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POETICAL.



1864.

Tis not for us to trifle. Life is brief. And sin is here, Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. We have no time to sport away the hours, All should be carnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we-

Our only one : How sacred should that one life ever be .That narrow span;

Day after day filled up with blessed toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Then let us clasp the new-born child -This infant year, Enjoy its fragrant breath-its sunny smile,

E'er sterts the tear -Which warns us that the lot of man is pain,

And calls us back to duty's path again. MARÝ'S GRAVE.

Softly blow, sweet-sented zepffyr; Around the grave where Mary lies; Gently waft, ye waving breezes, Daylight's glory from the skies:

Drink, pale flowe; drink the dew drops Twilight sprinkles round her rest; Night winds lower o'er my Mary-O'êr my Mary's lovely breast:

Dark and lonely is her dwelling, Like a star among the clouds; Yet her spirit never waning, Wingeth to the bright abodes:

There, sweet idol, there I'll join you, . When my night of toil is o'er; There we'll dwell in hely rapture Singing praises evermore.

MISCELLANY.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

lio, such a merry Christmas as I shall have," murmured little Eva Leeds to herself as she tied a small but exquisite glass bird case to the Christmas tree, whose every bough bent under the wealth of sparkling and the regiest cheeks and lips; they wore daintly carved boxes of pearl and of ivory; there were little nests of cottage; with the men in the fore ground no larger than a baby's forelinger, scattering corn to a flock of chickens; there was a great Santa Claus in the centre, with a large bag strung over his shoulder, and a most grotesquely benevolent expression of countenance; there were horns of plenty gaily decorated with blue ribbons: there sugar churches and glass palaces; but, my dear children, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to enumerate the many beautiful things with which every cedar bough of that Christmas tree was drooping, and I must leave the rest to your imagina-

"How good grandpapa is," continued the little girl, as she stepped back and surueyed admiringly the glittering object before her, wto let me llave all my class mates here tomorrow, and have this nice Christmas tree for them. . Won't they stare, though, when they see all these pretty things?"

"Ah, Miss Eva, you are a happy chile," said Nan, the old black cook, who had lived with Eva's grandfather more than a score of years, as she came into the sitting room to light the gass, for the short December day was fading into night.

"I khow I am, Nan. I wish all little children were as happy."

"And to think how many on 'em will go to bed without any supper, and get up tomorrow morn'n', and not so much as a crust to eat." You don't mean so ; you don't really mean

what you say, Nan," cried Eva, turning around sharply; and there was a startled look on her bright face.

on her bright face.

But the bell rang at that moment, and Nan
hurried off without replying to Eva's quesThe old man started as though the words

room, with her hands behind her, while the night shadows dropped softly into the corners, and there was a new and strangely painful effort to do this. thoughtful expression on the fair face of rents?"

At last he asks, "Where are your parthoughtful expression on the fair face of rents?"

Eva Leeds. She was thinking of her own
"Williard can tell you," and the little girl bright, happy life, as free from care or sorrow as the merriest birds that ever sang a white with the blossoms of May. She was his story in a simple straightforward way, Leeds, whose life counted eleven Christmaswelcome to the summer from amid boughs ses, and she was the one idol of her grand- its truth. father, a widower, childish old man, who nather, a widower, childish old man, who nois. We lived there until hamma began dear little grandchild, upon whom all the to grow sick, and then, about six months atenderness and affection of his nature seemed go we came to the city. Mamma took in

to concentrate. It was touching just to see how his face It was touching just to see how his face they buried her; and Mrs. Watson, who lives would kindle, and his touch soften, when in the chambers, kept us till to-day, but her she came and laid her little plump check a-

name of Eva's grandfather, was childless, was a gentleman living on this street who but Nan knew that when the lips of his cl. was our grandfather, and I must go to him dest daughter ceased to call him "father", it with little sister, and toll him 'Mary was but Nan knew that when the was all she had to lave him.' dead, and this was all she had to lave him.' folks were at home."

was not because death had silenced them, but because he had sworn in his wrath that but because he had sworn in his wrath that place, but I can't."

bent over with smiles, now bend above her of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifle in tears, shaking the dew from their petals off, but you needn't hurry home on that actual never speak to him, never enter of sunshing and a good dead of shadow.

