

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER.

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky  
Was heavy with impending woes,  
When traitors raised the battle-cry,  
When fear met fear in every eye,  
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier!—when our light  
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,  
When freedom veiled her face from sight,  
Your valor dashed away the night,  
And morning dawn remained.

God bless you, soldier!—scurled and worn,  
Wearied with marches, watchings, pain,  
All battle-stained and battle-torn,  
Bravely, have all your tasks been borne,  
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air  
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,  
Sheltered beneath his love and care  
May victory with garlands rare  
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove  
Of peace the Eagle's nest will share  
With home and hearts made warm with love;  
With joys below—with joys above,  
God bless you here and there.

### THE LONG AGO.

On that deep retiring shore  
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
Where the passion waves of yore  
Fiercely beat and mounted high;  
Sorrow that are sorrow's still  
Lose the bitter taste of woe;  
Nothing's altogether ill  
In the griefs of long ago.

Tombs where lowly low repines,  
Ghastly tenements of tears,  
Wear the look of happy shrines  
Through the golden mist of years;  
Death, to those who trust in good,  
Vindicates his hardest blow,  
Oh, would we not, if we could,  
Wake the sleep of long ago!

Though the doom of swift decay  
Shocks the soul where life is strong,  
Though for trailer hearts the day  
Lingers sad and over-long—  
Still the weight will find a heaven,  
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
While the future has its heaven,  
And the past is long ago.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE LIGHTER BURDEN.

A pleasant family sitting-room. Time evening. From the small brouzed chandelier hangs a drop light over a centre table covered with books. The warm air comes in through an open register, giving to the apartment a genial superior temperature. The room is not large, but is the furniture costly. Everything is plain but good and comfortable. Three young children who have closed their evening game of romps, have just passed out with their mother—it is their bed-time—and the father sits alone. A few minutes ago smiles lit up his face, laughter from the children's gladness; but these smiles faded; a cloud had dropped down over his countenance; he is gloomy and troubled.

Thus sat Mr. Catherwood, when his wife returned from the chamber where she had left her children in the keeping of angels—Her heart was light; but a hand seemed laid upon her bosom the moment she came back into her husband's presence. A feeling of care and anxiety oppressed her. She looked earnestly at her husband, and saw that his brow was clouded.

"What troubles you?" she asked. "I hope nothing has gone wrong?"

"Everything is going wrong," Mr. Catherwood answered. "How we are to make both ends meet is more than I can tell. Coal has gone up to twelve dollars a ton!"

"To twelve dollars?"

"Yes; and everything else in proportion. Food, clothing, taxes, nearly all double what they were; and to-day I received notice that our rent would be raised from four to five hundred dollars!"

Mrs. Catherwood drew a quick, sighing breath.

"To five hundred dollars!" she responded, the trouble in her face growing deeper.

"Yes; but if that were all," said her husband, "we might get along easily enough."—It is the advance in every item of personal and household expenditure that is going to break us down."

"Don't say break us down, Henry," Mrs. Catherwood's voice was choked.

"I do say break us down," he replied, with a tremulous emphasis. "What is to hinder?"

"Everything breaks down when the burden goes beyond the strength."

"We must begin to limit ourselves," said Mrs. Catherwood. "We must lighten the burden by throwing over all superfluities, and even some of our comforts. Better this than to break down."

"I wish the war was over," Mr. Catherwood spoke with a gloomy impatience. "If it goes on much longer, we shall have nothing left."

"I think," answered Mrs. Catherwood, in a gentle suggestive tone, "that, compared with many others, the war, so far, has touched us very lightly. We have not suffered the abridgement of a single comfort."

"The abridgement is to come. It is even now at our door," said Mr. Catherwood.—"And, if the war continues, it will go on and on, until absolute want stares us in the face."

"If need be that we suffer for our country, let us do it patiently," who was of a more hopeful disposition than her husband—She had already risen above the depressing influence of his state. "In any event, our circumstances are such that we shall never be called to suffer even a tithe of the pain that will be laid on thousands of stricken hearts. And if our portion of the common burden be so very light in comparison with our neighbor's burden it will well for us to complain? With so much left to be thankful for, is it not a sin to murmur?—I thought of the starving Union prisoners in Richmond, as I sat at our plentiful table this evening; of the fathers there who left children at home as dearly loved as ours; of the husbands there, whose wives weep for them bitter and unrelenting tears. Oh, Henry! for us complaint is sin!"

