

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. T. HUTCHINSON, EDITOR.
ED. JAMES.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1869.

NUMBER 43.

W. M. JONES, Notary Public,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Apr. 29.]

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [Aug. 13.]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug. 13.]

WILLIAM H. SEICHLER, Attorney
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug. 20.]

SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, Attor-
neys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections.
Office on High street, west of the Di-
amond. [Apr. 29.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
R. L. JOHNSTON. [Aug. 13.] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. BASLY, Attorney at Law,
Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifi-
cations made. [Aug. 13.]

E. J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace
and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High st.,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug. 13-16m.]

A. KOPPEL, T. W. DICK, Attorneys
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm.
Kittel, Esq. [Oct. 22.]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of
the Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Lo-
cust street extended, and one door south
of the late office of Wm. McKee. [Aug. 13.]

D. BENEVAUX, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Rail-
road street. Night calls promptly attended
to, at his office. [Aug. 13.]

DR. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the
citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will
visit Ebensburg the second Tuesday of each
month, to remain one week.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous
Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms in the "Mountain House,"
High street. [Aug. 13.]

DENTISTRY—
The undersigned, Graduate of the Bal-
timore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully
offers his professional services to the citizens
of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to
thoroughly acquaint himself with every im-
provement in his art. To many years of pro-
fessional experience, he has sought to add the
impacted wisdom of the highest authorities
to Dental Science. He simply asks that an
opportunity may be given for his work to
speak its own praise.
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth
Monday of each month, to stay one week.
August 13, 1868.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Gold, Silver, Government Bonds and
other Securities bought and sold. Interest
allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made
on all accessible points in the United States,
and a General Banking Business transacted.
August 13, 1868.

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
A. COOK, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities of Pa. and Silver
and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money
received on deposit, payable on demand,
without interest, or upon time, with interest
at fair rates. [Aug. 13.]

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—
OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNSA.
Paid up Capital.....\$1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....\$250,000
Profits to increase to.....\$500,000
We buy and sell inland and Foreign Drafts,
Gold and Silver, and all classes of Govern-
ment Securities; make collections at home
and abroad; receive deposits; loan money;
and do a general Banking Business. All
business entrusted to us will receive prompt
attention and care, at moderate prices. Give
us a trial.
Directors: DANIEL J. MORRELL, President,
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JOHN LLOYD, Cashier,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA,
GOVERNMENT AGENCY,
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED
STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North
Ward, Altoona, Pa.

AMAHAM BLAINE, Barber—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-dressing
done in the most artistic style.
Shop directly opposite the "Mountain
House." [Aug. 13.]

NATIONAL SOAP AND CANDLE
MANUFACTORY,
HENRY SCHNABLE,
Wholesale Dealer in Soap, Candles, Groce-
ries, Liquors and Fish, at city prices.
Main st., JOHNSTOWN PA.

Love-Light.

"Go down to the meadow at break of day,
Go down to the meadow, son John,
And labor away 'mong the sweetest hay
That ever the sun shone on."

And John he went down to the meadow land,
But he saw not the clover street,
And the sky was dun, for he missed the sun,
Though it reddened his brow with heat.

He missed the sun, and he missed the light,
And the world seemed upside down,
Till he caught the sight of a smile so bright,
And a linsey-woolsey gown.

Till he caught the sight of a golden head,
And a fair and merry face,
When so bright and round, with a sudden
bound,

The sun went up, and the light came down,
And the field was all aglow,
While his heart kept time to the merry rhyme
Of the reapers' song below.

And Mary she laughed at her lover's mood,
As she turned from his fond caress,
Though the south winds blew from her lips
So true

The sweet little answer, "Yes."
"Oh! wherefore so glad?" said farmer Grey,
"Oh! wherefore so glad, son John?
For the storm to-day spoiled the sweetest hay
That ever the sun shone on."

But John he knew nothing of rain or flood,
And nothing of ruined hay;
For the flowers of joy to the farmer's boy
Were scattered along the way.

