

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

52.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1870.

NUMBER 26

OH! HO! JUST THE THING WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. N. BEAVER, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long credits is

EXPLODED.

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be

RUINED

by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsewhere. We will challenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
BOOTS, all kinds and prices, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, at C. N. BEAVER.
CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER.
PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, by C. N. BEAVER.
HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER.
GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
CANES AND UMBRELLAS, a complete stock at C. N. BEAVER'S.
BROOMS AND BRUSHES, of the very best kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER.
SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale at C. N. BEAVER'S.
INK AND PAPER, of every description, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
CANDIES, always fresh too, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
SPICES, for sale at C. N. BEAVER'S.
CRACKERS, of every kind, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
INDIGO BLUE, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
KEROSENE, of the very best, 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.

The World Renowned

MEDICINE

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED PREPARATION

FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD.

SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY-
SIPLES, BOILS, SCALDS, SORES, HEAD
ACHES, RHEUMATISM, AND FEVER, FUL
STOMACH, TOGETHER WITH ALL OTHER
DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURE
BLOOD AND DISORDERED
LIVER.

TRY ONE BOTTLE OR PACKAGE

And be convinced that this medicine is no humbug Sold by all Druggists.

CAUTION.

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood is COUNTERFEITED. The genuine has the name "D. FAHRNEY & SON" on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Preparation for Cleansing the Blood, in each bottle. All others are COUNTERFEITS. Recall that it is Dr. D. Fahrney & Son's Celebrated Preparation for Cleansing the Blood that is so universally used, and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggist to induce you to take any thing else that they may say is just the same or as good, because they make a large profit on it.

PREPARED BY
DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
BOONSBORO, MD.
And Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Kedsyville, Md.
Be sure to get the genuine. None genuine unless signed by J. R. Anderson, Waynesboro'; Dr. J. H. Anderson, FR. WILSON, Quincy; FRED. JENKINS, Shady Grove,
June 30-6mo3

POETICAL.



AFTER.
BY GEORGE COOPER.
After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.
After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.
After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful mead;
After the fight, the downy rest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest.

NIGHT.
'Tis night on the mountain brow,
And night on the shadowy lea.
'Tis night in the starless heaven,
And dark is the trackless sea.
And the golden moon shall break
On hill-top, on landscape and main;
But the night in my weary soul
Shall never be lifted again.
When this heart of mine was young,
And life seemed fair and gay,
Joy lent wings to the rosy hours,
And O! it was always day;
But now, in my sadden'd soul,
Bereft of its visions bright,
There reigns the darkness profound
Of everlasting night.

MISCELLANY.

"GOD WILL PROVIDE."

BY KATHARINE STANLEY.

'Don't cry, Nellie, said a piping little voice. 'You know what mamma told us the night she died. 'God will provide,' she said. 'I ain't a bit hungry; indeed, indeed I ain't! It was Saturday night—a wild, bitter winter night. The wind rattled at the loose casement and roared down the fireless chimney. The two orphans had eaten nothing all day, and there was not a cent in the house. From earliest dawn, the eldest had been sewing at a bit of piece-work for a clothing-store, in hope to complete it before night; but now, when dusk had come, and the task was still unfinished her brave heart had given way, and letting the waistcoat fall into her lap, she had burst into despairing tears.
Nellie Thorndike and her little six year old sister, Annie, were the children of a clergyman, who had worn himself out in the service of his Master, in an obscure country district. His wife had soon followed him to the grave, broken-hearted, leaving the orphan offspring alone and friendless, in the great city to which she had come, in hopes to earn a living by giving lessons in music. For awhile Nellie had fought bravely to keep the wolf from the door. But as her needle was her only resource, the battle had gone steadily against her. First, one comfort had to be given up, and then another; no fire had been kept, though winter had come, very often the sisters had gone superfluous to bed. To-day they had eaten nothing. The last crust, the last penny were gone. No wonder Nellie had broken down! Even at seventeen, when hope is still high, there can be such a thing as despair.
But she rallied at her little sister's words. Hastily brushing the tears from her eyes, she took the child in her arms, and kissed her vehemently.
'I know! I know!' she said. 'I have been weak and wicked. Yes, darling! God will provide.'
'And don't you remember,' said Annie, nestling to her sister's heart, 'that verse in the Bible, about never seeing the righteous forsaken, or their seed begging bread? Mother used to give it to me to learn by heart.'
She was interrupted by a loud, imperative knocking at the door.
'Hark! What was that?' she cried, in a frightened whisper.
Nellie started to her feet, but still held the child. She was pale, and trembled, and had a wild look, as of one hunted to death.
'It is the landlady,' she said. 'I promised to pay the rent to-night; and I had forgot. But I haven't a penny. What shall we do? She will turn us out in the street.'
'Oh! not to-night, not to-night!' cried Annie, convulsively clutching her sister.—'Just listen to the storm.'
The danger roused Nellie, as danger always rouses the brave. Her eyes kindled. Her frail form seemed to grow taller.
'She won't dare to do it. She cannot be so cruel,' she said. Yet she hardly believed her own words. 'But I must go and open the door.'
She put Annie down as she spoke. The child followed clinging to her skirts.
The knocking, by this time, had become almost furious. Nellie unbolted the door, and stood there, with a fast-beating heart, but outwardly calm. Brave, noble girl!
It was, as she had expected, the landlady. But, to her surprise, no angry countenance met Nellie's gaze. The new comer was in a flurry of apparently pleasurable excitement.
'Oh, Miss!' she cried, raising her hands, as if in admiration, 'such a carriage as is at the door—with a footman as well, Miss.'
She spoke in short, grasping sentences, evidently out of breath with her haste. 'They are asking for you, Miss Nellie Thorndike

