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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

THESE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And down of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers warm and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years;
And beauty fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And then, how dark
But, oh, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections, lingering say,
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer comes to be;
And we put on the autumn robe:
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold,
Another dawn with fairer light;
While they whisper through the night,
"There's a time when we grow old."

Miscellaneous Reading.

TRIED AND TRUE.

In the year 1851 there were among the early American settlers of California two brothers named Thompson, who having come thither from an Eastern State at the beginning of the gold excitement, three years before, and laboring conjointly for the more generous favors of fortune, without commensurate results, decided at last to separate for a time—the one to go to the mines and work for the fraternal partnership—while the other remained in the city and improved such chances as ordinary business should offer. By such an arrangement two promising fields would be worked at once, and its wisdom was equally obvious to both young men; but when it came to the question of which should assume the hardships and perils of a miner's life, neither exhibited any alacrity to name himself for the adventure.

To decide this delicate point they drew lots, by which formula of fate the elder Thompson was doomed to become the miner, and accordingly procured an outfit and prepared to leave the city. Before taking the latter step, however, the miner-elect chose to bring a little romance of his California life to a climax by wedding to a young Eastern woman, who, like himself, had left home to woo fortune on the Pacific coast, and, although he could not take her with him into the wild, comfortless life of the mines, the satisfaction of feeling that he had at last secured her for himself, and had a beloved brother in whose care to leave her, gave him more courage and inspiration for his departure than might have been possible to him as a bachelor. Wedded he was, then, and after a honeymoon of heroic brevity he consigned his bride to the protection of his brother, and bravely marched away with pick and shovel to the gold fields of the North. Eager as he naturally was to dig his prize from the earth and hasten back to the greater prize left behind, he was yet firmly resolved to deny himself wife, brother and home until he could indeed be the bearer of some share of wealth. So when the first assay in the mines did not wholly prove satisfactory, he went sturdily onward into the Indian country, and, amongst the red men, added trapping and hunting to his mining pursuits. Thence moving still further northward, he reached Fraser river, where the excitement about the auriferous yields of that locality was at its height, and therefore succeeded in digging no less than two hundred ounces of the precious dust, which he at once sent to his wife and brother in San Francisco.

From then he had thus far heard nothing on his travels, for it had been agreed that they should not write until he should be in some place reached by regular mails; but now he was impatient and to learn how they regarded his present, and therefore they would devise some means of forwarding their written congratulations. The feeling was in vain, however. No letter came, and after months of waiting, the indignant Thompson wrote to a friend in San Francisco with inquiries respecting the silent ones. The answer came that they had recently disappeared from the city together, having apparently in their possession a considerable sum of money obtained, no one knew exactly how. The miner, of course, knew where the money came, but such intelligence of its seeming effects upon those whom he had held dearest in the world, appealed to his apprehensions in a most sinister sense. He believed that he was doubly betrayed; that his wife and his brother had basely and heartlessly practised the blackest treachery against him, finally using the gold he had sent to help them beyond his reach.

Heartrending and desperate, the poor fellow thought not of any good fortune for himself, but cared only for such wandering, wild adventure and savagery as should divert him from all retrospective and tender thoughts. He joined an expedition to the Great Salt Lake, as it is called, and remained in the wilderness, beyond the reach of mail or messenger, for several years. Returning finally to Victoria, or Fraser river, he went with another expedition to Idaho, and there, and in Montana, he was until 1866. From the latter year until 1868 he was a resident of Salt Lake City, going from thence to the famous White Pine mines of Nevada about eighteen months ago. Fortune smiled not upon his generally listless efforts, he had a life of comfortable vagabondage, and the twenty years of his absence from San Francisco wrought such lines in his hair as forty happier ones could not produce. Some weeks since, the hopeless and embittered man visited the mining town of Eureka, Nevada, for the purpose of joining a company fitting out for a trip to Arizona, and there, says the *Eureka Sentinel*, telling his story, he was fated to be delivered at last from the delusion of twenty miserable years. In the expedition preparing for Arizona was another man named Thompson, who, though neither recognized or recognizing at first, proved to be no other than our miner's recent brother. When the poor vagabond was informed of this, despite his wrongs, he fell upon his brother's neck and cried like a child, and not only did that brother receive and return the caress without shame, but he took the earliest opportunity to reprove the other for leaving his wife and brother to suppose, for nearly a score of years, that he was dead.

