

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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

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NUMBER 21.

## THE VILLAGE RECORD,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

By W. BLAIR.

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

**ADVERTISEMENTS**—One Square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1.50; for each subsequent insertion, Thirty 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.

**DR. M. L. MILLER,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quinby and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr-14

**ISAAC N. SNIVELY,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
WAYNESBORO' PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-14

**JOSEPH DOUGLAS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WAYNESBORO', PA.

Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.

N. B.—Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December, 10 1874.

### VETERINARY SURGEON.

**DR. HENRY BOWLS** (formerly of Virginia) announces to the citizens of Waynesboro' and the public generally that he is prepared to treat the different diseases to which horses are subject, including lockjaw, Thorough study and many years practice are the best recommendations he can offer. Persons requiring his services will find him at Minter's Hotel. may 21-14

**DR. A. H. STRICKLER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-14

### REMOVAL!

**DR. BENJ. FRANTZ** has removed to the new Office building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street, where he can always be found, when not engaged on professional visits.

**OFFICE HOURS**—Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2 and 6 and 9 P. M. Special attention given to all forms of chronic disease. An experience of nearly thirty years enables him to give satisfaction. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-14

**A. K. BRANISHOLTS,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST

ALSO AGENT

For the Best and most Popular Organs in Use

Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.

Being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.

Drs. E. A. HERRING, J. M. RUPPEL,  
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,  
A. S. BOSEBROCK, T. D. FRENCH.  
July 17-14

**J. H. FORNEY & CO.,**  
Produce Commission Merchants  
No. 77 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.  
Liberal advances made on consignments. may 29-14

**THE BOWDEN HOUSE**  
MAIN STREET,  
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.

THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurnished, re-painted and papered it, and is now simply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will be found at the stable. May 23-14 **SAMP' P. STONER.**

### LIVERY! LIVERY!

THE subscriber informs the public that he has opened a new Livery Stable, on West Main Street, at the Sanders' stable. Speedy horses and first class conveyances furnished at all times. An attentive hostler will always be found at the stable. A share of the public's patronage is respectfully solicited. **JOHN S. FUNK.** July 30-14

### TAILORING.

THE subscriber announces to his old customers and the public that he has again taken up his residence in Waynesboro' and will be pleased to receive a share of public patronage. His place of business is on Pottery street, nearly opposite Bel's Pottery. may 1-14 **JOS. ANDELLSON.**

### DAIRY!

THE subscriber notifies the public that he has commenced the Dairy business and will supply citizens regularly every morning with Milk or Cream at low rates. He will also leave a supply at M. Geisler's store where persons can obtain either at a ny hour during the day. **BENJ. FRICK.** nov 27-14

**WATER** Crackers, ginger snaps, and fancy crackers at Reid's Grocery, and

### Select Poetry.



#### IF WE TRY.

We can learn a useful lesson  
From a single drop of dew,  
For it sparkles to remind us  
How to make our whole life true;  
We should never waste our moments,  
They are passing quickly by;  
To improve them is a duty—  
We can do it, if we try.

Let us drop a gentle warning  
By the wayside as we go,  
And, perhaps, the germ of kindness  
In a careless heart may grow;  
Let our seed be sown at morning,  
For the night is drawing nigh;  
There's a harvest for the faithful,  
We may share it, if we try.

As the bee is never idle,  
And the brook is never still,  
In the pleasant field of labor  
There's a place we all may fill;  
Then be ready for the Master;  
He is coming, by and by;  
There are starry crowns in glory,  
We may wear them, if we try.

#### AUTUMN.

The acorn slips to its mossy tomb;  
The beech-nut falls; the wild black broom  
Is creaking in the wood;  
The vine, like some tired Mened lies  
Thirsting for rain with weary eyes,  
Stained by her own bright blood.

Soft mists at times float down the hills  
Before the wind that lightly fills  
The purple gorge above;  
And creep along the flood, the vale,  
And die in sunlight fair and frail  
As human life or love.

And darker shadows kiss the stars  
And mount upon the shining bars  
Of summer's waning light;  
While gusts of mournful music break  
From hollow winds, that stir and shake  
The sounding halls of night.

#### Miscellaneous Reading.

##### SECOND LOVE.

The November afternoon was darkening into night as Florence and I drove back from the cemetery where we had seen our father laid to rest. I was twenty-two, that summer; and the affianced bride of Alden Freeman; but since my father's failure and death, I had not seen him, and my heart told me only to plain-ly, the love which had been given to Marion Wilbur, the favored one, fortune had not been transferred to Marion Wilbur, the homeless orphan.