Mr. Catherwood made no reply to this, but dropped his eyes away from his wife's face and looked down at the floor. Thought went to the starving prisoners in Richmond; to the homeless men, women and children who were suffering and in exile of country; to the thousands who had sacrificed their all; to the sick and wounded in hospitals; to the sorrowing ones scattered all over the country who mourned their loved and lost. He felt rebuked.

The door of the room was opened with a jerk, and a servant came in. Her manner was excited.

"What's wanted?" asked Mrs. Catherwood.

"They've sent for you next door," Mrs. Catherwood stated to her feet.

"Is anything wrong there?" she asked alarmed by the servant's tone and appearance.

"Yes, ma'am. They've got bad news, and Mrs. Lester has fainted dead away."

"News from Capt. Lester?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's killed, they say!"

Mrs. Catherwood struck her hands together, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain.

"When did it happen?" asked Mr. Catherwood. He spoke with forced calmness.—His face had become pale.

"They didn't tell me, sir. The girl was all in a flurry, and said, 'Please ask Mrs. Catherwood to come right in.'"

No delay occurred. Without stopping for shawl or hood, Mrs. Catherwood ran into her afflicted neighbor. Mr. Catherwood followed soon after thinking that he might be of some use. He learned that a dispatch had been received, announcing the death of Capt. Lester, in Western Virginia, and that Mrs. Lester had fainted on receiving the intelligence and was still insensible. Two children, a boy and a girl, one six and the other eight years of age, came with noiseless steps into the parlor. On seeing Mr. Catherwood they paused with a timid air. He held out his hands, and they came and sat down on the sofa, one on each side, and leaned their heads against him. There was something wrong in the house. Their mother was ill, suddenly and strangely. No tongue yet had uttered the fatal truth in their ears. They did not know that they were fatherless. But they felt the chill and shadow of impending evil. Mr. Catherwood's heart grew faint and his eyes wet. He could not trust his voice to speak to the children; but he put his arms around them.

"Mamma's sick," said the little girl, looking up at Mr. Catherwood with a sober face, as he drew her, with a tender, pitying impulse, to his side.

"I'm very sorry," he answered her, softly.

"And I'm so sorry," responded the boy. "But the doctor's coming, and he'll make her well," he added in a tone of confidence.

Alas for the unhappy mother! Her's was a sickness beyond the skill of any mortal physician. Time only, with God's mercy and loving kindness, could heal the hurt of her soul.

Mr. Catherwood did not reply, though he felt that the little troubled hearts beside him were waiting for some responsive assurance from his lips.

Vague sorrows do not rest very heavily on the hearts of young children. The unconscious orphans, up later than their usual hour, were, presently, soon asleep, leaning against Mr. Catherwood. Their nurse came in and took them away. How his heart yearned toward these children—suddenly left fatherless. He thought of his own little ones, still within the sphere of his protecting love; of his wife, still leaning against him as her stay in the world; of himself, safe from the peril of shot or sabre-stroke, and involuntarily he looked upward and said—"Thank God!"

The doctor came and stayed an hour with Mrs. Lester. Life moved again through her pulses, but unconsciousness continued.—There was nothing that Mr. Catherwood could do for the family, so he returned home.

His wife came in soon afterwards; the relatives and friends of Mrs. Lester having arrived and taken her place in the chamber of the still insensible widow. Her eyes were red with weeping for the sorrow of another—her face pale with pain for the suffering of another.

"Oh, Henry! Isn't this sad, sad?" And Mrs. Catherwood laid her face upon the shoulder of her husband and sobbed. "Poor Mrs. Lester!" she added. "It will be better for her if her eyes never open again to the light of this world. If it were not for her children, I could wish she might pass away and join her husband in the other world."

Mr. Catherwood made no response. He was thinking of the complaints he had ut-

tered a little while before; and of his impatience and weak despondency under his small share of the common burden which a great national calamity had laid on the people's shoulders.

"God has been very good to me, Henry," said his wife, breaking in upon his thoughts,—"very, very good! I have my husband. Oh, if you are spared, I will suffer whatever evil may come, and seal my lips in silence. Poor Mrs. Lester! My heart runs over with sorrow at the thought of her."