and her sister! There's such a grand old lady in the carriage. With such beautiful white hair. Such a dress! And her bands went up again. 'They're coming up stairs themselves to see you, I've just run ahead—'
At this point, the landlady's exclamations were cut short by a tall footman, who unceremoniously pushed her aside, making way for the most wonderful vision, in the shape of an old lady, that Nellie had never conceived of, much less beheld. So stately and grand, and yet so sweet-looking withal, and dressed so magnificently! If she had been a fairy god mother she could not have overpowered poor Nellie more.
'It is! It is!' cried this apparition, as soon as she saw Nellie. 'You have my dear brother's eyes, and your mother's sweet mouth. Oh, my darlings! that you should have come to this!'
As she spoke, she looked around the bare, wintry room, and then clasping the orphans in her arms, sobbed aloud.
'I am your aunt, my dears,' she resumed, directly. 'Your father's only sister. Have you never heard him talk of sister Annie? One of you is named after me. It is you, is it, you darling?' and she kissed first Annie, and then Nellie, holding them, by turns, at arm's length, and passionately regarding them. 'A widow, a childless widow now, living these many years away off in China, till I lost my dear husband, when I came home to find—ah!—trace of you gone. We have searched everywhere for you. But it was not till to-day that I came on your track.—Thank God!—I have found you at last!—You must come and live with me, to take the place of those I have lost. The carriage is at the door. What a happy, happy day!'
That night, as Annie nestled to her sister's arms, after the orphans had gone to bed, in the grand mansion to which their aunt carried them, she whispered, 'Wasn't I right, Nellie, dear? Didn't mother tell the truth? Yes! God will provide.'
And Nellie murmured, amid happy, thankful tears, clasping Annie closer to her heart. 'Yes, darling, God will provide.'—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Salt for the Throat.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a simple and what has been with us a most effectual, if not a positive cure of sore throat.
For many years past indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact.
Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large table-spoonful of pure table salt in about a half small tumbler full of cold water. With this we gargle the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds to which so far as our memory extends, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared.
We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.
Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle, have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant and after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.—*Religious Herald.*

A SLEEPLESS SECRETARY.—The following is told of Sir Eben Mepean, formerly under Secretary of State of Great Britain:
One summer night he was afflicted with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and, being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at 3 o'clock A. M., stroll aimlessly, more from drowsiness than from anything else, down to the home office.—Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum-book. 'A reliever to be sent to coiners ordered for execution at York. Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him that he called up the chief clerk in Downing Street, who said that he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. 'But have you the receipt and certificate that it is gone?' 'No.' 'Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane.' They did so, and found him in the act of stepping into his gig for a holiday. He had forgotten the reliever, and left it locked up in his desk.—The fleetest express procurable was dispatched, and reached York just as the criminals were mounting the cart.