Florence, though younger than I was married; had her home and her husband, and could afford to look upon my father's failure calmly; but I—what was I to do? I must begin the world, and earn a living for myself.

We stopped before the mansion that had so long been home—that after it might well be home no longer.

"I wish to speak to you, Marion," Florence said. I led the way into the library.

"Well?" I said, sitting down in the gloom. "What is it, Florence?"

"It is this, Marion. What do you mean to do?"

"I don't know," I said, drearily enough. "It is time you did," said Florence.

"You must carry your own living. I tell you frankly that I cannot offer you a home, and you must get some situation. To-morrow you must leave this house. You have no money. Where are you going to do?"

I drooped my head on the table and burst into tears. Oh the unspeakable desolation and misery I felt at that moment! My sister had never been overstocked with affection for her family, and thoughts of the world had always filled a large place in her heart; but it did seem as if she might at least give me time to bury my father before thrusting me into it—and not my father only, but my lover, for was he not dead to me also, and must I not bury him out of my sight?"

"I have been more thoughtful for you than you have been for yourself," pursued Florence. "I have found you a temporary home. Mrs. Brown is in want of a seamstress. I have spoken for you; her terms are liberal, and you are to go there at once."

Marion Wilbur got out as a seamstress! How coolly she talked of it! It is astonishing how people will talk of discomfort when they are not the parties concerned. I made no answer. I did not lift my head or cry out, silent, wretched tears as ever a woman wept.

"You will go there to-morrow morning, when you leave here, and while there you can advertise for another place. I must be going now. Good by."

I did not answer, and she was gone; then I sank down in my loneliness, poverty and misery, and cried until I could cry no longer.

"O Alden, Alden!" I cried in my great wretchedness, "is this the love you professed for me?"

And so that long night passed, as all nights must; but the morning found me a changed woman. It seemed as if that one night I had given up everything that had been dear to me. It did not break my heart, either; Alden Freeman should never do that; when my heart broke it should be for a worthier object. No! I thanked God that I had learned Alden Freeman's unworthiness so soon.

With no choice left, I took my way to Mrs. Brown, and remained for three months a member of her family.

One morning, an advertisement in the paper attracted my attention and I determined to answer. It was for a copyist. A few hours later I knocked at the office door of Edwin Graham. He was a lawyer, and one of the most talented men at the New York bar.

"You advertised for a copyist," I said, "and I called to see if I could do what you require."

"Will you write something for me?" he said, placing writing materials before me. I wrote several lines, which he examined, and then said they "would do."

I found their terms liberal, and carried home quite a large roll of papers. It was arranged that after this the office boy was to call for my writings, and bring me further orders.

Mr. Graham called occasionally to give me some directions about my law papers; he was a man of about thirty-five, very kind in his manner, and he occasionally brought me a book to read. His little kindnesses were very welcome to me in my great loneliness.

I have forgotten to say that I had gone to live with an old lady whom I had once befriended during a long illness, but who had since received a small legacy which enabled her to live comfortably.

In time, my writings grew to be other than the copying of law papers. First, I wrote a sketch, and sent it to one of the leading journals; it was received and paid for, and I continued writing. Soon after a new book was given to the public, and loudly applauded. A few evenings afterward, Mr. Graham called and brought me the book, saying he wished me to read it, as he felt sure I would like it. The author was unknown, he said; she only gave a fictitious name; and all the efforts of the public had been unsuccessful in finding her out. I said nothing. I chose to keep my secret.

I had made up my mind to give up copying, and told him so. He looked at me in a surprised way for a moment, then said:

"May I ask why, Miss Wilbur? Are you to be married?" "Tell me that it is not!" He took my hand, then went on hurriedly,

"I love you; you cannot be surprised at this; you must have seen it before, tell me that no one else has a claim upon your heart."

I told him the story of my past life. "You cannot care for second love," I said.

But he only clasped me in his arms saying—

"Your second love is more precious to me than the first love of any other woman."

I told him, that night, who was the authoress of the book he so much admired. A look of proud joy came into his face.

"I thought it was like you; it made me think of you when I read it; why have you kept it such a secret?"

"Can you wonder?" I said. "Have I not learned what it was to be loved for my good fortune, and forsaken when that good fortune? I wished to be loved for myself alone."