"You have not complained," Mr. Catherwood spoke, in self-humiliation. "It is I who have murmured; I who have been ungrateful. How selfishly blind I was! Looking inward upon our own little world, with eyes jealous over our own good,— fretting and anxious because the cost of living had so increased that some of our luxuries must be given up; while thousands had been called to abandon everything—homes, estates, friends, even life itself! Yesterday, I met a soldier on the street. Both arms were gone, and the empty sleeves of his coat hung loosely at his sides. I shall not soon forget the expression of his face. There was humiliation in it. The ultimate power of a man is in his hands and arms; and these were gone. If he had lost both legs, his arms remaining, the active mind would yet have the agents by which to work its will. But, the arms gone, he is helpless. He cannot put food into his mouth—he cannot dress himself. He must be almost entirely dependent upon others. I was haunted by the man's image long after I passed him in the street."

"It is by contrasting another's evil with our good that we see the greatness of our blessings," replied Mrs. Catherwood. "Oh, my husband! Let us be chary of complaint, lest, being accounted unworthy, our good be taken away. What if we find our income too small for our present way of living? Then, let us cheerfully step down a little lower and thank God for what is left. I lay awake at night, often, thinking of those who are suffering up to the very climax of human endurance for their country's sake—of poor refugees, old men, tender women and young children—driven from their homes; hunted by bloodhounds; hiding in swamps and caves; hungry, sick, dying!—Of the wounded on battle-fields, perishing alone; of the sick wasting in hospitals—of the myriad forms of anguish this war has visited upon our people. Oh, Henry! our burden is so light that it is sin to complain."

"Say no more, darling!" returned Mr. Catherwood. "I am sufficiently rebuked—Come what will, hereafter, my lips shall be sealed."

"I did not mean to rebuke you, Henry." "No matter. I am rebuked. Complaint came too quickly to my tongue; partly from habit, partly from selfishness, and partly from a disposition to look at the darker side of things. But it was all wrong, weak, ungrateful; and it shall cease. For what the good God sends I will try to bear with suitable patience. At present, my burden is light—very light."

### Shadow of Death.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following which we find in an exchange paper:

"All that live must die,  
Passing through Nature to Eternity  
Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb, is the skeleton at all our feasts. We do not want to get through the dark valley although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dawns us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest; and the fairest flower that blooms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-morrow disappear like the foot prints on the snow."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to his betrothed, Cleonthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies:

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hark walked in glory. All were dumb.—But while I gazed upon their living faces, I felt there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleonthe.

WHY THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactory of life has stopped forever; the human system has run down for ever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; and by no other organs follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead to the heart, but because there is not a tear-drop in it, any more than there is moisture in the lip.

It is better to call things by their right names, than to coin counterfeit ones that they may pass more current with the people.

## SONG.

Drenched by the wintry seas,  
Stuffed and torn,  
Drove of the distant trees,  
Where was that town?  
Who, when the autumn breeze  
Rifted thy nest,  
Drove thee with sighs like these  
Straight to my breast!

Spread not thy wings for me,  
White-plumaged dove;  
Whither should sorrow flee,  
Crallled by love?  
Wet though thy pinions be,  
Fair thine eyes shine,  
Learm if they tell on thee,  
Tremble from mine.

### Life's Illusions.

Did you ever stop short in the midst of the grind, and toil, and whirl of life, at the thought—after all, what will this never-ceasing fret of body and soul amount to? Did you ever then begin to reckon upon your future the unfulfilled promises of life within your knowledge, as if you had but just heard of them?

First, there is your acquaintance, Mr. —, who since he came to years of maturity, has had but this one object—to secure a pecuniary independence for himself and his children. At fifty he has achieved it; and now he has nothing to do but to enjoy himself.—But how? That is the question which racks his brain day and night. He has a library, to be sure; that was part of the furnishing of the house; but, alas! he has no taste for reading. He has fine pictures upon the wall, but he has no eye for their beauty. He has daughters; but they are devoted with the love of finery and fashion. He has sons; but they are emulating each other in spending money, criminally and foolishly; and now he stands aghast at the goal, to reach which he has sacrificed the better part of himself and them; his sun is setting, and he has only the ashes of the Dead Sea Apple of Victory between his fingers.

Then there is Mrs. —, who has staked all on her beautiful, young daughter.—She was educated at home for fear of the contamination of associates; she was never from under the watchful eyes of her parents, lest her manners should receive a flaw. She was drilled to speak, step, look, smile, eat and drink according to prescribed rules. She must perfect herself in music, in the languages, in drawing. Her eyes, hands, teeth, nails, must undergo a careful supervision each day lest any attraction should be prematurely shown of its glory. At last she dawns into beautiful womanhood. The evening is fixed for her triumphant entry into society. Dress-makers, hair-dressers, jewelers and florists are called into requisition. The important toilette is finished, when suddenly the house is thrown into consternation by her violent indisposition; and before morning the young girl sleeps in her shroud. The anguished woman groans out, "Ye have taken away my idol and what have I left?" and she feels that life for her has nothing left but a dreary waiting for its close.