And merry the wedding-bells rang out,
And merry the pipes did play,
At the golden dawn of the happy morn
That ushered the marriage-day.

"TO LET—A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE."

Nine o'clock of a lovely April morning,
With the air breathing soft scents of build-
ing grass and early spring violets, while
overhead the blue sky stretched its daz-
zling dome, like an arch of glittering sap-
phire!

"It's spring in good earnest," said Mr.
Petro Peterson, as he sat at his window,
his feet poised on the extreme outer ledge,
and a fragrant Havana perfuming the sur-
rounding atmosphere. "Heigh-ho! I am
almost fancy how the dandelions are start-
ing over the hills of the old New Hamp-
shire farm where I was born! Who would
think that it was the twenty-sixth of April
already? And my house not let yet. What
can the real estate agents be think-
ing of?"

Mr. Petro Peterson was a stout, bald-
headed gentleman of some six and forty
years of age, with bright hazel eyes, and a
neat, compact little figure—some of those
men whose very air and gait, even though
were he never to speak a word, make the
perpetual proclamation, "I am a man of
money and position!"

"I don't see why Mrs. Packer wanted to
give up the house," went on Mr. Peterson,
in his unsyllabled soliloquy. "She says it's
because the price of board is falling, and
she can't afford to keep up the establish-
ment! A great mistake of hers, in my
opinion—a great mistake! She's the only
woman I ever knew who could make a real
French omelette, or knew what *cafe au
lait* meant! Dear me!—it's a sad, unsettled
state of affairs for me! I'm almost tempt-
ed to wish—almost I say—that I had mar-
ried some nice, sensible little girl twenty
years ago; for—dear me, what can
all that ringing at the bell mean? Why
don't Mrs. Packer answer it? Do the peo-
ple mean to pull the wire out bodily, I won-
der."

He had just tossed his cigar out of the
window, with the intention of himself hat-
tening to the rescue, when a red-handed
servant girl came up to his apartment,
breathless and eager.

"What is it, Hanna?" he cried irasci-
bly.

"If ye please, sir, the mistress is gone
to-morrow, an' there's no one to show
the house. I told 'em, would they come
again; but they said perhaps Mr. Peterson
would oblige 'em."

"Very cool of 'em, upon my word!"
cried Mr. Peterson, mentally execrating
the whole race of house-hunters. "Tell
'em we don't show the house except be-
tween the hours of ten and two—tell
'em!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Peterson,"
cried a voice, as soft and sprightly as the
notes of the blue-bird, "but mamma and I
have so many places to go to, and we
thought you wouldn't mind our seeing the
house?"

It was Jennie Cope, a brown-eyed, dim-
pled-checked little fairy, with curls like
the April sunshine, a fresh complexion,
and the trimmest of all imaginable figures.
And Mr. Peterson's wrath melted away
like a morning vapor before the pretty in-
sistence of doubtless, as she stood in the
doorway, balancing a fairy parasol on her
finger, and looking with saucy artlessness
round his bachelor sanctum, white Mrs.
Cope's matronly countenance appeared in
the background.

Petro Peterson kicked a stray slipper
under the table, and threw his dressing-
gown over a huge meerschaum stand striv-

ing to appear as disembarassed as possi-
ble.

"Very happy to see you, I'm sure," he
said, turning red, and wishing he had "tid-
dled up" a little before he sat down to his
matutinal cigar. "Anything I can do for
you?"

"You can allow us the privilege of look-
ing at your house," said Jennie, coaxing-
ly. "—that is, mamma has got to move,
and although the rent of this house must
of course be very high, she thought, by
taking a few boarders, she might contrive
to meet expenses!"

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Cope.
"Are you going to move elsewhere?"
asked Jennie, of her mother, as she glanced
at the half-packed trunks.

"My landlady is," groaned Mr. Peterson.
"It's awful to be at the mercy of a landlady,
Miss Cope!"

