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VOLUME XVI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1862.

POETICAL.



who, not having seen, we love. It is easy to love when eye meets eye, And the glance reveals the heart; When the flush on the cleek can the soul bespeak, And the lips in gladness part; There's a thrilling bliss in a loving kiss, And a spell in a kindly tone, And the spirit hath chains of tenderness To fettor and bind its own.

But a hollier spell and a deeper joy For a purer fountain flow, When the soul sends higher its; incense fire, And rests no more below: When the heart goes up to the gate of heaven, And bows before the throne, son .

And striking its harp for sins forgiven, Calls the Saviour all its own.

Though wegaze now on the lovely brow That felt for us the thorn ; Though afar from home we pilgrims roam, And our feet with toit are worn; Though we never have press'd that pierceil hand, It is stretched our lives above; And we own his care, in grateful prayer, "Whom, not having seen, we love."

We have felt him near, for many a Jear, When steve we bent the knee;
That merey's breath, that glorious faith,
Dear waviour, came from thee.
When we stood beside the dying bed,
And watched the loved one go, In the darkening hour we felt his power, As it stilled the waves of woe.

And still, as we climb the hills of time, And the lamps of earth grow dim, We are hastening on from faith to sight, We are pressing near to Him; And away from idols of early mould, Enraptured we gaze above, And long to be where his arms enfold, "Whom, not having seen, we love."

SHE DIED SO YOUNG.

I-miss-hei-in-the-morning-hou No more she greets my sight; They turied her beneath the flowers, The flowers gay and bright; One evening in the spring-time fair, With music on her tongue; She pass'd away, and in despair We wept for one so young.

The violets sweet and beautiful. Still lingered in their liars ;-Why lived she not as long as they, Her nature was like theirs: And yet what boots this idle verse, Why should my heart be wrung; She love me not—then why should I Mourn that she died so young.

MISCELLANY.

Beware of the Wine-Cup. the battallions of moderate drinkers. Past pride, who desires to show his power of re- storm. sisting temptation—the man who says "I can drink and not get drunk, or be a drunkard"-is standing on slippery ground, and is fortunate if he does not fall. He is tampering with a two-edged sword, and skirmishing with that wily foe, the serpent and the still. If the man, unaccustomed to the use of ardent spirits, can justify an excuse for taking a "little drink," how can he avoid acquired a thirst for it? That thirst comes on imperceptibly and by degrees. The worm of the still creeps unheard, and winds

Beware of the wine-cup, Oh! mortals beware! For a deadly and venermous serpont lurks there, The the hues of the mouster are pleasing and

its coil slowly around its victim. Then

Beware of the serpent, Oh! mortals beware!

There are others who, perhaps, at first would not so willingly drink, if left to themselves, but declare that they cannot refuse the pressing invitation of warm friends.-Though these old friends are not dragging angels down, yet perhaps they are leading their associates to perdition. There are others more depraved and more blamable than these. I allude to those men who openly declare their sprees and the fun they have thus enjoyed, I cannot think there is much hope for such. Deaf to the voice of conscience, and to the whisperings of pride, they are almost irretrievably gone. They may spend their youth in Bacchanalian revelries, and dance for a while the giddy drunkard's round; yet, the harvest of life will come, and then nothing will be reaped but sorrow. But if there is one drunkard to be spurned as more detestable than all others, it is the sly midnight tippler, who watches till unsuspecting ones are asleep, then skulks to his hiding place, puts a buttle under his pillow and drinks in secret. From this class the dungeon, penitentiary and gallows obtain their victims. And need we wonder that arson, robbery and murder are common crimes?

I saw a young man in guilded garments. proud and honorable, who counted his gold and silver by heaps, while men coveted his station and longed for his possessions. But, alas l'he become intemperate, and in a short time Llocked upon the once proud man, and I sow a phrenziell of. His purple garments were exchanged for rugs, and his feet were He was fullen that his ambridled

Howare of the winr-cup. Oh! mortals benties.
For sweet is the prison that bringeth height.
Howare of the terms cup, though tellipting and take
limitarily the denote in of sorrow and thro

Reviewed the purson that bringstiff the purson that bringstiff the world. Speak the purson that bringstiff the world the world speak that will be never mind your own business that will kindly to him. Perhaps some day appropriate take care of itself.

