

# The Waynesboro Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### OUT IN THE STREETS.

The following lines are so beautiful, pathetic, and entirely human, that we cannot forbear giving them a place in our columns. The refrain is beautifully brought in, and the pathetic tones of the ruined girl cannot fail to appeal to the hearts of all.—Editor.

The light is shining thro' the window-pane!  
It is a laughing group that side the glass,  
Within, all light; without, pitch-dark and  
rain:

I see, but feel no pleasure I pass,  
Out in the streets.

Another case, within the curtain drawn  
Thee light throws the shadow of a  
form—

A woman's, with a child—a man's all gone!  
They with each other. I am with the storm  
Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,  
His day's toil over, with his pipe alight;  
His wife leans over him, with her tale begun  
Of the days doings. I am with the night,  
Out in the streets.

All these have homes and hope and light  
and cheer,  
And those around who love them. Ah!  
For me,

Who have no home, but wander sadly here,  
Alone with night and storm and misery,  
Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the  
skin;  
So let it. Curses on that cheery light!  
There is no light with me and shame and  
sin:

I wander in the night and of the night,  
Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,  
Whose very touch could thrill me thro' and  
thro'—

When you first sought me, did you think  
of this?  
My curse. But why waste time in cursing  
you,  
Out in the streets.

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand  
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor  
guile;

Foremost among the worthies of the land,  
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,  
Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent;  
You love her doubtless. I was as pure as  
she

Before my heart to be your lucky woe.  
Go! guard her! Never let her roam, like  
me,  
Out in the streets.

I was a father's darling long ago;  
'Twas well he died before my babe was  
born;

And that's dead too—some comfort in my  
woe!  
Wet, cold and hungered, homeless, sick,  
forlorn,  
Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!  
What makes the pavement heavy? Ah! it  
wet and chill,

I hear the little children singing hymns  
In the village church—how peaceful now  
and still,  
Out in the streets.

But why this vision of my early days?  
Why come the church-door in the public  
way?

Hence with this mocking sound of prayer  
and praise!  
I have no cause to pray; I dare not pray,  
Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again  
grows warm;

The air is fragrant as an infant's breath,  
Why, where's my hunger? Let me in the  
storm?

Now, God forgive my sins! This is  
death,  
Out in the streets.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### GOOD STORY, TRUE OR NOT.

We take this from the Washington correspondence of the Pittsburg Leader: Chandler's great hobby is his skill as pugilist. Roscoe Conkling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where after dinner he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put on the gloves with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two.—Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last winter Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter prevailed the great war Senator into the private gymnasium. The gloves were donned, and the two doughty champions began to make graceful and graceful passes toward one another, according to the most approved rules of the P. B. The bout, however, was of very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge

Senatorial form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down on his hands that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator on his legs, but he threw up the sponge at once, without any further effort to punish Conkling. "The only remark he was heard to make was, 'Damn strange,' and 'I'll fix him yet.'"

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent back word that he regretted very much his inability to be present, but he had a guest at his house, a valued constituent from Michigan, and he could not leave him. Conkling sent back word, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare rather than to join in the general conversation of the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's discomfiture as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had become lifted above any such petty ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he, pleasantly to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves?" and then Conkling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler; "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Mr. Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box do you not?"

Mr. Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent minded. He did once know something about it, but it was such a long time ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let's have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you." Evidently the great New York Senator was pining to knock some one down. The sad-eyed Mr. Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves, Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face, and every now and then he would raise his huge right foot up under his swaying voluminous coat tail and give himself a congratulatory kick, expressive of rapture.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair terminated by the sad-eyed man's suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a big tree, and rolled into a corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him.

Conkling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the skill of his friend Conkling, which were not received in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he learned Chandler had played a joke on him by giving Mr. Howard \$100 to come up and bounce Mr. Conkling. The Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan, was none other than Jem Mace.

**AUTUMN AND REFLECTION.**—Undoubtedly external circumstances and influences have much to do with moods of mind. The Spring is full of hope; the intense heat of Summer leaves little room for anything else but the desire to keep comfortable; while Autumn is especially the season for reflection. Our thoughts become grave and solemn. We are drawing apiece and piece, towards the close of another year, and we involuntarily ask ourselves what life consists of, for what purpose we live, and to what the journey so rapidly being traversed is to lead?

