



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

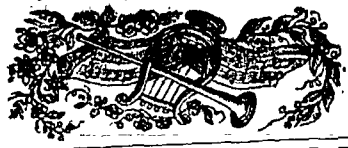
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POETICAL.



OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE

"'Tis said—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swish,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood wish
To roam like angels there!
There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.
Those bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.
Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the springtime of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every year!
Like the bright buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them.
And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast,
Like the tendrils of each clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.
And say we help but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming?
For we know that winter's coming!
With its cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is blooming but to die.

BRIEFER HOURS.

Though dark the present hour may seem,
With sorrow, care, and strife;
Though gladness may not shed her beam
Upon thy sky of life;
Yet fear not, for amidst the gloom
One hope is ever ours—
That joy may yet our lot illumine,
And bring us brighter hours!
Droop not, but nobly struggle still,
For others look to thee;
And they would cease to strive with ill,
If thou shouldst conquer here.
In darkest night some star appears,
In Winter's hand some flower:
So shines for us, in adverse years,
The hope of brighter hours!
With fearless spirit still press on—
Act thou allotted part!
Life's high rewards were never won
By faint and coward heart!
Keep on thy course and falter not,
Though the dread tempest lowers,
But still however and thy lot,
Hope on for brighter hours!
Cares may be round thee, and doubts and fears
Thy trembling soul oppress—
Mourner! look upward through thy tears,
Thy God is near to bless!
E'en if Hope's earthly ray grows dim,
A better light is ours,
Which leads us on to trust in Him
Who gives us brighter hours!

MISCELLANY.

THE BOUND BOY.

He was a sorry-looking sight, as he stood in the doorway of my grandmother's kitchen—the tears rolling one after another down his white cheeks, and the rags of his back fluttering in the same breeze which came fresh and cool from the brook that flowed at the end of the garden, laden with perfume of a thousand flowers.
I was playing with a kitten when his shadow darkened the doorway, and I looked up, and seeing the cloud which rested on his brow, I said:
"Why Harry Mulgrave, is it you? I thought you were out in the field at work by this time; what has happened? You look as solemn as a graveyard."
"You thought I was at work in the field, did you, Myra Greyson? Well, perhaps I ought to be there, but I am not, and never shall be again, unless God deserts me in my hour of need."
"Why, what do you mean, Harry? You look and talk very strangely this morning. Come in and sit down, and tell me all that has happened."
"Yes, come in," added my grandmother, looking over the top of her glasses, and suspending her work.
Harry took off the old thing which served him for a hat, entered the little kitchen,

