

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

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NUMBER 35

## LATEST ARRIVAL

OF NEW  
FALL & WINTER  
**DRY GOODS**  
AT  
**GEO. STOVER'S,**  
Waynesboro, Pa.

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 a fine and well selected stock of new

FALL AND WINTER

## GOODS,

Which he intends selling at very low rates, which he knows he can do for the satisfaction of all 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

- Printed and Plain Delaines,
- Black, Fig'd and Col'd Silks,
- Plain Mohair,
- Silk Warp Mohair,
- Bergeres,
- Melons Cloth,
- Levelles,
- Fotch and dom'te Gingham
- Polines,
- Pongee Mixture,
- Cloth for Ladies,
- Wrappings,
- Gloves,
- Hosiery, in great variety.

## GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

- Broad Cloths,
- Black and Fancy Cassimeres,
- Union Cassimeres,
- Duck Linens,
- Oatmeal,
- Summer Coatings,
- Tweeds,
- Veil Cord,
- Martins,
- Silk Vesting,
- Velvet Vestings, of all kinds, in fact a full assortment of goods for Gentle men wear. Also a larger and well selected stock of

## DOMESTIC GOODS,

Muslin, Ticking, and a complete assortment of Notions. He is also using the best quality of Flour, and you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line get 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's as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell your goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere.

Nov. 11, 1865.

## FRESH ARRIVAL

AT  
**FOURTHMAN'S DRUG STORE!**



## F. FOURTHMAN

WOULD tender his thanks to the community and still solicit the patronage of a generous public who want anything in his line. Inasmuch as he has enlarged his stock so as to be enabled to answer all calls at anything and everything usually found in a Drug Store, and has a thorough acquaintance with the business, he hopes to gain the confidence of the Community. He will pay particular attention to filling physicians' Prescriptions, and more care and precaution used in waiting upon children than adults.

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS,

Choice Wines and Liquors for medicinal and sacramental purposes, Patent Medicines in endless variety, including all that have been made up to this date and some that are yet in embryo. Also White Lead, Zinc, Paint, Whiting and Varnishes or house building or inside work, besides all sizes of Glass. Commercial Note, For a Cap and Letter Paper always on hand, with a variety of Envelopes of different sizes and colors. Brushes, Combs, Pomade, Fancy Soap Hair Oil, Colognes, Essences, Flavoring Extracts, and numerous articles in the Fancy line on hand and offered for sale, cheap or than ever offered before.

Also a large assortment of Kerosene Oil Lamps, Chimneys, Shades and Wicks, and Kerosene Oil to fill them. A general assortment of Fruits and Confectionaries, Tobacco and Cigars.

September 4, 1865.

**Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder.**

M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mentzer, the recipe for making the above far-famed Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drivers, &c., that he has on hand and intends keeping a good supply always on hand. Country merchants and others keeping such articles for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a quantity. He will sell it on commission or for cash cheap. Orders will be punctually attended to.

January 31.

W. PUTNAM'S Patent Cloth Winger for sale at the sign of the Big Red Horn D. B. RUNNELL Agent of Franklin county. (July 11 '62.)

## PORTICOAL.



### THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

"Mother do the rich ones know How poor people get along Through the winter's frost and snow— Keener than oppressions wrong— Do they know how bleak it is, Living in a shed like this?"

"When they're sitting by the fire— O, how happy they must be! Do they ever, then, inquire After wretches such as we— Two poor, helpless, human souls, Freezing over lifeless coals?"

"And when at the family meal, Smoking joints or roasts they carve, Do they know, and do they feel Fellow beings daily starve, When they give their crumbs, at least, For our New Year's holy feast?"

"Mother, you are very cold; Bless me, you are fast asleep! Though the midnight bell has toll'd Still my bitter watch I'll keep." Meaning dawned—the self-same shroud Held two bodies—frozen dead.

### MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire, Debating which should first retire. The husband fervently had said, "Wife you should go and warm the bed." "I never will," she quick replied; "I did so once, and nearly died." "And I will not," rejoined the spouse, With firmer tone and lowering brows. And then a war of words arose, Continuing till they nearly froze. When both grew mute—and hovering nigher Around the faintly glimmering fire, They trembled o'er the dying embers, As tho' the ague had seized their members. Resolved like heroes, ne'er to yield, But force each other from the field. And thus this once fond loving pair In silence shook and shivered there, Till every spark of fire was gone. The coals were crowing for the dawn; When all at once the husband said; "Wife, hadn't see better go to bed?"