"But it's all your fault!" cried Jennie,
with a roguish sparkle in her lovely blue
eyes.

"All my fault?"
"To be sure—why didn't you get mar-
ried?"

"Because I was a fool!" said he, inspir-
ed by the roses on Jennie's cheek, and the
coral of her laughing lip.

"And why don't you get married now?"
pursued the relentless little sprite.

"Would you?" asked Mr. Peterson,
"if you were me?"
"Of course I would. Get married and
board with us. Mamma will give you this
room, and—"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Cope.
"My dear madam," cried Mr. Peterson,
still with his eyes fixed on Jennie's lovely
face, "I assure you I think it is an excel-
lent idea!"

And all through their journey from cellar
to French roof, while Mrs. Cope con-
sidered the relative advantages of this room
and that, and Jennie fluttered to and fro
like a graceful little humming bird, Mr.
Peterson kept revolving this same "excel-
lent idea" in his own mind.

"Miss Jennie," he said, somewhat awk-
wardly, as they returned down stairs, "sup-
posing I should—ahem—adopt your sugges-
tion, what would be your fancy in furnish-
ing the parlors?"

"Let me see," said Jennie, "I'd paper
the room in white and gold, and I'd fill the
windows with canary birds and plants, and
I'd have a blue carpet, and blue silk chairs
and sofas."

"You like blue?"
"Very much; it is my favorite color."
"Blue it shall be, then," cried the deli-
cious bachelorette. "Mrs. Cope, if you should
decide to take the house, you will please
reserve these rooms for me, and—Mrs.
Peterson, at fifty dollars a week?"

"I shall be very happy, sir," said Mrs.
Cope. "Jennie, stop laughing; you be-
have exactly like a little school girl. You
will give me till to-morrow morning, sir,
to decide?"

"Certainly, ma'am—certainly."
And with a tender pressure to Jennie's
little white velvet hand, Mr. Petro Pet-
erson bowed the widow and her pretty
daughter down the brown stone steps.

"It's as good as settled," muttered Mr.
Peterson, rubbing his hands complacently.
"By jove! she's grown to be the prettiest
girl in town. Mrs. Petro Peterson!—it
don't sound so very badly, after all. I'll
show the young 'slips what the old bachel-
or can do in the way of matrimony!"

As he turned, chuckling, to enter the
front door, already in imagination leading
Jennie Cope to the flower decked altar,
a light foot fell sounded on the steps be-
hind him, and a slender, good looking
young man of some four or five and twenty
stood beside him.

"Good morning, Uncle," he cried,
breathlessly.

"Good morning, Joe," returned Mr. Pe-
tersen, nodding to Mr. Joseph Franklin,
his only nephew. "What brings you here
in such a hurry?"

"Is your house let yet, uncle?"
"Yes—no—I don't exactly know," re-
sponded Mr. Peterson, awkwardly. "What
does it matter to you whether it is or not,
hey, you young scamp?"

"Much, sir. To tell you the truth, I
was thinking of renting it myself."
"You?"

"Yes, I. I am going to be married
next week, uncle."
"A very sensible plan," said Mr. Pet-
erson, beamingly.

"I'm glad you approve of it, sir; and in
case my wife and I conclude to take a few
boarders, can I have your promise to con-
sider you as one?"

"That is in case you take this house?"
"Yes."
"I can't promise; in fact, I think I
have already engaged myself," said Mr.
Peterson, importantly. "To speak plainly,
Joe, I've some idea of marrying myself."
"You, uncle?" exclaimed Franklin in
amazement.

"And why not?" testily demanded Mr.
Petro Peterson, his bald crown turning
pink with excitement. "I'm not Methu-
selah! Why shouldn't I get married?"
"There's no reason on earth why you
shouldn't, uncle," responded Joe, smother-
ing a laugh; "only, you see, you took no
notice of the fact, in that case, why
shouldn't we have the pleasure of accom-
modating both Mrs. Peterson and your-
self?"