Only once have I met Alden Freeman; it was seven years after my father's death. He did not know of my marriage, and begged me not to forgive him.

"O Marion!" he said, "you would forgive and pity me if you knew what I have suffered. Only forgive me, Marion, and let me win your heart once more. Promise to be my wife, and nothing on earth shall part us."

What a flood of bitter memories oppressed my heart!

"There was a time long past," I answered, "when my heart was all your own, but you cast it back as worthless, have I not suffered, think you? I would not trust you with my heart if it were ever so free; but it is not; I have given it to one who loves me not for my gold but for myself. I am married to a good and noble man, and I love him with my whole heart."

**JOSH BILLINGS' ALMINAX FOR 1875.**—The following are a few of the gems from this annual:

Half the discomforts of this life are the result of getting tired of ourselves. Intellect without judgment is what ails about one half the smart people in this world.

To lie about a man never hurts him, but to tell the truth about him sometimes does.

Christians seem to fit under cover; but the devil stands boldly out and dares the world to single combat.

Reason often makes mistakes, but conscience never does.

The man who is always confessing his sins and never quitting them is the most ostentatious sinner I know of.

The man who kin set himself at work in five minutes notices haz one of the best trades I know of.

I have made up my mind that human happiness consists in having a great deal to do and then keeping doing it.

Yung man, you had better be honest than cunning, and it is hard work to be both.

My experience in life thus far has been that 7 won't go into 5 and has much over.

Abu all things learn yer child to be honest and industrious; if these two things don't enable him to make a figger in this world he is only a cipher, and never was intended for a figger.

Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin young lady, will eat more corn beef than a blacksmith. Because you find her playing the piano in the parlor it is no sign that her nother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

### The Tide is Turning.

From all over the country evidences are coming in to us that the people are awakening from their wild dream of extravagance. We hail these signs of the times with delight. We see in them sunlight through the clouds, and like the returning prodigate, our vision grows clearer as we travel farther away from the sickening scenes of our folly.

During the past ten years our people have been infected. The malaria of paper money got abroad in the land—crept into every man's vest pocket; and from thence, like a subtle poison in the blood, diffused itself through the body politic, and attacked the National brain.

We were crazed with a sort of money mania. It seemed incurable.

National, State and city rulers lost balance, and dreamed that "Fraud" had changed its nature, no longer ending in perdition, as of old. The ancient landmarks were turned topsy turvy. All pleas for Honesty were dubbed "Sentiment."

Truth was kicked out of doors, being too soft for the times. To deceive became fashionable and was termed "Smartness." Reputations of a quarter century were battered away for a hundred thousand of first mortgage bonds. And Americans who, twenty years ago, hardly knew the meaning of the word "Bond," have now become so familiar with every form of legal indebtedness that a boot black in the street would feel insulted were his ability doubted to define the term "Coupon."

We have "National debts," "State Debts," "County Debts," "Town Debts," "Bounty Debts," "Improvement Debts," "Park Bonds," "Water Bonds," "Sinking Funds," "Consolidated Bonds," "Railroad Mortgages," "Canal Mortgages," and what not. Piled upon these, one on the other, till our heads grow dizzy with the contemplation, are first, and second, and third mortgages on houses and lots all over the land. We have literally covered ourselves with debt, mortgaging the solid accumulation of our hard working forefathers that we might riot with the proceeds. Is this not true, reader?

Look about you for the proofs. A gold or silver watch in everybody's pocket, showy jewelry about the neck in the ears, or on the fingers of every girl in the land, silk dresses, laces and embroidery, bronzed shoes, or jockey hats and feathers familiar in every working man's home, pianos as common as malumogy tables once were, houses frescoed at a cost which would have bought the man's domicile before the war, marble mantles with gilded grates and defenders, costing more than all the furniture of a comfortable home fifteen years ago.

These are but single items to show the thoughtful mind what we have been doing with the proceeds of all these mortgage debts. But the great ocean of money our people have superfluently eaten and drunk, and squandered away on things which have dissolved like dew, can hardly be computed. And yet we wonder that there is a breathless pausing now—a stand still in the business world. We look into one another's faces gloomily—and it is well!

Old heads see in these signs, a happy turning of the tide. You will find no gloom on the settled faces of experience at signs such as these. They brighten rather. The gloom was on such faces when the flood was at full.

Fear not the signs of times, reader.—Let retrenchment come! The quicker the better! It means safety, Confidence, Low Rents, Payment of Debts, Frugality, Temperance, Peace and Content. There is real prosperity in it.