Then there are the great army of parents, whose heart-strings are wrung with pity at the little eyes which may never see, the little ears which may never hear, the little feet which may never skip or run, and the mute tongue which may never syllable the sweet words—"Father," "Mother." Then there are sons, whose god is the wine-cup; and living daughters, whose own notions had rather look upon their dead faces.

These heart-wrenchings and disappointments are the legion I And yet, like children whose toys one after another, are broken or taken from them, we still reach out our hands for the glided bubble of hope, all the same as if it had never burst between our fingers. When our dearly-loved children are taken from us, our torn heart-strings hasten to twine about their children, forgetting the little feet that have also trod the dark valley. Surely in this love-yearning, which may never die in us, shall we find in another world than this, its uninterrupted and perfect fruition.

### A Poet Sent to Prison.

Geo. W. Cutter, author of "The Song of the Steam" and "E Pluribus Unum," has been sent to the city prison, at Cincinnati; for six months, for intemperance. The Cincinnati Gazette says:

Mr. Cutter is a lawyer by profession, and at times has enjoyed some distinction at the bar; was once a member of the Legislature of Indiana; at the breaking out of the Mexican war he raised a company of men, and distinguished himself as a soldier. He has published two volumes of poems of more than ordinary merit, but for a number of years has written nothing that has been published. Since his return from Mexico he has been addicted to intemperance, at times giving way to beastly drunkenness. Under such conduct he long ago sacrificed his legal patronage and lost his only reliable means of support. And now, and we are to say it, he is almost hopelessly a vagrant, and the other day was sentenced to six months in the city prison, as the best place for one unable to control his passion for strong drink.

Let young men be warned in time. To such a fate are many of those hastening who, in the army and out of it, also, indulge in the tempting bowl.

GOOD AGAIN.—A company of preachers recently called on President Lincoln, one of whom casually said he "trusted the Lord is on our side." The President gave him an important lesson in theology by remarking that he "hoped we were on the Lord's side." There is considerable depth of meaning in the difference between the two phrases. We are on *Old Abe's* side as to that doctrine, and "the clergy" had the good sense to acknowledge his error.

## A Wife's Cure for a bad Habit.

A newly married wife, living in New Orleans, recently discovered that her better half was disposed to come home frequently late at night, in a state of "oblivious forgetfulness." She determined to cure him of this habit. About two weeks ago he entered at midnight, and, staggering into the bedroom, tumbled into the bed, and was soon asleep. The wife said nothing, but when she thought he was sound asleep she procured a large darning needle, and threading it with a strong piece of twine, sat quietly at work sewing him up in the blanket. She sewed good and strong, till, as the grey streaks of dawn began to lighten the East, her task was done.

In this condition she left him, and repaired to the dwelling of a friendly neighbor, there to await the result. About ten o'clock persons in the neighborhood were startled by the sound of the most distressing cries issuing from the house, and rushing to the rescue, supposing that murder was being committed, they forced the door, and there found the poor man bound up as tightly as a bale of cotton, in the blanket of his own bed. He begged them to release him, as he was dying from thirst, and could not move. They thought him the victim of some terrible plot—some burglar's scheme; but, as they were in the act of extricating him, he rushed the wife, and ordered them to desist. "Cut not a thread," she cried. "I did it; and he shall lie there till he makes a solemn promise never to come home drunk again!" He declared he would in future keep better hours and drink less rum. In future, all the wife has to do when her husband is disposed to take a little too much, is to show him a darning needle, and say, "Take care, sir, or I'll sew you up."

### Capital Answer.

"A professor of universal knowledge" had a prince, who suddenly came in upon the pretender, and put his wisdom to the test. "So thou knowest all things," said the king; "then tell me to-morrow morning these three things only, or thou shalt lose thy head.

First—how many baskets of earth there are in yonder mountain? Secondly—how much is the king worth? And, thirdly, what is the king thinking of at the time.

The professor was distressed beyond measure, and in his apartment rolled upon the carpet in agony, for he knew that he must die on the morrow. His servant learned the trouble and offered to appear before the king and take his chance of answering the questions.

The next morning, the servant, clothed in his master's robes, presented himself to his majesty, who was deceived by his appearance and the king proceeded:

"Tell me, now, how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If the baskets are as large as the mountain, one will hold it; if half as large, two; if a quarter, four; and so on."

The king had to be satisfied and proceeded:

"Now tell me how much the king is worth?"

