

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$1.50 Per Year

VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 17, 1862.

NUMBER 29.

FIRST ARRIVAL

OF
SPRING & SUMMER
DRY GOODS,
Groceries,
QUEENSWAL. HARDWARE,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES, &c.

GEO. STOVER.

THANKFUL for kind favors and patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, again appears before the public to solicit a continuance of the same.—He having just returned from the eastern cities with fine and well selected stock of new

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Which he intends selling at very low rates, which he knows he can do to the satisfaction of all who will call and examine his stock.
Below you will find enumerated a few articles which will be found among his stock to which he calls your attention.

FOR THE LADIES

He has a large assortment of Dress Goods consisting in part of
Chaffs,
Printed and Plain Delaines,
Blk, Fig'd and Col'd Silks,
Plain Mohair,
Silk Warp Mohair,
Beret,
Melons Cloth,
Lavalles,
French and domestic Ginghams,
Poplins,
Pongee Mixture,
Cloth for Ladies,
Wrappings,
Gloves,
Hosiery, in great variety.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Broad Cloths,
Black and Fancy Cassimeres,
Union Cassimeres,
Duck Linens,
Cottonades,
Summer Coatings,
Tweeds,
Velvet Cord,
Marsailles,
Silk Vesting,
Vestings, of all kinds; in fact a full assortment of goods for Gentlemen wear. Also a large and well selected stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS.

Muslin, Ticking, and a complete assortment of Notions. It's no use trying to enumerate. If you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line, just call in and you will find him ready to wait on you with pleasure.
To persons having country Produce to sell, they will find it to their advantage to bring it to Stover, as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell you goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.
April 1862

NEW and FRESH DRUGS, &c.

M. M. STONER takes this method of thanking his customers, and informs the public that he has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Soaps, Perfumery, Fruit, Confectionery, &c., that has been brought to the place this season, which he will sell cheap. He has on hand, with what he is receiving, makes his assortment of Patent Medicines greater in variety than any other establishment in the place. In a few weeks, he will publish his list of manufactured articles. He has on hand now, his Cough Medicine, put up in six ounce bottles, price 25 cents, "no cure, no pay." Its curative properties are now fully appreciated, judging from its daily sales.
May 9 '62.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber intending to remove to other parts offers at Private Sale, his valuable little Farm, situated in Washington township, Franklin county, Pa., adjoining lands of S. Bear, D. Fox and others, three miles northwest of Waynesboro', containing

56 ACRES

of first quality Limestone Land, in good order. The improvements are a TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE and large Back Building, new Bank Barn, Wash House and other out-buildings. There is also a well and large cistern with pump convenient to the buildings, and a large Orchard of excellent fruit on the premises with cherry, plum, peaches, pear and other fruit, all of the best quality. Those wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine for themselves.
HENRY C. LESHER.
(Sep. 5-17)

Timothy Seed for Sale.

THE subscriber has now for sale 40 bushels of prime TIMOTHY SEED which he will dispose of at fair prices. Persons in want of seed for fall sowing are requested to give him a call. Residence one mile northwest of Waynesboro', Pa.
BENJ. E. PRICE.

Auctioneering.

THE subscriber offers his services to the public as an Auctioneer. He has had some experience at the business, and respectfully solicits a call from those who may hereafter have sales to cry, as he is confident that he can give general satisfaction.—Residence at the Antietam Junction.
(July 25 Sm.) MARTIN FUNK.

POETICAL.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY HANNAH MARIA WALKER.
When I am dead let no high mound
Mark the spot where I shall sleep;
Let the tall grass wave
About my grave,
And drooping willows o'er me weep.
Let no one dim with tears their eye,
When I am in my peaceful rest;
Let no heart break
About my grave,
When I forsake
Not 'em his own, my best.

Let sweet birds sing above my head,
Let no fond friend o'er drop a tear;
O, wander not night
With even thine eye;
Let me sleep as I lived, all alone.

Let flowers bloom above me then,
As blown in the earth by an unseen hand;
Be they watered for years
By friendship's tears,
Till we meet in an endless land.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Big Goat; or, "My Son, if Sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"O mother, my dear mother! if you will only buy me a big goat, I will thank you as long as I live." So spoke Leopold to his mother one morning, and his face looked as if he would be willing to give his eyes for a big goat.

