

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



A DIRGE.

Lower the stary flag
Amid a sorrowing people's lamentation
For him the honored ruler of the nation;
Lower the stary flag.

Let the great bells be toll'd
Slowly and mournfully in every steeple,
Let them make known the sorrow of the people;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the stary flag,
And let the solemn, sorrowing anthem, pealing,
Sound from the carven choir to fretted ceiling;
Lower the stary flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd.
And let the mournful organ music, rolling,
Tune with the bells in every steeple tolling;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the stary flag;
The nation's honored chief in death is sleeping,
And for our loss our eyes are wet with weeping;
Lower the stary flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd!
His honest, manly heart has ceased its beating,
His lips no more shall speak the kindly greeting;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the stary flag;
No more shall sound his voice in scorn of error,
Filling the traitors' heart with fear and terror;
Lower the stary flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
He revered the gift which God has given,
Freedom to all, the priceless boon of Heaven;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the stary flag;
His dearest hopes were wedded with the nation,
He valued more than all the land's salvation;
Lower the stary flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
His name shall live on History's brightest pages,
His voice shall sound through Time's remotest ages;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

MISCELLANY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of "The Singing of the Emancipation Proclamation," contributes to this week's *Independent*, his "Personal Impressions of Mr. Lincoln," embodying some interesting reminiscences, which we copy below:

MR. LINCOLN'S SADNESS.

It has been the business of my life, as you know, to study the human face, and I say now as I have repeatedly said to friends, Mr. Lincoln had the saddest face I ever painted! During some of the dark days of last Spring and Summer, I saw him at times when his careworn, troubled appearance was enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most violent enemies. I recall particularly one day, when, having occasion to pass through the main hall of the domestic apartments, I found him all alone, pacing up and down a narrow passage, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, heavy black rings under his eyes showing sleepless nights—altogether such a picture of the effects of weighty cares and responsibilities as I never had seen.

And yet he always had a kind word, and almost always a genial smile, and it was his way frequently to relieve himself at such times by some harmless pleasantry. I recollect an incident told me by one of the most radical members of the last Congress. It was during the darkest days of 1862. He called upon the President early one morning, just after news of a disaster. It was a time of great anxiety, if not despondency. Mr. Lincoln commenced telling some trifling incident which the Congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet and said: "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face, who exclaimed, "A—sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You can not be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die!"

HIS SYMPATHY.

A large number of those whom he saw every day came with appeals to his feelings in reference to relatives and friends in confinement and under sentence of death. It was a constant marvel to me that, with all his other cares and duties, he could give so much time and be so patient with this multitude. I have known him to sit for hours patiently listening to details of domestic troubles from poor people, much of it, of course, irrelevant, carefully sifting the facts and manifesting as much anxiety to do exactly right as in matters of the gravest interest. Poorly clad people were more likely to get a good hearing than those who came in silks and velvets. No one was ever turned away from his door because of poverty. If he erred, it was sure to be on the side of mercy. It was one of his most painful tasks to confirm a sentence of death. I recollect the case of a somewhat noted Rebel prisoner, who had been condemned to death. While this was pending, he attempted to escape from confinement, and was shot by the sentinel on guard. Although he richly deserved death, Mr. Lincoln told Judge Holt in my presence that "it was a great relief to him that the

man took his fate in his own hands."

If the slightest occasion existed for showing clemency, he was sure to improve it.—Judge Bates, in the same conversation referred to above, said that he had often told the President that "he was hardly fit to be entrusted with the pardoning power." "Why," said the Judge, "he can scarcely turn away from the application (if it touches his feelings) of a man, and the tears of a woman are sure to overcome him."

A PARDON.

A touching instance of his kindness of heart occurred quite recently, and was told me incidentally by one of the servants. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterwards was one day made intoxicated by some companions, and in this state induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he had provided a substitute, the Government was not entitled to his services. Returning home he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday.

On Monday his wife left her home with her baby, to endeavor to see the President, said old Daniel: "She had been waiting here three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the President was going through the back passage to his private rooms to get a cup of tea or take some rest." (This passage-way has lately been constructed, and shuts the person passing entirely out of view of the occupants of the ante-room.) On his way through he heard a little baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. "Daniel," said he, "is there a woman with a baby in the ante-room?" I said there was, and if he would allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, "send her to me at once." She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks. Said Daniel: "I went up to her and pulling her shawl, said, 'Madame, it was the baby that did it!'"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Another touching incident occurred, I believe, the same week. A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted in her turn, to the President. Her husband and three sons, all she had in the world, had enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release her oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys. He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man.—The poor woman thanked him very gratefully and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, and was wounded and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence.