No man ever succeeds to his mind in one wickedness without acquiring the boldness to the hound that runs after two hares at lempt a greater.

Let the hound that runs after two hares at lempt a greater.

A Beautiful Extract.

The following extract is from a letter

to-day, and there dews to be shed for the departure of to-morrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into going?—It is a marvel they do not wait for the burden of the noon, but follow the lark and her songs over the ruins of the rainbow?—That those words, so beautiful they should make so true, and "joy cometh in the mornings?"

Going in the morning! A glorious morning! when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss, ere the dews have gone to Heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are rent in twain, and the shadows inlaid with

crimson lie away to the west. gloomy as a frown, and we have thought, way who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little gently upon their laps, the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears to such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair, white doves with downy wings emerging from neather night and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never yet has there been a wanthe darkness of the storm.

is no thought of the carnal house in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs and sighs; fresh flowers and not badges of mourning; no tears ings together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little impressed pillow and gently smile as you think of the garment, of gold and of the fair brow within the diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old.— An eternal child, waiting about the thresh-

hold of Paradise for a friend from home. Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright curls grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old; but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

The poet tells us of the green bough rent by the tempest, swept rudely along the All the martyrs who have fallen in the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird beastly wars of Bacchus, were drafted from with cries of grief fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings experience shows us that it is dangerous to ter to be wafted away from earth thus, than active operations in the field are going to be drink moderately. The man of ill-trained that they should drift around the world in

write:

"Gone in the morning And "there is no night there."

Sublime Picture of Old Age. He greatly errs who imagines that old age

cannot be beautiful. There is naturally but one disease—that the tempting wine-cup when he shall have of old age. To leave the world as gently as go out the embers of the hearth or as the candle in its socket, without pain, shock, or meal, from racking rheumatism, from spasmodic asthma-from torturing gout, or the slow eating cancer—the mind all the while, by reason of incessant pain, growing more querulous, bitter, and atheistic! On the other hand, how ineffably beautiful it is to arrive at a hearty, buoyant old age, without ache, or pain, or sadness; sunshine always in the face; gladness in the eye-the heart, meanwhile, welling up and running over

with human sympathies and love divine of whom "my mother sang," so oft in the clear, sweet, and cherry tones of youth and health. "The day glides swiftly o'er their heads; Made up of innocence and love, And soft and silent as the shades,

Their nightly inmutes gently move. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,

Their souls are ever bright as noon And caim as summer evenings b ." And when their work is done, their journey ended, the life of times melts into an im-

mortal existence, "As fades a summer cloud away. As sinks a gale when storms are o'er.

As gently shuts the eye of day.
As dies a wave along the shore," To have the lamp of life thus go out physically, we must be regularly, temperatively, actively, for by these means only can the human clock work well till all the wheels wear out together, and all cease their running at the same instant; and there is no shock, no going to do with that greased calico?" pain, no torture and scarce a perceptible can be noted only by the scrutinizing eye .-Reader! may such be your exit and mine.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON YOUR NEIGHBORS! without watching. They may do something ied his face in his hands filled the room with wrong if you do. To be sure you never sobs.

knew them to do anything bad, but may be Man, woman, whoever you be, speak tenpassions had bringer him to a level with the beasts and at last friending and alone, I saw them to do anything bad, but may be hearse was borne away, and no been for your kind care they have not. Perhaps if hearse was borne away, and no been for your kind care they be an orphan. His mother and futher may might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore don't relax child, he has nothing but his own hands by lies a long time ago. Therefore don't relax child, he has nothing but his own hands by any effort to keep them where they ought to which to work his way in the world. Speak

Encouraging Signs.

