

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1868.

NUMBER 4

H H

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthman's

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
AT THE FIRM OF
STOVER & WOLFF
(SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER)

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, CUTLERY, CEDERWARE, OIL CLOTHS, &c. &c.

To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods.
May 1, 1868. **STOVER & WOLFF.**

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER
HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of **SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS** she has ever brought to Waynesboro. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side. April 10—11.

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
Office in Walker's Building,
Waynesboro, Penna.
May 8—11.

POETICAL.



LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kisses worth,
If thou kiss not me?

O B E.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She that shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod,
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Their Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

MISCELLANY.

A Strange Romance.

'Evelyn,' the New Orleans correspondent of the *Mobile Sunday Times* writes: 'Something like two years ago young M., the son of one of the wealthiest men in Louisiana, fell deeply in love with a young lady of a neighboring parish. His love was returned with warmth, and they were engaged. But now an obstacle came in their way. M.'s father opposed the match. For some time he kept this a secret from his fiancée, and meanwhile she was making preparations for her marriage. She was an orphan, but had been left a small property, which, valuable before the war, brought her but little over \$3,000. This she expended upon her trousseau, feeling that as her intended husband was rich, she had no necessity for saving, and that she should make her appearance worthy of their station. As the time drew near when they were to be united, M. seemed to change toward her, and grew cool and serious. In vain she tried, with all the arts which love could suggest, to learn the secret of the change, but he did not confide in her, and she could only wait and wonder. At last the time fixed for the ceremony came and M. was forced to make a confession. He said that his father forbade the match, that he had supposed her an heiress when he engaged himself to her, and now he could not marry her against his father's will. The shock which this gave the young girl can be imagined. Naturally she would say that she should have despised him, and felt herself fortunate in making her escape; on the contrary, it was then only that she felt how much she loved him. She had given herself without reserve, and so far as she was concerned, she was his forever. For the next year and a half she was in a convent, entirely excluded from the world; but some two months ago she was persuaded to come to this city, and remained here for some two or three weeks. One day she received a letter which seemed to disturb her, and on going to her room later, a friend found her praying for the man who had deserted her. He was sick in the country, and begged her to come to him. On that very day M.'s father died, and the funeral notice was handed her as she stepped into the carriage to go to the cars. For a week nothing was heard from her, but soon we got the finale of the romance. The girl had gone immediately to M.'s bedside, and found him very ill, attended by his two sisters. He told her that he was dying, and now that his father was gone, wished to make her his wife. They were married. A will was made by giving her one-half of his large fortune, the other half to his two sisters, and the next day he followed his father from earth. Contrary to the advice of her friends, the young maiden widow announces her intention of retiring to the convent for life.

PASTORAL COLDNES.—A lady, recently, in giving her views of the preaching of a minister to whom she had listened several times, said: 'I thought it was the business of the minister to feed the sheep. This man don't feed us; he only throws clubs and stones at us; and sends us bleeding and hanging home.' Many a one might gather a useful hint from this, as to the proper mode of dealing with the flock of Christ. Harshness, severity, fault-finding, accomplishes but very little good in the family, the church or the world. True, it is the pastor's duty to admonish and rebuke, to correct error and reform sin, but always in the spirit of the Master. A scolding minister never yet succeeded in anything but scattering the flock, and weakening his hold upon the affections of the people. There is a magazine of power to an affectionate spirit and kind words.—*Spurgeon.*

A Chicago paper says the women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it Mormonu instead of Mormon.

NETTIE GRAY.

Every body said that Nettie Gray was a beauty; not one of your polished city belles, but a gay, romping piece of nature's handiwork; yet gentle and affectionate within, possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment.

Nettie Gray had long been loved by Charley Grattan, the handsome young merchant, who kept the only store the village of N. could boast of. He had realized quite a fortune, a part of which he had invested in the purchase of Widow Morton's beautiful cottage and grounds, who had been obliged to take a place where she could live less expensively.

The numberless acts of generosity which Charley was never tired of performing, made him hero of the village, and caused him to be loved and respected by both old and young.