A SAD PICTURE.—Whenever the Prussians have been around Metz, they have carried off every thing that was portable—cattle, horses, grain, fodder, even furniture, bedding and linen. The department of the Moselle is ruined for the next twenty years. The vineyards, for the most part, are destroyed, and will not be productive again for five or six years. All the wine that was stored in the cellars has been consumed or taken away. In those villages in which the dreadful conflicts of August and September occurred houses and gardens are mere wrecks. On the 3d of November there remained still in Metz twenty thousand wounded and three thousand sick, lying in fifty-two hospitals and ambulances.
A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Cause and Cure of Consumption.

BY DR. W. W. BALL.
Whatever renders the blood impure tends to originate consumption. Whatever makes the air impure makes the blood impure. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And as, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean, so if the air we breathe is impure, it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood.
What then are some of the more prominent things which render the air impure?—It is the nature of still water to become impure. It is the nature of still air to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion, drafts of air, are self-purifiers.—Thus it is that the air of a close room becomes impure inevitably. Thus it is that close rooms bring consumption to countless thousands. Hence all rooms should be so constructed as to have a constant draft of air passing through them. The neglect of it murders myriads. A man of ordinary size consumes a hoghead of air unfit for breathing, every hour, so perfectly, that if a man could breathe a full breath of his own next instant after its expiration, without any intermixture with the outer air, he would be instantly suffocated. Hence sleeping in close rooms, even though alone, or sitting for a very short time in a crowded vehicle or among a large assembly is perfectly corrupting to the blood. Close bed-rooms make the graves of multitudes.
Among other causes of consumption are insufficient food or clothing, sleeping in basements, or sitting habitually in damp apartments. A dog will become consumptive in a few weeks if confined in a damp cellar, especially if it be a dark one.
Hence the room which we occupy for the largest portion of each twenty-four hours should be the lightest, driest, most airy and cheerful in the whole building.
An occasional cause of consumptive disease, there may be mentioned all suppressions, the sudden driving in of all eruptions, such as measles, tetter, and the like, the sudden healing up of sores, which have been running for a long time, without intelligent medical advice, in carrying off the drains of the system in another direction. Many lives are thrown away by ignorant persons, in applications to old sores; they are elated in the highest degree in having 'cured up' an ulcer, which the 'regular doctors' had failed to do after months of effort, but they fail to note the after fact that within a very short time the 'cured-up sore' has broken out again, or falling on the lungs, has laid the victim in the grave.
AIR AND EXERCISE.—No remedy known to man has such a powerful and permanent influence in maintaining or regaining health as the judicious employment of cheerful, exercise in the open air; and if properly attended to in a timely manner, it will cure a large majority of curable diseases, and will sometimes succeed when medicines have lost their power.
If you have actual consumption, or are merely threatened with it; or if, from some of your relatives having died with it, you have unpleasant apprehensions of its lurking in your own body; or whether from a diseased liver or disordered stomach, or a dyspeptic condition of the system, the foundations of the dreadful disease are being laid in your own person; or whether by exposure, or over bodily exertion or mental labor, or wasting cares for the present, or anxieties for the future, or by hugging sharp pointed memories of the past, or by intemperate living, in eating or drinking, or by unwise habits or practices in life, you have originated in your own person the ordinary precursors of consumption, such as hacking cough, pains in the breast, biliousness, wasting of flesh and strength, shortness of breath on exercise—under all these circumstances, a proper attention to air and exercise are indispensable aids—among the principal, essential means of cure, and are never to be dispensed with; confinement to the regulated temperature of a room, in any latitude, is certain death, if persevered in; and if from any cause this air and exercise are not practicable to you, except to a limited extent, it is your misfortune; you not being able to employ them does not make them the less necessary, and they have no substitutes.

A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of a man as a good moral character. It is his wealth, his life. Such a character is worth more, to be desired more than anything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool, no crouching sycophant, nor treacherous honor-seeker, over bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how truly it would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the groveling and baseborn purposes of human nature which destroy body and soul.

DR. JONAS.—A man in Torre Haute tells a story of a barber who was shaving him sometime since. The barber stopped a few moments and procured a box upon which he mounted to continue his work. 'What did you get that box for?' The barber replied: 'The snakes are all over the floor, sir, and I wanted to get out of their way.' The customer insisted on finishing the job himself.