"Do not trouble me, my child," answered his mother; "you know it is the time of day for you to learn your Scripture verse.—Come to me and I will select one for you. It will not be a long one, but very suitable for your disposition."

"O mother, I can't think about anything but a big goat—and a carriage for him to draw me in. Three of the boys have got them, and every one in the city does think it so strange that I haven't one yet."

"My son, if you had a big goat, he might run away with you. You know they are sometimes very dangerous. Now, if you will be a studious and obedient boy, I will give you one and buy you a nice little carriage, just as soon as you are old and strong enough. Take your Bible, here is the verse that I wish you to learn. After you have committed it and recited it to me, together with the one you learned yesterday, you may take a walk with your sisters through our garden and the city park."

"Well, mother I will promise you to learn the verse, and I will try to be patient until I get old enough to manage a big goat," said Leopold, as he took his Bible and went up into his bed-room on the second floor.

He found his sisters in his room playing with their dolls. They tried very hard to get him to lay aside his book and play some game or other with them, but he told them that he was going to learn his verse, and did not wish them to interrupt him.

"My son, if sinners entice thee—entice thee—my son, if sinners entice thee—What does entice mean? I guess it means, try to make you go with them. Yes, that is it," and many other things of the same sort did Leopold think and say while he was trying to learn his verse. When his sisters saw that he was determined not to play, they left him to himself.

After he had learned his verse and was repeating the one he had learned yesterday, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," he heard a rattling over the pavement which was neither like a carriage nor cart.

"Leopold! Leopold! are you up there?" called some one, as the vehicle stopped in the street just before his window. His curtain was down; but without a moment's hesitation he rolled it up, and behold it was Fred Wexman in his new carriage, and driving his splendid big goat.

"Oh! there you are, Leopold. I am now starting out to take my first ride with my new goat and carriage. I want you down right away to go with me. We will have a good time together. I am going a mile or two in the country. My goat is the biggest in the city; so every body says. Come on, why do you delay?"

"I am learning my Scripture lesson, and have got it almost ready to recite to my mother. If you will only wait until I have recited it, I will go," replied Leopold.

"You are a big dunce to be learning Scripture this time of day. Besides, it is bad enough for Sunday-school girls and preachers to earn Scriptures. What a ridiculous thing for such a big boy as you to be learning verses like a baby! Come, get your hat and come down as easy as you can. My goat is very restless. Don't you see how he twists about? He won't wait over two minutes more. He wants the whip and reins. Come on, you slow boy."

The last words of Fred were too much for Leopold. He was ashamed to be learning Scripture; he was ashamed to be in the house when other boys were enjoying their vacation in the streets; but more than all, he was anxious to take a ride behind a fast, big goat. It took him a few moments to decide what to do. He knew it was wrong to go, but he wanted to go so much. The sun was so bright, and the country was so beautiful. Satan conquered. So Leopold shouted down:—"Hold on, Fred; I'll be there in a minute."

He crept sily down into the pantry and filled his pockets with cakes and apples.—Soon he was along side of Fred, and they were going rapidly down the street and taking the road into the country. After they had gone about a half a mile, Fred whipped his goat with a new whip until he was run-

ning as fast as he could. They came to a hill which had a steep descent, and the road was very narrow. On each side was a deep ravine. There was coming down the opposite side a large wagon piled with hay. The driver was on top, and his two stout horses were going very quietly. The goat ran as fast he could down the hill, and the boys had all they could do to hold on without being thrown out.

The driver of the hay-wagon was afraid his horses would take fright and turn aside as the goat rushed by him. He became very angry at the boys, as the drivers sometimes do, and as soon as the goat approached him he drew back his tremendous whip and gave him a severe blow. It would have been well for the boys if the goat had been the only one injured, but they both shared the injuries inflicted by the man's whip. The last was very long, and it cut across their faces and made them streaming with blood. They were very angry. But what could they do? And they saw that it was as much as they could attend to, to keep the goat from throwing them down the ravine.