Nettie Gray was indifferent to his many visits, for the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition toward her lover, yet when he approached the subject nearest his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him, or that his subject was distasteful to her, for her own heart was equally interested; but she delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture, on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of his soul, and she had no fear of alienating his affections from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain.

Charley had begun to think seriously of marriage; and why not? There stood the cottage embowered in trees many of which were bending under their heavy load of fruit unoccupied. It only needed the presence of his bright-eyed Nettie to make it a paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants, and why should he not marry? Many times he had visited Nettie with the express purpose of revealing his wishes but had as often been prevented from saying what he wanted to say, by the little mischief running away at the first word he uttered.

To think of supplying her place from the many damsels in the village who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie that he loved and Nettie only, and he felt sure she returned his affections, but how could he ever get married if he was not permitted to propose? 'I must resort to stratagem,' thought he; and he partially formed many plans to bring her to terms, and as often abandoned them.

His mind was busy with such thoughts as, one bright morning in September, he walked toward Farmer Gray's mansion. He leisurely ascended the hills, at the top of which, upon a lovely table land, was the great old house, when he was started by a familiar voice calling—

'Bring me the ladder, Dick! I want to get down.'

Upon looking up he beheld Nettie seated in the wide-spread branches of a large apple tree that stood in the field near the road. Dick, perched upon the topmost round of a ladder that leaned against a peach tree, was quietly filling a basket with the beautiful, delicious fruit.

'Wait a minute, Sis,' replied Dick, without looking up. 'I have got my basket almost full. I will come in a minute.'

Dick evidently began to think something was wrong, for as he turned around his eye instantly caught sight of our young hero coming up the road, but a few rods from where they were. He immediately descended the tree, but instead of taking the ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave a loud shout, threw his cap into the air, cleared the wall with a bound, and ran rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of his voice—

'O, Mr. Grattan, I've treed a coon!'

Then placing his hands upon the ground before him, he turned some five or six summersaults, poked up his cap and ran with all his might to the house. The little rogue evidently loved mischief as well as his pretty sister.

Charley's first thought was to get to the assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall and approached the tree. Taking the ladder from under the tree he was about placing it for her to descend, when a sudden thought suggested itself: 'She cannot run away from me now; so without stopping to consider the ungentle act, he grasped a lower branch, and with some gay remarks swung himself gently up and seated himself close by her side.

Nettie, who was an amiable girl, and could take a joke as good naturedly as she could give one, laughed heartily at the trick her brother had played upon her, complimented Charley upon his agility and invited him to help himself to the blushing fruit that hung in such tempting profusion about them. After hitting on a variety of themes he determined to approach the subject, and if possible to get an intelligent answer. For some time he sat in silence, then said—

'Nettie, I have something to say to you.'

'Ah? have you?' she replied. 'Well Charley, please let me down, and you can tell me so much better than you can up here.'

Charley saw there was mischief in her eyes and resolved to go on without heeding her request. Yet he changed somewhat his mode of attack.

'Nettie, I'm going to be married.'

'Married, Charley, married?'

Without heeding the playful glances that were raised to his face, he went on—

'Yes, Nettie, my business is now very prosperous; I have a pretty home that needs only the additional charm of a pair of pretty black eyes. I have found a sweet, gentle girl, whom I love with all my heart, and who is willing to become my wife, and I have resolved to marry. I have tried a long time to tell you but you would not list to it.'

'May I ask the name of her who has been honored with the offer of the hand of my noble friend?'

'First let me describe her. She is a beautiful girl and possessed of a warm loving heart. She has but one fault, if fault it may be called. She delights to tease those who love her best, and often has she given me a severe pang. Yet, Nettie, I love her deeply, fervently and it shall be the object of my life to guard her from harm; to protect her as far as I am able, from the slightest breath of sorrow, and I shall be abundantly rewarded by her love. Nettie I have offered her my hand, although she has long possessed my heart. I do it now Nettie. Dearest, can you ask her name?'

'Nettie gave one long, lingering look as though she but half comprehended his words.

'Will you be my wife, Nettie?'

'What!' she inquired, half bewildered, 'are you not lost to me?'