He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking. I shall release to you your second son." Upon this he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper. "Now," said he, "you have one, and I one, of the other two left. That is no more than right."—She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be at the head of this great Nation!"

Recollections of President Lincoln

A correspondent of the Boston Journal gives an account of a conversation with the late President, from which it appears that he had a presentiment that he would not survive the close of the war. The writer says:

He may not have looked for it from the hand of an assassin, but he felt sure that his life would end with the war long ago. He told me "that he was certain he should not outlast the rebellion." It was in last July. As you will remember, there was discussion then among the Republican leaders. Many of his best friends had deserted him, and were talking of an opposition convention to nominate another candidate; and universal gloom was among the people. The North was tired of the war, and supposed an honorable peace attainable. Mr. Lincoln knew it was not—that any peace at that time would be only disunion. Speaking of it, he said: "I have faith in the people; they will not consent to disunion. The danger is, they are misled. Let them know the truth, and the country is safe." He looked haggard and careworn, and father on in the interview I remarked on his appearance, saying: "You are wearing yourself out with hard work."—"I can't work less," he answered; "but it isn't that—work never troubles me. Things look badly, and I can't avoid anxiety. Personally, I care nothing about a re-election; but if our divisions defeat us, I fear for the country." When I suggested that right must eventually triumph—that I had never despaired of the result; he said:—"Neither have I, but I may not live to see it. I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over my work will be done."

An Appeal for Justice.

At a meeting held in Philadelphia on last Friday night, Mr. Albert N. Gilbert delivered the following pertinent address:—

"We owe a debt to the leaders of the rebellion. What? Thoroughly read in history, understanding the principles of political economy, familiarly with the springs of national action, they inaugurated this rebellion. They were not misled. They knew all the consequences of the venture they made. They knew that if the North were loyal and brave, they must wade through seas of blood, yet they cast the die and assumed the risk."

They had no great moral end in view, no lofty political principle to vindicate, no worthy object to achieve. But two things were to be accomplished, personal aggrandizement, and, as they hoped, the perpetuity of slavery. Yet they sounded the tocsin whose first peal made the whole world tremble. By fraud and force combined, by falsehood most foul, and intimidation of every degree, they misled the masses, and organized their forces.—They towered in the very sublimity of all conceivable crimes, falsehoods, robbery, assassination, starvation, savage cruelty to prisoners, sacrifice of honor and pledged word, all these were but departments of the one great crime that comprehended all, the most stupendous treason the world has ever before seen.

A million of our men lie cold in death, the result of their experiment. Thousands of our homesteads have been destroyed, the air is black with the sombre drapery of those who mourn, the glare of burning cities has lit the heavens, and the earth has become crimson with blood, that these leaders might try their experiment. The world has stood appalled at their fiendish cruelty. The men, the object, the means were all unholy; yes, satanic; and we are asked to take these men to our hearts; not only to forgive, but to conciliate, to love, to honor.

It is shameful! It is atrocious. I care not though a thousand Ward Beechers had said it, it is atrocious. It insults the memory of our dead heroes, and the faces of our living ones. It defies God and ridicules our national existence. It proclaims the satanic principle, the more heinous the crime the less the guilt. If a man in your midst commits a murder you hang him. Those who have committed a burglary you imprison, if they commit tens of thousands of both, are we to forgive and embrace them. A while ago you hung Captain Gordon for engaging in the slave trade, and the men whose legitimate ultimate would have been its re-establishment, we are to embrace.

You hung Captain Beall a few weeks since, and after him again Kennedy, and the devils in human form who employed them you ask the nation to forgive and love. With the sunken cheeks and lackluster eyes of our poor starved soldiers now in our midst, with the sight of the skin of living men dried over the extremities of bones like dried meat, to blister our eyes, with funeral-columns teeming with deaths from starvations, we are asked to clasp the hand of their savage destroyers in a fraternal pressure.

Never! Never! Never! I call not for vengeance, but for justice; stern inexorable justice. No more severe than that which you administer in your courts every day, justice which proportions punishment to crime. I demand that the majesty of the Government shall be vindicated; that the sneer of the Europeans at our rope of sand shall not be justified; that these men, oblivious of every moral restraint, shall not be turned loose in the South to poison its springs of life; to be returned again to our National councils to pollute the air of our capital. I demand that a premium shall not be put upon treason for all time to come. I demand that the excitable people of the South shall not be continually tempted by the fatal facility of crime and improbability of punishment, to renewed attempts upon the National existence. We send to the leaders of the rebellion inflexible justice.

