

VILLAGE



RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1870.

NUMBER 13

OH! HO!

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- KEROSENE, of the very best—Pitts. Oil, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- LAMP CHIMNIES also, at C. N. BEAVER'S.

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly, CLARENCE N. BEAVER. Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

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POETICAL.



WHO KNOWETH THE HEART?

O, who that can tell if the heart's deepest cell Is thrilling with pleasure or throbbing with pain? For the glance will be gay, when its hopes steal a- way, All silent and slow like a funeral train. Who knoweth the theme of the heart's fondest dream, In the lingering twilight, holy and still? Who counteth its tears, and telleth its fears, When sorrow broods over it heavy and chill? Oh, the world hath no part in the life of the heart! Unmarked are its conflicts, unheeded its woes; It dwelleth alone, its conquests unknown, And its deep wells of feeling, ah! who shall disclose.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here; Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear! How like the hope of childhood's day, Thick clustering on the bough! How like those hopes in their decay, How faded are they now! Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here; Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear! Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here; Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear! Withered leaves, withered leaves that fly before the gale; Withered leaves, withered leaves, ye tell a mournful tale! Of love once true and friends once kind And happy moments fled; Dispersed by every breath of wind, Forgotten, changed, or dead! Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here; Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear!

MISCELLANY.

THE ROBBER'S LAMP.

'Got to go over on foot!' exclaimed the contractor. 'Not a chance of anything else,' replied the agent.—'But, then, it's only five miles, and you'll have better quarters than here, in this vile shanty. The money will be safer, too, let alone that the men won't go to work again, unless they're paid in the morning.' 'Is the road safe? I don't like the idea of having so much money. I could defend myself, or run, but fifteen thousand dollars in small bills is a big package to run with.' 'Send your valise over in advance.' 'Whom by?' 'My man.' 'Is he trustworthy?' 'Honest as the day, and he needn't know there's anything in it but dirty linen. He can start now, and you can wait till after supper, if you will.' 'And so saying, the agent of the railroad company stepped to the door of the shanty, and shouted for Patrick; and shortly that individual came—as bright, lively, honest-looking a son of the Green Isle as ever helped build a Western railroad.

'Patrick!' 'Yes, yer honor.' 'Take this gentleman's valise over to the village, and leave it with the superintendent. Tell him the owner will be after it this evening.' 'An' is that all, yer honor?' 'That's all—only be quick about it and you'll earn an extra dollar.' 'I'm just the hie for that, anyhow. Sure, it's a bit of a valise.'

And, so saying, Patrick picked up the object of his contempt, and trudged away with an utter absence of curiosity as to the nature of what he was carrying. The temporary station at which the 'con- tractor' train had landed the contractor—a gentleman named Perkins—was at the end of the Air Line railroad to C—; and, as the laborers thereon had not been paid over promptly they had now for some days been on a strike, abandoning the works, and congregating idly at a hamlet a few miles distant, thereby compelling their delinquent employers to come to terms. Mr. Perkins had brought a good share of the terms' with him, for immediate distribution; and after a plain but hearty supper with the agent, he was about to start on his tramp, when it was discovered that a good-sized western thunder shower was just about to burst, and the walk was postponed until the sky should clear. In a few minutes more the rain was coming down in torrents, and kept it up for an hour or so, at the end of which time the contractor paddled away over the muddy road congratulating himself that the valise in Patrick's care was water-proof.

'He's had a rougher time than I will, any- how; and now, if I ain't robbed and murder- ed I shall do well enough in spite of the mud.' And, so muttering to himself, the worthy gentleman splashed forward. Our present business, however, is not with his employer, but with Patrick himself.

The parting injunction to make haste did not seem to make a very deep impression on the careless son of Erin; and he trudged easily along, with an occasional sbrewd glance

at the somewhat threatening sky, growling to himself.