There flourishes in the village of Kent, England, one of those good natured old ladies who have a host of details, and who believe on all occasions on giving good effect to their conversation. At one of the periodical tea parties to which the village is subject, she was entertaining the company with an account of a most astonishing hog which her father had fattened to the enormous weight of six thousand pounds! Quite a marmar of surprise went round the room, during which her husband suggested:
'Oh, no, my dear; it was six hundred pounds.'
'Why, Jeremiah,' said she, in disgust, 'the skin w'g'bed that.'

Johns Hopkins is the wealthiest Baltimorean. His estate, valued at \$7,000,000, he intends to place at the disposal of trustees to found the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. He is 75 years old and a bachelor, and earned all his fortune.
It is so hilly in New Hampshire the people look up the chimneys to see when the cows come home.
The mind is the standard of the man.

Nearing the Other Shore

When, after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick and louthome, I arose one morning and went upon the deck, holding on, crawling, I was but a worm, I smelt in the air some strange smell, and I said to the captain, 'what is that odor?' It is the land breeze from off Ireland.'
I smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves, and all my sickness departed from me; my eyes grew bright, my senses were gone. The thought of the nearness of the land came to me. And when afar off, I saw the thin line of land, joy came and gave me health, and from that moment, I had neither sickness nor trouble, I was coming nearer to the land.
Oh! is there not for you old men, and for you wearied mothers, a land breeze blowing off from heaven, waiting to you some of its sweetness? Behold, the garden of the Lord is not far away. I know from the air. Behold the joy of home. Do I not hear the children's shout? The air is full of music to our silent thought.
Oh, how full of music when our journey is almost done, and we stand upon the bounds and precinct of that blessed land! Hold on to your faith. Believe more firmly. A way with troubles and buffetings. Be happy; you are saved.
In a few hours visions of God, and all the realities of the eternal world shall be yours, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Romantic Marriage.

The Orleans Picayune of the 18th inst., has the following:
A few days since a well dressed and handsome youth, of some eighteen years of age, appeared before one of our city magistrates and asked if he could engage his service to perform a marital ceremony. The reply was in the affirmative and the young man left, but shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by a sombre looking female, middle aged and dressed in black.
'Is this lady your mother?' inquired the magistrate.
'Oh, no, sir, this is the lady I desire to marry,' replied the youth, as the lady drew aside her veil disclosing a wrinkled countenance but on which for a moment gleamed a sort of icy smile.
'Indeed?'
'Oh, yes, sir.'
'But are you of age?'
'Not yet, but this lady is my guardian.'
'And she gives her consent?'
'Yes, sir.'
The magistrate was in a quandary. He didn't know exactly what to do. He hated to sacrifice the youth and join the bright-faced May to the gloomy, joy December.—'Isn't this rather a strange union?' he at length asked.
'Not at all, replied the expectant bride. 'I have a large amount of property which I desire to leave this young man. As I have relatives who might dispute the will were I to give it to him as a legacy, I prefer to marry him.'
'And you are content to marry this woman for her money?' asked the justice.
'Well, I shouldn't marry her for anything else!' replied the boy lover. 'She isn't pretty.'
And without more ado the ceremony was concluded.
Col. Susan B. Anthony has been talking a good deal lately, and has caught what is called a 'minister's sore throat.' She has never been able, however, to catch the minister himself.

EATING WITHOUT APPETITE.—It is wrong to eat without appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and there not being any fluid to receive and act upon it, it would remain there only to putrefy, the very object of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite, for the remainder of his life. If a 'tonic' is taken to what the appetite, it is a mistake; for its only result is to cause one to eat more, when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice supplied is able to prepare.
The object to be obtained is a larger supply of gastric, not a larger supply of food; and whatever fails to accomplish that essential object, fails to have an efficiency towards the cure of dyspeptic disease; and as the formation of the gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and waste of the system, which is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and waste can only take place as the result of exercise, the point is reached again that the efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—out door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting, and profitable.

These flourishes in the village of Kent, England, one of those good natured old ladies who have a host of details, and who believe on all occasions on giving good effect to their conversation. At one of the periodical tea parties to which the village is subject, she was entertaining the company with an account of a most astonishing hog which her father had fattened to the enormous weight of six thousand pounds! Quite a marmar of surprise went round the room, during which her husband suggested:
'Oh, no, my dear; it was six hundred pounds.'
'Why, Jeremiah,' said she, in disgust, 'the skin w'g'bed that.'