"Because, sir," said Mr. Peterson, sen-
tentially—"because my mother-in-law

that-is-to-be takes boarders, in a genteel
sort of way—and I've all but promised
myself to her."

"All but. There's a chance, then, of—"
"A very slender one," unwillingly ad-
mitted Mr. Peterson.

"And if you should make no other ar-
rangement, you will let us have the house?"
"Yes, I suppose so."

"There can be no harm in my bringing
her to look at the house this afternoon, af-
ter office hours?"
"No, I suppose not."

And with this ungraciously accorded per-
mission, Joseph Franklin was forced to be
content, while Mr. Peterson went back to
his room to think about Jennie Cope.

"I do believe I am in love," thought our
middle-aged hero. "I'll take a cigar—no
I won't either. Jennie may object to
smoking, and a man that's as good as
married ought to be a little careful about
such things."

He was making a little pencil estimate
about the probable cost of refurnishing
the apartments he occupied with velvet
and satin, according to Jennie's not par-
ticularly economical ideas, that same after-
noon, when Joseph Franklin entered, flash-
ed and proud.

"She's down in the parlor, uncle."
"Is she?" said Mr. Peterson. "Sixty-
nine and three are seventy-two; and twice
that is—"

"You'll come down and see her, uncle,"
persisted Joe, impatiently.

"In a minute. Twelve and sixteen, and
—there, then, Joe, how can a man add up
his accounts with you stamping round the
room like a wild buffalo? Yes, yes, I'll
go down and see her, and then perhaps I
shall have a little peace of my life."

He followed his nephew resignedly
down to the parlor, thinking the while of
far other things, and suffered himself to be
led to the little sofa in the bay window,
where a slender young lady was sitting,
toying rather nervously with a parasol.

"Uncle," said Joe, proudly, "this is my
promised wife. Jennie, this is uncle Pe-
tersen."

"Jennie Cope?" gasped the astounded
bachelorette.

"You'll give me a kiss, uncle, won't
you?" said Jennie, putting up her coral
lips in the most bewitching way in the
world. "I said it was mamma, this morn-
ing; but it was really Joe and me that
wanted the house?"

"It was, eh?" said Mr. Peterson, with
a curious commingling of sensations.

"Yes, and you know you promised to
get married and board with us. He did,
indeed, Joe."

The bachelorette burst into a hysterical
laugh.

"I was only joking," he said. "Mar-
ried, indeed! I'm not such a fool yet—
Give me the kiss, Jennie. I'll stay here,
but I'll not furnish the rooms this year."

So the love-dream faded out of Mr. Pe-
tersen's mature life. And the bill
was taken off the front door; and Mrs.
Joseph Franklin has learned to make an
omelette that suits even the fastidious
taste of her uncle-in-law.

"And it's just as well that Fate saved
me from making a fool of myself," says
Mr. Peterson exultantly.

EDITING.—An exchange has the fol-
lowing, which will strike all who read it
as being true:
Editing a paper is a pleasant business.

If it contains too much reading matter
people won't take it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain
enough reading matter.

If the type is too small people won't
read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people
say they are all lies.

If we omit them, they say we are fos-
sils.

If we publish original matter, they com-
plain us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, they say we are
lazy for not writing more, and give them
what they have not read in some other
papers.

Temperance.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

To the Editors of The Alleghanian:

You will doubtless remember that sev-
eral weeks since, and soon after the ap-
pearance in your columns of an article
which excited many adverse criticisms on
account of its strictures on some of the
means used in the advocacy of the aims of
the organizations themselves, I pro-
posed to you the publication of a series of
letters discussing the question of temper-
ance, its cause, and the remedy. Circum-
stances not necessary to be named
compelled me for a time to forego my
intention. Nor would it probably have
been revived at all did not the discussion
caused by the original article still contin-
ue, accompanied by bitter, unmeasured,
and indecent denunciations of those who
are led to doubt the efficacy of sumptuary
laws and small moral societies full of fines
and confines.

