

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. LAIR

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

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NUMBER 22

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING  
By W. LAIR.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Annum if paid within the year; Two Dollars and Fifty cents after the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, for each subsequent insertion, Three Cents per Square. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

LOCALS—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

## Professional Cards.

**J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug Store,"  
(June 29—th.)

**DR. B. FRANTZ,**  
Has resumed the practice of Medicine.  
OFFICE—In the Walker Building—near the Bowden House. Night calls should be made at his residence on Main Street, adjoining the Western School House.  
July 20—th.

**C. N. SNIVELY, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2—th.

**JOHN A. RYSSONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HAYNESBORO', PA.  
Having been admitted to Practice Law at the several Courts in Franklin County, all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Post Office address Mercersburg, Pa.

**LEW. W. DETRICH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Will give prompt and close attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Bowden House, in the Walker Building. July 6

**JOSEPH DOUGLAS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.  
S. B.—Real Estate leased and sold; and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms.  
December 10, 1871.

**DR. A. H. STRICKLER,**  
(Formerly of Mercersburg, Pa.)  
OFFERS his Professional services to the Citizens of Waynesboro' and vicinity.  
Dr. Strickler has relinquished an extensive practice at Mercersburg, where he has been prominently engaged for a number of years in the practice of his profession.  
He has opened an Office in Waynesboro', at the residence of George Bestor, Esq., 1st Floor—in-law, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.  
July 20, 1871—th.

**DR. J. M. RIPLEY.** **DR. A. S. BONBRAKE.**  
**RIPLEY & BONBRAKE,**  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
Having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, offer their professional services to the public.  
Office in the room on the north East Cor. of the Diamond, formerly occupied by Dr. John J. Oellig, dec'd.  
July 18, 1872—th.

**A. K. BRANISHOLTS,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
CAN be found in his office at all times. Where he is prepared to perform all Dental operations in the best and most skillful manner.  
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts—both socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.  
J. M. RIPLEY,  
A. H. STRICKLER,  
J. B. AMBERSON,  
C. N. SNIVELY,  
A. S. BONBRAKE,  
T. D. FRENCH.

**L. C. BRACKBILL,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
S. E. Corner of the Diamond,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.  
HAS at all times a fine assortment of Pictures Frames and Mountings, Call and see specimen pictures. June 11

**UNION HOTEL.**  
Corner of Main & Queen Sts.,  
CHAMBERSBURG, Penn'a.

**LANTZ & UNGER, Proprietors.**  
The UNION has been entirely refitted and re-furnished in every department, and under the supervision of the present proprietors, no effort will be spared to deserve a liberal share of patronage.  
Their tables will be spread with the best Market affords, and their Bar will always contain the choicest Liquors. The favor of the public solicited.  
Extensive Stabling and attentive Hostlers.  
Dec 14—17

**B. Ick for Sale.**  
THE subscribers would inform the public that they have now for sale a good lot of brick and will continue to have a supply on hand during the summer season.  
B. F. & H. C. FUNK.  
June 13—th

**NOTICE TO BUILDERS.**  
A fine lot of Pine Building Lumber for sale and will be furnished in rough, or hewed in proper sizes to suit purchasers of Bills. Apply at MONTGOMERY SPRINGS.  
April 4, 1872—th

## Select Poetry.



### Autumn Leaves.

BY VERNIE LEE.

Oh, Autumn Leaves!  
My spirit grieves  
That you so soon should fade,  
The beauty bright  
That charms our sight  
On the earth's cold breast be laid.

Oh, leaves so fair!  
Your colors rare  
A sweeter memory bring,  
Than all the flowers  
Of summer hours  
Or all the buds of Spring.

Your haughty pride  
Could not abide  
The Summer's changeless green,  
But you must wear  
Those garments rare  
Like mantles of a queen.

You rob the skies  
Of sunset's dyes  
And mornings crimson flush  
And then by day  
Your trophies gay  
Bedeck each tree and bush.