So that it will take less cloth.

his house again.

the son of her father's gardner, a worthy, in-telligent young man; but he was poor, and his station in life was, of course, far below her's and for this deed her father had taken a solemn vow never to forgive her. Little Eva knew something of this, for two years her death bed, she had overheard part of a

"But if they have children, father," mur-mured the faint voice of the woman, who

was dying, but they did not guess it then. The old man went to the bedside. "Yes, Ellen, I promised you if she has children, and I ever know it, they shall not suffer." Then the nurse came and took Eva out of the room, and she heard no more.

And the little girl's thoughts, as she walks so slowly up and down the room, go back to this hour, and she wonders for the first time in her life, if her mother's sister Mary had any children, and if they have such a kind grandfather, and are as happy as she is.

one) is strangely softened to-night, and sile longs to do something for that sorrowful looking little boy and girl. She is an impulsive child too; and so, without stopping to consider the matter, she rushed down stairs and out the front door.

They are lighting the lamps up street, and the cold wind sends a shudder thro' Eva's frame, as she bounds to the pavement. "What ails the little girl?" she asks of

the boy, in her soft voice.

warm, and let her rest," answers Eva. "Then we can send somebody home with you." "We haven't got any home now," says the

boy, sadly. "Not got any home!" Eva stands still There were wax dolls, with soft blus eyes, hold of the little girl's hand she leads her not bad. When the patient gets better, ev- but a soft heart! thou art poor, the very or-

> a load of gifts, and the bright gas-light, git- the uvula, tousils, and fances, the whole back emu voice: "I give thee, in marriage, this ing to every object in the luxuriantly furer, and hardly dares to take the low chair ing of relief will follow every swabbing. that Eva offers her.

white, and his brow is deeply furrewed, but vessel, and also wipe off any matter or slime air and presence.

"Well, daughter, how is the Christmas tree coming on?" he asks in a cheery voice; then he starts and asks, "Eva, how came these children here?"

"Why, you see, grandpa, I asked them to

Well, my child, you should have sent them down into the kitchen." And now the little girl lifts up her head,

wistful face, with soft blue eyes, and sunny in time; and should you mistake any other hair; and somehow it troubles the old man, and his mind goes back to the time when cure almost invariably, as I use this for all to break through the magic circle and seize just such a face as that sat on his knee, and common sere throats. I have never lost a their new sister. After a long struggle they just such a face as that sat on his knee, and some times nestled itself against his heart .-He stands still, looking at the child until the tears come into her eyes, for she has a little times," to be without the wash and liniment; coward heart.

"What is your name, little girl?" The is used, and a cure is always effected.

Your friend, Dr. W. A. Scottle of Grandfather Hughs is unusually Your friend, Dr. W. A. Scottle of Grandfather Hughs is unusually and a cure is always effected.

So the little girl walked up and down the struck him. His face grows very pale, and he opens his lips two or three times to speak, and then pauses, as though it cost him a

At last he asks, "Where are your pa-

turns to her brother.

He looks like his sister, but his hair and

"Our father died four years ago, in Illisewing, and supported us; but she grew worse all the time and last week she died. Then gainst his, or wound her arms about his husband drinks, and he swere we should not

Mary Hughes had married claudestinely | The old man leaned forward, and his breath panted through his lips as he asked the ques-

tion "Joseph Hughes; have you ever heard of

him, sir ?" The old man bowed his head a moment on his hands, and a sob shook his frame; the before, when her fair young mother lay on fountains, the long frozen fountains in his her death hed, she had overheard part of a heart leaped once more. "Mary, my little The old man's face was very white as he walked up and down the room, so excited that Eva had fairly shuddered to look at him. Mary!" and his tones were full of tenderness

"Anything but that, Ellen," he said, in a be father and mother to you, my poor chilthick hoarse voice. "Ask anything but that dren. Mary's children. Eva kiss your and I will grant it. Remember my oath."