"Well your majesty, the king of Heaven and Earth was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I conclude you are worth one piece."

This was so witty an escape, that the king laughed and went on:

"Now once more, tell me what I am thinking of?"

"You are now thinking that you are talking with the professor, whereas it is only his servant."

"Well done," said the king, "you shall have your reward, and your master shall not lose his head."

THOUGHTS.—Consider whence thou comest, whether thou goest, and before whom thou art to stand. Study well; speak little; do much; receive all men with a cheerful countenance. Cast not stones into the well which has quenched your thirst. No man is so destitute as the ignorant man. Rank does not dignify the man; it is the man who dignifies rank. A man may be known by three things: by his conduct in money matters; by his behavior at table; by his demeanor when angry. Accustom thy tongue to say, I know nothing. Consider three things when tempted to sin: There is an eye that sees thee; there is an ear that hears thee; all these actions are recorded in a book. Pass not judgement on thy fellow till thou hast been in the same predicament; say not of matters that are incomprehensible, that thou canst comprehend them; neither say, when I shall have leisure I will study, lest thou may never have leisure.

NEGLECTED DUTY.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases where a man really cannot help entanglements or where, from inexperience or lack of judgement, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interest of others depend upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position. Honor and honesty demand that he should so conduct his business that his death should cause no one to be wronged.—And as to dying although all men everywhere believe that all other men will surely die, yet unite in thinking that they themselves are exceptions to this rule; or at least they act as if they thought so; this is radically wrong. It is every man's duty in every transaction in life, to be influenced by the fact that at any day, or at any hour he may die.

Good digestion is among the first requisites to a happy life.

Do not weep over that which you cannot prevent.

## HUMOROUS.

Somebody says that birds rods make the best baby-jumpers.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—new maids to old maids.

Toppers should bear in mind that what they quaff from the goblet afterwards appears in the mug.

An exchange says, "We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper:—'In the late gale birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off. We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on.'"

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to see her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A HAPPY WOMAN.—A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner she said, "I have been to see Mrs. —." "Well," replied her husband, "I suppose she is very happy."

"Happy? I should think she ought to be, she has a camel's hair shawl two thirds border."

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the natives. One of them, one drizzly day bet the other, the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first Pat they found would be top much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frize coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a pony, under shelter of a row of trees.

"Pat," said our friend.

"Yes, yer honor," he replied.

"If the devil were to come just now, which one of us three would he take?"

"Sure he'd take me, yer honor."

"But why, Pat?"

"Case he's sure of yer honors, at any time!"

PAYING FOR THE SIGHT.—They've got down in Cordland county, an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen lookout for a spot wherein to turn a penny, honest; or (he isn't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon sold abroad, and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the "monstrosity." A gentleman from our town was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the "porcine" and so much said about it, desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the "locale," started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and inquired about the "n' mile." "Well, yes," the old fellow said; "he'd got such a critter; 'mity big 'un; but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him." The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on," says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger; "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see;" and off he went.

Jeff. Davis, it is reported, has a son in the Federal service—on one of the Mississippi River gunboats. But then, his son has a black skin, and inherited his loyalty from his mother, who was the rebel President's favorite slave girl.

A MODERN WONDER.—Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, N. Y. had an idea recently that women could do more for their comrades if they did less with their tongues, and he promised \$50 to the Soldier, Aid Society of the village if twelve women could be found who would sew all day without speaking. Fifteen candidates presented themselves and *mirabile dictu* fourteen of them succeeded in keeping quiet. They were sorely tempted by various lookers on, but only one yielded. Heroic fourteen!

The person who is all the time confessing his great sins, is either a great sinner or a great hypocrite.

You can form a very correct estimate of character from the style of a fellow's hat and the way he wears it.

Every step downward, in the road of infamy renders the descent the easier.

It is easier to stop a leak in a bucket at first, than to repair it after the current of water has worn the bottom away.

The fellow who stole a pin, for the sake of stealing it, was eventually shut up in prison for robbing a bank.

Never get trusted because you think an easier time for payment will come. Pay as you go.

Many regard themselves as pateram, and are fretful that amid the world—they make so many poor "fits."

A piece of pure gold is worth just as much dug from your own door yard, as if imported from the mine of California.

A good knowledge of the laws of health, will make you better able to keep the civil law.

It is better to be proud of our pride than vain of our vanity.

A thoroughly honest man will not lie—evn to his dog or in any way betray the brute's confidence.

Tallow-candles sell for a dollar each in Dixie.