'Faith, an' I'll be there before the will, if it don't rain, an' mebbly I will if it does.— Ooh, but he's a waka one to be givin a dollar for the carryin' the like o' this.' A little more than half-way across the open prairie between the railway terminus and the village was a tolerably dense grove, and it was after sunset when Patrick plunged under its shadows. Nor had he gone far before the premonitory flashes of light- ning and the deep, smothered roars of the thunder, gave token that the storm was upon him.

'Now, an' if I could only get in the old log house, it 'ud kape my dhry. Howly Moses, what a big flash was that!' And, so saying, Patrick broke into a very respectable trot, which quickly brought him out into a little weed grown clearing. In the centre of this there was a small log house, the deserted homestead of some discontented squatter who had moved further westward. It consisted of but two rooms, front and back, and all vestiges of doors or windows shutters had long since disappeared; but it promised some sort of imperfect shelter from the rain.

Patrick was but just in time, hardly had he stumbled over the grassy threshold before the first big drops began to patter, and these were quickly followed by such penetrating torrents as compelled him to select his standing place under as good a corner of the leaky roof as he could find.

'Bless me now, but this is a wet rain, anyhow! I'd not like to be found drowned wid another man's portmanteau about me clothes. Whist, now, Patrick, me jewel—what's that?' And, as he spoke, Patrick once more advanced toward the doorway. It was now all pitch dark, and he could hear the half- muffled voices of men, whose profane utterances seemed to try and direct one another towards the shelter.

'Here it is, Bob. I wonder if there's any- body in it.'

'Not to-night, there won't be. Go right in; we're coming.' Patrick was no fool, and he had heard something in the tones rather than in the words—though these were mingled with horrid profanity—which conveyed to his mind the impression that the newcomers were men with whom he did not care to sorape an acquaintance; neither did he like to go on into the storm—and so he quietly glided into the little 'lean-to' that formed the other part of the house, and curled himself up against the logs.

In a moment more he perceived that three men had taken possession of his late quarters, and he lay as still as a mouse, while they continued a discussion which had evidently been interrupted by the storm.

'He won't try to get over to night, I reckon.' 'Yes he will; he's got to.' 'But the storm?' 'Hut! wait til that's over.' 'Maybe he's started.'

'If he has, he'll turn back. We're safe enough to bug him, an' it's a little the best lay we ever had.' 'Pretty good pot, that's a fact. Do you know how he's got it?' 'In a valise, Jim says.'

'Well, we can take it as well in that as in anything else, as the man said about his whisky.' 'But what'll we do with him?' 'Dead men tell no tales.' 'That's the safest, I guess; and they'll lay it to some of the strikers.'

'Most likely. Have you got the dark lantern ready?' 'Not much oil in it.' 'Let's fill it then. I want to get some, and get into the boss's private office, and I just found one little can hid away in his desk. Not another thing worth bringin' away. Here it is; let us fill up and take a look around.'

Thus far Patrick had listened with breath- less interest, while his mind teemed with horrid visions of robbery and murder. As we have said, he was by no means lacking in shrewdness, and the reference to the valise had not by any means been reassuring.

'Howly Mother! how did they ever know I was comin' over wid the portmanteau? I'd better have turned back before I ever come! An' what's a dollar to pay for bein' murder- ed?'

Patrick's thoughts were robbing the very soul within him, when he heard what was said about the lantern, and it needed no one to tell him that his only safety from discov- ery was in retreat. There was some little noise and loud talking in the other room, not to speak of the rain on the roof, and Patrick had no difficulty in escaping unheard. Once clear of the house, he made a clear run of it for a couple hundred yards, stum- bling over logs, tearing through briars, and sticking faithfully to the valise. Meantime the three robbers had probably been filling the lamp of their dark lantern; and just as Patrick reached the edge of the woods, in the cover of whose darkness he knew he would be safe, he turned and striad- ed his eyes in the direction of the log house. As he did so a faint glimmer of light came out through the chinks and crevices.

'Strive a match,' muttered Patrick. 'Bad luck to that same for sidin' me out into the wet! Howly Mother! what's that!'