"But if they have children, father," murtenderly; and then she whispered:

"Grandpa, they are your Christmas gifts, in't they?" "My Christmas gifts!" murmured the old "God be praised! My Christinas man. gifts !"

Diphtheria-A Sure Cure [From the Missouri Democrat.]

Please publish the following treatment of diphtheria. It has been used by myself, and others to whom I have given it, in over one

you for publication, as this horrible disease and and ask for hospitality. "How many are is prevailing extensively in parts of Missou- you?" ask the bride's father. At least three in prospects and in heart. Let any one who

ti: Dipur	IERIA WASII.		
Golden seal,	pulverized,	1	drahı
Borax,	• "	1	. "
Black pepper,	46	1	"
Alum.	"	į	. "
Nitrate potash;		-1-	
Balt:	., (1	2	"
Put all into a cor	mmonsized teac	cup	or ve

He looks up in startled surprise, but some- sel which holds about four ounces, and pour thread.

moment, with surprise and pity, then taking half hour if the case is bad, every hour it "Oh thon good soul! thou hast hard hands tre of which stands the Christmas tree with to seven days. Touch every affected spot, of the bridegroom, saying in a deep and sol-

Let every patient have a separate swab lt from the mouth. Rub the following liniment on the throat.

keep a flannel cloth round the neck till well: Take spirits of turpentine, one ounce .-Take sweet oil, (or linseed oil,) one ounce. come in and rest; and get warm, because Take aqua ammonia. (mix.) one ounce.—
they haven't any home."

Shake before using each time. Knon the

bottels regular with castor oil. Keep the patient in the house, but ventilate well. The d'phtheria wash and liniment case, and many have told me that no money would induce them in these "diphtheria and when a soreness in the throat is felt, it

Your friend, Dr. W. A. Scott. Palmyra, Warren county Iowa.

The Hudson Star relates the following creamy joke upon a swill milk incident: "A young gentleman of this city, while out of town, stopped at a hotel, not a hundred miles from Claverack, to rest and replaced before him and he commenced lifting spoonsful up and then pouring them back into the bowl, and making other demonstra-

"Yes, sir, we always skim milk before we give it to calves !" It is reported that the young gentleman did not ask any more questions.

I will endeaver to describe a village wed-

air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom of hoofs, and horses are led forth and sadgroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead and a gatland of corn flowers about his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms how often—that the grave cannot keep her.' come riding in, their blue cloaks flying in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his blue jacket,

comes from his chamber; and then to horse and away toward the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed ordinary talents and ability, in any profesby some half dozen village musicians. Next

The boy is about Eva's age, the girl must there is no danger.

The boy is about Eva's age, the girl must be several years younger and seeking to comfort her, and evidenly endeavoring to persuade her to go on further.

Somehow Eva's her the girl must there is no danger.

I sent this treatment to a friend of mine moves forward again, and at length draws endeavoring to persuade her to go on further.

Somehow Eva's heart (always a tender success that the requested site to send it to his attendants are in the neighboring forest.

I are prought from the wagon, and after eating and that is the thing people who are going document, and with a half-draw moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late now !'—Mary suite Exp.

Pat's Idea of the Divisional and the second street was and averaged again.

Pat's Idea of the Divisional are prought from the wagon, and after eating and that is the thing people who are going document, and with a half-draw moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late now !'—Mary suite Exp.

Pat's Idea of the Divisional are prought from the wagon, and after eating and thursing.

And that is the thing people who are going document, and with a half-draw moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late now !'—Mary suite was and average in the moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late now !'—Mary suite was and drinking and hursing, the procession to make money-have got to leath.

