

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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NUMBER 38

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'S.
- CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- 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 at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- HOSIERY, of every kind, for sale, at C. N. BEAVER'S.
- 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'S.
- 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 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.

D. S. SMITH

Has a complete assortment of

Ladies,
Gentlemen's,
Misses'
and
Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.

Call and see goods and get prices.

THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING CORSETS, at SMITH'S.

SCHOOL BOOKS

and
SCHOOL STATIONERY

of all kinds at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

HATS AND CAPS,

A full stock now ready, consisting of all the latest styles, at SMITH'S.

PAPER COLLARS,

Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, everything in that line, at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. nov 3-11

The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of GEISER M. CO. 11747

POETICAL.



A GREAT SECRET.

BY ALICE CARY.

My friends, here's a secret
By which you may thrive;
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties.
The wedding-guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest, and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now.

For never the scath of a
Petulant frown
Has ploughed with furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart, fairly, blazes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white.

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive,
Though I sit, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
And sink to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife:
I kept her a sweetheart,
In making her wife!

And if you but wed on
My pattern, you'd thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife, forty-five!

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own life, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken,
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure—
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly—
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Or become our warmest friends.

MISCELLANY.

A SINGULAR VOW.

'I want to ask one favor of you, Aubrey, before I die.'

The speaker was a young man who was fast nearing the other world, and the chills of death were creeping through his veins. He wore a soldier's uniform and lay upon a pallet of straw with no one to bid him good-bye, and see his last struggle, but Lt. Aubrey Morton knelt beside him and took his hand within his own.

'Anything you ask, William, I will do, if it lie in my power.'

'Three years ago,' said the dying man, 'I met and loved Ethelyn Marston. I worshipped her, and she favored my attention, and at last I proposed to her, and although she did not formally engage herself to me, yet she gave me all reason to hope that one day she would be my wife. Those days were blissful ones to me, but they were of short duration. Ethelyn Marston was false, she told me at length that she did not love me. The wound in my heart was deep and lasting; for weeks I tasted little food and knew little sleep. Life for me lost all its charms, and caring little what became of me, I enlisted in the army, and now the end of my existence is almost here. Aubrey, I long to be avenged. I desire her to feel all the agony I have felt, and I want you to swear to me that, if possible, you will gain her affections, and then cast her off as she cast me off, and made me a ruined heartbroken man.'

The young Lieutenant hesitated. Should he swear to deceive a woman and perhaps blight her young life?

The dying man saw that his comrade hesitated, and he grasped his hand with a mighty effort while a gleam of anxious light shone in his eyes.

'Aubrey, you love me,' he said almost fiercely; 'promise me that if it lie in your power you will avenge me. Place your hand on this Bible and swear to it. I am going

With a face almost as white as that of the dying man. Aubrey placed his trembling hand upon the sacred book and made the required vow. A look of satisfaction shone on the dying soldier's face.

'Thank you,' he said feebly, 'there is no one who will shed a tear for me but you, old comrade. Tell Ethelyn, when you have broken her heart, that William Haskins is avenged. O, Ethelyn, Ethelyn, you will never suffer more than I have—Ethelyn Marston, of Mystic Valley. Find her Aubrey, if you have to look the world over. I am going—kiss me, Aubrey—I love you. Good-bye.'

Morton bent over the dying man, kissed his cold brow, while tears gathered in his eyes, and his voice choked with emotion. William Haskins was dead; he closed his sightless eyes and with a dead heart prepared the body of his friend for burial.

A year passed by, and peace hovered once more over our bleeding country, and Aubrey Morton, clothed in citizen's dress and crowned with a hero's glory, was spending the winter in New York city. He had not yet sought for Ethelyn Marston, but had promised himself that in the spring he would go to Mystic Valley, and do what his heart had already desired—gain the affections of a woman only to cast them off. His only hope was that she might not love him, although he had promised to do all in his power to gain her love. One glorious night in mid winter, Aubrey Morton entered the spacious drawing room of Mrs. Dana, which was already filled with the elite of New York. He was growing tired of all this show and affectation and disgusted with fashionable life. He saw a pretty Mrs. Davis at the upper end of the room, and went to her immediately. There was something about her charmingly original, and Aubrey Morton admired her and enjoyed her society more than any other woman he knew in the room. They had chattered together but a few minutes, when Mrs. Davis said:

'I have a cousin from the country here this evening, and you must see her. You surely will not complain of her being affected, and I think you will like her. She is a guileless creature.'