and seating himself on one of the chairs he said:
"Well the whole amount of it is this.— Last night when Mr. Gray came home he found me reading the book you gave me, and he became very angry, and whipped me until my arms were black and blue, and my back riddled with the strokes of the horse-whip he used; he threw the book in the fire, and told me that if ever he caught me wasting my time over such nonsense as that again, he would thrash me until I could not stand. This morning he left home, and will be gone two or three days, and I am on my way to the city. I have left him and shall never return unless he finds me and compels me to do so. I cannot live another year as I have lived the last three years. I will not endure the degradation he heaps upon me. I have tried to be faithful and uncomplaining; I have prayed to Heaven for strength to bear my trials; but I tell you, Myra Greyson, it is not human nature to endure what I have, and make no effort to be free from such a master. You must not tell me that it is my duty to return and suffer on—my mind is made up, and nothing can alter my determination. I will go to the city, and somewhere in its crowded marts, find a heart willing to assist me, and I will work night and day until I reach a position for which nature has fitted me. I am young and strong, and an enchanter of overcoming any difficulties, but never will I be the slave of any man."
I felt in my heart that he was right, and I pitied him, as he sat there that bright summer morning, his pale, intellectual face flushed with wounded pride and insulted dignity, and I said:
"I will not say a word to deter you from your resolutions; go, and may Heaven bless and prosper you; if ever you need a friend, if ever you need assistance, remember that Myra Greyson is ready and willing to serve you."
"Thank you, my heart feels lighter now, your kind words have encouraged me; I can now go on my way feeling that all is well."
He arose from his seat, and started for the door.
"Stay, wait one moment," I said, as I hurried from the room and sought my own chamber; opening my trunk I took from it my pocket bible, and pinned to the fly-leaf a five dollar bill; with it in my hand I returned to the kitchen; grandmother had put in a small basket some cakes and cheese and other edibles for the wanderer to eat on his journey, and handing him my gift, I said:
"Here, Harry, is my parting gift, may it be your guide and counselor," and with tears in my eyes I watched his manly figure until it disappeared behind the curve in the road leading to the city.
Harry Mulgrave was an orphan. Mr. Gray, our next neighbor, a cold, harsh, worldly man, had taken him from the asylum when he was fourteen years old; for three years he had faithfully served his master, but during that time he had received no word of encouragement, no kindly looks, no friendly treatment; Mr. Gray had no conscience, I had almost said no humanity, and treated his bound boy as if he were his slave, denying him every enjoyment and pleasure, and compelling to do the work of an able-bodied man.
Harry was naturally of an inquiring disposition, fond of study and ambitious. After his day's work was done he would steal away for a few moments and seek my grandmother's kitchen, and to that dear-old-lady, so benevolent and kind, he would tell the story of his trials and sufferings, and he found ready sympathy and words of encouragement whenever he came.
When I first came to grandmother's, for I was only spending the summer there, Harry rather shunned me, but we soon became acquainted, and I found him intelligent and agreeable. I lent him books I had brought with me, and soon learned to like him better than any boy I had ever met. I was only sixteen then, and he was only one year older; I forgot that he was a poor bound boy, I thought only of the glorious intellect which he possessed, which only needed proper development to make him a great and gifted man.
I forgot there was a wide difference between the daughter of a wealthy merchant and a farmer's chore boy, and I loved him with all the intensity of my impulsive nature.
The Summer drew to a close, the Autumn with her trailing robes of rich and varied hues, with stately tread passed over the fields and valleys, the hills and dales, and turned the green of Summer into the brilliant rainbow colors of October. I bade adieu to my grandmother, and left for my city home where the pleasures and gayeties of society awaited me.
Five years went by, five years of gaiety and pleasure, but during those years I often thought of the bound boy and wondered why he never made himself known to me, why he kept his success, if he had succeeded, a secret from me. Could it be possible that success had so blinded and intimated him that he had forgotten the friends of his earlier years? No, no, I could not believe it, and I waited, and hoped some day to see him, see him in a position of honor and merit.
One day a friend handed me a volume of exquisite poetry from the pen of a popular contributor to the literary journals of the day. The name under which the author wrote was Harrison Gray and the friend who presented the volume said:
"I will bring the author to see you this evening, he says he is an old friend of yours."

And when the evening came, I found that Harrison Gray and Harry Mulgrave were one and the same person. Yes, the bound boy had succeeded. Step by step he had climbed the ladder, until he stood on the top-most round, successful, triumphant.

If had entered a magazine office as errand boy, and after the duties of day were fulfilled, he had applied himself closely to his studies. Every night he had spent hours in hard incessant study, and his employer soon discovered his worth, and raised him from one position to another until he occupied the editorial chair of the magazine—the office of which he had once entered as errand boy.
And while the laurels were yet bright and fresh in the wreath which crowned his brow, he came to me and laid them at my feet, and asked me to share the honor he was reaping. And, gentle readers, when Spring shall come with her flowers and mist, her smiles and tears, I shall become the bound boy's wife, the poet's bride.

A DUTCHMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I dinks much about de war und de draft, und de rebels, und all about dese dings. I dinks about 'em more as about anydings else. Somedimes I sets mit myself all day on de front stoop und schmokes, und drinks hard cider, und does noding else only drink; den my wife she gets me ter tyfel for drinkin so much, und says I vos petter-go und see-fter Jacob, our hired man, und not boder my head mit more as I can understand.— But I tells her vat soll vemens know about war? better she goes und minds her own pinness. I droubles myself more about Abraham as about Jacob.
Ven I gits tired mit drinkin on my own stoop, I goes down to Hans Butterfous' tavern; und I drinks dare, und I tells my obinion, und some oder von tells his obinion, und we makes him out togedder. De oder day begins de draft. Dat boddens me again.— Some goes in for de draft, mostly dem as is too oit, und von't be took demself; some goes agin de draft, mostly dem as don't von't to lick de rebels, und some don't know-which vey to goes, but ones roundt und roundt, und gits boddere like dem so as I do.
But, befer mind, I dinks I must find d'ing out, und down I goes to Hans Butterfous und hears de fellers blo. I don't make nuttin mit dat; dey all bles some oder vay, und I don't dink day haf him rite in dere own minots. So I begins und asks a questchun; und I sees to Bill Puffenstock:
"Vat you dinks von de draft, dat it is rite?"
Und sez Bill: "No, I dinks it ish not rite."
"Vell, I don't believes him, cause he sheated me once mit a blind mare he sells on me. So I dries again und speaks mit Fritz Hookenspieler."
"Fritz," I sees, "vat do you dinks von de draft, if it's rite or not?"
Und Fritz he sez dat he "Dinks it is shust so as it ought to be."
But I don't believes him noder, cause he nud against me for de peace of shustice, und dey make him de peace—dat is de shustice. Und he ish no more got for shquir as my old cat. So I gits up askin somebody und makes him out myself. I dinks in disthyle, de reason dey got mit de draft, is becos dey want sojers. Ef dey don't get no sojers, den dey can't bring on de war. Ef dey don't bring on de war, den dey don't lick de rebels. Ef dey don't lick de rebels, den de rebels licks dem. Ef de rebels licks dem, den we all goes to ter tyfel. Dat's poety straight. So much.
Now I must dink of some more; vot is de next d'ing? I dink dat's all rite; but now I shlops, somed'ing else comes dese. Let me sees.— Oh, yes; dry hundred dollars,—dat's de d'ing—dey all blos about dry hundred dollars. I dinks so myself. Dry hundred dollars don't lick de rebels no more as dry hundred cents.— Vot's de goot nit dollars? Potta a goot, smart sojer, like my Shorge, he licks de rebels more as six hundred dollars, yes. Now I knows more as Bill Puffenstock und Fritz Hookenspieler, both togedder. We want de sojers, not de money. Dat's where de boddler is. We putty soon makes money enuff; but paper sojers is ony goot mit wooden guns, when de draft comes, und ven men sees here is dry hundred dollars, I sthays behind und don't fight de rebels, den if I vas do draft I would takes dat man by his preches und I ses, go to der tyfel mit your dollars, und come along mit me like some oder man as has got no dollars und don't lick sojerin so bad as not you do, den putty soon I gits so much sojers as I vants, dat's my idears. I tells my oit woman of dey drafts me I goes myself. To be sure, I don't dink dey vil' call I am more as fifty years; but befer mind, I should go a long while like my Shorge, ony dere's two dings I don't like, und de one is de march und de oder is to be doin. I sooner marches down to Hans Butterfous und lights dere ef Shuff Davis comes dese on me I giffs him dam, you potta had believe; but if I goes to Richmond, may be Shuff Davis he giffs me dam. So anyhow, I sthays home. De oder day, my Shorge he comes back mit a fur low. He is so much a corporal as ever he vas, und I speaks mit him about dese dings, und I giffs you now what he sees:
"Shorge," I ask him, "you've bin mit de rebels und mit Old Abe, und dese fellers, vot you dinks about de becples blos about?"
Und he sees to me: "O, tunder!"
Vell, dat's his opinions. Maybe he shall know somedings to. He's putty smart since he goes for a sojer.— He shwaters like a man six foot high, und calls nutter "olt woman," he calls me "cap," und he kisses de gals, und he calls Jacob "dam fool." I dinks he gets some high ofis befer de war is gone.
GOTTLER KLOBBERVOSS.

Love, in the heart of woman, should partake largely of the nature of gratitude, she should love because she is already loved by one deserving her regard; and if you never allow yourself to think of gentlemen in the light of lovers or husbands until you are asked to do so, you would escape much suffering.

WHAT TO HAVE.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those—
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.
Have a laugh for the child in his play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare, if naked he should be.
Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side of the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.
[For the Record.]

A Copperhead's Epitaph

Here lies a defunct Copperhead,
Who always lied and lies again,
The devil mourns that he is dead,
As this demon disturbs his reign.
He liv'd a hero in his way,
A Falstaff truly, yet how brave!
Posterity will curse the clay,
That made its soul Rebellion's slave!