How to be Millionaires.

As there is no royal road of learning, so also is there no short-cut to exceptional influence. It is possible, according to statistics, for only one thousand men in the United States to grasp \$1,000,000 a year. Or, rather, such a grasp is impossible for it would be a grasp of all the yearly products of the Union, which no conceivable thousand men could make successfully. A writer in the *Galaxy*, however, enumerates a few of the conditions, positive and negative, which may be regarded as indispensable to the average achievement of a millionaire's position.

You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.
You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.
You must eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late.
You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or sufferings, or disappointments.

You must not mind it, that your great wealth involves many other's property.
You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.
You must not go rejoicing about nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky and water; for there is no money in it.
You must not direct your thoughts from the great purpose of your life, with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.
You must not allow your wife and children to occupy much of your valuable time and thoughts.
You must never permit the fascination of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.
You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes, and finally:
You must be prepared to sacrifice ease, and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes and luxuries and enjoyments, during most, if not all of your natural life.

You must keep all you have got, get all you can, be mean and stingy, oppress the poor, be a hog, and you can be rich.

Total Abstinence.

A young lady of Massachusetts who was an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips, and a firm advocate of prohibition, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot who was carrying a suspicious looking jug. She at once reined in her horse, and asked him what he had in his jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and snatched his lips, to indicate that it contained something good.

The young lady supposing he meant alcohol immediately began to talk temperance, but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one question, "What is it?" she inquired.

"It is this," he replied, "Why is my jug like your side-saddle?"
"It's because it holds a gal-on," said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued; "Young man do you not perceive—"
"Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I'm done. Why is my jug like the assembly room of a female seminary at roll-call?"
"I'm sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady.

"Well, it's because it's full o' lasses," said the incorrigible auditor.

FOUR, THAT PURSUETH.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Youth, that pursueth with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Then pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh stay!
Pause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy,
The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

Dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know;
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.
Pause while thou mayest deem faith thy gain
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain
A man at last.

Wisdom and Truth.

The fickleness of fortune is felt all over the world.
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.
Life is a journey where every one is either looking backward or forward.
Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.

We may look coldly upon the sweetest and most gentle dew of love till it becomes snow or frost.
Much of the unhappiness in the world arises from giving utterance to hasty, unkind words.
Simplicity is the great friend of nature; and if we might be proud of anything in this world, it should be of this happy alliance.

At twenty-five we kill pleasure, at thirty we enjoy it, at forty we husband it, at fifty we hunt after it, at sixty we regret it.

Politeness is the outward garment of good-will; but many are the nuthells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

A wedded couple should always study each other's disposition, and mutually make all the allowance possible for the weak points in their respective characters.

HINTS ON HEALTH.—The emotion of the mind has a powerful influence on the stomach. Let a person who is about to sit down to dinner with a good appetite receive a piece of news, either exceedingly joyful or exceedingly distressing—his appetite is gone in a moment. Children who are about to set out on a pleasant journey, it is well-known, cannot eat—This, when I was a boy, was called going "journey-proud." On the other hand, a blow on the stomach will sometimes take away life instantly; a drink of cold water, when the body has been very hot, has often had the same effect. Attend to your companions when on a journey—avoid as their stomachs grow empty, how sullen and silent the whole become! Let a crust of bread, a little cheese, a glass of ale or wine be taken, cheerfulness immediately reigns, even long before any nutriment has had time to reach the general circulation. These things also show the general sympathy between the stomach and every other part of the body.—*Journal of the Farm.*

DREARY HOMES.—Of all the dreary places deliver us from the dreary farm houses which so many people call home. Bars for a front gate; chickens wallowing before the door; pig pens elbowing the house in the rear; scraggy trees never cared for, or no trees at all; no flowering shrubs; no neatness; no trimness. And yet a lawn, and trees, and a neat walk, and a pleasant porch, and a plain fence around, all do not cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt. And if ever the time comes when it is best to sell the farm, fifty dollars so invested will often bring back five hundred.