But while this intemperate
defence and maintenance of temperance
has urged me to the renewal of my origi-
nal purpose, it shall not cause me to for-
get that wise and philosophical injunction
to "be temperate in all things." I shall
willingly leave all rude and scurrilous
language to those whose cause needs its
support. I always fear to use it, especial-
ly in advocating virtue, lest simple people
conclude my acquaintance with that qual-
ity to have been of so short duration that
I had not yet learned to use courteous and
decent words.

As to any suggestion, or suspicion, that
the series of letters of which this is the
first will be penned through any other de-
sire than to advance the best interests of
our race, it might as well be repelled here
as elsewhere. All civil government, the
existence of society, depends on the
integrity and morality of the people. It
is even at this day mentioned with pride
that during the first two hundred and
thirty years of the existence of Rome, no
husband was known to repudiate his wife,
nor a wife her husband. To secure mor-
tality among a people is to strengthen the
foundations of society and good govern-
ment. To overturn morality is to dig
away the very corner-stone of civilization.

Hence, the evil of intemperance deserves
the same serious consideration that any
other question of morals should receive.—
But it should never be forgotten that the
integrity and morality of the people come
first, and comprise the rock on which so-
ciety and civil government rest. It is
possible that an enemy should overturn
the government and destroy society, yet
the integrity and morality of the people
remain uncontaminated. On the other
hand, it is not more possible that govern-
ment and society should continue to stand
in the absence of the two virtues named,
than the oak remain erect separated from
its roots. Hence, the agencies to be
chiefly employed for the promotion of
morals are not to be sought after in the
laws of the statute-books. If a people
cannot be maintained in their integrity
through the force of early training, the
influence of religion, and their love of
virtue, no statute that the Legislature may
enact can keep them virtuous. He who
sincerely errs, therefore, who, finding some
evil in society, rushes at once to the en-
actment of a law to prevent it. The law
itself is in every instance in a free country
saved from being a dead letter by the
power of public opinion, and sometimes
not even that is able to keep it alive.

The inquiry, then, arises as to the most
efficient means for the preservation of
morals. Now, the evils that chiefly af-
flict all civilized societies may be set down
as intemperance; luxury in its manifold
forms, with consequent effeminacy; and
avarice. All these could properly be in-
cluded under the head of intemperance,
but for convenience's sake I conform to the
times and apply that word solely to the
excessive drinking of alcoholic spirits. Of
these three evils, it is a puzzle to tell which
is the worst. I imagine that any one who
might be called on to enumerate the evil
effects of each, and designate which he
esteemed the most baleful in its conse-
quences, and his reasons for his judgment,
would find himself involved in a difficult
task. The bad results of one may be
more obvious than the like results of the
other, but he will be more daring than
wisely who maintains that pernicious results
plainly to be seen indicate a more danger-
ous evil than results equally pernicious but
more hidden and subtle.

If associations in which persons bind
themselves to do or not to do some partic-
ular act, under penalty of a fine, or sus-
pension or expulsion from membership,
are a wise, legitimate, and efficient means
of securing morality, then why not make
such associations general in their charac-
ter, so as to enumerate and prohibit all
offences against decency, honesty, and mor-
tality? If that were done, I apprehend
that no man whose mind has anything of
a logical turn would deny that it implied
the falsity and inefficiency of all religion,
for if religion has any purpose at all, it is
certainly the restoration of man to primi-
val purity and innocence. If it be argued
that such associations are designed only to
counteract, and prevent some particular
evil, then why not have a special society
for every special evil? If I abstain from
tasting any strong drink, including wine
and cider, I may be a member in good