It is wonderful how few real wants we too late now !'—Mary suite was and drinking and hursing, the procession.

I sent this treatment to a friend of mine moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late and the could be a late of the procession.

I sent this treatment to a friend of mine moves forward again, and at length draws have, and how little it takes to give gentine to late and the cou

amid a grand salute and flourish of music. In the hall stands the bride, with a crown thing he finds in Eva's face makes him an- half full of boiling water, stir well and then upon her haad and a tear in her eye, like swer: "My little sister is tired and cold; we fill full of good vinegar. Fit for use when the Virgin Mary in old church paintings.—have walked a long way; and she says we it settles.—Make a swab by getting a little She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, can't get any further."

stick about the size of a pipestem, notch one with loose lines sleeves. There is a girded "Well; come right into the house and get end, and wrap a string of cotton cloth around bult around her waist, and around her neck it letting the cloth project about a half an strings of golden beads and a golden chain. inch beyond the end of the stick, so as not On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, to jag the mouth and throat, fasten with a and below it another of cypress Loose over thread. Swab the mouth and throat well every blue, innocent eyes are fixed on the ground.

pole which stands in the center, they alight

king gives " And the dinner is now served, and the At this moment Grandfather Hughs comes and wash, as the disease is undoubtedly in bride sits between the bridegroom and the into the room. He cannot be far from his fectious. Keep the wash pure by pouring priest. This spokesman delivers an oration, seventieth birth day, for his hair is very what you can use, each time, into another after the ancient customs of the fathers .-He interlards it well with quotations from his tall figure is erect, and he has a stately that may be on the swab, every time you take the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be pres ent, as at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. outside, once every three of four hours, and keep a flannel cloth round the neck till well: cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all Shake before using each time. Keep the things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not until midnight and looks at the old man. She has a pale, will be found sufficient for all cases, if taken comes the last dance. The girls form a circle around the bride to keep her from the "sore throat" for diphtheria you will effect a hands of the married women, who endeavor succeeded, and the crown is taken from her head and jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes but it is to her bridal chamber, not her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with light. ed candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal,- Longfellow.

The following extract picked up from our exchanges, is one of the most beautiful sentiments we have seen for a long time. How many there are who can appreciate it fully: fresh his horse. Concluding he would take supper, he called for a bowl of milk. It was all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied horself so unwearedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her cold her cold clay. You stand beside her cold A Dutchman had two pigs—a large one coffin and think of the past. It seems an and a small one. The smallest being the oldamber colord pathway, where the sun shone est, he was trying to explain to a customer, upon beautiful flowers; or the stors hung and did it in this wise: "The little pig is glitering overhead. Fain would the soul the piggest" Upon which his vrow, assulinger there. No thorus are remembered ming to correct him, said: "You will excuse save those your hands unwillingly have plan- him, he no speak as good English as me-A smooth sea never made a skillful mari- ted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to he no means the little pig is the piggest, but nor. Neither do uninterrupted successes your inmost sight. You think of her now to young little pig is to oldest." qualify a man for usefulness or happiness.— as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But The storms of adversity, like the storms of she is dead! The dear head that laid upon rainst his, or would not arms about his stay any longer. But just before mamma invention, pradence, skill and fortitude of a pillow of clay. The hands that have minding the said Mr. Hughes, for this was the died she called me to be and told me there the voyager. the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon istered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portal. The hear: Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think whose every beat measured an eternity of in contact with year by year, and you will we had better be going, for it's time honest love, lies under your feet. The flowers she never be forgotten.

