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POETICAL.



MARION MOORE.

BY JAMES G. CLARE.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that singeth;
Gone, like the flower by the way-side that springeth.

Gone, like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory-sobbing;
Sorrow my life of its roses are robbing
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore!
I shall remember, alas! to regret thee!
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, as the day from the grey mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore!
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow;
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow.

O! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore.

From the Middletown (Md.) Register.

THE LAND OF MY DREAMS.

BY C. CARLOS CARLETON.

In the land of my dreams lo lo enchanting to stray,
To be born for an hour from this dull world away;
To be wafted to scenes where no sorrow can rise,
Nor a cloud steal the light from the mid-summer skies.

O! the land of my dreams is a region divine,
Where the day cannot die, nor the Sun cease to shine,
And the voices of air, and the songs of the streams,
Ever welcome my soul to the land of my dreams.

In the land of my dreams no contention can be,
Peace waves her white pinions o'er mountain and sea;

No mother weeps there for the children, who far
From her arms have been hurled by the demon of war.

There no maiden kneels down by a desolate grave,
Mid her anguish, to murmur a prayer for the brave;
For the eye cannot dwell, nor the sun cast his beams,
On a picture of pain in the land of my dreams.

In the land of my dreams I have fashioned a form
Of a beauty divine, a heart faithful and warm;
And enraptured we wander, where joyfully sweet—
Sing the birds overhead, and the waves at our feet
And I long for the time when my soul shall be free.

O'er the bonds of this tenement, mortal and frail;
When we shall glitter about the radiance that gleams
Round the form of my love, in the land of my dreams.

MISCELLANY.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

BY PAUL IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

Fly these soft scenes. Even now with playful art,
Love wreathes the flowery ways with fatal snare.

Rochester Hall was the residence of Sir Robert Belmont, it was situated five miles north of London in a pleasant part of the country. Its possessor and occupier was a stately Baronet of illustrious lineage, who was very proud of the popularity that his predecessors had obtained, which he supposed he had inherited or shared to a certain extent. The family of Sir Robert consisted of his two beautiful daughters, an old housekeeper and himself, these personages lived with apparent luxury, as the enormous income of the vast land property attached to the estate enabled its proprietor to richly fill his coffers yearly; consequently the estate was generally kept in an excellent condition.

The Baronet was very much attached to his two daughters—Mabel and Beatrice, and strikingly beautiful, the bright smiles that always adorned her fair face, never failed to captivate those who were thrown into her society.

Beatrice was the opposite of her sister—proud, arrogant and stern, her dark piercing eyes were generally illumined by a strange fascinating brilliancy, which charmed, and at the same time seemed to lure to destruction.

One day Sir Robert received a letter dated from London, which bore the seal of Lord Clermont, a particular friend of his who had just returned from Italy. He stated in his epistle, that he would shortly visit the Hall.

About a week after the receipt of his letter he came, and was received by the Baronet with great formality, according to the system laid down for the reception of distinguished personages.

His Lordship proved to be very agreeable and quite sociable, he even tried to be attractive, and occasionally condescended to smile graciously at the remarks of the ladies. He appeared to be particularly desirous of gain-

ing the affections of Mabel, whom he said was "exquisitely beautiful."

He certainly admired Beatrice, if the ardent glances bestowed upon her from his magnificent eyes, were any indication of his passion, but she seemed not to appreciate his admiration, for whenever their eyes met, hers were a cold steel like glitter, that chilled his blood, but at the same time strangely influenced him to look again to meet the same mysterious gaze.

One bright moonlight night his Lordship requested Mabel to walk with him through the park, she accepted his invitation, being glad to have an excuse to escape from the heated rooms of the capital hall. His Lordship appeared to be extremely gay at times, by spells he was sad, he talked a great deal of his future hopes, and built up such magnificent air castles, that Mabel was most fascinated with their anticipated grandeur, and wondered who would reign queen of such grand structures. At last she was informed,

He led her to a small iron seat, and requested her to be seated, as he was desirous of telling her something of importance—Seating himself by her side, he took one of her delicate hands within his own, and said entreatingly, in tones of musical softness,

"Dearest lady," listen for a moment to the few words I shall utter.

The truth is you have fascinated, charmed, and captivated me. I love thee—passionately, desperately adore you; to remain out of thy presence for a moment is agony—describable, therefore I lay at thy feet, my hand, heart and coronet, will you accept them! And he suddenly ceased speaking, apparently overcome, and turned his eyes upon her, with a gaze of such intense passion, that it caused her to involuntarily recoil.

But she did not withdraw her hand from the feverish pressure of his Lordship's burning fingers, but after a few moments delay, brought her fascinatingly beautiful face nearer to his, and whispered in soft enchanting tones:

"I accept them!"