When, less than half an hour afterward, the breathless Irishman, with his precious burden, dripping with water, opened the door of the superintendent's office in the village, he heard that gentleman remark: 'What did you say Jordan?' 'Why,' replied the 'boss,' with an anxious tone; 'some fool has broken my desk open and stolen a can of nitro-glycerine, and I'm afraid mischief will come of it.'

'Divil a fer, interrupted Patrick; 'orra mischief was done by that same. Owwly we'll have to search the woods wid dogs, to find enough of them for a decent burial, or I'm mistaken.'

The explanation which followed left little room for doubt; and a subsequent investiga- tion left less; but as Patrick had surmised, there was very little occasion for a 'waka.'

The contractor got it all right, the men were paid, the road was built, and the moral of my story is: If you steal nitro-glycerine don't fill a lamp with it if you mean to light it yourself.

Don't Give Up, But Try.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voices of children, and paused to listen. Finding the sound proceeded from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; and as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

'One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. 'Why does that boy stand there?' asked the gentleman.

'Oh, he is good for nothing!' replied the teacher. 'There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school.'

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so sterc and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, then placing his hands upon the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said, 'One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy.'

A Cure for Drunkenness.

'Is drunkenness incurable?' is a problem of the deepest interest to all good citizens, and anything that promises to aid its solution is worthy of notice. A writer in Pul- niam for August proposes, as a cure for the appetite for liquors, promide of potassium, saying:

'There is no tapering off' with the devil. Either he has got you, or he has not got you. The first part of the medical treatment in this physical disease requires the immediate removal of the patient from all disturbing in- fluence, of whatever nature. There must be no noisy children about, no quarrelling women, no scandal mongers pouring out their distilled venom to jar upon his nerves and disturb his spirit. He must have absolute quiet and repose. He must take a two week's holiday and go to bed, where nothing can trouble him or get at him but one faithful friend.'

'Having obtained twelve twenty-grain pow- ders of the promide he takes one, and after a conflict the sedative wins the victory, and he sleeps. When he wakes the struggle against the taste for liquor begins again, and another powder is taken, and so on, until at last perfect success and glorious victory are attained. The desire for drink will be completely eradicated, and its return will not be likely to occur. During the treatment food should not be taken, unless urgently desired, and then it should be of the most nutritious character. Broths of fowl or beef-steak, and such other meats as are best calculated to preserve the tone of the stomach, are to be preferred.'

Will Women Vote?

The recent election in Wyoming Territory may be taken as a pretty conclusive answer to the question whether western women will vote in case they are permitted to do so.— Two ladies were nominated on the Republi- can ticket, one for county clerk and the other for school superintendent of one of the counties of the Territory, and although they were not elected, yet they ran ahead of the gentlemen upon the same ticket. The ladies almost universally voted. The scene at the polls in Cheyenne is thus described by an Iowa paper:

'The ladies, with a few exceptions, were brought to the polls in carriages and omni- buses, deposited their ballots, and immedi- ately stepped in again and were driven home. One incident of the day was worth relating. The oldest woman,—perhaps the oldest per- son—in Cheyenne, 80 years of age, went to the polls and voted her first ballot. When she alighted from the buggy the whole crowd surrounding the polls, Republicans and Dem- ocrats, took off their hats while she marched through and deposited her vote. When she turned to go away, three cheers were called for, and given so rousingly that they were heard for several squares. She'll be likely to remember her first ballot while she lives. The ladies didn't all vote one way by no means. But both parties had runners out with buggies, from morning till sundown, gathering up all the ladies that could be found. It was a fine illustration of the respect and reverence which the men of Ameri- ca have for females, that not even a drunken rough was heard to offer an insult. This may have been partly owing to the fact that both parties were courting them.'

What One Sees in China.