We are glad to see almost everywhere which was written upon the death of a signs that the nation is arousing from the inactivity and despondency which followed the "It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning—many went yesterday, more flection, says a cotemporary, showed every to-day, and there dews to be shed for the deand croaking, but that action, swift, wise, patriotic action was imperatively needed. It was seen that without this our peril was imminent, that with this we had everything to hope. It was manifest that the Rebels had by conscription brought their army to the highest point possible, and never again could they make any more formidable demonstration than they had. It was equally manifest that we had by no means exhausted our resources, either in money or men. The simple question remaining was, Shall we use them? To this it would seem there could blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon, and the clouds that are never Thank Heaven! that answer the nation is beginning to give. The money must be furnished, the men must be furnished. So say We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in so it shall be. Does any one suppose that if a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and we show the same earnestness and self-deniil which the Rebels have shown that there, not so, should we accompany those a little can be a particle of doubt about the result? Suppose we put every available man into the field, as they have done, suppose we waive coffin into the carriage with them and lap it our ordinary business for the time, and concentrate all our energies upon this one on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were exwork, suppose we wage war with all the earwork, suppose we wage war with all the earnestness of real warfare, does any rational ed by himself the previous evening; and man believe that the result can be in the breakfast passed without the looked for cause least doubtful. And does any man who understands the aims and the character of the Rebel leaders think for a moment that, if we were actuated by merely selfish motives, we ting to take the wanderer in and shut out can afford to allow them to conquer? It is a question not alone of suppressing rebellion Upon these little faces, it never seemed to but of preserving our own peace and independence and self-respect in the future.— This the people are beginning to understand as they should. And does any one who knows the true men of these loyal States believe that they can hesitate in such a crisis? We trust the people. From the very outset or clouds, but bright dews and bright dawn of this foul rebellion they have been true as steel to the great principles they profess.ment has made on them, and made it cheerfully and bravely. They will meet every future demand. They will never allow this fair heritage to be blighted by the triumph of the accursed rebellion. They will remain faithful to the end, and Heaven will crown their fidelity and patriotism with spaces. They have met every demand the Govern- in silence, and, on raising the cover of the their fidelity and patriotism with success.-Let every man of us move at once, and do what in him hes to speed the happy day of triumph. Now is the hour to show whether 'wanting' must be written against our names after we have been weighed in the bler. scales in which Heaven has now placed us.

The Army in Summer.

suspendid till fall. Nothing of the kind .-We are not likely to have much warmer wea-When children turn immortal we should ther than that during which our army has already fought so vigorously. Besides, the enemy will forego nothing to our injury on account of the season, and we can stand service better than they can. This fact was conclusively proved by the statistics of the Mexican war. How would the British ever put down the Sepoy rebellion if they had not taken the field resolutely in a climate far hotter and more debilitating than any which prevails in this country? Neither should we have carried through the war of spasm, this is worth taking pains for! Lit-erally, the lot is terrible of a man with tot-er. The following is a list of the battles tering limbs and gray hairs; dying by piece fought during hot months in the war of the Revolution:

June, 1775, Battle of Bunker Hill. 1776, Attach on Fort Moultrie by the British. " 1778, Battle of Monmouth.

July, 1778, " of Wyoning. " 1779, Tryon's Expension. " Capture of Stony Point. Aug, 1776, Battle of Long Island 1777, Defeat of St. Leger.

" Battle of Bennigton. " 1778, " of Long Island. " 1780, Battles of Hanging Rock and

Camden. Sept., 1777, First Battle at Stillwater with Burgoyne:

" Battle of Brandywine. 46

" of Eutaw Springs. All these battles, North and South, were fought in the hottest weather of the year,

ton Journal.