But by-and-by—  
The wistful sky  
Will lay your beauty low,  
And o'er your forms  
December storms  
Sweep wide the drifting snow.

Then praise be still  
To artist skill,  
That spite of wind or storms,  
Gives to our sight  
In colors bright  
The beauty of your forms.

### MEMORIES.

'Tis only when we're far away  
From those whom we most love,  
That recollection claims its sway  
And strength of love doth prove—  
Tis a truthful heart will throb and beat,  
Like waves which never sleep,  
Wandering back in thought will greet  
Its friends across the deep.

There is no love when memory sleeps,  
For truth can ne'er forget—  
The eye which never, never weeps,  
Which tears doth never wet.  
No index true of love can be,  
No sign of well-kept truth—  
Like bubbles floating on the sea,  
'Tis made of air and froth!

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### A TRAVELER'S STORY.

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"  
I glanced up from the paper I was reading and met the smiling regard of a genial looking man in the prime of life.

"It is not, sir."  
"With your permission, then," as he seated himself beside me.

The train had already started, and presently the conductor made his appearance collecting the tickets. Reaching us he detached the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing back the remainder with the usual "checks."

"Fardon me," said my companion, "but I perceive you placed your ticket in my wallet."

"Yes."  
"It is unwise, unsafe."  
"Why do you consider it so?" I inquired, with curiosity, returning the wallet to my pocket.

"Suppose, through carelessness, or, we may say accident, your wallet is lost—your pocket may be picked for instance."

"It would certainly be an undesirable situation. I can see that clearly enough, but the question naturally suggested—were you ever so placed?"

"Once; only once."  
"How is that?"

"You wish to profit by my experience. Well, I don't know that I mind telling you the story. It may serve to amuse you, if nothing more."

"It occurred a number of years ago, and no consequence. I had taken the early express train, and being somewhat tired and altogether sleepy had stretched myself upon a seat for as comfortable a nap as circumstances would permit."

I slept soundly, for I could in those days sleep almost anywhere, and did not awaken until the conductor came for my ticket. The essential piece of pasteboard could not be found. I was positive I purchased a ticket; indeed I remembered distinctly having shown it to the baggage clerk at the time of checking my trunk.

"The conductor grew impatient, passed to the other end of the car and returned to me. I had made the discovery that my pocket-book had been picked, and in proof of my story showed him my baggage check."

"It was useless. If you have traveled much you are aware that a virtuous conductor takes no man's word; in fact, all men have designs upon the company's dividends except himself. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that the faithful steward in question should say:

"The check is alright; but how do I know that it belongs to you? I will take the money for your fare or stop the train and put you off, just as you choose."

"What could I do? Protests assented to nothing, and my fellow-passengers, with the usual tendency of humanity to trample upon a fellow-man, showed clearly by their looks and expressions that they thought me a sneaking rogue who would steal a passage if he could. They paid money, why should I not pay mine? Few men would ever see heaven if judgment was rendered by a jury—except themselves."

"My search for the lost ticket had brought to light about a dollar and eighty cents. This, I told the conductor was every cent I had about me. He said it was about fifty cents short of the usual fare to Laureldale city, but that he would pass me through for it rather than stop the train. From Laureldale, a city of much importance, I could write to my partner for money. It would certainly be as well as to tramp ten or twelve miles back to the city I had left, and where I should be no better off, being equally a stranger there."

"In due time I found myself at Laureldale, went to the best hotel, telegraphed for money, and wrote an explanatory letter to my partner. This business attended to, I sailed out to see what sort of a place Laureldale city might be. There was nothing to do but amuse myself as best I could until the money should come; so I determined to make the most of my involuntary holiday. As I strolled leisurely up the main street a newsboy started out of a paper office crying:

"Daily Banner—extra edition—all about the murder—great accident on the R. R. Road," etc. "Have an extra?"