Then darling you are mine! mine! mine! said he imprinting a kiss upon Mabel's pale brow.

A bell from one of the towers of the Hall sounded.

"The supper bell!" exclaimed she, "Let us away."

They had hardly quitted the spot, ere the foliage parted and a woman stepped out into the open space.

"Ha! ha! ha! she laughed a low sibilant silvery laugh.

"And she thinks she has won him," let her beware! for before the expiration of another month Lord Clermont shall bow at my feet. I will, I must be Lady Clermont.

CHAPTER 2.

Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of Hell;
The beam of Beauty blazes, dark Havens impend
Tottering; and music thrills with startling yell.

After the events that transpired at the Hall, which were related in the previous chapter, Lord Clermont perceived quite a change in Beatrice, she was more familiar and agreeable than usual, and he thought that the cold heartless expression of her beautiful eyes had departed, she appeared (or he thought so) to derive great pleasure in pleasing him. He did not know that she was leading him to the fatal spot, to crush him with one mighty blow.

His Lordship was passionately fond of music particularly operatic, this she indulged him in to the full extent of her powers—She would generally select such music as was calculated to arouse and captivate the senses by its wild and pathetic strains.

She tried to monopolize his society as much as possible, and hardly ever left Mabel and him together alone.

One evening they were seated in the capacious library, the rays of the declining sun penetrated the large stained glass windows, on which was painted the escutcheon of the Belmont family—two ponderous swords crossed a helmet and crest, beneath was the motto—We conquer, or die.

The long range of elegantly carved rose-wood shelves on the opposite side of the apartment, contained splendidly bound works of both ancient and modern writers, written in various languages. Several life size portraits of venerable looking cavaliers, or Knights of ancient times, was suspended along the wall, they appeared to frown upon the two persons who were seated upon softly cushioned velvet chairs, near one of the large windows. Beatrice had just finished reading a powerfully written poem, which she had been reading to his Lordship. At its conclusion he complimented its beauty, but more particular her charming style of elocution;

As she ceased speaking, he sunk back into her chair, and plunged apparently into a fit of deep abstraction.

"Might I be permitted to know the subject that absorbs your Lordship's attention," said Beatrice in tones of irresistible fascination.

"No started.

"I was thinking of you, Beatrice," replied he in low rich tones which always thrilled her, when he used them.

"What of me," said she faintly.

"That I love you!"

"Impossible!" cried she, with well affected surprise.

"Yet it is true," said he.

An unearthly gleam flashed from her brilliant and bewitching eyes.

ed the burning surface of his polished brow, as she pointed to the family motto, and replied with a silvery hiss, beware! beware! beware!

But he heard her not, for as she spoke the library door opened and Mabel stood before them. She looked but for a moment, then uttered a wild agonizing shriek, reeled, and fell senseless to the floor.

In the small, but magnificent Catholic church, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from Rochester Hall, a female robed in deep black attire knelt upon the cold gray stones of the chancel, the wax candles upon the sacred altar was lit, also the silver chandelier above her head. She was praying aloud—as she ceased and kissed a golden crucifix, two priests advanced, one bore an immense volume bound with black velvet, and fastened with golden clasps. The other priest held a flambeau, which cast a ghastly glare upon the surrounding objects in the consecrated place.

The priest who held the volume opened it, as he did so he uttered a prayer in Latin—the vow was recorded, and Lord Clermont was a doomed man.

It was midnight, the great clock that stood in the corridor, at the Hall had just chimed the hour of twelve.

Lord Clermont was pacing a small secluded spot of ground in the park attached to Rochester Hall.

"He grossly insulted me," muttered he, "but he shall pay for it with his life blood. As he turned again he nearly came in contact with the form of a delicate person who had suddenly come upon him.

The figure was that of a young gentleman of medium height with pale blue eyes, and handsome countenance. His form was stately. He carried under his arm a small wooden case.

"You came without attendants," I presume, said his Lordship.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman. "I do not fear to meet a coward alone. His Lordship's teeth grated.

"Let us proceed to business then," said he. The young gentleman opened the box he held—it contained two duelling pistols—Clermont trembled as the gentleman handed him one, saying:

"Load quickly!"

"At length all was prepared, they stood facing—their brilliant eyes met—Clermont's countenance was white as alabaster as he cried:

One! two! three!!!—

There was a flash and a report from both pistols as Clermont and his antagonist—Mabel Belmont fell upon the sword—dead.

Never before was the awful significance of the Belmont motto fully realized.

Contrasts.

The loom, the anvil, the broom. Modern the skate, the swing, the ball.

Implements of housewifery.—The spinning wheel, cords and needle. Modern—the rocking chair, piano, and sewing machine.

Work for odd moments. Cording, knitting, churning. Modern—crocheting, tatting, reading novels.