Just then the cousin mentioned made her appearance. 'Oh, here she is Mr. Morton,' said Mrs. Davis, taking the hand of a beautiful young girl, while she introduced them in a familiar way. Ethelyn Marston, she called the pretty cousin, and at the sound of that name Aubrey Morton turned pale, and gave a little nervous start, but ere he was aware, Ethelyn Marston was white hand lay upon his arm, and they were walking among the rare flowers in the conservatory. This beautiful young girl was from Mystic Valley, Mrs. Davis had told him, and he knew it was the same Ethelyn Marston whom he had promised to deceive. She was a rare, beautiful creature, and as he gazed on her loveliness he did not wonder that William Haskins' heart had broken for her. But her greatest charms was not in personal beauty. Her conversation showed rare intellect, simplicity and innocence. He could not discover a sign of coquetry in her actions. She was frank, yet a little shy, and the hour he spent with her was the happiest he had known for weeks.

At the hour of departure he placed the rich mantle about her shoulders, and assisted her to the carriage, while strange emotions filled his heart. He went to his room in the hotel, but the light of her eyes followed him, and all night he tossed restlessly upon his couch, sometimes calling upon William Haskins to make him free from that awful vow. In the morning he called upon her at Mrs. Davis' and found her more beautiful and charming than ever, and in the days that followed he became a constant visitor there, and learned to love her with the fervor and earnestness of his heart, and he knew by the flashing cheek at his approach, and the tender light in her eye, that he was as well loved. It was the evening before Ethelyn's return to her home in the Mystic Valley, and she was sitting with a book at Aubrey Morton's feet reading 'Maud' in a low, mellow voice. Suddenly she threw her book aside, and looking into her companion's face, she said eagerly: 'How glad my mother will be to see me! And how sorry I shall be to lose you! O, Ethel, how can I live when you are gone?'

The maiden's face grew red, and she hid it on his knee while she laid her soft white hand on his arm in a tender, caressing way. The young man's heart beat tumultuously as he gathered the bright little form to his bosom, and poured in her ear a passionate tale of love.

'Answer me, Ethel,' he said, 'do you love me?'

She looked into his eyes while a moisture was in her own.

'Aubrey,' she said, 'words cannot tell you how dear you are to me.'

At these words her lover's face grew pale; for the first time since she sat at his knees reading 'Maud,' he thought of his vow to Wm. Haskins.

Passionately he kissed the rosy mouth crying painfully, 'Ethel, my darling may God bless and sustain you. Would you mourn if I should prove false to you?'

There was a frightened look in the beautiful brown eyes raised beseechingly to his.

'I would kill me,' she said, while her lips quivered and a tear rolled down her cheek.

'Oh Heaven! I fear the unhappy Morton yet I have made a vow that it should be so. We must part forever.'

The beautiful face uplifted to his grew deathly white, the blue veined eyelids drooped, the long lashes swept the pallid cheek, and lifeless the beautiful form lay upon his bosom. His kisses and tender words brought her back to life again, but the color came not back to her cheeks. She disengaged herself from his arms, and with one respectful glance she turned to leave him. He sprang forward and caught her hand.

Ethelyn, he said. 'I promised to avenge William Haskins.'

She looked bewildered. William Haskins? she cried, 'I never saw him; why should he seek to injure me?'

'You never saw him?' said Morton, excited. 'Who are you, then?'

Ethelyn smiled. 'There was another Ethelyn Marston,' she said, 'and I was named for her. William Haskins was her lover but she is married to Henry Dalton now; you're the first avowal of love I have ever heard.'

The storm had passed, and Ethelyn Marston promised to marry Aubrey Morton, and the next day accompanied her to Mystic Valley, feeling more like a tree and honest man than he had felt before since the death of William Haskins. He met with Mrs. Dalton, with whom he talked concerning his old comrade, while she confessed her error, and wept that he had died unavenged.

Thus they became good friends, and he soon claimed Ethelyn Marston for his wife and happily they lived together all the days of their lives.

A Woeful Tale.

A North German paper receives directly from a relative of the young Hanoverian officer in question the following touching recital: The company to which the young officer belonged captured twenty-five Franco-tireurs, and upon inquiring at headquarters as to their disposal, received orders that they be immediately shot. The duty devolved upon him. The young man though no coward, hesitated in the execution of such a terrible duty, but, in order not to appear too weak, he repressed his feelings, and had them conducted to a neighboring wood, where, upon a little elevation, they were to meet their fate. Among them was a youth of hardly eighteen years, with a gentle and almost maiden-like face, in which culture was plainly to be traced. This poor unfortunate had not courage to die. He trembled in all his body, and a stream of tears coursed down his deathly pale cheeks. Suddenly fear seized him in a terrible way, and before the guard could prevent him he had thrown himself at the feet of the German officer, and convulsively clasped his knees and begged in wretched words for his life. Fear gave him most touching words of prayer, he besought the deeply grieved officer by his own parents not to rob him of their only son. It would have moved a stone. The heart of the young German swam in tears; still he dared not disobey his military duty. It was the most fearful moment of his life. The youth was led back to the fatal spot, and in another moment his misery was at an end—the balls riddled his body. The feelings of pity however, so overcome the young German that he fell into a swoon. He awoke a madman, and is to-day in an asylum in Germany.