THE HEAVENLY CONCERT.—There is preparation a grand concert of music, which will indefinitely surpass those of earth.—None but performers will be admitted there and none shall unite in that concert who have not learned the song of Moses and the Lamb. Instead of an orchestra of sixty performers unnumbered millions with golden harps will join the grand chorus and the thundering notes of the cherubim and seraphim will break forth in a strain that shall awaken the universe.—Miriam the sweet songstress of Israel will rise to sweeter higher notes than when she sang that song of deliverance on the banks of the Red Sea. David will sweep his golden lyre in the straits to mortal ears unknown. Harriet Newell will there sing the song so suddenly broken off on that lone Isle of the ocean; and thousands of redeemed sinners will there sing loudly and joyously. Thou art invited to this concert.

A REMARKABLE OBSERVATION.—About four years ago Abraham Lincoln raised with his own hand the national flag over Independence Hall, Philadelphia. On that occasion he said:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that held this Confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence, giving liberty not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. * * * Now, my friends can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle—I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this spot than surrender it."

Poor conclusions for us survivors—"that the good die first."

DIRGE.

BY M. S. N.

Thy work is done,
Rest from thy labors now—
Angels shall wreath thy brow;
Deep in thy grave of honor sleep;
A startled world has deigned to weep,
For Freedom's son.

The martyr dies,
Oh God! 'tis hard to say
'Thy will be done,' this awful day,
Yet we will praise the Name that gave
The clay that moulders in the grave,
With tears and sighs.

In silent awe,
We stand beside the laurel'd bier—
The nation's heart seem breaking here,
Yet through this woeful one single ray
Breaks forth the harbinger of day,
'Tis Heaven's law.

In thee we trust,
Oh Father! wilt thou still be near,
To light our path though dark and drear!
Look down in pity from Thy throne,
And claim this people as thine own,
Since man is dust.

Oh, hear our cry,
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall
Oh, wilt thou hear a nation call!
Let these dark clouds be swept away,
And fitting Seraphs chant the lay,
'Tis sweet to die."

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my father died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy night,
Great God our King.

DRIFTING.

It was only the other day that a man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara river. During his slumber the boat broke loose from her moorings, and he awoke to find himself shooting down the rapids directly toward the cataract. In vain he shrieked for help, in vain he tried to row against the current, he drifted on and on, till his craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the abyss, and leaping up with a wild cry, went over and disappeared.

In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage, and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men who formed the crew of the unwieldy mass, vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red shot, every minute scores of hapless defenders were swept like chaff from its decks. The most super-human efforts failed to prevent its drifting with its human freight to inevitable death.

A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on a raft; the boats having been stove in the attempt to launch them. For days and weeks those unfortunates drifted, without oar or sail, on the hot, brazen tropical ocean. At last their provisions failed, and their water; still they drifted about vainly looking for sight of land.—The time had now come when that fearful alternative became inevitable—death from starvation, or feeding on human flesh and they were just beginning to cast lots for a victim when a vessel was seen far away on the horizon. They abandoned their terrible design; the stranger would approach. The ship came toward them; she drew nearer; they tried to attract her attention by shouts and by raising their clothing, but the indolent look-out saw them not. They shouted louder; still they were not seen. At last the vessel tacked. With frantic terror they arose in one body, shouting, waving their garments. It was vain—the unconscious ship stood steadily away. Night drew on, and as the darkness fell the raft drifted in the other direction, till the last trace of the vessel was lost forever.

So it is with life. The temperate man, who thinks he at least will never die a drunkard, what ever his neighbor may do, only wakes to find himself drifting down the cataract, and all hope gone. The sensualist who lives merely for his own gratification, drifts into an emaciated old age; to be tortured with passion he cannot gratify, and perish by merciless agonizing diseases. The undisciplined; who never learn to control themselves,

who are spendthrifts, or passionate; or indolent or visionary, soon make shipwreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life, the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death.

Take care that you are not drifting. See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life forever soar under ice, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore: Are you watching how she heads? Do you keep a firm grip on the wheel? If you give way but for a moment, you may drift helplessly into the boiling vortex. Young man, take care! It rests with yourself alone, under God, whether you reach port triumphantly or drift to ruin.

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "sleazy" one arose first, and holding a pistol to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me 500 francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other longer found himself the hero of an unpleasant dominion, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloon, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awaking, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation!