Village Wedding in Sweden. over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into your eye of love, no trembling to ding in Sweden. It shall be summer time, murmur. "Oh, it is too sad: "There is so that there may be flowers; and in a south. strange a hush in every room; no light footern province, that the bride may be fair.— steps passing around. No smile to greet The early songs of the lark and of chanti- you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks cleer are mingling with the clear morning and strikes, and ticks-it was such music when she could hear it? Now it seems with yellow hair, rises in the south. In the a knell on the hours, through which you yard there is a sound of voices and trampling watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. And every day the clock dled. The steed that is to bear the bride repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth, too-of beautifull words and deeds that are registered above You feel-oh;

A Sure Road to Competency. Not one man in five hun red will make a house of a clergyman, where the document fortune. But a competency and arrindepen-Not one man in five hundred will make a dent position is within the reach of most sion or trade, he can, by pursuing an economcomes the bridegroom between his two ical, persevering course, be pretty sure of comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fitty friends and wedding guests, half of them, perhaps, with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with tood and drink for those merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village in almost all cases, notwithstanding the position in the printers lied him marked and found that the printers lied him marked to another woman. Thrusting his liant in his pocket, he pulled out the marriage limination of the printers lied him be sure and make his income in his pocket, he pulled out the marriage limination of the positive deads of the positive deads of the positive deads of the positive deads of the printers lied him marriage limination of the positive deads of the printers lied him the printers lied him marriage limination of the printers lied him marriage limination lied lied him marriage liminat any children, and if they have such a kind grandfather, and are as happy as she is.

Suddenly the little girl walks to the window, and looking out on the street she sees two children standing in front of the house. They are very poor; she divines this at once by the boy's old straw hat and thread bate; coat, and the little girl's faded calico dress and old pink hood.

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They are very poor; she divines this at once by the boy's old straw hat and thread bate; coat, and the little girl's faded calico dress and old pink hood.

They are very poor; she divines this at once by the boy's old straw hat and thread bate; coat, and the whole procession stops and straight from every pocket flies a black jack filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions and evergreens, and as they pass and ribbens and evergreens, and as they pass and the wedding guests fire a salute, and ribbens and evergreens, and as they pass and the wedding guests fire a salute, and ribbens and evergreens, and as they pass and the wide dollars a year, and may have a family as large as that of John Rodgers, and he difficulty of breathing the position of the intended bride. Turbing the difficulty of

hundred," is the answer, and to this the last has ambition to go shead in life try the expereplies: Yes, were you seven times as many, riment this year, and see how much there is m you should be welcome, and in token there in economy. Make your expenses less than of receive this cup." Whereupon each her-ald receives a cup of ale, and soon after the gained not only in money, but in feeling that whole juvial company come streaming into you are in the condition which the Yankees the farmer's yard, and riding round the May denominate forelanded '-- Try it.

Dignity of Human Nature.

Whoever yields to temptation, debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of correctly, I'll well you, calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of The probation period passed, and Pattabitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with king the floor hesitatingly stated the number a thousand fold more force upon the actor of Gods at "five;" He received the than upon the sufferer. The false man is promised "welting" and a remand to his seat more false to himself than to any one else. ten minutes for consideration. He may despoil others, but he will be the principle loser. The world's scorn he might satisfied that he hadn't fixed the matter sufmas forget, but the knowledge of own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within into the house, without speaking another ery two hours; then when better, every four naments thou we arest are not thine; the blestor, and the little boy follows.

| Note that the patient gets better, two or three sings of heaven upon thee!" So thinks the hottest at the centre in the profligate's own broke like a quarter horse across the field. word, and the little boy follows. | liours; and when still better, two or three sings of heaven upon thee!" So thinks the hottest at the centre in the profligate's own broke like a quarter horse across the field. They go into the sitting room, in the centre in the profligate's own broke like a quarter horse across the field. A man may be wronged and live; Panting with exertion he met a lad with a but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do book under his arm, and with the look of wrong, is the first and second death. The part of the mouth and top of the throat; and damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, moment any one of the glorious faculties with difficulties. nished room a new brilliancy, and the childer the patient swallow a little of the dren stare around them bewildered and over- wash each time you swab. Swabbing causes key and every third penny which theu two used, that faculty loses forever, a portion of wheluted; and the little girl is evidently quite no pain, though the patient will gag, and alarmed, for she shirks up close to her broth sometimes vomit; but sweb well, and a feel which Uhland's laws provide and the holy we inflict upon our mortal nature, in this life, must dull forever, our keen capacities of enjoyment though in the midst of infinite bliss; and weaken our powers of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending. It must send I've just left there with ten, and that wasn't us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that however high | ing you ever heard of." we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been; and