For a man is a brute who will not insensibly yield to a higher price for such a farm when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers his wife and children.

FAST MEN.—The vicious die early.—They fall like shadows, and tumble like wrecks and ruins in the grave—often while quite young, generally this side of forty. The "wicked shall not live out half their days." The world at once stifles the truth, and simply calls them "fast men"—that is, they live fast, getting through twelve hours in six. "Their sun goes down while it is yet day." They might have helped this. Many a man humbly speaking, dies long before his time. Burns, Byron, Edgar Poe; and other obscure and nameless "wandering stars," died on the very threshold of life. Such men must die early. They put on steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless and rapid wear. Nothing can save them but total change of heart and life.

The Mormons, not content with their substantial miracle in making the desert blossom like the rose, have performed another published in the *Deseret News*, the church organ. The scene of the new miracle is laid in the Sandwich Islands, and distance has probably given it all its enchantment. But according to the *News*, a man who for 5 years has been a palsied cripple has been fully restored to health by the simple command of a Mormon Bishop, "Arise and walk." The result of the phenomenon has been a great increase in the number of native converts, who are delighted with a religion which sanctifies the ancient polygamous customs of their grandfathers.

Yes, for Christ's sake. That is the true motive. They who feel what Jesus has done for them are the best helpers. He went about doing good. He died to save sinners. May you be led by the holy spirit to be a helper for his sake?—*Young*

It is given to some women to see a point clearly and state it comprehensively—for instance, an Iowa woman concludes a sensible article against woman suffrage thus pointedly: "You may look at this matter in whatever light you will, but simmer it down, and it is but a quarrel with the Almighty that we are not all men."
An honest death is better than a dishonest life.

A Dutchman's Joke.

We had a German American fellow-citizen, by the name of General Willich—and a good soldier, too by the way. It was about the time of the battle of Stone River, when one day Captain Allen, of General W.'s staff came riding up to his head quarters, and the following conversation ensued: "Vell Captain," said the General, in a jolly mood, "vot is der news mit der fronts?" "O, not much of any news, General; only a little shelling going on." The General jumped on his feet, all excitement, and staff officers and orderlies gathered around to hear the news, while General Willich exclaimed: "Shelling! shelling! vot shelling? Vot ish der damage?" "O, not much damage, General; it was only the boys' 'shelling' a little corn for their horses." To say that this called out a laugh, is drawing it mild.

It would have brought the house down had there been any house there to bring down. The General laughed as heartily as the rest, exclaiming, "Dot ish coot, dot is some funs."

A little while after, General Harker, upon whose staff I then had the honor to be serving, rode over to Willich's headquarters, and General W. no doubt thinking it a good opportunity to air his joke, replied, in answer to General Harker's question, "Vell, Willich, what is the news?" "O, vell, Sheneral, dare bees not much news—only der boys bees scheeling a leedle corn for der horses." He looked at us as much as to say, "now is the time for the laugh to come in," and himself broke into a boisterous "Ha! ha!" which came to a very sudden termination when he saw that we did not join him.

The officers who had been present at the former scene had by this time put in an appearance, by the General's merriment, and scratching his head in much perplexity, he exclaimed: "By dunder I dare was something funny about dat ven I hears him, put I dont not see vere der laugh comes in alretty, aint it?" About that time he found out.