"What the duce are you standing there for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollars or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well then, blow and be darn'd!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murder!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his right robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one attitude will not answer for another.

Too Much Land.

The American farmer works too much land, and the result is, paid labor and very limited profits, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. There was once an old Roman who had a certain quantity of land under cultivation, and three sons. When one of his sons became of age, he gave him one-fourth of his farm, and still made as much from what remained as before. When his second and third sons arrived at the same period, he gave each a fourth, retaining a fourth himself, and yet he obtained as much from the part retained as when he cultivated the whole. Phocion, when found in a deep study, was asked what he was thinking about. "I am thinking," said he, "how I shall shorten what I have to say to the Athenians."—As there is generally more substance in a short than in a long oration, so a little land, well tended and well managed, will produce much more, and with less labor, than a large tract indifferently tended and partially manured.

One of the many successful small farmers, within a few hours' railway ride of N. York city, is a German, who arrived in this country eight years ago, with a wife, one child, and five dollars. He settled in New Jersey on eight acres, which he hired, and it was soon discovered that "he had manure on the brain." Not a drop of liquid, nor a particle of solid, which could by any process be made to feed land, was overlooked by him.

He secured the highway and secured the droppings from cattle and horses, and converted everything within his reach into a fertilizer. He seemed to consider the earth as a substance merely to hold up the tree or plant that grew therein, which was his favorite application. This man astonished every one. His asparagus, celery, and all other products of that character, together with his enormous crops of strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, &c., were the wonder of the Philadelphia markets and visitors, the aggregate yearly receipts of his eight acres occasioned his neighbors general astonishment; he works it yet, but in the busy season, he keeps six men. It is hardly necessary to say he is to-day rich, out of eight years' labor upon eight acres, his profits having, some years, reached five thousand dollars. This is a mystery to the ordinary farmers, but when it is known that the London market gardeners often pay one thousand dollars per year rent for land, our improvident cultivators will begin to believe that they do not quite understand their business.

As much nitrate of silver as can be held between the thumb and finger, if thrown into a vase of water, will, it is said, preserve flowers for a fortnight. This may be an interesting fact for the lady readers of THE RECORD.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

How to Prevent a Divorce.

When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house requesting to see His Excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum, and the Governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying "Good-morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, "I have called on a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am now thinking of getting a divorce.—What do you advise, sir?"

The Governor sat a few minutes in deep thought; then turning to Squire W. said, "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of her marriage?" Squire W. replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the Governor, "go you home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and tell me the result." The Governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the Governor, and grasping his hand, said: "I called, sir, to thank you for the advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and I hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of their married life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days go and do likewise.

Asking Father.

A gentleman of fine social qualities, always ready to make liberal provision for the gratification of his children, a man of science and a moralist of the strictest school, was skeptical in regard to prayer, thinking it superfluous to ask God for what nature had already furnished ready at hand. His oldest son became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the spirit and deportment of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

"I remember," said the son, "that I once made free use of your pictures, specimens and instruments, for the entertainment of my friends. When you came home you said to me, 'All that I have belongs to my children, and I have provided it on purpose for them; still, I think it would be respectful always to ask your father before taking anything.'—And so," added the son, "although God has provided everything for me, I think it is respectful to ask Him and to thank Him for what I use."

The skeptic was silent; but he has since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, personal, sensible argument for prayer.—*Congregationalist.*

A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine, large, colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as jackass. Not long since, a friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazing intently upon it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly, and as he imagined, very wittily:—"Hallo, doctor, is that your portrait?" "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "that's simply a looking-glass." The "anxious inquirer" suddenly discovered that he had some business down street and departed.

"Go to grass!" said a mother to her daughter. "Well, then, I suppose I'll have to marry," ejaculated the fair damsel. "Why so?" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Because all men are grass." The old lady survived.

Since Secretary Seward's accident disabled him, Senator Sumner has been assisting in conducting the Department of State, and has prepared much of the important diplomatic correspondence.

A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Macduff." He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

A miserable old bachelor, who forgets that the present is not leap year, says, "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

Advice to Captains in the army.—In forming your companies on the banks of a deep and rapid river, be careful how you order men to "fall in."

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

Flunkey says the ladies are most pleased with the infantry of the army, especially those that man the breast-works.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of in relation to his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Because it makes the corn grow.

With this year, the British Parliament has been in existence six hundred years.

What is the best tar for making the wheels of life run smoothly? The al-kar.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure? Because he lives on the fat of the land.

A purse without money is like the comb without the honey.

The New York ladies are dying at a fearful rate. Red hair is the object.