Yes, we ask, not alone what life is, but what death is, about a future life, and where and when that future life is to be? Autumn speaks to the soul in a voice to which it cannot but listen. It seems as if all the dead whom we have known are silently beckoning to us now; but it is in vain that we sigh or strive for an intelligible communication with them. We can only submit to the inevitable melancholy mood, and wait patiently for the day of great knowledge.

**GIVING DIRECTIONS.**—It may seem a odd for a dead person to give directions for his or her own resurrection, but that is what occurred a short time ago, in the case of a young lady in a Massachusetts town, and stranger still the directions were obeyed and the corpse revived, eat up and conversed cheerily, apparently recognized no one. A few minutes after the body again fell back on the bed apparently lifeless. However, a voice again proceeded from her throat, and she again recovered. This dying and coming to life was repeated at intervals for two or three days, when the girl died for good. The fact that the voice was that of a gruff man, and that the girl was spoken of in the third person, persuades the relatives that she was possessed with spirits.

## The Boy Astronomer.

The first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England.—He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's centre. This was about the year 1635.

—Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprang up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy, who, like himself, loved science.—The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or shadow.

Suddenly, the church-bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church-bells as a call from Heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church-bells ring. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator, to see the wonderful things the Creator has made." So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary. When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle of the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright centre, like the finger of the invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who faintly when he saw the vision.—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in St. Nicholas for December.*

**What to Do When in Trouble.**  
Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin you must keep on with it till it leads you to ruin; or, if you pause, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head, and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought till its victim sinks a pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them. You want sweet, sound sleep and to eat your dinner with appetite.—But you can't unless you work. If you don't feel like work, and go a loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll awake and keep your wife awake by your tossings, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time heals, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all, but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind them with weeping their beautiful Eden.—It is an official remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable sequel. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in materia medica, and come nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market, and it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon, silvery over the evening of life.

Saratoga trunks are now for rent.

## SEAHER'S LONELY DESERT.

In earth's lonely desert,  
In regions above,  
To mortals and angels  
There's nothing like love.

It brightens the landscape  
Wherever we go,  
And beams like a star  
On our pathway of woe.

When the myrtles of Love  
Breathe their odors around,  
Their music of hope  
Gives to silence a sound.

Oh! dear is the spot,  
Where our glances first met;  
There sorrow may linger,  
Though joy forget.

All melody breathing,  
All sunshine and bloom,  
Love sings to our cradle,  
And garlands our tomb.

Far away—far away,  
Where the bright planets roll,  
Oh! there is love's home,  
In the land of the soul!

## About the Hair.

Men become bald? Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny, bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he was bald fifty years. The common black stuff hair, as impervious as sheet iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair-glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists.—A far cap we have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter.

A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection when the hair grows. Women who live much within doors, and who are therefore peculiarly susceptible to the cold, oil their hair and plaster it down hard and flat upon their skulls, so as to destroy nine-tenths of its power as a non-conductor, have worn for years post-stamps of bonnets stuck on the back of their heads, exposing the whole tops of their skulls, and then going out of furnace-heated parlors, have ridden for hours in a very cold temperature without taking cold and without complaint.

Man, with his greater vigor and habits of outdoor life, and with his hair not plastered down, but thrown up loose and light, could no doubt go to the north pole, so far as that part of his person is concerned, without any artificial covering.

And yet we men wear immensely thick fur caps, and what amounts to sheet-iron hats, and do not dare stoop out in a chilly atmosphere a moment lest we take cold. It is silly, weak, and really a serious error. The Creator knew what he was about when he covered a man's skull with hair. It has a very important function in protecting the brain. Baldness is a serious misfortune. It will never occur in any man who will wear such a hat as we do—a common black will silk hat with five hundred holes through the top, so that there shall be more hole than hat. This costs nothing; the latter will do that for you when you purchase your hat. If the nap be combed back the wrong way, and if after the holes are made it be combed the right way, no one will ever observe the peculiarity.—The hat will wear quite as long—the latter say it is considerably longer—because it is dry instead of moist; in brief, there is not a single objection to it, while it will certainly prevent baldness and keep the top of the head cool and prevent much headache.