'No, not if you will consent to be my wife.'

'Yes, Charley, I will.'

Soon Master Dick came bounding into the orchard, one hand filled with a large slice of bread and butter, while with the other he tossed his cap into the air, showing that he fully comprehended the true state of affairs, and shouting at the top of his voice—

'Hello, Mr. Grattan! ain't you glad I treed her for you?'

Both greeted this sally with a shout of laughter, and soon all three were engaged in a wild romp on the green turf.

We hardly need add that the same autumn witnessed a right merry wedding at the old mansion of Farmer Gray.

A Touching Scene.

I was conversing not long since with a returned volunteer.

'I was in a hospital as nurse for a long time,' said he, and assisted in taking of limbs and dressing all sorts of wounds, but the hardest thing I ever did was to take my thumb off a man's leg.'

'Ah!' said I, 'how was that?'

'Then he told me:—

'It was a young man who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball had passed completely through, and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up and he seemed to be doing well. One of the arteries sloughed off. An incision was made, and it was again taken up. It is well it is not the main artery,' said the surgeon, as he performed the operation; he might have bled to death before we could have taken it up. But Charley got on nicely and was a favorite with us all. I was passing through the ward one night about midnight, when suddenly, as I was passing Charley's bed, he spoke to me, saying, "My leg is bleeding again." I threw back the bed clothes and the blood spouted into the air. Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I put my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was scarcely room for my thumb but I succeeded in keeping it there, and, arising one of the convalescents, sent him for the surgeon, who came in on the run.

'I am so thankful, I—' said he, 'that you were up and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here.' But on examination of the case he looked exceedingly serious and sent for other surgeons. All came that were in reach, and consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all: There was no place to work save the spot where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb; for if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life. Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the same hospital, might be called up. He came and sat by the bedside, and for three hours I stood by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley while the brothers had their last conversation on earth. It was a strange place for me to be in—to feel that I held the life of a fellow mortal in my hands, as it were, and stranger yet, to feel that an act of mine must cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought; but there was no alternative. The last words were spoken, Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes more than once as I listened to those parting words. All was said and he turned to me. 'Now, I—I guess you had better take off your thumb.' 'Oh, Charley, how can I?' I said. 'But it must be, you know,' he replied cheerfully. 'I thank you very much for your kindness, and now good bye.' He turned away his head. I raised my thumb, one more the life current gushed forth, and in three minutes poor Charley was dead.

The Lessons of Life.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without precious effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self respect, not to lose hold, or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the end of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

Those who stand on the high pinnacles of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means; they know not what it is to a noble mind to be obliged like the worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not the strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor and beauty; they drink of life's sweetest wine, and dance in a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor—They love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their own narrow circle.

A Ghost Story.

A young Tennesseean tells a good story on the Ku Klux Klan. Notwithstanding the horrible deeds attributed to these fellows, it seems that the organization is full of fun. They generally dress up as ghosts, always travel at night, on horseback. But they do not like negroes—that is their greatest fault. They play all kinds of jokes on their colored brethren. Negroes are very superstitious, and believe in ghosts. One of these Kluxes, to complete his disguise, had procured a false abdomen of immense proportions, made of gutta percha. The apparatus was water-tight. One night he rode up to a negro spring, and asked the colored citizen to hand him a bucket of water. The old darkey complied with his request, when the Klux put the bucket up to his chin and poured the water down the gutta percha. It being dark, the negro thought of course the man drank the whole of its contents. The old called for another bucketful, when the Klux's eyes crawled out of their sockets about an inch. The impostor colped down the second supply, and passing the bucket to the negro, remarked: 'Uncle, just give me one more bucket of water, if you please. I haven't had a drop of water since I was killed at Pea Ridge! and the old man dropped the bucket and took to his heels, yelling, 'ghost! ghost!'