## MISCELLANY.

### HOW I WON MY WIFE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge, as I must confess I was deeply in love, and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember of a time when I was not in love with her. It certainly was not when a youngster of twelve I took her under my special care, feeling prouder of my curly-headed charge than I could now of a mine of gold; nor when a tall, awkward boy of sixteen, I first ventured to ask for her company home from church; or still later, when, after four year's absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon in the house where Dr. Moore's name had been since my earliest recollection.

Oakdale was a remarkable healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scamp as they had known me to be, for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any more profitable business; and it is certain more of my time was spent in Mr. Hale's pleasant parlor, than in either study or practice of medicine. Some of the neighbors silyly remarked that I must have a very sick patient there to occasion such frequent visits; and I was certain that if I had no patient there, all the patience I ever had was required there at times; for of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever associated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—Jessie Hale was the worst.

And there was William Tremaine—standing six feet in my stockings, big enough to have known better, that is sure, led about by that little elf, coming and going at her every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing "yours most devotedly" for six months, I was no nearer than at first. Open hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone for all the sense I could get from her. No matter how cautiously I might approach the subject, she was always ready with some off hand answer as far from what I wanted as the equator from the poles, until I was almost in despair, but more eager after every failure.

"All is fair in love and war," or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady-love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety, than, with a deep groan, I staggered back, against the fence, my right arm hanging helplessly by my side. It took me, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"O Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; and what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

How like a rascal I felt at the sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered, with another terrible groan. "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said, in such touching accents that I half repented.

"The end justifies the means," I thought. The end accomplished certainly did. My answer was in a voice low and faint, as if I was just dying.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was, I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake until she sprang suddenly away from me.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she said archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

"Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence? But there was no help for it; so I had to own my trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm, or neck, I didn't care much. After that, for awhile, I was rather shy of the love subject; for I did fancy hearing of my last attempt; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and my heart was so full of my love for Jessie Hale, that I could not force my tongue to keep silence very long. So one morning, after lounging in my study until I was tired of everything—myself in particular—I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself when I entered. She was looking prettier than ever, I thought; and I found it terrible hard work to talk on commonplace subjects, when my mind was so full of the one so important to me.

At last I broke in upon some of her care, less nonsense with—"Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? What is the use of keeping a fellow in suspense forever? I believe you do—in fact I know you do."

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself. I might have known she would not have told me after that, but I did not understand woman kind as well then, as I have done since.

"Oh! you know, then, do you?" she said coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Then, of course, there is no need of my telling you."

"No, I did not mean it Jessie, I said punitively. But do you love me? Will you answer me, yes or no? Will you answer me, yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely.

"O Jessie Hale," I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will only give me an honest answer," I said eagerly.

"Well then, if you can catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer, upon my honor."

I thumped my head against the window sash, and away I went racing over the green sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displayed in playing catch in my boyhood days. A very dignified proceeding truly, for a staid surgeon. All the gossips in Oakdale would have held their heads in pious horror had they seen me then; but I did not care if half the world saw me, so intent was I on catching that flying gipsy; and catch her I did, before she was half way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said eagerly.

"Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks, like some dilapidated old steam engine. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you love me or not, you provoking little wretch!" I said, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will, if you don't leave off calling me names I won't tell you at all, though perhaps this is love talk it is—Will, I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all for it will take me sometime to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see,—beginning to count her fingers—there's Chloe, that's one, and Prudence—though he hurt your arm, you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four; and—let me see—yes, there is—Mr. William Tremaine is five.

"I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer; and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house. I went home in no enviable state of mind, resolving that I would never go near her again. But by the time I reached my study my anger had cooled considerably, and I sat down in my arm chair and began to think of any plan just as I had done a hundred times before, how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would; but how? That was the question."

"A letter for you sir," called out the boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. I was too much occupied with my thoughts to care much what its contents were; but the first few lines fixed my attention. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing village—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight

now.

A moment's reflection showed me what was needed, for if she really cared for me, my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make arrangements, and before night they were all completed; and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mrs. Hale's on the way to bid Jessie good bye. I could see the little witch did not believe; one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said, with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted.

"But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest, now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly "you can't cheat me again." And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that his Eve went with him and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposal. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never!" Straight up to the gravel walk and across the broad lawn I went, and on into the dusty parlor, unannounced. By the light, I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on a pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That augurs well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear Jessie!" I said tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Will! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been so lonely, too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative. "Will you become my wife next week? I was determined to make sure work now."

There was some hesitation, and a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

"Then I hurried to the drawing room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise was manifested when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

I think I accomplished more in that half hour than I ever did in twice that length of time before or since; for at its expiration I was supremely happy. And the result was that in a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in England; and that is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, Will!"

And she never has, to this day.