**CALIFORNIA'S GREAT MILLIONAIRE.**—The public were startled last summer when the statement was given that James Lick, of California, had given several millions of dollars for various charitable and other purposes, and placing his entire estate in the hands of trustees, even placing himself on the list of his own beneficiaries. Among the things provided for in Mr. Lick's deed of trust is \$750,000 for a powerful telescope for the State of California, \$300,000 for a California School of Arts, \$250,000 to be spent in a building as a memorial of the history of California, and \$150,000 to be devoted to a bronze monument to Francis Barton Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." There are many other benefactions not necessary to mention at this time. A portion of Mr. Lick's immense estate was sold last Tuesday, in San Francisco, at public auction, and realized two millions of dollars, a sufficient sum to accomplish all the specific purposes contained in the extraordinary deed by which this public-spirited citizen reduced himself from prominence to a position of simple ease. Mr. James Lick is a native of Frederickburg, Pa., who learned the trade of pianomaking in Philadelphia in the early part of this century. He was an adventurous man; was at one time engaged in mercantile business in Peru, South America and went to California in 1848. He made his immense fortune in mining and careful real estate operations. He is now 78 years of age.

China has streets paved with granite blocks laid over three hundred years ago, as good as new. The contractors are dead.

## Ice For Diphtheria.

Since that dreadful disease, diphtheria, has made such ravages in New York, and other cities, it may not be out of place at this time, to call attention to a recent factor, written by Dr. George Craigin, of the Oneida Community, which thus explains a novel but very successful treatment of diphtheria:

"Recognizing as we do the spiritual nature of disease, as well as its physical characteristics, our first efforts were to arouse the spirit of the patient by means of criticism to resist the power and leaden influence of disease, which enveloped him like a cloud, stupefying and befogging every mental faculty and effort of the will to repel the intruder. The invariable effect of criticism was to stir up the patient in mind and heart to make a stout defence against the attack, to resist the influence of the disease with might and main, and to throw him into a sweat, thus at once relieving the fever.

"The next thing was to prepare a quantity of ice broken into small bits, which could be easily taken into the mouth and swallowed or allowed to melt, letting the piece slip as far back as possible around the roots of the tongue, tonsils, and upper part of the throat. This application of ice was made every ten minutes, day and night, until every vestige of the cancer had disappeared and the inflammation had subsided. During the day the patients, unless very sick, could help themselves to the ice if a supply were placed at the bedside or near at hand; but during the night watchers were required to give necessary lump of ice every ten minutes, one nurse attending to several patients. This course of treatment was faithfully followed—as long as there were any traces of the disease about, and although we had over sixty cases during the fall and winter, and many of them very severe we lost not a single patient after adopting the ice criticism treatment.

"Of course the application of criticism would be difficult if not impossible under the ordinary hospital routine or private practice, even if desired by the patient, but the application of ice can be made under any circumstances, and there must be but few who cannot afford a few pounds of a medicine so cheap, so pure, and so powerful.

"The efficacy of the ice treatment lies in its being applied continuously until every trace of the fungus growth has disappeared and the swelling and inflammation has subsided. Acids and alkalies and fishy saline gargles will in some cases check the morbid growth; but they cannot allay the fierce heat and reduce the inflammation of the swelled throat.—Ice will do both and not injure the patient."

**RAIN ONCE IN FIVE YEARS.**—The tract of country known as the State Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago, and at the time the whole lower or central portion of that basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large solid reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and in still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable.

But one of the most singular features in connection with this district was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there has been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken. Suddenly and without any warning, and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water-spout was seen wending its way thro' the valley. It came in a zig-zag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side and coursing rapidly along them. The ravines and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in fearful volumes and spread itself upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and the denizens of the place new look for another dry season of five years.

General Jackson, when President, said to one of his fiercest newspaper opponents, "Send me your newspaper. I know that you are opposed to me, but then I should like to see how many lies you can tell of me." "General," said the editor, "I think I do right in opposing you, and shall continue to do so with all the ability of which I am master." Here was a man after Jackson's own heart, and he replied with an oath, "Sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me your paper is a good one. Besides, I never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth reading." Just so. No man can pick up any newspaper without finding something of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments, and in each fragment you will see something to amuse or instruct you.