While Copperheads never tire heaping abuses on the head of Thaddeus Stevens, he occasionally wins a tribute from some honest enemy like the following from the Galveston (Texas) Bulletin:

'While we disagree with him and disapprove of many of his projects, we cannot but admire his terrible earnestness. No man not thoroughly convinced of his own rectitude and of the innate wisdom of his acts, would, day by day, follow them out with such intense anxiety, while the clouds of the grave were rumbling beneath his feet. Day after day, he totters or is carried into the House straining the brittle threads of life; for the purpose of accomplishing a political act—an act from which he can gain no possible good, but which he professes to believe necessary for the good of the country and of its people. No man can read the daily reports of Congress, and doubt the honesty of this old man nor the pureness of his motives, however much he may doubt their wisdom—right or wrong, still the sight of Thaddeus Stevens, battling for that which he thinks is right, with scarcely an hour's lease of life, is one of the grandest views of human nature that the world has ever witnessed by the present century has afforded us.'

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—At a late court, a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against his wife. A gentleman of the bar remarked, 'he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife adorning each other.'

Patrick's Attempt at German.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a high bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented.

'But unless you can speak German, the King will not give you so much.'

'Oh,' said the Irishman, 'tis I that don't know a word of German.'

'But,' said the sergeant, 'three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you, he will ride up and ask you how old you are. You will say, "twenty-seven." Next how long have you been in service. You must reply, "three weeks." Finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations. You answer, "Both." Pat soon learned his answers, but never dreamed of learning questions. In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

'How old are you?' said the king.

'Three weeks,' replied Pat.

'How long have you been in service?' asked his majesty.

'Twenty seven years.'

'Am I for you a fool?' roared the King.

'Oh,' replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard room, but pardoned by the King after he understood the facts of the case.

WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'What will you take to drink?' asked the waiter of a young lad who, for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, 'I'll take what father takes.'

The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said, 'I'll take ale,' as he had always said before, his son would take it also, and then? And the father shuddered, at the history of several young men who, once promising as his own bright lad, had been ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should his hopes also be blasted and then abandoned, a life had become a burden and a curse, as they had become! But for strong drink, they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. 'If the boy fails, he shall not have me to blame; and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him he said, 'Waiter, I'll take water; and from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home.

Cheerfulness.

Tonic, stimulatives, medicines! There is nothing in the pharmacopoeia hall so inspiring as a cheerful temper. Do not go through the world with a face half a yard long. Do not persuade yourself that every thing happens wrong. My friend, you are the only person that is wrong when you say that this is a world of trial and trouble. It is a great deal better to be without an arm, or a leg than to lack cheerfulness. What if the globe does not roll round in the precise direction you want it to? Make the best of it. Put a pleasant face on the matter, and do not go about throwing cold water on the firesides of all the rest of mankind. If you are in want of an example, look at the birds, or the very sunshine on the grass. Show us one grumbler in all nature's wide domains. The man who is habitually cheerful has found the true philosopher's stone; there is no cloud so dark but he sees the blue sky beyond, no trouble so calamitous but he finds some blessing left him to thank Providence for. He may be poor and destitute but he walks clad in armor that all the mines of Golconda cannot penetrate it—sovereign and countenances fall harmless from its surface. The storm that sinks a less courageous craft can only compel him to trim his sail and try again. Who would be a mere thermometer, to rise and fall in spirit with every change of life's atmosphere?

Whenever we see a man sighing and despondent about anything and everything, we know that it is his mental health that is out of gear. Cheerfulness is all that he wants. No matter how thick and fast vexations may come, there is nothing like a bright little ray of the soul's sunshine to disperse them.—Counted in dollars and cents, your wealth may be a paltry sum; but if you have a cheerful temper you are rich.

WHAT WE SAW.—Fourteen small boys up a green apple tree partaking of the unripened fruit! The aforesaid apples large as walnuts and as green as cucumbers. We asked a little fellow how many he had eaten, 'twenty three' was the quick reply. We bid him farewell tolling him of the unsafety of worldly affairs, and the policy of preparing for a home in the skies, he listened attentively and seemed deeply affected, but on moving away we considered his case hopeless as the young one yelled out: 'Wait a minute, mister, till I finish this haul, and I'll go any where with you for five cents.'

When people have to scratch their head for ideas, it shows that the plough has been put into pretty shallow soil. Hence scratch for grain, but never clear your heads.

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