FUNNY BURGLARY.—A few months ago, two sisters living in Cincinnati retired to the sleeping room, which they occupied jointly, and prepared for bed. Before retiring, one of them carefully counted out some money which she had in her pocket, amounting to forty-eight dollars, and put it away carefully in a muff, the two discoursing merrily meanwhile concerning burglars and the probabilities of the money being discovered there, if one should gain an entrance. They then went to bed, and after chatting a while in feminine fashion, to sleep. Presently they were awakened by a slight noise. After listening intently for some moments and hearing nothing more, their talk again fell upon burglars and other mysterious visitors, and one of them exclaimed, "I see a spirit now." What was the terror of her to hear follow the exclamation, the hoarse laugh of man within the very room.

It seems that the room had been entered under the bed, had heard all their conversation, and had witnessed (with much secret satisfaction, no doubt,) the concealment of the money in the muff. As soon as the ladies were asleep he crept out and secured the money; a set of sable furs worth about \$75, and a small lot of jewelry, and was in the act of leaving when the ladies awoke. He succeeded in keeping quiet until he heard that unlucky exclamation; but the idea of being mistaken for a spirit was too funny for him, and he laughed out right. He succeeded, however, in escaping with his booty.

It became necessary last week in the Criminal Court at Newport, Ky., in order to render a boy witness competent, to prove that he had reached the age of ten years, and his mother, an Irish woman, was called for that purpose.

"How old is your son John?" quoth the lawyer.
"Indade, sir, I dinno, but I think he's not tin yet," was the reply.
"Did you make no record of his birth?"
"The priest did, in the ould country, where he was born."
"How long after your marriage was that?"
"About a year; may be less."
"When were you married?"
"Dade, sir, I dinno."
"Did you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the ould country?"
"Hey, sir? and what should I nade wid a certificate when I had the ould man himself along wid me?"
Nor further questions were asked.

THE QUAKER AND THE BULLY.—A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him.
"Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking aside his visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou take some dinner?"
The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfil his original errand.
"Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" And he supplied abundance of punch.
The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer; but, quoth the Quaker:
"Friend," wilt thou not take a pipe?"
The hospitable offer was accepted and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter opening the door, and pulling him toward it, thus addressed him:
"Friend, thou canstest here not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself. I gave thee a burnt offering." And with that he tossed him out of door. That sufficed him.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.
Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."
Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spend-thrift.
When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.
When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.
When I see boys and girls quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent men and women.
When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.
When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from his Heavenly Parent.
And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

Wit and Humor.

The ship that everybody likes—good fellowship.

A Troy girl says she had rather have her corsets tight than her fellow.

Carry a pot of paint in each hand, and you will command respect and plenty of room in a crowd.

A miners lamentation—"Vein, Vein, give over!"

The man who couldn't find his match went to bed in the dark.

Why is a young girl like a music book—Because she is full of airs.

When is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

Somebody asked why B stood before C. "Because," said his friend "a man must B before he can C."

An Irishman, describing the Growth of potatoes in his native island said as a clincher. "An sure a bushel of them would fill a barrel."

"Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said the gentleman politely to an ancient maid. "I am no waiter, sir." "Is that so, I thought from your appearance, you had been waiting a long time."

The following speech was made by the winner of a prize in a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

Two drunken chaps going home together one night, tumble against a pump; one of them took hold of the handle, and swayed up and down unconsciously caused a copious flow of water from the nozzle of the pump. The other not recognizing the cause but hearing the noise, encouraged him—"Hee, that's right, ole fellow, throw it all up, 'n' you'll feel better."

The Pennsylvania Legislature is now engaged in cyphering out the answer to the following: If a Milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height; while sitting on a three legged stool, took four pints of milk from fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, what was the girl's age.