"I took the sheet and the next hand in my pocket for the money without a moment's thought. You may imagine my feelings when compelled to return that two-penny bit of paper to the boy, with the muttered excuse that I had no change, and the utter contemptuous expression on the boy's face as he received it. I immediately stepped into the office of the Daily Banner and wrote a paragraph of my recent mishap, taking care to make it as amusing as possible. When complete I handed it to the clerk. He read it, laughed, and took it into the private office.

Coming back a few minutes after, he told the boy-keeper to give me fifty cents. It was not much, but more than I expected. Well, I continued my walk until I finally reached the end of the street which terminated at the S— river, here spanned by a long covered bridge. I crossed the bridge and was surprised to see upon reaching the opposite side that I would be required to pay toll. A young girl came up to the door of the little office as I stepped up and inquired how much I should pay, drawing forth my solitary shilling.

"Oh," said she, with a smile and a slight blush, "we do not charge ministers anything."

"It was not a bad joke, but I suppressed the laugh that rose to my lips, and thanking her for the consideration shown to the clergy, I turned about, and retraced my steps to the hotel, not without slight twinges of conscience for allowing the mistake to pass and taking advantage of it.

"My first duty next morning was to seek some knight of the razor. I had noticed a pleasant little shop at no great distance from the hotel in my walk the previous day. Thinking I should do no better by looking further, I repaired to that. There was in attendance a boy about twelve years of age, who stated that the price of my razor was the price of the price of my razor. I took advantage of it. Told the first man that came in after I had completed shaving myself I would shave him. I did so. In fact I did quite a brisk business for a couple of hours, and if any of the unfortunate individuals who came under my hand had any doubt of my fitness for the business, they certainly expressed none. At the expiration of this time I had begun to think I had done sufficient, and feeling rather hungry, having no breakfast I divided the proceeds with the boy and prepared to return to my hotel. But I was not done yet. As I was brushing my hat a young dandified specimen of humanity came in. Resolved that he should be the last. I went to work upon him. When he came to pay me I was, to say the least, somewhat surprised to see him deliberately produce my own pocket-book—the one I had lost—standing on no ceremony, I snatched it from his hand, and demanded in no gentle tone how it came in his possession.

Without stopping to reply other than by a volley of imprecations, as he reached the door, he tumbled rather than ran down the stairs into the street. Waiting for neither hat or coat I followed—the pocket-book in my hand. When we measured off considerable ground in a short space of time. On, on, it was an exciting chase. Men, boys, and dogs joined the pursuit; the cries of "stop thief" growing louder and increasing. What an uproar there was. Suddenly there came a flash of light, sharp and vivid for an instant, then utter darkness. A policeman, mistaking me for a thief, had gently tapped me up on the head, as custom is, and with usual result, the thief escaped, and the victim was apprehended. My appearance told heavily upon me, but my story being fully corroborated by the boy at the barber shop, I was released.

Upon examining the wallet I found my own money intact, and about one hundred and thirty dollars besides. That is all the story."

"Not a bad speculation after all," said I, as he concluded.

"Well, perhaps so. No, it was not; but still my advice holds good. Never place railway tickets in your wallet."

### A Sonora Story.

The following rich story is related by a Sonora paper, at the expense of a queer genius who vibrated between that town and Oregon, as "advance" agent of a concert troupe, and who, though pretty clever in "selling" the curiously inclined, does not always come off first best.

Frank Ball, traveling in a vehicle bearing a strong resemblance to a pedagogue, Old lady rushes out from a house by the roadside. The following colloquy ensues.

Old lady—"Say what have you got to sell?"

Ball—"I am traveling agent, madam, for the greatest menagerie of ancient or modern times, which is shortly to be exhibited in this section, affording to the inhabitants thereof an opportunity of viewing the most stupendous collection of animals ever before exhibited."

Old lady—"You don't say?—have you any elephants?"