Glorious California, the land of gold and of wheat and "old rye," and oranges, figs and olives, and of the fat cattle on a thousand hills, and of the big trees of Mariposa and Calaveras, and of the wonders of Yosemite, and of the premium grizzlies and sea lions, is yet of all lands the premium land for the vine and grape juice. For instance, the wine crop in a single county in the Golden State, the county of Napa, this year, is estimated at a million gallons, or nearly two gallons of genuine wine for every inhabitant of the State. With such developments who can estimate the resources of California?

## A Strange Dream Fulfilled.

Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his *Texas Christian Advocate*, relates the annexed remarkable instance as literally true. The battle referred to was that of Prairie Grove, in Northwest Arkansas, fought December 7, 1862.

"A curious fulfillment of a dream occurred at the battle under my own eye. A man by the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to many of his fellow soldiers, some of whom had related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I now relate:

"He dreamed that we crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church located in a woods, near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge just as we crossed the ravine he was shot in the breast. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1862, as we moved at double quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged we passed Prairie Grove church a small frame building, belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterians. I was riding in the flank of the command, and opposite to Williams as we came in view of the house.

"That is the church, colonel, I saw in my dream," said he, I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until in the evening. We had broken the enemy's line and were in full pursuit, we came upon a dry ravine in the wood, and Williams said: 'Just on the other side of the hollow I was shot in my dream, and I will stick my hat under my shirt,' suiting the action to the word as he ran along, he doubled it up and crammed it into his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it before a minie ball knocked him out of line. Jumping up quickly he pulled out his hat, waved it over his head and shouted:—'I'm all right!' The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand just over his heart and dropped into his shoes."

**A VISIT TO THE MODOCS.**—A party of three gentlemen and nine ladies paid a visit recently to the camp of the few survivors of the Modoc tribe. The Indians were found to be quite contented, their reservation is very fertile and some of their lodges are very comfortable. Bogus Charlie is now recognized as chief.—He is intelligent, speaks English fluently and can read slowly. Captain Jack's young widow, Lizzie, has ceased to mourn for her late lord, and having washed the black paint from her face; looks no more unconsolable than some "pale faced" widow of a year's standing. Two ladies of the visiting party had the novel experience of playing a game of croquet with Bogus Charlie and Shacknasty Jim, each of the Modocs having a lady partner. How must the fair companion of the red players be impressed by the contrast between that picture and the bloody scenes of the lava beds, the fatal rendezvous, and the death of the gallant Canby! It seems that even the stoicism of the red man is not proof against the excitement of the balls and mallet. Charlie having made a bad play, Jim said to him tauntingly, "You make bad medicine." Presently Jim made a poor stroke, and Charlie cried exultantly, "You make much bad medicine." "Ogh," retorted Jim, "take some you made." And thus these red warriors, who so long defied the military power of the nation, find amusement in playing croquet and their chief occupation is making baskets and shooting at nickles at the Neosho Fair.—*Boston Advertiser.*

**BE A MAN.**—What a noble thing it is to be a man. The world is full of cowards. It is a grand thing to stand up right in defense of truth and principle.—When persecution comes, some hide their faces until the storm passes by, others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such, turn away. Stand by a friend. Show thyself a man. Do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or you.

Think for yourself. Read books and read men's faces. Remember the eye is the window of the soul. Use your eye and hold your tongue, when men court favors.

Select some calling to make it honorable. When you have espoused a cause maintain it at all hazards. Make up your mind to succeed by all means and good will; brush the difficulties away one at a time.

If opposition comes, meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts, bear it quietly. Hasten not into a quarrel, but when you are compelled to accept an alternative, stand up and show yourself a full grown man. Do your own thinking, keep your own secrets; worship no man for his wealth, or illustrious lineage. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds. Do not live for yourself alone. The world needs reformers as much to day as ever.—If you have a new idea endeavor to develop it into words and deeds. Be sober; be honest; be true. Policy men are dangerous. They will sell you for money, or popularity—don't trust them. Wear but one face and let that be an honest one.

Many thousand stars are burning brightly in the vault of night; Many an earth-worn heart is yearning Upward with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,  
Radiant wanderers of the sky!  
Weary of the world's sad story  
Ever would we gaze on high.