The other thing which we have been doing—is fully in its wildest form. It means Intemperance, Prodigality, Wantonness, Discontent, Distrust and early Dissolution. There can never be anything but ruin in it.—National and Individual.

**Every Day Martyrs.**  
We have martyrs now-a-days. True, not martyrs who are tortured on the rack, or who go down to a triumphant death amid the flash of brand and faggot; but martyrs who suffer just as much, and who in such suffering, exhibit the same praiseworthy strength, and endurance, and fortitude.

Martyrs who die in struggling to live. Who sink unnoticed into the grave, young in years, but old in care, in suffering, and, alas! in misery. There are hero-martyrs whose daily torture no sweet-struck world shall write in lines of imperishable light. There are deers and worshippers of the good, the beautiful and the true, lifting up clear eyes to heaven, and walking serene and holy in their little sphere, whose brows no painter shall make the immortality of no poet's song.

There are martyr's intellect. Thousands of earth's gifted ones are passing away in the quiet martyrdom. The world looks coldly upon them—pushes aside their ideal dreams with their stern, pressing realities. Men and women who are only happy when they stand motionless and charmed, like a cradled infant by its mother's voice, at their sweet incarnation of the deep things of the heart, at the bright flashes of genius from their own soul's inner shrine. And though the taper of life burns lower and lower, hope crouches, like a spectre, amid the lengthening shadows, and the actualities of life chill the gushing of the heart—yet they toil on with higher aspirations. And, at last, when the long grass waves over their graves, when the starry primrose nestles over their tomb, shrinking timidly away from the garish eye of day, fame wakes a thousand echoes with her clarion notes, and the world faint would kneel to bind undying laurels around the cold lifeless brow! All too late then—all too dearly bought!

Subscribe for the Record.

### The First Thousand Dollars.

The following extract we take from the New York Independent, and commend it to the careful consideration of the boys and young men who are among our readers:

The first thousand dollars that a young man after going out into the world to act for himself earns and saves will generally settle the question of business life with him. There may be exceptions to this statement; yet, for a rule, we think that it will hold true.

The first condition is that the young man actually earns the thousand dollars in question. He does not inherit this sum. It does not come to him by a streak of good luck, as the result of a fortunate venture in the purchase and sale of a hundred shares of stock. It is the fruit of personal industry. He gives his time and his labor for it. While he is thus earning and saving it, he must earn two, three, or perhaps four times as much to pay his current expenses. He is consequently held sternly to the task of industry for a considerable period. The direct consequence to him is steady, continuous and solid discipline in the habits of industry—in patient, persistent, forecastings and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendencies to indolence and frivolity, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. He not only learns how to work, but he also acquires the love of work; and, moreover, he learns the value of the sun which he has thus saved out of his earnings. He has toiled for it; he has observed its slow increase from time to time; and in his estimate it represents so many months or years of practical labor. His ideas of life are shaped by his own experience. These natural effects of earning the first thousand dollars hold to be very large benefits.—They are just the qualities of mind and body which are most likely to secure business success in after years. They constitute the best practical education which a man can have as a worker in this working world. They are gained in season for life's purposes, at the opening period, just when they are wanted, when foolish notions are most likely to mislead an inexperienced brain, and when, too, there is a full opportunity for expansion and development in later years. Men have but one life to live; and hence, they start from opening manhood but once. And the manner in which they start, the purposes which they have in view, and the habits they form, will ordinarily determine the entire sequel of their career on earth. To succeed, men must have the elements of success in themselves. One great reason why there are so many useless, inefficient, and poverty stricken men on earth—or, rather, boys seeming to be men—consists in the simple fact that they did not start right. A prominent reason why the children of the rich so frequently amount to nothing may be found in luxury, ease and indolence which marked the commencement of their lives. It is the law of God that we should be workers on earth; and no one consults the best development of his being as when he conforms his practice to this law. The workers in some suitable sphere are the only really strong men in this world.

**CHANGES OF A CENTURY.**—The nineteenth century has witnessed many great discoveries:

In 1809 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the Sirius and the Great Western, in 1830.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five post offices in the country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over four hundred miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length was built in the United States.

In 1840 the first experiments of photography were made by Daguerre.

The anthracite coal business was begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1845 the first telegram was sent. Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

**BE A MAN.**—Foolish spending (says somebody of good sense) is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, nor of hard work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up you.