Ball—"We have, madam, six elephants, but these constitute a comparatively unimportant part of the show. We have living specimens of the bipeds and quadrupeds who roamed the earth, not only in the antediluvian, but also in the plesiocene and postmiocene periods, embracing the megatherium, with six legs and two tails; ichthyosaurus, with four eyes and three tails; the gylasaurus, with no eyes two noses and four tails; the plesiosaurus, resembling Satan in shape, which spits fire and breathes sulphur, and many other species to numerous to mention! We also have an honest lawyer."

Old lady—"Well I do declare."

Ball—"But, madam, the greatest curiosity by far of our exhibition is a learned and classically educated monkey, who was brought up by a Mohammedan priest in the mysterious regions of the Great Desert of Sahara. This monkey talks with great fluency all the modern languages, besides Latin Greek and Hebrew. He can repeat the Ten Commandments, the Emancipation Proclamation, can read Greeley's manuscript 'other end to, can repeat Grant's last message, turn fourteen somersaults both ways at the same time, and perform the most intricate examples in mathematics with rapidity, ease and accuracy. While being exhibited in the city of Washington he actually smoked thirteen cigars in presence of General Grant, and made a German speech in French before a fennian club. This monkey corresponds—"

Beautiful young lady suddenly sticks her head from the window and calls out: "Mother, mother! ask him why they let the monkey travel so far ahead of the other animals."

### Romance in Real Life.

#### AN EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

The Cleveland Plaindealer publishes the following story: The familiar aphorism that truth is stranger than fiction receives a fresh verification almost daily.—Our neighboring city of Tiffin is just now deeply interested in the sequel of a war episode, which shows how romance sometimes creeps into the events of real life.

Early in the war, Tiffin and vicinity had a sort of itinerant preacher named Downey.

Upon the outbreak of the war, Downey entered the service as captain of one of the Seneca regiments, and when the Government decided upon employing negro troops, he became colonel of a colored regiment. During the campaign in Tennessee, his regiment chanced to be encamped upon the estate of Colonel Washington near Nashville. The regiment was not to have been under any sort of discipline. They seized Colonel Washington and threatened him with death, and also set about destroying the elegant family mansion.

Col. Downey, by great exertions, and at the eminent risk of his own life, succeeded in rescuing Col. Washington from death, and saving the mansion and other property from destruction. Col. Washington felt profoundly grateful at the time for Colonel Downey's brave exertions in his behalf, and promised never to forget them. There the matter rested, and the wild scenes with which Downey was surrounded soon drove it out of his mind. He remained at the head of his regiment till the war was over, and then returned to Tiffin and settled down into a quiet domestic life.

Not long ago he died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Mrs. Downey was driven to rely on her needle for support. She and her children lived in their humble way, with little thought that a great change was soon to be wrought in their condition. Recently Col. Washington died, when it was found that he had willed his property, consisting of ten thousand dollars in bonds and greenbacks and three hundred acres of improved land situated a mile and a half from Nashville—the whole valued at one hundred thousand dollars at least—to the heirs of Col. Downey.

Israel J. Downey, a son of the deceased Colonel, has just returned from Nashville, whither he went to see about the bequest. He found everything concerning the will as stated above. The administrator of the estate was in Tiffin on Monday arranging details of the transfer.

The history of the great rebellion contains few more romantic episodes than this.