"Maria," said a lady to a colored chamber-maid, "that's the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, misses, but I's'avin' my wages to buy another." "Seven! what us seven silk dresses to you? Why, I don't own so many as that." "Speet not, misses," said the smiling darkey; "you don't need 'em so much as I does. You see, quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of callud possums has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

A Correspondent at Vienna writes: I always calculate the number of strangers I will have for my number of brides which cross ones path. Your female readers will ask how I know a bride when I see one. But I reply, my dear ladies, I can tell, in an instant—and so to say, with half an eye—any traveling "young married woman." I have no need to look at the luggage, which is new; nor at the husband, who looks as if he is not quite sure that he has not been basty; nor even at the dress. No; a bride walks into a room as a thing apart. Brides are divided into two classes—the serious and the smiling. The first enters with a quietly set, and seems to say, "Do not look at me. Don't you see I'm married, and that those days are over?" The other comes up smiling, as much as to say, "I've landed him. Is it not good fun?"

Old farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling to the top of his voice for one of the boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain. When he had after an infinite amount of sweating and snuffing, accomplished his task, and just when they were not needed of course, the "boys" made their appearance.

"Where have you been, and what have you been about. I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the farmer, in an angry tone, addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop settin' the saw," replied the youth.

"And you Dick?"

"Out in the barn settin' the hen."

"And you sir?"

"Up in Granny's room settin' the clock."

"And you young man?"

"Up in the garret settin' the trap."

"And now Master Fred, where were you, and what were you settin'?" asked the old farmer of the youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers. "Come let's hear."

"Out on the doortep settin' still!" replied the young hopeful seriously.

"A remarkable set, I must confess," added the amused sire, dispersing the grinning group with a wave of his hand.

"Now George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles. What is honorably mother? It means the you must give him the largest piece. Then mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

The Boy the Father of the Man.

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A DISGUSTED CHILD.—A few days since there were several persons in a house where there was a young child some two or three days old—among them a black-eyed boy of four summers. When the grandmother soon after came in with the baby in her arms, he was much pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it; and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams; then asked how much she gave for it. She told him ten dollars.—He then stood by her lap, on which the child was sleeping, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke and squaled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell, and with utter disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around and said—
"Auntie, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams and get my ten dollars back again!"

Wong Hang Soon, one of the most prominent Chinamen in San Francisco, died lately, aged sixty-two. His funeral was conducted according to the ceremonial of his own country, and was the most remarkable demonstration of the sort ever seen in America. About twenty Chinamen, dressed in long white robes, attended the hearse, and among these were two or three hired mourners, sustained by men walking on either side. The mourners carried Joss sticks and bent themselves toward the ground, appearing not to walk but to be dragged along by the attendants. There were fifty-eight hacks and other carriages in line, four bands of music, and four or five express wagons loaded with propitiatory roast pigs, chickens, and all sorts complicated and uncertain edibles.

DRUGGED LIQUOR.—A great deal is said about drugging liquor. If a man drinks intoxicating drinks and gets drunk, he is very apt to apologize for it by saying the liquor was drugged. But this is only a trick of the trade to avoid censure.—Drugged liquor is little or no worse than that which is not drugged. They both lead to a class that have bad effects on the body and have no business in it. Drunkards who screen themselves from censure behind drugged liquor are either very cowardly or very ignorant.

Never ask a question in a hurry. "Tom a word with you." "Be quick, then, I am in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse 't'other day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, drops of a defunct in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Cæsar." "So it did mine."

A teacher in one of the schools in Belmont had up a class of four and five year olds, and was trying to teach them the names of the days of the week. After practicing them awhile, she asked a five year old girl, "What day is this?" "Washington day," was the quick reply.

Don't cram the child at school; it is bad for the brain; nor at the table—it is sorrow for the stomach; both bring doctor's visits.

"Here lies a man who never had an enemy." Then here lies a man who never had an idea.—*Fendell Phillips.*

If good people would make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would be won to the good cause.

One brand of Cincinnati whisky is warranted to contain 437 fights to the barrel.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than giving them a fortune.

Too many persons are far less ashamed of having done wrong than of being found out. Are you one of them?

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

He that speaks ill of other men burns his own tongue.