forever. Tremble, then, and forbear, O, man, nature, and the immortal glories of thy des- that is, am't at?" tiny: for if thou dost cast down thy eyes to look with complacency upon the tempter, or bend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move forever through inferior stages of existence: thou doing, he said he was trying to get up to bed. dost wound and diut the very organ with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of Eternity.

A Sailor went to a watchmaker and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker after examining it said:

"It will be more expense repairing than the original cost. "I don't mind that," said the tar, "I will even give you double the original cost, for I

have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it!" said the watchmaker. "Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair

it, I will give you two."

Women may be nearer akin to angels than man is, but she got intimate with the Devil

Write your name by kindness, love and

Married the Wrong Woman.

A short time ago a candidate for matrimony arrived in town, and straightway, re-paired to the office of our obliging county clerk for the purpose of obtaining a marriage certificate. The clerk misunderstood the name of the fair one who had been making inroads on the affections of the applicant, and consequently inserted the wrong name of the female party who was to be tied by the silken cords. The intended groom was so delighted with the prospect before him that he did not stop to read the document, after it was placed in his hands, but forking over two dollars, he thrust the legal privilege in his pocket. Gaining an audiance with the object of his heart, the two repaired to the ister, appearing perfectly satisfactory, the

The next morning, upon seating-themselves at the breakfast table of one of our hotels, the groom commenced reading, the recswered; 'It's no use frotting, Jerenial -- it's

Pat's Idea of the Divinity. A friend whom we shall call Pat for short," tells us the following good story about himself:

When but an idle boy, lie was called up in a country school and the question suddenly propounded by the pedagogue.

"Patrick, how many gods are there?" Pat was not a distinguished theologian then and years have made him no better very fast" in such matters, but he prompt-"Three, sir."

"Take your seat!" thundered the master, "and if in five minutes - you don't answer

Ton minutes up, and Pat was up too, and ciently high before, he "There's ton, sir."

He saw the ferule decending, and bolting one desiring the pursuit of knowledge under

"Where are you going?" asked Pat. "To school yonder," was the reply.
"You are, are you?" said Pat quietly.— How many Gods are there?"

"One," answered the boy.
"Well, you'd botter not go down there.— You'll have a good time with your one God. enough to save me from the darndest lick-

The shakers at Labanon Springs, N. Y., ahowever exquisite our enjoyment and bliss it mong their rules relating to visitors, have the will be always less exquisitely blissfull than following: Married persons tarrying with us it was capable of being.

over night, are respectfully notified that each Every instance of violated conscience, like sex will occupy separate sleeping apartments every broken string in a harp, will limit the while they remain. This rule will not be decompass of its music, and mar its harmonics parted from under any circumstances. A friend says he was reading it to a married ady, when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy when she innocently remarked, 'How foolish'

A man in Orange county was found one night in a fulling-mill, trying to climb the overshot wheel. When asked what he was but somehow or other the stairs, wouldn't hold still. We see an announcement of a marriage of

Mr. Greenback. Now look out for an issue of legal tenders." The greatest miracle ever wrought by love

is the reformation of a coquette.

Hollow groans might issue from most pooole's chests these hard times.

He who serves God has the best master-I once had, is a poor man.

Every one hath enough to do to govern nimself well. A man is valuable as he makes himself

He that will have no trouble in this world

must not be born in it. Once in every ton years a man needs lais

Speak not of me unless you know me well.

Think of yourself ere ought of me you He who hath no children, doth not know

what love means.

Working in your calling is half praying. No ills befall us but what may be for our