standing of any of these lopsided associa-
tions, yet at the same time be untruthful
or gluttonous, or avaricious, or cruel and
revengeful. Luxury in eating, and ex-
travagance in dress, are to-day as produc-
tive of woe as strong drink. Excess in
eating and folly in our apparel produces
far more than one-half the diseases that
afflict the human family. They enervate
the body and enfeeble the mind. They alienate
the heart from true affection. They separ-
ate one portion of the race from sympathy
with other portions. They cause men
in all classes and conditions to live beyond
their means, leaving to their children a
heritage of poverty, with gluttonous appet-
ites and extravagant habits, while their
honest debts go unpaid. An enumeration
of the evil effects of avarice would not
be less startling. I deem it, therefore, a
very serious objection to these petty tem-
perance organizations that they single out
only one evil from among many. What a
community, what a nation needs, is well
balanced men and women. Or, in the
words of the founder of our noble Common-
wealth, "men of wisdom and virtue; quali-
ties that, because they descend not with
worldly inheritance, must be carefully pro-
pagated by a virtuous education of youth."
I submit to every candid mind that organiza-
tions devoted to the practice of some sin-
gle virtue are not competent to produce the
sort of men spoken of by Penn.

Maintaining due respect for those with
whom I differ, and attributing to them that
same sincerity of motive which I claim for
myself, I am, yours very truly,
SAMUEL SINGLETON.

We clip the following from the Phila-
delphia Press:

IMPORTANT INVENTION TO MANUFAC-
TURERS OF SPOOL COTTON.—We were
yesterday shown a novel and ingenious in-
vention, which bids fair to revolutionize
the Spool Cotton business of the country.

The objections to keeping Spool Cottons
at retail, hitherto, has been the trouble,
annoyance and loss of time incident to
finding the required numbers, where the
spools are indiscriminately thrown together
in boxes or drawers, as they usually are in
retail stores where spools are sold in less
quantities than a dozen of one kind. The
invention referred to exactly meets this
want, and has just been patented by the
inventor J. Patton Thompson, of the whole
sale Notion House of Messrs. M. M. Mar-
ple & Co., of No. 53 North Third street.

The article is a neat walnut cabinet or case
composed of a series of vertical hoppers
each one made exactly to fit a single num-
ber of the spools. These hoppers are filled
from the top, and distinctly numbered at
the bottom, where the spools are taken on
while others drop into their places. It is
difficult to convey in words minutely the
character, beauty, and invaluable conve-
nience of this Cabinet. Suffice it to say
that any dealer, having it in use, can see
at a glance the precise condition and ex-
tent of his spool-cotton stock, even to the
exact quantity of each number that he has
on hand, the entire front being made of
glass, on the face of which, if manufac-
turers or dealers desire it, the name of any
particular make or brand of cotton may be
nicely lettered, making the whole not only
an ornament and great economizer of time
but a standing advertisement to every cus-
tomer who enters the store that a good
assortment of spool cotton may there be had.

As a means of bringing before the publi-
any new or particular make of thread, this
movable Cabinet affords the best facilitie
in the world, if manufacturers have the
sagacity and enterprise to furnish them
the retail trades, as the latter will always
be glad to give the article referred to
conspicuous position. And, as a stimulant
to the general keeping and sale of spool
cottons, the value of this invention can
not be overestimated, as many large dr-
gists establishments that have hitherto de-
clined to keep cottons, on account of the
inconvenience already referred to, will be
willing to introduce them in their stock
now that it can be done without the slight
est trouble, when, at the same time, it will
add so much to the accommodation of their
customers.

—It is mockery to tell a blind man that
he looks well.

—Beauty devoid of grace is like a hoo
without hair.

—He that falls in love with himse
will have no rivals.

—The largest room in the world—room
for improvement.

—What goes most against the farmer
grain—his mowing machine.

—My tale is ended," as the tadpo
said when he turned into a bullfrog.

—Precious things are found in sma
quantities, diamonds, gold and good sens

—How to avoid being considered abo
your business—never live over your sho

—When is a lady's neck not a neck
When it is a little bare.

—An affectionate sight—to see a youn
man swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

—To much of the good thing," as tl
litten said, when she fell into the mi
pail.

—Whatever multiplies the ties th
blind man to man makes him better a
happier.