering hopes esteems.

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on life's inconstant sea;
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee;
This coast, which rises far to view,
May thick be set with rocky mail,
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that like a little hand,
Shows fingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volume o'er the land,
Dark as a forest sea of pines;
While that which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain-tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change;
Within ourselves the secret lies,—
Let seasons vary as they will,
Our heart would murmur, though our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

A Wife's Sarcasm.

Hannah Jane Wood writes from Reynoldsville to the *Watkins (N. Y.) Express* in regard to a card which recently appeared in that paper, representing her as having left her husband's bed and board, and warning the people not to harbor or trust her, that bereaved gentleman's account. Hannah says:

"First, as to the bed, we had none except the one my father gave me, and upon which I have allowed him to lodge his poor, drunken, worthless carcass already quite too long; and as to board, he has not furnished enough for the last two years to pay for his salt. He talks of board! why the children have always assisted me in buying bread to keep his poor soul and drunken body together.—He cautions people not to trust me! It would have been more fitting that I should have posted him; but that would have been superfluous, as no one who knows him would have trusted him, or possibly we could have kept the family together longer than we did."

"One thing—and only one—in his publication is true, and that is that I have left the miserable man. When, by the use of whiskey, the once Milton Wood transformed himself into everything contemptible and vulgar, forgetting every pledge of earlier life—forgetting his obligations to me and his children—forgetting himself, and at last forgetting God, and still, not satisfied with having pursued me with the malevolence of a drunken fiend—leave him I did. Oh, liquor! how many homes hast thou made desolate? How many broken-hearted wives and homeless children hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world? Oh, thou mighty transformer of intellectual man into everything devilish! But I am not passing too much upon your space, and will close, wishing Mr. Wood all the health, happiness and comfort he can expect to flow from his drunken carcass."

If Milton Wood is not now extinguished he certainly has given to the world what was the matter with Hannah. For a scathing and eloquent exposition of the sufferings of a drunkard's wife Hannah Jane's advertisement cannot well be paralleled.

The late John Barclay Scriven, though not a lawyer of the first class, was a very able man and in constant employment, and was brought in frequent collision with O'Connell. Mr. Scriven had the misfortune of being a very ugly man, but he was as good natured as he was ill-favored. On one occasion, after he and O'Connell had been quarreling in court for their respective clients, Scriven said, as they were leaving the court:

"Well, O'Connell, I wish you and I were better friends than we are."
"Why so?" asked O'Connell.
"Because I wish to go to Killarney."
"And what have I to do with your going there?"
"Just this, that if you found me down in your own country you would get some of your followers to throw me into the lake."

"Indeed I would not," said O'Connell, with a polite bow, "and for this simple reason, you would frighten the fish."

LIFE.—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life.—We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities, and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

THE wife sat still for five minutes, and then she said:
"If one just lifted up one corner of the lid, it would scarcely be called opening it, you know."
"Better leave it alone, altogether, and not think about it at all."
The wife sat still another five minutes, and then she said: "If one peeped in just the least in the world, it would not be any harm, and I should so like to know what can the Count have put in that dish."
"I am sure I can't guess in the least," said the husband, "and I must say I can't see what it can signify to him if we did look at it."
"No; that's what I think, and besides how would he know if we did peep in? It would not hurt him," said the wife.
"No, as you say, one could just take a look," said the husband.
The wife did not want more encouragement than that. But when she lifted one side of the lid the least mite, she could see nothing. She opened it the least mite more, and the bird flew out. The servant ran and told his master, and the Count came down and drove them out, bidding them never to complain of Adam and Eve any more.

A mother was amused the other day to hear this bit of "argument" from her little boy. "Mamma, I don't see how Satan could have turned out to be such a bad fellow—there wasn't any devil to put him up to it!"

A Reading man has an oyster shell that weighs ninety-one pounds. It is two feet and eight inches in length, and twenty-one inches in breadth. It came from the South Sea Islands.

Father Gerdeman has been held in \$10,000 to stand trial for embezzlement including the funds of the church and the lady organist.

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns, to sit upon!"

In Greece, it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat separately.

Work is the weapon of honor.

Adam And Eve Over Again.

There was an old couple who earned a poor living, working 'hard all day in the fields.
"See how hard we work all day," said the wife, "and it all comes of the foolish curiosity of Adam and Eve. If it had not been for that, we should have been living now in a beautiful garden, with nothing to do all day long."
"Yes," said the husband, "if you and I had been there, instead of Adam and Eve, all the human family had been in paradise."
The Count, their master, overheard them talking in this way, and he came to them and said:
"How would you like it if I took you into my palazzo there, to live, and gave you servants to wait on you, and plenty to eat and drink?"
"Oh, that would be delightful indeed! That would be as good as paradise itself," answered husband and wife together.