HE COULD NOT FORGET HIS MOTHER .-Not long since, when some forty of the children in charge of the Children's Aid Society, of New York, wore arranging for removal to the west, a boy was observed fold-ing with great care his old cap, having pre-

faded calico.
"John," called a friend, "what are you "Please, sir, it is not greased, it is all that struggle, so that the moment of departure I have to remember my dead mother by, it's part of her dress, which I cut off when she

lay dying in the garret ___street.". The question and the answer were too much for the little fellow, and putting the -Take care of them. Don't let them stir strip under his shirt next to his breast, bur-

- : LINES of the say of

BY NED, BUTLINE They are not dead—they are not dead— The brave who fell on glory's field! He never dies whose corse is borne Aloft on Victory's starry shield, They are not dead—they are not dead— The martyrs of our holy cause: But dead is he, and doubly damned, Whose rebel hand the sabre draws!

They are not dead—they are not dead— The brave who fell on Shiloh's plain Nor those whose life-blood gushing fell On other fields like crimson rain, Their names and fame forever dear; Are writ in lines of living light-And they will shine while traitors sink Into oblivion's endless night.

They are not dead-they are not dead-A nation clasps them in it's breast; Beneath it's starry flag, the brave, Are gently laid to take their rest, The laurel wreath's unfading green; Contrasts the lily white as snow, And Victory's halo gleameth bright

Above each sleeping brow.

A Confirmed Grumbler. Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh well known grumbler named Sandy Black whose often-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam." "Roast or boiled?"

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you'd have known before this what I liked." Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door behind him, left the house. It was in spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy is bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him do what I can:

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner, the fish was eaten

ed Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"

At the instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grum "Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that

"They were a present," said the wife in terrupting him. Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friends, he clenched his fist and shouted.

How dare you receive a present without my

leave!" President Lincoln.

The special correspondent of the London Times, writing from New York speaks as follows of the President:

There can be no doubt that the President is the most popular man in the United States. Without education or marked ability, without the personal advantages of a pleasant or courteous manners, and placed unexpectedly in a position of unparalled difficulty and danger, he has so conducted himself amid the storm of passion that rages around him, as to have won the good opinion of everybody. There is not a journal in the country that speaks of him except with high respect; there is not a soldier in the field who does not love and honor him; and there is not a man in private life, whatever may be his political opinions or his views upon the origin, conduct, or progress of the war, who does not cheerfully admit that Mr. Lincoln has

to which it was falling. vering amid the vacillation, and single minddouble-dealing of three fourths of the pub- first pair of blue eyes you meet." lie men with whom he has been brought into contact, he has concentrated upon himself without seeking it, an amount of confidence and both armies were in full activity.—Bos- that Washington himself never enjoyed, and best remedy. The friend had just received and his pluck, equal to that of Lord Palmerston, in backing his friends, both of which his message to Congress exonorating his Ministers, and especially Mr. Simon Cameron, from all blame for an error or illegality them with salt, and in a few days they will plaintiff?" ously taken out its lining-a small piece of of which they may have been guilty, and as- be cured." suming the whole responsibility of overy one

of their acts, is a very remarkable proof. been provoked into saying: "We know of some trifling devils, who are not worth, five broad, and will cost \$1500. cents on the dollar of the debts they owe, and who couldn't buy a nigger if they were selling at a dollar per dozen, that are blathering about Southern Rights and apply the term of Abolitionist to loyal men generally, and making more fuss about the irrepressible nigger than the largest elaycholder in the country. In nine cases out of ten, they are composed of that class of contemptible boot licks, who ling around men of worth and position undestand readyeto do their bidding in the hopes of currying favor. Wa g ve such creatures timely and dae notice shall spell alike.

to have their painted buxes propared, if they is To be happy soome the love of y painted let the hound that runs after two hares at for if diey do they will go up the spour as

An Example.

A minister in the suburbs of Edinburg, some time ago, met a man whose countenance was the picture of despair, hurrying along and concealing something under his arm. The minister asked him what was the matter.

The reply was:
I have attempted twice this day to put an end to my life, but have been prevented, Still I am determined to hang myself. I cannot live. I can earn £2 a week at my work, but I cannot save a half-penny of it. I have ruined myself by drink—I have beggared my wife and family-I can live no longer.