The Chinese officials and men of wealth live in affluence—dress richly, and keep up a host of servants and retainers. But the poor—they work for very low prices, from five to ten cents a day, and feed and clothe themselves from those wages. The wealthy are very indolent, and impose a system of servitude upon their employees which is in many degrees worse than even American slavery in its worst stages could have been. The peasantry are a quiet and industrious people, but seem to have no higher aim in life than to make a comfortable living on their farms and propagate their species.— They destroy a great number of the female children, hence the male population is greatly in the majority. The laboring class in China, male and female, are but beasts of burden; they carry everything that is used in building a great city, or in carrying on the commerce of a great country, upon their shoulders, by means of poles, and baskets or buckets on each of the poles. The peasant women of China have large and natural feet. Their costume consists of wide pants reaching only to the knee; a loose sack reaching a little below the hips, belted a- round the waist, and a little white apron half a yard square, pinned on plain. They do not wear shoes and stockings; from the knee the legs are bare. They have no fire in winter to warm, but as the cold increases they put on clothing until they are of an immense size, and their bodies look like barrels with heads sticking out at the top, walking with bare legs and feet. None of those who work in the rice fields in the sun ever wear any covering for the head. The rich and poor all dress their hair in the same style, neatly combed in a low knot on the top of the head, and these are ornamented with flowers and hair-pins or bodkins, either silver or brass. The women of China are not tall, but stocky and squarely built, and the working women very muscular.— They will carry with ease two or three hundred pounds on their shoulders. The small-footed women are unable to do any heavy work, as they cannot walk without a cane or some one to support them. No man is sat- isfied unless he has one wife with small feet, and unless betrothed to one, when children, by their parents, they will work years to gain means to buy one, and the smaller the feet the higher the price.

WHAT SHALL THAT BOY DO.—Who can tell? The boy who reads this, what will he do? When he becomes a man, will he do many things? Will he read, and so be in- telligent? Will he bring the powers of mind and body into exercise, and so be useful, healthful and strong? Will he pray and be pious—good—of a noble and virtuous soul? Will he write, and so be graceful in speech, ready in communication, and of strong influ- ence? Say, my boy, what are you going to do? What will you do now you will very likely do by-and-by. Do you swear now?— Do you cheat, deceive, lie, steal? Do you do dishonorable things? Are you disrespect- ful, or do you disobey your parents and teachers? Remember the boy makes the man. If the boy is bad the man will be— If he is idle now, he will be idle when a man. What will you be?

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is Tact. Tact is amble-footed and quick-fingered; Tact sees without looking; Tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; Tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; Tact never runs his head against a stone wall; Tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; Tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; Tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys, which turn all sorts of locks; Tact plants his monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with the familiarity of friendship; Tact—ly, versatile, divize, ranging flying Tact—governs the whole world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

A strange suicide was committed in Har- rison county (Mo.) on the 1st inst. A traveler stopped at a farm where they were threshing out grain, and going into the barn- yard, began talking to some of the men at work, telling them he used to work with a machine, whereupon he asked leave to drive. His request was granted, and after a short spell he asked if he might not feed the ma- chine. It was quite apparent that he was well posted in regard to threshing, and hav- ing fed for some time, he looked around at the driver with a nod, signifying that he wanted more power. Standing still till the cylinder was flying and buzzing around like 'double-gear'd lightning,' and every one be- coming alarmed at the awful motion, he jumped head first against the teeth of the cylinder, and in less than an instant he was dashed into eternity. No one knew him, and there were no papers upon his person by which he could be identified.

GOD WORKS SILENTLY!—Drop a piece of wool on the floor. Do you hear it? No.— It is noiseless. How about the snow? Does it make a great about to tell us it is coming? Certainly not. 'He giveth snow like wool.' It is voiceless! And this is altogether char- acteristic of Divine operations. The great forces of the Universe are mute. The Sun never speaks. The Atmosphere is mute.— Gravitation has no tongue!

Vallejo, California, must be a very bad place to live in. The Recorder, published there, says it harbors men who 'have become so saturated with the oil of condensed dam- nation as to commit an act combining all the horrors of a century of crimes into one.'

An Obstruction.