Dr. JONAS.—A man in Torre Haute tells a story of a barber who was shaving him sometime since. The barber stopped a few moments and procured a box upon which he mounted to continue his work. 'What did you get that box for?' The barber replied: 'The snakes are all over the floor, sir, and I wanted to get out of their way.' The customer insisted on finishing the job himself.

There flourishes in the village of Kent, England, one of those good natured old ladies who have a host of details, and who believe on all occasions on giving good effect to their conversation. At one of the periodical tea parties to which the village is subject, she was entertaining the company with an account of a most astonishing hog which her father had fattened to the enormous weight of six thousand pounds! Quite a marmar of surprise went round the room, during which her husband suggested:
'Oh, no, my dear; it was six hundred pounds.'
'Why, Jeremiah,' said she, in disgust, 'the skin w'g'bed that.'

Johns Hopkins is the wealthiest Baltimorean. His estate, valued at \$7,000,000, he intends to place at the disposal of trustees to found the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. He is 75 years old and a bachelor, and earned all his fortune.
It is so hilly in New Hampshire the people look up the chimneys to see when the cows come home.
The mind is the standard of the man.

Billing's Advice to Joe.

By aw! means, Joe, git married, if ya hev got a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank; but pitch in and stick your head under and the shiver is over. There ain't no way more trick in getting married after ya are red dy; than there is in eating pecans. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore till the river aw' run out. Don't expect two marry an angel, the auge's hev aw' bin picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, ya ain't a saint yurself. Do not marry for buty excolousively; buty is like ice, aw'ful shippy, and falls dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv neither; luv is lik a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out.—But a mixture. Let the mixture be some buty, becomingly dressed, with about \$225 in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in the house, plenty of good sense, a stiff constitution and by-law, small feet, a light stepper; add tow this clean tooth and a warm heart; the whole tow te well shaken before taken. This mixture will keep in any climate, and not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left out for two or three minutes the strength ain't aw' gone. Joe, for heaven's sake! don't marry for pedigree; thar ain't much in pedigree, unless it is backed by bank stocks. A family with nothing but pedigree generally laks sense; are like a kito with too much tail, if they would only take oph some of the tail they mite possibly git up; but they are always too illustrious to tak oph the tail.
Mi dere fellow, don't be an old bachelor; lonesum and selfish, crawling out of yo' hole in the morning, lik a shiny-backed beetle, and then backing into it again every night, suspicious and sus-pected.
I'd as soon be a stuffed rooster, set up in a show window, or a tin water-rooster on a ridge pole or a female acunary, as a lonesum bachelor, jeered at by the virginity of the land.

WITHOUT GREENBACKS.—The *Overland Monthly* tells how the Mormons manage to get along without any greenbacks:
Hundreds of farmers, living in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and having large families to clothe and educate, will not see a dollar in money for years. Such a farmer wishes to purchase a pair of shoes for his wife. He consults the shoemaker, who offers his willingness to furnish the shoes for one load of wood. He has no wood but sells a calf for a quantity of, adobes the adobes for an order on the merchants, payable in goods, and the order for a load of wood, and straightway the matter is shod. Seven watermelons purchase a ticket of admission to the theatre. He pays for the tuition of his children seventy-five cabbages per quarter.—The dressmaker receives for her services four squashes per day. He settles his church dues in sorghum molasses. Two loads of pumpkins pay his annual subscription to the newspaper. He buys a 'Treatise on Celestial Marriage' for a load of gravel, and a bottle of soothing syrup for the baby for a bushel of string beans. Is this primitive method, until the advent of the railroad nine-tenths of the business of the territory was conducted. And even now, in the more remote settlements, a majority of all transactions are of this character.

COURTING IN CHURCH.—A young gentleman, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth: 'And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I write a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.' She returned it pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth: 'Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?' He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—'Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.' From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Down on the Wabash the mosquitoes grow so large that they harness them up to sailkites. On the lower Mississippi a man was chased by them until he was forced to turn a large iron sugar kettle over him for protection. They bored through the kettle with their bills and he amused himself by cinching the bills with an ax he had in his belt. A few while so many of them were that they flew away with the kettle.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages.
It must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his history.

When would Paris most resemble a pea? When it was being shelled.
The fellow who panned a watch says he raised money with a lever.

Many persons are esteemed merely because they are not known.
He that fears you present, will hate you absent.

It is the lucky men who need no counsel.
The young man—Cotton.
Lying ride on Job's back.