Fatalism Illustrated.

A Hard-shell Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: 'Friends, you need not take any unusual care about your lives; the moment of your death was written before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it.' His wife observed when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took every pains to make sure that the gun would go off in case he came upon an Indian.

It struck her one day as she saw him in the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teaching, and she said to him 'My dear why do you take this rifle with you? If it was 'write' before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed of course the rifle is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'to be sure, my dear, of course you are all very right, and that is a very proper view; but see here, my dear—now—really—but then, you see, my dear—suppose I should meet an Indian while I am going, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence.'

Shun evil speakers. Deal tenderly with the absent, say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide; then believe what evidence compels you to, and no more. But, even then, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them, and usurp yourself for doing them good.

The microscope reveals the fact that a speck of potato-rot the size of a pin head contains about two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and chewing each other savagely, and microscopists find in every teaspoonful of raw sugar about a thousand of the ugliest little wretches wriggling about, with horns and daggers ready to poke them through our vitals at any moment, and without the slightest compunction; in fact, they rather like it.

A clergyman was reproving a parishioner for his habits of intemperance, and told him that whiskey was the greatest enemy.

'Are we not told in Scripture to love our enemies?' said the irreverent toper. 'Yes, John,' replied the minister; 'but it is not said we are to swallow them.'

How the Money Goes.

Not long since, occupying a chair in a barber shop, says the Erie Republican, we overheard a gentleman, whom we knew to be rather a free-and-easy liver, and drinker too, for that matter, though he never let the fluid get the better of him, relate his experience of keeping an account of the amount he had cost him to 'stand treat' for the year 1870. He said he knew his manner of life was a sad draw on his finances, and on the first of the past year he determined to see how much he really wasted in 'crooking his elbows,' and other similar amusements; and to that end he spent down every night the amount he had spent during the day. On the first of Jan., 1871, he looked up his account, and it amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. These figures startled him, and he has concluded during the year 1871 to allow all his friends to 'stand treat.' The moral is obvious; 'so much so that another gentleman of our acquaintance to whom we related the circumstance, and who for years has been in the habit of indulging in his lager; thought he would try the experiment and see if he could not stop the leak in his finances, and also an almost chronic headache and bad temper, so he has given up his lager, and in the place of it takes thirty cents, just the cost of six glasses of the beverage, and carefully lays it away. When the sum thus taken care of amounts to five dollars he deposits it in the Savings Bank. He has been trying this experiment for a month and finds it works well, and he is fully determined to keep this thing going. Besides this he says that he returns home every evening at nine o'clock with a clear head, his wife and children meet him with smiles and caresses, always being glad when papa comes.

Never Say Die.

Young lawyers sometimes despair of defenses which give no encouragement, but old practitioners—more especially when the fees are remunerative and certain—can see no discouragements held forth by the evidence, and to be counterbalanced and overcome by professional astuteness and sagacity well paid.

A prisoner was once arraigned in Kent county, Mich., for stealing pork. He retained a young, talented, and ingenious member of the profession for his defense.

Having listened to the prisoner's own story and heard from him what, in all probability, the people's witnesses would swear to, he candidly informed his client that it was useless to waste money on his defense.

'Never mind,' was the confident reply; you argue my case good and strong, just as if you believed me a persecuted man, and here is \$20 for you.'

The lawyer worked up to the contract, and before he had half summed up he had the jury in tears at the bare idea of snatching such a bright example of domestic and social worth from the bosom of his family and the society of his neighbors, to be thrust among felons in a common jail.

To his astonishment his appeal was effective—the prisoner was acquitted.

Closeted together after the verdict and discharge of the culprit, and the \$20 having been paid over, the lawyer said:

'By the by, B——, that was a most surprising verdict, considering what the Government proved.'

'Not at all,' was the cool reply; 'six of them jurymen had some of the pork.'

The mercury in that lawyer's bump of self-esteem fell to zero.—Rufus Hosmer.

OLD AGE AND GOOD HEALTH.—Dr. Dio Lewis, who is good authority on the subject, says:

Every person of remarkable longevity, whose habits I have studied, retired to rest at an early hour; but I have heard of no long liver who habitually sat up till a late hour, and I may add that, among them all, I have never heard of a large eater.

Rest right and sleep right, and you have the two fundamental conditions of health and long life. * * * But sit up in a furnace-heated room till 11 o'clock and eat the quantity and quality of food consumed by people who believe in a short life and a merry one, and you may rest assured, that the yearly trip to the mountains, a month's guggle of Saratoga waters, and the attendance of a fashionable doctor—all put together—will fail to save you from early wrinkles, early loss of sight, premature gray hair, and a short life.