## POLITICAL PREACHING.

The office of a Minister of the Gospel embraces the whole scope of moral truth. The Bible is his unerring chart, and no conceivable relation of man as an individual or member of society is beyond its cognizance or authority. The proud and lowly, rich and poor, wise and simple, white and black, the upright statesman and the unscrupulous politician, saint and sinner, bond and free, are all alike subject to its laws and amenable to its sanctions.

The scope of Gospel truth and authority is not even confined to the relations of man to his fellow man. It takes cognizance of his relations to all surrounding media—to air and earth and sky; to fire and water, wind and rain, cold and heat; summer and winter, food and raiment, night and day—to fish and fowl and brute, and reptile and insect. Notwithstanding its universal application to every possible condition of our race, its teachings are from the necessity of the case, for the most part general in their statement. It would not have been possible for Christ and his apostles to enumerate all the various relations of man, and assign its particular laws to each. What was needed was some general axioms embodying the principles of moral truth, from which might be drawn a rule suitable to every case.

But while it is thus general respecting the great majority of human actions and conditions, it has not omitted certain specific rules intended for our guidance in regard to some of the grosser and more common vices of our nature. It has uttered its voice distinctly in reference to our appetites and affections. It has denounced a curse upon drunkenness, fornication, profanity, idolatry, filial impiety, covetousness, &c., &c.—It has forbidden murder, theft, slander, cheating, &c., &c.

But on the subject of submission to the authority of civil government it expresses itself with remarkable clearness and emphasis. "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers." "Whoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; \* \* \* for he is the minister of God a revealer to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." For this cause pay ye also tribute, &c. And when the crafty Pharisees sought to entrap our Saviour into a denial of his allegiance, how skillfully he parried their efforts by inculcating the duty of rendering tribute to Caesar! There is no duty more plainly or repeatedly taught in Holy Writ than that of obedience to the civil authority. The minister of religion is the accredited dispenser of this Gospel. Whatever he finds taught in the Bible he cannot by any plea of expediency or prudence avoid delivering to his flock, with the exhortation to obey it—Nor is the enunciation of these precepts to be confined to periods of peace and good order in society, but the more are they to be inculcated when the public heart has lost itself from their binding obligation, and is liable to entail upon itself the curse which is the penalty of disobedience. It is the most sacred and bounden duty of every one who ministers in holy things, to keep these injunctions of his Divine Master ever prominently before the minds of his hearers. And he is but a cowardly servant of that Master if he postpones this duty until some friendly Thanksgiving Day affords him a safe and convenient cover for his batteries when turned against the Devil's stronghold. If he scatters his grape and canister at random against polygamy, idolatry, universal salvation poetry, &c. fifty-two weeks of the year and only addresses himself one day to really practical preaching, he dishonors his profession, and skulks from the performance of the plainest duty. It is his duty to preach truth when it is needed, not when it is convenient or least likely to excite attention or arouse passion or prejudice. If his hearers don't like it, it only proves their need of it, and if their indignation at a minister of the Word, when he utters such parts of it as are disagreeable to them, is suffered to drive out of their minds all reverence for sacred truth, the church is not injured, but rather benefited when they quit its fold. When a minister utters nothing but what is agreeable to his hearers, he gives the best evidence of his unfitness for the sacred position he holds. The verities of the Bible with its injunctions and denunciations were never popular; and that minister deceives himself and degrades his calling, who sugar-coats them or deprives them of one jot of their point or force.

For a minister to preach all round the practical teachings of the Bible, and talk and mope only of those sins which are remote and not at all prevalent around him, is like inculcating maternal tenderness to a mother whose children have been already ruined by parental indulgence. What a pastor wants to know is what particular sins are dominant within the sphere of his own labors, and to deal boldly and unparaphrasingly with these. The most useful as well as the most honored servant of the Most High is he who carefully studies the spiritual condition of his flock, and fearlessly exhorts, entreats and rebukes.

Hence, we derive the conclusion that those ministers who in the midst of the mutterings of incipient treason have not hesitated to preach and prey in behalf of the government, have but done their duty. If they have erred at all it has been by not more persistently and frequently presenting the Bible teachings on this point. And we cannot resist the conviction, that those clergymen who have taken so much pains to avoid even the most distant allusion to the duties of citizenship in the trying ordeal through which our country has been called to pass, who never so much as read the Gospel teachings on this subject to their churches, will not escape the upbraiding of an offended conscience when the ordeal is passed and our country once

more reposes in quiet and peace under the broad eagle of the Constitution and the Union.—Union Republican.

### A Touching Scene.

A ministerial friend related to us yesterday the following painful, touching and yet suggestive incident, which occurred at the City Point Hospital a few days since:

A Chaplain of the Christian Commission, while moving through the long line of sufferers, administering the consolation of the Gospel, approached the bedside of a gallant fellow, who was mortally wounded.