It was only the goodness of God that spared their lives. But they did not thank him as they ought. Nor did they then turn back, as good boys should have done. Leopold would have been glad to do it, but he was so timid that he was afraid to speak out his honest convictions to Fred. If he had done that, all would still have been right.

They stopped at a spring of water and washed their faces. Leopold's eye was very much hurt by the driver's whip, though this appeared for the time to be the only serious injury inflicted. When the goat had got rested, they started on again. Fred whipped him very hard until he ran, I suppose he must have become very angry, for he kicked several times, then stopped and backed, and then ran off at full speed. He wheeled close by the road side, and afterwards crossed over to the other side. Off he ran again, as fast as he could. A farmer's gate was open, and he passed through it, running over the fields, and finally galloping down into a valley of briars and bushes. The carriage, and both the boys were thrown out. Fred's foot caught in the carriage as it turned over, and he could hardly draw it out. By this time the goat had broken loose, and he went off trembling as if he were frightened to death. The boys were in a dreadful state. I wouldn't have one of my young friends in such a condition for anything. It was a long time before the goat could be caught, and the harness tied up so as to be strong enough to get home with.

But the boys got matters in some shape again, and started off home. Fred's foot was dislocated, and Leopold's face and hands were fearfully scratched by the briars. Both boys had their clothes torn almost off them.

As they rode home slowly to the city, Fred asked Leopold what he was going to tell his mother as soon as she should see his bad plight.

"I am going to confess my sin, Fred, in going out to ride with you, when I ought to have remained at home."

"Indeed you shan't," replied Fred; "you shall tell a lie, and hide me and you too. A boy as big as you ought to be able to devise a good story to shield us. You need not tell a big story—just small enough and big enough for the occasion."

These last words of Fred did bad work in poor Leopold's heart. He did not wait to be corrected, and he thought a story would shield him. All at once he thought of the verse—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." But no sooner had the beautiful verse come into his mind than Fred said:—"Well, you can do as you please.—But if you tell your mother that you have been with me, I will never give you a ride in my carriage as long as I live. I guarantee nobody finds out anything from me."

Fred's threat that he should never ride with him again conquered his conscience, and he resolved that he would tell a story. At last he reached home, though to avoid detection, Fred had him to get out of his carriage at least two blocks from home. He then drove off to his home by another street.

Leopold's mother happened to be in the hall when he entered the front door. She was frightened, and at first she did not know that it was her son who was before her.—But at last she recognized him, and asked him where he had been and what he had been doing. He replied:—"I—was walking—down Second street—and—and—three—big dogs—got—around me and bit—bit—bit—me, and tore—tore—"

"Stop, my son, I know where you have been. I learned an hour ago that you had stolen out of your room and taken a seat in Fred's carriage. He is a very bad boy, and you know very well that I have often given you my advice never to associate with him. It was Fred whom I had in my mind when I gave you the beautiful verse to learn to-day. If you had only practiced it, you would look very differently now. I am exceedingly sorry that you have told an untruth to hide your previous sin and misfortune."

Leopold was completely overpowered.—The tear came to his eyes and streamed down his face. He ran up to his mother and put his arms around her neck and said:—"Ah, dear mother, I am so sorry that I disobeyed you. And the verse you gave me, I have violated.—O mother! do forgive me. I beg your pardon many times. Won't you forgive me, mother?"

"My dear boy, when you disobeyed the command, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,' it was God whom you disobeyed. I forgive you and I trust you will ask God to forgive you and make you stronger in future."

"I will, mother," and poor Leopold wept as if his heart would break. He repented in earnest.

Toward evening his eyes swelled up, for

the driver's whip had injured both of them. The doctor was sent for, and he said there was danger of losing one of them. Next morning his whole face and hands were so swollen that his most intimate friends would not have known who it was. Eight days he lay on his bed in violent agony. The country around was changing color, for autumn was coming on—the season he loved the best of all. But he had to stay two months in a dark room.