A Singular Prophecy.

We find the following account of a most singular prophecy in a late issue of the Mobile Tribune:
"Michael Nostradamus was a physician of Provence, France, known as an astrologer, in the time of Catharine de Medicis. He composed 'Seven Centuries of Prophecies' in enigmatical rhymes, some of which are admitted to have been most exactly fulfilled.— Among others, his prophecy (one hundred years before its occurrence) of the execution of Charles I, of England; and still more surprising, of the exact date of the French Republic in 1792. He died A. D. 1566. (Cycloped. of Biography.)
The following is a translation from the *Courrier des Etats Unis* of the 29th ult.:
"Although many of the predictions made by Nostradamus (especially those concerning the deaths of Henry IV and Louis XVI. of France) have been completely verified, they are generally discredited in our times. But in the *Prophetic et Vaticinations* of that great man, vol 2 (edition of 1699), we find the following, which would seem to deserve attention:
"About that time (1861) a great quarrel and contest will arise in a country beyond the seas (America). Many poor devils will be hung, and many poor wretches killed by a punishment other than a cord. The war will not cease for forty years, at which none should be astonished or surprised, for there will be no want of hatred and obstinacy in it. At the end of that time, prostrate and almost ruined, the people will embrace each other in joy and love."
Hard on Copperheads.

Grace Greenwood in her late lecture in Chicago, drew the following picture in the future:
"Back on these troublous times will our children look in reverence and awe. The sons of our brave soldiers will date their patents of nobility on grander battle-fields than Agincourt or Banockburn. Such patents of nobility as no royal herald's office has symbols sufficiently glorious for. Many a coat of arms in those days will have one sleeve hanging empty.
We may picture to ourselves a group of noble young ladies, some ten years hence, thus proudly accounting for their orphanage—an orphanage which the country should see to it, shall not be desolate.
Says one—"My father fell in beating back the invader at Gettysburg." Says another—"My father fell on Lookout Mountain, fighting above the clouds." Says a third—"My father suffered martyrdom in Libby Prison." Says another—"My father went down in the Cumberland."—yet another—"My father was rocked into the long sleep below the wave, in the iron cradle of the Monitor." And there will be hapless lads who will listen in mournful envy—saying in their secret hearts, "Alas, we have no part nor lot in such glorying!—Our fathers were rebels!"—and here and there a youth, yet more unfortunate, who will steal away from his comrades and murmur in bitterness of soul—"Ah, God help me!—My father was a copperhead!"

Apocryphal Daniel Webster.
The Boston (Mass) Courier relates the following:
Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books.— Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting into a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unravelling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. Webster. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found, after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.
A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion, a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed:—"Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose.— Why, he hasn't got any."
A thunder storm is God's broom to sweep the numbers of the air.

A Good One.

Eyes Sargent, of the Boston Transcript, tells a good story under the head of "Dealings with death." One of these numbers he devotes to fortune hunting, and amongst other illustrations, gives the case of Mr. Mewins. He was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins having taken a fancy to a little brown ware, demanded that it should be thrown into the bargain; and, upon a positive refusal, the match was broken off.— After a couple of years, the parties accidentally met at a country ball.— Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement—the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him.
"Surely you have not forgotten me," said he.
"What name, sir?" she inquired.
"Mewins," he replied "I had the honor of paying my addresses to you, about two years ago."
"I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his addresses to my father's brown mare."
TEN FRIENDS.—"I wish I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn.
"Good friends! why, you've ten!" replied his masters.
"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."
"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.
Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.
"Count thumbs and all," added the master.
"I have—there are ten," said the lad.
"Then, never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life.— Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting, because you do not get help from others."
OUR BEST PARLOR.—Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson, special guests or sewing society. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he elugs to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungoon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.
How prone are we to judge from partial knowledge, and to be deceived by appearances. In this world things are oft-times very different from what they seem to be. Men frequently wear the mask of cheerfulness when a worn of care or grief is gnawing at the heart. Evil assumes the garb of angles and saints. Wasting disease often dooks herself in the roscate hues of health. Sin allures with the promise of life and pleasures and profit, concealing the sting with which it infuses the death-bearing poison into the soul.

