## VJLLACE <br> (2) RECORD

A. Family Notanapore Noutral in Politics and Felision.

WAINESBRO', 'FRANHLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1865.
NUMBER 33.

|  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  | The Tate Dr. Miller, of Privecton, as all <br>  from sare to year, to ithastrite the points fone in his lecturs. One of of them oceurs <br>  to the new con rerts that liave recently come | contain muen good acvice, which it <br> concain much grood An incalculable amount otsickness, su |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| rning with star-fires, but never consumin | made it on-my way to be present.. The gaic- ty of the party was at the height. The cer- |  |  |
| prophets of Baal would ren |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| Emblem of justice and merey to all. |  |  |  |
| Etice then red |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| thing the sabre and breaking |  |  |  |
| Borne on the deluge of old usurpations, Dritted our Ark o'er the desolate seas; |  |  |  |
| This was the rainb | ha |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| Till the |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| THISCEILIANY |  |  |  |
| G |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| are many tales that I hare listened to of the |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| $\mathrm{m}^{\text {bi }}$ |  |  |  |
| in |  |  |  |
|  | eest Mhore, in their thoo, ,ay every oue |  |  |
| story of the Tracic Weidin |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| possiole, the dogmas of the "tlearned com- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | 5. If a child |
|  |  |  | heartioess for supper, for several nights in |
| Sust flity yeirs |  |  |  |
| spot where Squire $P$-'s house now |  | whil | week, unless controlled. 6 . If therc is an instantaneous sensution |
| e |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | it 5 |
| did |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| the whole region around with consteration, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| hoart | ¢/When I think-oftthat-awful night-of. |  |  |
| ${ }^{\text {tan }}$ |  |  |  |
| the enrly getters of M disatistied with their situation, there, and |  | Matrimony in Olden Times. |  |
| renureed into this then wild and unosplored |  |  |  |
|  | tribe |  | meal-ot tho. |
|  | On my return home that night, 1 thought |  | 8. Tf jou a |
| made clearings. Thiugs went on pros- |  |  |  |
| Pittle fear of the Iodians, as none buta stray- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| vicinits since a |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | 9. If there is a most |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| amony the number. Amons |  |  |  |
| and lassies, ot whom Mary S --, of | "No" for an answer. It is quitco clever in |  |  |
|  |  |  | 10. If, without any known cause, or, spe. |
| mas, m |  |  |  |
| iste | la |  |  |
| waisted, dainty M.issss of the prosent | ${ }_{\text {dre }}^{\text {ed }}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| her dress was made. Oh, the was a |  |  |  |
| ening girl. nod whe | by lie girls |  |  |
| irt sied itits kindy | ried mun's grave? |  | breaty e |
| mpa |  |  | What |
| ck |  |  | stole |
| are, generons, intellipent and eater- | Who goos to bed |  |  |
|  |  |  | It weat to the housio of mournig, and |
| mass a rivaly mong the young beaux of | of the bed, and for waking up the baby when |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | ft |
| d |  |  |  |
| regarding the wishes of others, had taken | h2 | that paradise of onions |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| e ploting of the old lidies they had to. porlect understanding, and furmed |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| "At the time of which I speak this mat- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| 'the likeieset couple in the settement,' as the |  |  |  |
|  |  | Stion. Her fellow pas |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| parations for the feast. Bright-cyed dameds |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |


NIen are asking one another, is thers no
remeds? 18 it a fatal necassity that we















 "Then eeuts a broath," was his reply.


 alone can distinguish it.
 The passion of acyuring yiches, in order
to supputi a vaiu expense, coirupts
the purest hearr.

 Why it ita serious thing to produco in-

[^0]
[^0]:    Why is a broken chair lize ono who do-
    spiste you? Beceuso it oan't bear you.
    