Then, do you ask me, how you can reach 85 in the enjoyment of all your faculties?

I reply, go to bed at 9 o'clock, and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food.

THE SEXTON AND THE DOCTOR.—A good Massachusetts doctor met a sexton on the street one day. After the usual salutation, the doctor began to cough.

'Why, doctor,' said the sexton, 'you have got a cold. How long have you had that?'

'Look here, Mr. Sexton,' said the doctor, 'with a show of indignation, 'what is your charge for interment?'

'One dollar,' was the reply.

'Well,' continued he, 'just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round, and so anxious about my health.'

The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning round to the doctor, he replied:

'Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to practice.'

They tell of a planter in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plant.

There is a largeness of heartedness with every thing in the Western country which is very refreshing. In Iowa, for instance, there is a hay field that comprises 3,000 acres.

Scene in a Railway Car.

The last fish story comes from New Jersey. Lately in the interior of that State, a mild-looking countryman entered a railroad car, bearing a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, which he placed under his seat at the end of the car. After traveling along for about half an hour, a lady sitting in front of the countryman was observed to move uneasily in her seat, and to cast savage glances at a seemingly respectable man sitting by her side.

In a few moments afterwards another lady, still further to the front, 'became uneasy,' and at last rising in her seat, requested that some gentleman in the car would protect her from an elderly-looking gentleman by her side, and whom she stated had insulted her. A dozen persons offered their assistance and before the accused could speak in his own defence, his hat was jammed over his eyes, and he was dragged to the rear of the car.

While there, and carrying on with the avengers a war of words as to what the indignity meant, another lady rose, also seated further up the car, and accused a gentleman sitting behind her with improper conduct. A rush was made for insolent number two, but that gentleman vigorously defended himself with a walking stick which he happened to have (and which, by the way, was one cause of the last troubles, his accuser stating that he had indecorously been rapping her ankles under the seat with the same), and while the struggle to get at him was still in progress, somebody in the front of the car shouted there's a 'snake on the floor.' A scene then ensued. The ladies in the car clambering up on to the seats, and many got on the arms and backs of the same. One elderly maiden managed to stand on the backs of two seats, in the best circus manner possible under the circumstances, while a young mother threw her baby into a parcel rack, and then hung convulsively to a ventilator.

The confusion awoke the countryman, who, on being told of the snake, first felt in his bundle, and then exclaimed, 'I'm blamed if that old sea ain't got loose,' started for the front, and soon returned grasping firmly an immense eel, which he had first caught, while out fishing, but which, when brought into the car, had managed to get out of the bundle, and had wedged its way to the front, lovingly caressing the different varieties of ladies' garters which he encountered on the way. Apologies given and received straightened everything in that car but the hat that was jammed down, and the countryman leaving at the next station, no blood was drawn.

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—What a silly boast it is to boast of our ancestry when we reflect that, choice or noble as it may be, it has become very much diluted before descending very far. A writer who seems to have had the curiosity, as he has the time, says that every human being on the face of the globe is compelled, by the demand of nature, to have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen ancestors in the fourth generation back, thirty-two in the fifth, two hundred and fifty-six in the eighth, thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six in the fifteenth, almost a million and fifty thousand in the twentieth, and nearly one thousand and seventy-three millions in the thirtieth. The whole number of one's ancestors in the fiftieth generation is 5,382,794,914,214,048, a number which no man can number and be mind conceive. The blood of this vast host is running through the veins of every mortal on earth, and that reckoning back only fifty generations.

AN EDITORIAL BRUTUS.—Hear us for our debts, and get ready, that you may pay; trust us, we have need, as you have long been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork out. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we do them, this is our answer: Not that we care about ourselves but our creditors do. Would you rather that we want to go, and you go free, then pay your debts and keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished the paper to you; but as you don't pay us, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscription, promises for long credits, and dues for deferred payment.

Who is there so ignorant that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that don't advertise? If any, let him advertise, he ain't the cheap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him speak, for he's the man we're after.

COURAGE WILL WIN.—Once a keeper of an asylum had occasion to go upon the roof of the building—a very high one. A patient unobserved, quickly mounted the ladder after him, and confronting the keeper at the top, told him if he (the keeper) did not jump down, he (the inmate) would throw him down. There was no mistaking the menacing look and tone. Escape was impossible. Suddenly a happy thought struck the keeper.

'Ha!' said he, with an air of easy confidence, 'to jump down would be no great feat. I tell you what—I'll go down and jump up. The madman was off the seat at once. The notion pleased him immensely. Both descended the ladder, and the keeper saved his life by this lucky stratagem.

There is a machine in operation in East Sumner, Maine, which can make thirteen thousand toothpicks in a minute; yet the demand is greater than the supply.

Why will next year be like last? Because last year was 1870, and next year will be 1871 (too).

The first of April is coming.