"Well, you may come up there, if you think so. Only remember, in paradise there was one tree that was not to be touched; so at my table there will be one dish not to be touched. You mustn't mind that," said the Count.
"Oh, of course not," replied the old peasant; "that's just what I say when Eve had all the fruits in the garden, what did she want with just that one, that was forbidden? And if who are used to the scantiest victuals, are supplied with enough to live well, what does it matter to us whether there is an extra dish or not on the table?"
"Very well reasoned," said the Count. "We quite understand each other, then?"
"Perfectly," replied both husband and wife.

"You come to live at my palace, and have everything you can want there, so long as you don't open one dish, which there will be in the centre of the table.—If you open that, you go back to your former way of life."
"We quite understand," answered the peasant.
The Count went in and called his servant, and told him to give the peasants an apartment to themselves, with everything they could want, and a sumptuous dinner; in the middle of the table was to be an earthen dish, into which was to put a little bird alive, so that if one lifted the cover, the bird would fly out: He was to stay in the room and wait on them, and report to him what happened.

The old people sat down to dinner, and praised everything they saw, so delightful it all seemed.
"Must have been a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."
"Ah," said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"
"I don't use shot, or ball either," answered Uncle Dave himself.
"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"
"I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

A GOOD SHOT.—A gentleman remarked in an hotel that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot; another replied:
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A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.—By Tang Hany, you may talk so much as you want to, about to hogs pain to contrariety; enamel, put to hen is so much more contrary as a cool teal. Vy no lonker case as nator day, I dry as to dunker set as I put to eggs under hen, I make to nest up so cool, put to hen on—aubur she 'op right up. Den I make one lectle pox, put so pig one kvay, (measuring with his hands) add 'put so pig to toady fayer—den I put to hen on to nest, and just dakes und poats to lectle pox right ober hen. Ven I just raise you gounber ob to lectle pox as do see as veder she 'e setting, I po tangt if I titent flut to flang hen setten stauten!

A Sunday-school teacher in Indianapolis, while teaching a class of six bright-eyed boys, had occasion to speak of the two roads, one leading to heaven and the other to hell, and said that God had placed the Bible in our hands to direct us in the right road and warn us from yanking in the road which leads to ruin.—Wishing to illustrate the importance of the finger-board, he asked: "Boys, have you ever been in the country?" "Yes sir," "Did you ever come to a place where two roads met, and found no finger-board to direct you?" "Yes sir." "What road did you take?" "The road that had the most walnuts on," was the quick reply by one of the bright lads.

A Hardsell preacher wished to bring forth a good illustration, as he thought, and hence he took a "warnt," as he called it, into the pulpit with him, and something to crack it with. On holding it up in the course of his sermon, he said:
"My friends, you see this warnt—well this outer hull here is like the Methodist, soft and spongy, with no strength in it; see, I even break it with my fingers."
And ending the action to the word he disclosed the inner hull, and said:
"This is like the missionary Baptist, hard and dry, with no substance in it. But the kernel—the kernel, my friends, is like the good old primitive, full of fatness and sweetness."
He then proceeded to smash the warnt, and give his hearers a good demonstration of his illustration, when, he held it; was rotten; and to the utter astonishment of his hearers, he cried out:
"By Jings, it's rotten!"

If a man wishes to know the strength of evil, let him try to abandon it.
He that would have a wife without a fault must remain a bachelor.
God gives birds their food, but they fly for it.
Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich.
If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.
Whoever has hold of one link in the chain of truth, has hold of an endless one.

Whit and Honor.

Why is the letter S fatal to royalty? Because it makes those who reign regious.
When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.
A warning to fashionable assemblies—look out for pain!
Nebraska has an editor so lazy that he spells wife, yf.
An ugly disease in females—the wringles. Common sense is the only remedy.
Why is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has experienced many a hard blow.
A gentleman, describing a lady's evening dress, said it was low-necked and even "more so."
An Illinois young woman is going out as a missionary because the present style of bonnets is not becoming to her.
Why do they "do up" so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly? Why because they can.
An Irishman, having returned from his travels, gallantly compared his landlady to Vesuvius, because "she was a fine old crater."
An old man when dangerously sick, was urged to take the advice of a physician, but, objecting, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."
A young lady in Indiana named Nancy Pratt, was accidentally vaccinated in the nose. It took, and her bugle is a joy forever.
"There is a female student at Wooster, O., who can jump over a broom-handle held five feet from the ground." "We wonder how far her husband will be able to jump before a broom-handle."

Here is a comical advertisement: "To the credit drapery trade. Wanted: a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter. What will be the result when the door slams?"

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