A Minister once said: "Those nice young men who stand outside the church doors, waiting for the girls to come out will some day stand around the heads of hell's doors waiting for the girls to come in and have a long wait."

There is no doubt that it is better to keep one's own counsel too strictly than to give it to the keeping of others too generously. What we have, and while we have it, we know where to find it; when we give it away it is lost to our control.—"A garrulous tongue, if not checked often to its own harm," says a Scandinavian proverb; and "A wise tongue keeps a safe head," says an English one.

## Wit and Humor.

"I am, indeed, very much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. And well you may be replied a despairing lover, when your heart is made of steel.

It is said that one green tarlatan dress contains arsenic enough to kill a man; and yet men don't seem afraid to go near green tarlatan dresses.

We are told that "the smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your victuals.

Prof. Tyndall is exhibiting a fireman's mask which enables the wearer to remain in an atmosphere of heat and smoke without danger. If a fellow could only take the things of this world along with him!—

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts" repeated the agent with surprise, "as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

A couple quits advanced in age were at the Union depot, Milwaukee, with their baggage, to go West, but before training they had a dispute and the woman said she wouldn't move another rod until her husband apologized. He refused to apologize, and both sat in the waiting-room and saw the train move off, carrying their trunks along.

There are some old people living in the interior of New Jersey—two sisters and a brother—who practice an economy not recorded of any of the famous misers.—They have a comfortable house, and are especially rich in bed clothes, made by the hands of the sisters, and accumulated through many years. But they habitually set up and sleep in their chairs, so as not to wear out the bedding.

Jenny June got a hat that turned up on one side, and her husband criticised it so severely that she wore her old bonnet when she went to see the Sphinx, and lo! it was the only one there. Everybody had on a new hat, and every one had it turned up high on the sides. Said her husband, "Good heavens! have all women gone crazy?" "Yes replied she, meekly, "and why can't I go crazy too?" "My dear," said he, "you may; it would be ridiculous to be the only sensible woman in the world." So hereafter she is going to wear her gray felt, turned up on one side, in peace.

**HOW DRY IT WAS.**—An honest old farmer in an adjoining county gave his recollection of a long hot spell as follows: "It was so dry we couldn't spare water to put in our whisky. The grass was so dry that every time the wind blew it flew around alike ashes. There wasn't a tear shed at a funeral for a month. The sun dried up all the cattle, and burnt off the hair until they looked like Mexican dogs, and the sheep looked like poodle puppies, they shrank up so. We had to soak our hogs to make 'em hold still, and if any cattle were killed in the morning they'd be dried beef at dark. The woods dried up so that the farmers chopped seasoned timber all through August, and there ain't been a match through the country—in fact, no wedding since widow Glenn married old Baker, three months ago.—What few grasshoppers were left were all skin and legs, and I didn't hear a teakettle sing for six weeks. We ate our potatoes baked, they being all ready, and we couldn't spare water to boil them. All the red-headed girls were afraid to stir out of the house in daylight, and I tell you, I was afraid the devil had moved out of his old home and settled down with us for life. Why, we had to haul water all summer to keep the ferry running, and—say, it's getting dry, let's take suitin'."

A Bangor washerwoman, who went to California some years ago, had two or three thousand dollars deposited in Meigs' Frisco California bank before he "burst up." After he went to South America this woman heard of his success in speculation, shipped to Chili, and one day turned up in Mr. Meigs' office. The result of the interview was that he not only paid her the principal and interest of her account, but also paid the entire expense of her trip.

The "Science of Health" thus calls attention to a fact which can not too frequently be enforced on people's minds: "The pernicious habit of breathing thro' the mouth while sleeping or walking is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with the mouth open and do not know it. They may go to sleep with it closed, and wake with it closed, but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that it has been open during sleep. Snoring is another sure sign. This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed, and breathe through the nostrils, and breathe with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus, not the mouth. A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose."

There is no doubt that it is better to keep one's own counsel too strictly than to give it to the keeping of others too generously. What we have, and while we have it, we know where to find it; when we give it away it is lost to our control.—"A garrulous tongue, if not checked often to its own harm," says a Scandinavian proverb; and "A wise tongue keeps a safe head," says an English one.

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