In a speech the other day, Fernando Wood had the assurance to say, "We of New York sent fourteen regiments into Pennsylvania when she was invaded!" To which a Pennsylvania member rejoined, sotto voce,—"Yes, you did, Fernando—the muskets that you sent to Georgia when the war broke out came back to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg. Fourteen regiments of your friends, and more brought them!"
James Buchanan will never appreciate the merits of "Ayer's Pills." In Dr. Ayer's Almanac for the present year, in the column of "miscellaneous events" the following "scrap of history" is found: "Traitor Buchanan was born April 23d, 1791."
Some one, the other day, asked Gen. Butler why he employed a certain person, said to be disloyal and of general bad character, to penetrate the rebel lines. "If you wanted information from hell," replied General Butler, "would you send a saint or sister of charity to fetch it?"
I see, when I have but a short journey to travel, I am quickly at home. If my life be but my walk, and Heaven my home, why should I desire a long journey? I would not be weary with a long walk; but yet the shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.—Watwick.

A school boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down ones light!"
A sensible woman has been found at Chicago in a street car. Handling four fares to the conductor, she answered his puzzled look by quietly remarking, with a glance at her voluminous ermine, "I occupy four seats, sir."
The greatest wonder to a good man is, how a bad man can be so wicked; while, perhaps, the greatest wonder to a wicked man is, how a pious man can be so good.
A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone.
A wise man doth at first what a fool must do at last.
A sluggard takes an hundred steps, because he would not take one in due time.
A void-carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more.
A wise man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have.

HUMOROUS.

An old bachelor says:
A man that is married hat feet every foot,
He's just like a pig with his leg in a rope.
The entire despot of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and left him keep them.
We don't like to see a lady with very minute feet. Ladies should not stand upon trifles.
A Printer's God.—Which is the most difficult punctuation? Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.
The bellman of Watertown, attending a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women, who had never spoken before.
"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat."
"Cabbage," says the Edinburgh Review, "contains more muscle sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of their being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.
When may a man be said to have put his foot in it?—When he has drawn his stocking on.
Punch thinks women took to lazing to show the other sex how well they could bear squeezing.
Some one remarked of a very mean man, that his soul was capable of such infinitesimal meanness that it would have as much "play in a soap-bubble as an oyster in the Bay of Bunday."
An ill-bred fellow, who had suddenly risen to wealth, by some profitable government contracts went to the opera, and stood up with his hat on.
"We must forgive the man," whispered a wag; he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat, that he doesn't know when to take it off.
An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the archer's person with a rebentance, when the young one dug into the paternal leg with his venomous little teeth.
"Blazes! What are you biting me for?" "Well, who begins this ere war?"
"Call that a fine man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Yes," replied Jerrold, "unremittent kindness."

On a very rainy day, a man entering the house was accosted by his wife in the following manner:
"Now my dear, while you are wet, go and fetch me a bucket of water."
He obeyed, brought the water, and threw it all over her, saying at the same time:
"Now my dear, while you are wet, go and fetch another!"
A pretty Irish girl went to the post office, a few evenings since, with a letter that had no direction on it, requesting the clerk to send it to her sweetheart. "What is his name?" inquired the clerk. "Ah!" replied Bridget, "that's just what I don't want any one to know."
A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed— "Who's there?" and was answered—"The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such fuss about it—put it through the key-hole!"

An old physician was declaiming in our hearing, the other day, upon the propriety which a majority of people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he:
"There is not a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe."
"I know one thing that ain't so good when it's ripe as 'tis green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential, but modest manner.
"What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy.
"A cucumber," replied the lad.
The doctor winked at us with both eyes, but said nothing.
How SAM WAS CAUGHT.—An old lady who was making some jam was called upon by a neighbor. "Sam you rascal," she said, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm away." Sam protested he'd die first, but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily around towards the bubbling crimson. "See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of alkali, "I'll chalk your lips, and then on my return I'll know if you've eaten any." So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lip of her darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him.— When she came back, Sam did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.
Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is furnished over a ham.
"Mind got? set flourish do?" "Franchman make text?" as the Dutchman, said the first time he saw a monkey.