His earthly march was nearly ended; but when the Chaplain asked him if he was prepared to die he motioned for a pencil and paper and with a trembling hand wrote. "I am prepared to go to heaven. My trust in Jesus Christ is perfect."—and immediately under these words of assured victory over the grave. Come Rally 'round the Flag, Boys."

The Chaplain took the paper, and standing up, read it, with a loud voice. Just as he concluded, a soldier, who had recently lost a hand, sprung from his bed, and waving the mutilated stump in the air, burst forth with the glorious song his dying comrade had suggested.

The effect was electric. A thousand voices took up the chorus, and the place of suffering was made to fairly rock with thunders of melody. As the vast soldier choir ceased singing, the chaplain turned to look upon the dying brave. He was just in time to catch the last faint smile that flickered across the sunburnt face as the soul was wafted—on—strains—of that Union music to the throne of Liberty's God.—Buffalo Express.

### Whispering John R.

The following is too good to be lost. In what is known as the upper end of my country, there resides a man who has the sobriquet of "Whispering John R." This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in common conversation) like he was a Major General on parade, or, to use a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman, who by-the-by, "is one of them," mounted his horse one of the coldest mornings last week, before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M——, in time to take the morning train of cars for N——. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travelers were done breakfast, and were standing around the bar-room fire "picking their teeth."

He dismounted, and walking into the bar-room, spoke to the landlord in his usual whispering tone—

"Good morning, Mr. L——, how do you do this morning?"

"Very well, Mr. R——; how do you do?"

"Oh! I am well—but I am so d——d cold I can't hardly talk."

Just then a nervous traveler, who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat, said—

"Mr. L——, for the Lord's sake have my horse caught as soon as possible!"

"What is the matter, my dear sir, has anything happened?"

"Nothing upon God's earth, only I want to get away from here before that man thaws!"

Some years ago there was a bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses.

Some appreciative member proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and amidst much jocularity, the bill passed.—Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain, and to this day all jackasses, lawyers, and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

An Irish family in Colchester, Conn., were much disturbed the other day by seeing their husband and father enter the house, as they had a few days before paid \$150 for the transportation home of his body from the army, and had buried him with many tears.—It took some time for the live Irishman to convince his family that he was not a ghost.

Mack expresses his opinion of a certain person in the following style of classics: "I could take the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in it forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle like corn in a beef bladder!"

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good bye.

Why is the eye like a schoolmaster in the act of fogging? Ans.—Because it has a pupil under the lash.

What is that which a coach cannot move without, and which yet is no part of it?—Ans.—Noise.

What is that which makes every one sick but those who swallow it? Answer.—Flattery.

What man is quietly permitted to embrace a lady in the street? Answer.—Mantle.

Why is an infant at the breast like a resident of Illinois? Ans.—Because it is in the suckler state.

Style of a young lady's figure—the most symmetrical—\$100,000!

Why is a bad picture like weak tea?—Because it is not well drawn.

Queer Case and Bad Fix.

Undoubtedly in wars such as we now have on hand many more such cases as the following occur than we hear of. The Altoona (Pa.) Tribune of the 8th, says:

"It appears that with one of the companies organized in this place, (for the nine months' service,) in the summer of 1862, went a man who left a wife and small family. On the bloody field of Antietam he fell, was buried, and his wife afterwards had his body disinterred and brought home, and re-interred in the soldiers' lot in the cemetery."

A year afterwards she married again, and in due time a child was born, the fruit of the second marriage. When the call for 500, 000 troops was being filled up, last fall, the second husband enlisted, and is now in the army. A short time since, the first husband returned, alive and well, having been taken prisoner at Antietam instead of being killed. He had been held by the rebels until the late exchange at Savannah. Of course the parties are in a queer fix; but all will agree that the soldier who was once killed, twice buried, starved two years in rebel prisons, and yet came home alive, is certainly entitled to his wife. "Truth is stranger than fiction." The query is, "who was buried in the cemetery?"

## CLEANLINESS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than to make clean. If you are careful not to drop crumbs of bread or cake on the carpet, you will escape an untidy room, and save the trouble of cleaning it. In working, if you make a practice of putting all the ends of your thread into a division of your work-box, kept for the purpose, and never let one fall on the floor, the room will look very differently at the end of the morning, from what it does when it is not attended to. A house is kept far cleaner when all the family are taught to wipe their feet thoroughly on coming in from out of doors than it can be done where this is neglected. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean and saving labor and time, which are well worth while to learn and practice.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

## Why is swaying like a ragged coat?

Ans.—Because it is a bad habit.