Dividually—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up and wear out all that you earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. Eat that you are proud.—Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat that you can't afford to buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

### Murdered Moments.

Don't kill time. Don't! You sometimes murder the lively little moments as fast as they come flying about. Every minute wasted is that much time lost and time lost is the same as dead. If a rich man wastes his money or buries it in the ground, instead of putting it out at interest or to some good use, it is then called dead capital. So, if you don't make good use of each moment as it passes, it dies on your hands, and the opportunity for using it is gone forever. You murder the moments frequently without knowing it, for they make no cry, and leave no sign when they die. You know an ordinary slaughterer by the smell, and the horns and hoofs lying around; but you kill time often in a more elegant surroundings, that suggest no thought of the dying minutes. And, with such surroundings, you kill time so easily that you don't miss it and don't know it is dead. You shake the life out of many moments in the mere shuffling of prettily painted cards, in elegantly furnished parlors and bright saloons. Much time is trodden to death by pretty little feet on the burnished floors of brilliant ball rooms. Many moments are mauled to death with croquet mallets, on cool, shady grounds. The life of many a moment is whittled away with penknife and soft pine.

These things may be very innocent in themselves, but excessive indulgence in them is a sin, because they waste the time. Especially is this so when you can get the same healthy exercise and amusement in doing some good, and thus keep the time alive. You say, this is like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. But then the crying evil now is, that so many of us swallow all the gnats and strain only a little at the camel-sized sins. It is the swallowing of these little gnats that is killing the Church; by wasting the time and energy of so many that ought to be active Christian workers. We are not in danger of committing such sins as murder and theft, but the great danger is in those little innocent looking gnats; those little amusements which are well enough in themselves, when used for the mere purpose of recreation; but which, indulged in for their own sake, become fresh forms of dissipation.

**Startling Facts About the Sun.**  
An Armstrong gun fires a bullet at the rate of 400 yards per second. A bullet fired at that rate, and maintaining it to the sun, would take thirteen years to get there, and the sound of the explosion would reach the sun half a year later.—In other words, those beings, those men who worshipped the sun and raised their voices in prayer to him, if their voices could have been heard, and there was an atmosphere, a medium of intercommunication, by which the sound of their voices could reach him, in thirteen and one-half years would have reached their god. If there was a steel rod connecting the earth with the sun, and the pole of the earth were brought into communication with the sun, 300 years would elapse before the strain would reach the earth. Another consideration—and this was suggested by Prof. Mendenhall, of our country, and by Holmes, and others—is this: Feeling is conveyed along the nerves ten times slower than sound travels. If, therefore, an infant were born having an arm of the inconvenient length of 91,000,000 miles, so as to reach the sun; and if in the cradle, while in babyhood, he were to stretch out his arm and touch the sun, the infant might grow to the three-score years and ten allotted to man, and even to four-score, but he never would be conscious of the fact that the tip of his finger was burned; he should live 135 years before that would be suspected.—Prof. Proctor.

**Broken Promises.**  
Reader, never break your promises!—And to this end, never make a promise that you are not sure you cannot fulfill.—You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing; and then fail to "come to time"; but it is assuredly not a small affair. If you get in the habit of neglecting to make good your promise how long, do you think, will your friends and acquaintances retain confidence in you? The nearest and dearest of them will in time learn to doubt you, and will put but little faith in your word. And there is a way of half meeting one's obligations, which might be called "bending" a promise, which is also a very bad practice, and should be carefully avoided.—For instance you agree to meet a person at a certain time; but, instead of being punctual, you "put in an appearance" several minutes, perhaps an hour, after time; or you promise to do something for a friend, and only partially perform the duty. You may not have exactly broken your promise, but you have certainly bent it, which is almost if not quite, as bad. Keep your promises to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life; and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

**A WORD TO THE BOYS.**—Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of grouping men and all the science and progress of ages—will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future are all boys now.

Early to bed and early to rise will all be in vain if you don't advertise.

### Wit and Humor.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

Had the girl that was buried in thought any grave ideas?

It is fitting that limbs of the law be clothed in breeches of promise.

Stay not till you are told of opportunities to do good—inquire after them.

A governess advertising for a situation says, "she is perfect mistress of her own tongue!"

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes; I am in straightened circumstances."

Chicago has sixty fortune-tellers, and yet not one of them said "Get the engines ready," before either fire.

What is the usefulness of this world's brightness and sunshine to a man that has tight boots?

"Honesty is the best policy," unless you can get about \$100,000, and