I never forgot my dooty as a 'husban but ooot, and then I was teakid mighty atrop. I was out in the country takin in sum fresh air, for which the country is so famed—the day wuz butifull, and I felt several years younger than I rally wuz. The birds split their throats to pleaz me; and the clover blossoms shelled out there perfoom quiv lavish. Suddenly, on the brow of a small hill, I saw a figger of such seuperlativ buty that I stoop and mekankally set myself down on the top tail of a fence and gazed on the superb piotter. She wuz pickin strawberries, and didn't notiss me. My feebie pon can't de- scribe one side or her. I fixt my necktie, brusht my hair a lettle, set my hat sunwat gallus on the side ov mi hed, put on a took ov affexshun, and then corled shely to at- trakt her notiss. She lookt up and her iize met mine.

I could skarely keep mi seat on that rale, I wuz so smereed all over with happiness.— I firted mi red hankkerchief gently, and she smild, an I elokt a kiss at her, an she kist the tips of her strawberry painted fingers an I pitch them toms me. Then I did fall off the fence.

I wuz so inflated with bliss that I dropt like a feather, and soon scrambled to mi feet, but, alas, she hed gone. I cooodn't give it up so, but started on a stiff trot after her.— I cooodn't help it. I would have follered that gal of I'd had fifteen wives at hum waitin tew mop the flore with me. But suddenly a large sized man stood in the rode, an bard mi progress.

'No you don't old Skeesiek,' he sed.— Sez I, 'look here mi friend, every man wuz created ekal, indowed with certain inailtable rites, amongst which is libe- liberty, and the persoot of happiness. Then er gal that lately ad- orned the brow of that hill is mi happiness, and I'm engaged in her persoot. Gut out uv my way, or this secluded patch uv ground will be pointed out by tuohor genershuns az the spot whers a distinguished literary gen- tleman thrasht a foller or low lextrashun for gittin in his way.'

The grin he giv me is still fortygraft on mi memory. He didn't move an I squared mi- self off at him.

It wuz a desprit konflikt, but I won't wery the imphusent reader with the detales, but will simply remark that I didn't foller that gal.

BEWARE OF THE POWDER.—There is a good joke going the rounds, of a young lady and gentleman at a fashionable party in this city, a few evenings since. The young man was handsome and happy, and the young lady arrayed in all the exquisite taste of lavender, rose, etc., with gold powdered hair flowing over her bow-like neck. Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pin- nacles, and after an absence of about three hours our young friends entered the brilliant- ly illuminated parlors. The lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slight- ly taken back by his next neighbor inform- ing him that round his neck was the un- mistakable print of two arms, all in chalk and diamond dust; on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust bloom of youth and yellow powder, mixed up generally. The young lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler.

MORAL.—Carry a dusting broom in your pocket.

Dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first, is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and brickbats and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down the fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill one another; if they would only let each other alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home, the young women would come after them.

If a book makes you look with less abhor- rence on any sin, if its dashing hero talks profanely, or if the morals of the story are not pure, if it tends to make you dissatisfied and impatient with the lot God has appointed you, and to distinguish less clearly between right and wrong, you had better throw it in- to the fire, even if it bound in velvet with clasps of gold. The fair page of the mind cannot be washed clean after it has been defiled of such contact, any more than a sheet of paper which you have covered with ink stains.

AN INDIAN'S HEAVEN.—When death enters an Indian tribe, the relatives mourn by loud wailings for days, painting their faces and tearing their clothes. The Indian looks forward to a future state, and he believes it will be one of endless hunting and fishing, where the plains will be full of buffalo and deer, and the lakes full of fish, and where his own wigwam will be so snugly placed as to be secure from all attack.

There is an intelligent dog at Mad Pitt, Indiana, that whenever a Methodist minister comes to the house proceeds at once to catch a chicken, a thing he will not do at any other time.

A debating society out in the country has been for some time engaged in the discussion of the question: 'If you had to have a wife, where would you have it?' They finally de- cided—'On another fellow.'

An Irish school-master wrote the follow- ing copy for one of his pupils: 'Idleness covereth a man with nakedness.' The prettier the foot and ankle, the easier it gets up stairs.