Now, said the minister you must join the total abstinence society. I have done it already, he answered, many

a time, but I'm no better; I cant help it.' 'Well,' said the minister, I will tell you what we will do. I am not an abstainer, never was, and I have always liked a glass of wine, but if you will promise to keep the pledge; I will take it along with you; and we will keep it together.'

The man's attention was arrested; they both put their names to a paper drawn up on the spot, and after keeping it secretly for six weeks, publicly joined a total abstinence society. Several years afterward, the minister related this incident in a large company of other ministers, and added: "That man is now a member of my church—thy, one of the most active elders in it. I now ask you, did I right or did I wrong? If I did right, then I ask you to go and do likewise.'

Sad Incident of the War.

A correspondent, writing form Harrison's Landing, July 11th, mentions a peculiarly distressing incident of the late battles before Richmond. The Tory regiments were drawn up, in line of battle, awaiting an attck from the enemy, when a Rebel soldier was seen to emerge from the woods and come in the direction of the regiment. His object was unknown, and as he carried his arms and accontrements it was not even gue sed at by hose to whom he was looking in the confi dence of a brother. Some one drew up and shot him through the bowels as he came within firing distance. As he fell he called for a surgeon, and begged that his life might be saved. He said he was a good Union man -that the old flag was his flag-and though he was fighting against it, it was upon compulsion. He had been forced to join a Mississippi regiment, and was in the act of escaping to the Nothern troops when he was shot. The poor fellow drew from his boson a little picture of the "Star Spangled Banner, wide with us." which he said he had carried a year. But Very well; what do y alas, surgical skill could not avail him. He of Rothschild is worth?

BACK SOON .- We went to the office door of a friend and found it a card, with this inscription, Gone to—Back soon.'

So, we thought, men just step out of virtue's path to view temptation, intending to come back soon. Alas! they know not the chorus and power of sin. Many a person tells his conscience; I will just look at a certain master, but will be back soon. The world of despair contains many lost sinners, who intended to come back soon from a season of indulgence in sin. Back soon, hardly ever applies to the man yielding to temptation. Generally, it is a long way and a long time back to true repentance and peace.

How many brave and true hearted soldiers have gone to the army who told their friends that they would be back soon. God grant they may; but what chances are against them. 'Back soon' from any place, is what God only knows will be true in every case. Death regards no man's appointments.—Dic.

MATRIMONY BOUNDED.—The state of matrimony has at last been bounded and described by some Western student, who says: 'It is bounded by huging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks shown himself equal to his work, and rescued and staying out late o' nights. It was distince Presidential office from the contempt incovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The explanation is to be found in his man-ly common sense, and his unquestionable hon-of housekeeping, when squally weather sets esty. Incorrupt amid the corruption, perse- in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads ed, amid the false pretence and tortuous leading to this interesting State, consult the

A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the the table?" of popularity that was only heaped upon a note from another lady inquiring the way that patriot's momenty. Two other traits in to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady Mr. Lincoln's character are his good nature who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measels, and the anxious mother of the sick children, read with horror the following-"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle

-If a man during fifty years chews every day two inches di solid plug, (and millions HARD ON THE SLAVELESS.—The Point do it,) it will amount at the end of that time Pleasant Register (Western Virginia) has to 6303 feet, or a mile and a quarter of solid tobaco, half an inch thick and two inches

> The earth was made and adorned for a life of joy as well as sorrow-it was not hung in eternal darkness and winter; it has sweet returns for day and summer. The Kart of

few a weakness; those too gentle, are seldon steal if the had an opportunity?" obeyed, those severe are seldon executed. Farmer—tivell I can't are resistive.

The best repentance for a duty neglected is to set about another that is in danger of being norlected.

surely as there is firme in powder and leak. A Loying Mother hinkes of happy house. national failt and

HUMOROUS!