Fred was injured much worse than Leopold, for the latter did recover without losing his eye. It was weak, however, as long as he lived, and when he was nineteen years old he was compelled to wear spectacles.—But Fred's foot, which was dislocated, had to be taken off by the doctor, and always afterward he had to walk on crutches. He repeated bitterly of his wickedness; but all his repentance never gave him another foot. Both boys became better in future, but it was a severe lesson that brought them to their senses.

That is the way God punishes wicked children. I hope every boy and girl in this country will never forget the beautiful command:—"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Boy Sweethearts.

A prudent young man will at least let twenty years pass over his head before he contemplates taking upon himself the responsibility of the most solemn engagement he will have to enter into during the whole of his life. Too early marriages are repugnant to the laws of nature, and with some rare exceptions, are productive of unhappiness. Violent fires sometimes extinguish themselves; and the man, very often, after waking from the bride-dream of his youth, finds himself regretting the rashness and impudence he had committed during that fascinating period. The love of man is different in quality to that of the boy, and in many melancholy instances the unfortunate wife has to endure the knowledge that she is unloved by her husband. The experience which a young man of nineteen has had to select a wife with that sound judgement so requisite on such an important occasion.—His eyes are blinded by passion, and the reflective power he can devote to such a circumstance is dazzled by beauty of face and figure, associated probably with accomplishments more ornamental than useful. When he has discovered the mistake he has committed, all his wife's perfections vanish, and he unjustly attempts to throw the whole of the blame on her shoulders. Such matches are unequal and are the causes of so much misery afterwards. Three or four years will make a greater difference in the appearance of a woman than in that of a man; besides it is ridiculous to mate a grown up woman with a boy. Such marriages offend social propriety and tend to lessen the respect which is paid to a social contract. Women, more sensible in such matters than men, invariably dislike boy sweethearts.

A Question Answered.

Can any one tell why, when Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time, to wait upon her? We can, easy! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a hole in his stocking to be darned, a button to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended right away, quick now! Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got behind the palm-tree, and then stretched himself, yawning out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tankette, we'll venture, and did everything he ought to. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs. He never stayed out until 11 o'clock at a ward meeting, burrowing for the out and out candidate, and then scolding because poor, dear Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about apple gathering time, but then he never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. In short, he didn't think she was created specially for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl.

Works of Human Labor.

Ninevah was 14 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls which were 75 feet thick, and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates.

The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was 100 years in building.

The largest of the pyramids is 581 feet high, and 658 on the side; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building.

The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates.

Carthage was 20 miles round.

Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 359,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves.

The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues.

The walls of Rome were 18 miles round.

When a fish is wounded, other fish fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

Many men endure misfortune without daring to look it in the face—like cowards who suffer themselves to be murdered without resistance, by stabs from behind.

The man who is always buying merely because he can buy at low rates, had better commit suicide if he happens to find poison cheap.

Clerical Anecdote.

Wherever the rifle and the axe of the hardy pioneer were seen, there were also sure to appear, not long afterwards, the saddle-bags of the Methodist minister. An anecdote which we find in the sketch of Richard Nolley well illustrates this. Mr. Nolley was one of a small band of missionaries sent out from the South Carolina Conference about 1812, to labor in the wilds of Mississippi and Louisiana, which were then scarcely settled, and occupied to some extent by tribes and not always friendly Indians. Mr. Nolley was a man of great energy, zeal, and courage. He was exposed to many dangers in the prosecution of his work, both from the hostile savages and the opposition of white men. But he was rigidly faithful, and omitted no opportunity of doing good to persons of any condition, in whatever obscure corner he could find them. On one occasion, while travelling, he came upon a fresh wagon track, and while following it, he discovered an emigrant family who had just reached the spot where they intended to make their home. The man, who was putting out his team, saw at once by the costume and bearing of the stranger, what was his calling and exclaimed, "What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

"What! another Methodist preacher? I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the Church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded." "My friend," said Mr. Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us, and be at peace."

FOR THE RECORD.

T. M. E. W.—
BY L. INCONNUE.
Think the clouds like fancies floating,
On the bow of Heaven's face,
Lights and shadows flitting o'er us,
Tinging all with richer grace.

Purple, blue and golden fringing,
Pearls of beauty in the sunset sky,
All the Earth with grandeur tinging,
But with the sunset they're gone.