### A Desperado.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Oct. 22, 1872.—Miles Moore, the man who murdered his wife last March near Mineral Point, this county, and was tried before Judge Dean, convicted and sentenced to be hung, has received his death warrant, signed by Gov. Geary, and Wednesday, the 27th of November, is appointed for the day of execution. About a week ago the Sheriff discovered Moore was making preparation to escape under the walls and since has kept a close watch over his movements that he might not escape. The death warrant was received Saturday. The Sheriff had determined before reading the warrant to place Moore in irons and in another and more secure cell. Knowing the desperate condition of the prisoner Sheriff Bonacker procured the assistance of ex-Sheriff Meyers and a Mr. Quartz, and at once went about removing Moore. Upon their coming to the door of the cell, they discovered the wretched man inside armed with a lead pipe he had by some means wrenched from the line which served as wastepipe from the cesspool of his cell. Moore immediately showed fight calling aloud that he would kill the first man who entered. Upon the Sheriff commanding him to submit, he again made the same threat. The Sheriff then told him he would be compelled to fire upon him if he (Moore) would not submit. Moore bared his breast and told him to shoot. The officer did so, and shot him through the wrist. This appeared to excite the prisoner all the more, when the Sheriff was again compelled to fire, this time shooting him through the leg. Moore still showing fight, the Sheriff withdrew and sought legal counsel. On the party again returning to the cell Moore announced his willingness to be moved, but not by Sheriff Bonacker, but by Sheriff Meyers, who placed him in irons and conveyed him to the cell assigned to those under sentence of death, where the death warrant was read to him. He is now chained securely in a dungeon of extra strength, to remain until the day of doom.—B. Commercial.

### Kind Words.

Not long since the news of the death of a friend of mine reached me; almost the first thought that occurred was how little I had ever done to make that short, sorrowful life happy. Many, many things I remembered that I might have done when it was too late; just as we all do, when we stand beside those who have gone. We never regret the kind words we have spoken, or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words uttered angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

None of us value sufficiently the vast influence of kindness; we do not think how those around us stand in need of it; we feel only for ourselves. Alone, unvisited—save by God—many conflicts take place; the poor human heart struggles with sorrow. Let us try, then, and do all we can to make those about us happy, if only with a kind word.

I remember when a child, being away from home and feeling very lonely, I accidentally met with a ruin, who drew me toward her, and said a few kind words. The words I have forgotten long since, but the impression they made is still fresh as yesterday, and as I look back through years to that face it always seems so young and lovely.

Kind words are like the flowers we may scatter around us, whose fragrance rises up like incense; or, better still, they remind us of the girl in the fairy tale, from whose lips, when she spoke, beautiful pearls fell. But they are of more value than pearls. From them we reap a rich reward here, and they are treasures laid up in Heaven.

### The Oldest City.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the Atlantic. Babel is a ruin, Palmyra has buried in the desert. Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert, a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus, that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Straight, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago.

The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter "because it was given to man to have but one paradise and for his part he resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East" as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From the city of Damascus came the blade, so wonderful the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia, and beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, and a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, damasking, with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of the Lebanon and the "river of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly calm, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Subscribe for the Record.

### They will all do So.

A young man, son of a well-to-do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady, and after a brief courtship proposed and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening, when about entering the parlor with all the unceremonious freedom of a lover, at discovering his inamorata upon a sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, and her lips in such blissful proximity to his as to convince her, that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed home, arriving just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of a village minister, squeezing to kill, a young disciple of Blackstone. Nearly frantic with such disclosures among people he believed to be little lower than angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother kissing the old family physician, who had stolen a march upon her as she was looking up the poultry. This was too much, and with a groan the young man turns, undiscovered away, resolved to pass a night with his grief beneath the stars, fearful of further developments should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof.

The morning encouraged him, however, and dew-drenched and sorrowful he finally sought his home, when his mother with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to his looks, whereupon he related the inconsistency of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing hussy, and that he must not speak to or notice her again—she was so utterly unworthy.

"Bar mother," he continued, faltering, "that is not all."

"Not all! what can there be more?" was the next question. "Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister—my golly sister—in the arms of a rascally young lawyer."

"Your sister!" shrieked the outraged mother. "My child! The ungrateful wicked creature! Is it for this that I gave her a home, and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no more; such conduct is infamous, and to be disgraced! She shall leave to-day and never enter my presence again."

"When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the house determined to sleep in the barn. I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Well, never mind, my son, they will all do it."