It is proper for people to mend their high ways and still more to mend their low ways. Gen. Butler's, proclamations are so sharp

that he needn't file them. A Scolding Mother makes a miserable

houshold.

To destroy rats—cut off their heads with a pair of slicep shears. A man is like an egg: keep him in hot-

water a little while, he may boil soft too long, and he gets hard.

Why dose a boy, trying to peep into a garden, remind one of a husband who takes no heed of a scolding wife? Because he looks over the failing.

Don't despair. If you slip down, just get up: A stout heart is as sure to finally wether the gale as a pret ty girl is to bring down the man of her choice.

A little girl being asked by her mother, after she had said the Lord's Prayer, what she supposed was the meaning of "Amen," said: "I guess it means, 'Good-bye Lord.""

"Pa, didn't I here you say the other day you wanted a cider press?"—"Yes, daughter, where can I get one?"-"Why, you try Zeke Stokes; he hugged me the other evening at the party, an' I tell you he made me grunt."

All the pretty women of New Orleans are not Yankee-haters. One of them recently fell in love with a handsome Union officer at first sight, and now that he is sick and in the hospital, she takes him flowers every day, soothes his aching brow, and says all sorts of sweet things to him.

"Can you give me bills for a ten dollar gold piece?" asked a very pretty young lady of a young man named William, who was tending store.

"No, I cannot," was the reply. "Can you oblidge me with a single bill?"

she asked:
"Well, yes, I guess so—you see they call me Bill, and I'm sagle, and am entirely at

During the stormy days of 1848, two stalwart mobocrats entered the Bank of the late Baron A. Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they

to him, "and we have nothing; you must di-"Very well; what do you suppose the firm

alas, surgical skill could not avail him. About forty millions of florins."

died in a short time beneath the old flag at About forty millions of florins. "About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions you think, sh. Well; now there are just forty millions of people in the will be a floring a piece; hereis

chestes : werte POETRY OF NATURE.—A. Yankee girl of our acquaintance, who has been on a quest visit to the West, has returned with poetical 'ideas.' It must be promised that she originated in the mountainous parts of Vermont. Here is a specimen of her style:

Great Western world of bottom land, Flat as a pancake, rich as grease, Where the roaches grow as big as toads, And 'skeeters are as big as geeser and all

Oh! lonsome, windy, grassy place, When heecakes and the hogs prevail,
The first as ya er as their face,
The last with pretty curling talls.

I'd rather live an Camel-hump, And be a yankee Doodle beggar,

That where they never see a stump,

And shake to death with fever inager.

The following is said to have passed in a chool down east: What is the most northern town in the United States?

'The North Pole.' 'Who is it inhabited by?' By the Poles, sir.

That's right. Now what's the meaning of the word stoop?"
'I don't know, sir! 'What do I do when I bend over thus?' 'You scratches your shins, sir?'

W. Crans

What is the meaning of the word carve? 'I don't know, sir?" What does your father do when he sits down to the table?'

wa to the table?"
"He axes for the brandy bottle." 'I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down to

'She says she will wring our necks if we spill any greese on the floor.'

A Farmer was called as a witness to prove the bad character of Enoch Jones, who had formerly been one of his near neighbors .-Counsel asked:

"Well, what do you know of Jones, the Farmer-"I can't say that I know much

bout him." Lawyer-Does he bear a good character? Farmer-"We didn't like him any too vell in our neighborhood."

Lawyer—"We don't suppose you did, but

would you trust him, or believe him under oath?"

Farmer-"He might tell the truth if it was for his interest." Lawyer-"Do you really think him an

honest man?"

Farmer—"I never gave him a chance to steal anything from me." Too many laws are a snare in the State, too Lawyer But do you think he would

Farmer -: Well I can taxy positive but I should rather not try him."

Tayyer -- Perhaps not but am I to undorstand that you have such a pour opinion of Mr. Jones hencety that you would be ainid to losve surthing where he could steal it. if he were so inclined?

Fature No. I shouldn't be afrain to be a frain to be a