How to get—A Yankee arriving in Boston without money or friends was revolving in his mind some plan whereby he could raise the "chink," as he expressed it. Jonathan had never visited a city before in his life. He strolled into a shoe-maker's where an advertisement, "Wanted, a First Class Boot Maker," appeared on the window, and accosted the proprietor.

"Do you want a first class boot maker here?"

"Yes."

"What do you pay?"

"That depends upon your capacity. Have you worked at custom work?"

"I reckon. You just try me, captain. I hain't skeered a bit at tryin'."

The proprietor gave him new hand a bench and materials, and bade him make a pair of ladies' gaiters. Soon after he left the store on business.

Jonathan made a shoe, but such a horrible affair, that, ashamed to show it, he hid it in the leather shavings; just as he completed the second shoe the proprietor returned. He flew into a passion at beholding the botched shoe.

"You confounded rascal, so bad a shoe as that has never been made in this establishment!" he exclaimed.

"Would you like to bit on that, stranger?"

"Bet! Yes! I will bet ten dollars no such work as that was ever done in this store!"

Jonathan walked to the shavings, dragged forth his first shoe, and coolly pocketing his ten dollars, walked off.—Inland Monthly.

A Jersey paper tells a very interesting story of a little boy in that State. He was climbing an apple tree, and, when upon the topmost limb, he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up and carried to the house in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours, his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Learning over him, she asked him if there was anything she could do for him, now that he began to feel better. Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there anything that he wanted? Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said:

"Yes! I want a pair of pants with a pocket behind."

He got them.

Mark Twain says Ben Franklin was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket, and four rolls of bread under his arm. That was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman at a toll gate in Canada. "Only about a little ways."

"Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the fretful traveler. "Yes, I think it is," severely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

A little girl was tenderly nursing her sick doll the other day, and on her mother's asking her what ailed it, she replied, "It's got the Alabama claims very bad."

### The Old Thing.

There is a strange plan in coming suddenly upon some relic of one's bygone youth—some lock of golden hair, cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips red charm and the pride of the brow were in their prime, when the skin was satin which is now parchment. You feel it, too, strong man though you are, and your lips curl half scornfully under your grizzled mustache, as you look at the face of the boyish bloom which a wandering artist painted a quarter of a century ago. Was that you—that young face, with the frank, fearless eyes which no care had made dim, the tell tale color, the eager mouth? What are the ambitions of that olden time? How different they were, those day dreams, from the sober schemes of to-day! How you hoped—how you trusted—the future. Now you are old and the world is cold, and the rose color of youth has faded into the sober gray of middle age. This is a better thing you try to think—you are wiser, you are stronger; but there is a little pain, nevertheless, a sigh of longing for the "something sweet" which

"Follow youth with flying feet,  
And can never come again."

A CALM AND PEACEFUL LIFE.—Said a very old man, "some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all." We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates that he has a spirit that contributes much to a calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be continually complaining of things as they are.

Be thankful for what you have, and if God sees it will be for your good and his glory, he will give you many more. At least, do not make yourself and others unhappy by your ingratitude and complaint.

Chance is an unseen cause.  
Patience is the key of content.  
The May of life blooms only once.  
Vulgar nature alone suffers vainly.  
The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear.  
Time is an herb that cures all disease.  
Children are the to-morrow of society.  
No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

To know how to wait is the secret of success.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

Graves are but the foot-steps of the angel of life.

A word spoken in season is the mother of ages.

There is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage.

A joyless life is worse to bear than one of active grief.

Reprieve thy friend privately! commend him publicly.

Innocence is like polished armor, it adorns and it defends.

Men blame themselves only for the purpose of being praised.

Lies are hateful words, which cut the hands that wield them.

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.

Voltaire defends the happy man as the one who considers himself so.

Better make penitents by gentleness, than hypocrites by severity.

Lay silently the injuries that you receive upon the altar of oblivion.

Unlike the sun, intellectual luminaries shine brightest after they set.

No fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

Offer up not to love. No love is genuine whose altar asks the