Employment for young ladies. Making bread, working butter, darning stockings.—Modern—looking out of the window, making waterfalls, working worsted.

Employment for young gents. Felling trees, tilling land, planting corn. Modern—selling pins, curing corks, fitting kids.

Employment for little girls.—Working samplers, hunting hens' nest, reading the Bible. Modern—rolling hoop, rolling hair, dancing the Lancers.

Covering for the head.—A bonnet.—Modern—triangular pieces of silk and lace ornamented with flowers.

Head dresses.—Caps, powder, cushions Modern—waterfalls, beads, ribbon.

When I was a school girl we used Comstock's Philosophy; now Pontoon Philosophy is the order of the day.

Sometimes one hears it said of a good wife and mother that "she's a regular hombody." The phrase is simple, but what a world of enabling qualities it indicates, and what a universe of frivolities it excludes. The matronly hombody is indeed "Heaven's best gift to man," and the husband capable of maltreating so true a helpmate is only fit for such companionship as Nebuchadnezzar found in the Babylonian pastures. Dashing ladies, whose mission it is to set the fashions, won't sit in her well-ordered nursery making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts their little diffidencies, and admonishes, encourages, instructs, amuses them, as the case may require. Do you think any nursemaid could produce such harmony in that little circle? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes, and her charm is "love stronger than death" for those sweet young faces where you may see her smiles and frowns, (though she seldom has occasion to frown), reflected in glee and sorrow, like sunlight and cloud shadow on a quite pool. What she is she will teach her daughters to be; and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.

HAD TO RETROGRADE.—The daughter of one of our well known citizens, said to her father one evening this week, that if he would give her a cent on the following morning and double it every day during the month, she would not ask him for any more for a year. He not giving it a thought replied that he would be glad to. She computed the amount and he found that it would be \$5,368,707.25, an item rather more than his income would allow. His commendation of his daughter's shrewdness and a new dress, were a sufficient apology.—Portsmouth Journal.

Dickens, in speaking of pawnbrokers, duplicitates, says they are the turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.

TRUST.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And talks aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not need;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill,
What'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Must be Tried by Military Commission.

We believe that the American people have come to the solemn determination to have Jefferson Davis tried for treason. As yet no traitor engaged in the slave-holder's rebellion has been tried for treason. The trial, condemnation, and execution of Payne, Harold, Atzeroth, Mrs. Surratt, and Wirz, was not for treason. The charges against these parties were for the assassination of the President and the brutal treatment of Union prisoners. As yet no rebel has been condemned as a traitor, by either a military commission or a civil court. Jefferson Davis, as the chief controller of the rebellion, originated the causes for which the villains referred to were punished. Hence, if it was right and proper to try Payne and his associates, and Wirz, by a military commission, it would be equally fair and right to arraign Davis before a similar tribunal. When Davis was arrested, he was in the character of a soldier of the rebellion—He was armed, had almost within call a body of soldiers, and at the time was engaged practically in laying war against the Government of the United States—These are plain facts which the people fully comprehend, and while in the consideration of these truths, the masses have become convinced that it is necessary to the safety, the dignity, and the character for justice, that Davis, the leading rebel, the insurrection and the vigor of rebellion, should be tried for treason and hung as a traitor. If this is not done, the just laws, the meaning of the Constitution and the majesty of the Government, will be forever unvindicated and constantly in danger of being similarly assailed, because there will be no precedent for the punishment of rebellious treason—We may confiscate the estates of rebels—we may disfranchise traitors—we may hang, draw and quarter the agents in the pay of armed treason—but by all this achieve no proper vindication of the law, nor indulge in any appropriate assertion of our power as a nation and our meaning as a Government.—But let Jefferson Davis, the chief villain among all the cut-throats, who, if treason had triumphed, would have been crowned a king now that treason has failed, be tried as a traitor, convicted and hung as a traitor, the world will receive the act as the evidence that we mean to perpetuate the rule of our Government. Some will urge that this cannot be done—that the construction of the laws are such as to render it very difficult to try a man for treason, even while his hands are dripping with the blood of loyal men, and the evidence of his treasonable guilt as plain as the rays of the noon-day sun. If this really be so, let us add another error to the faults of those who organized the Government and ordained the laws, by trying Jeff Davis according to the best mode we possess, convict and hang him, and then correct our jurisprudence so that if another traitor as bloody as he should arise to usurp or destroy the Government, our descendants will not be similarly embarrassed as we are now while seeking precedent for the punishment of treason!

To-day, four fifths of the people who stood by the Government in its struggle with rebellious treason, are in favor of the extreme punishment of death to the leading traitors. While this sentiment pervades the mass of the people in the States that were loyal, there is no resentment harbored in the bosoms of the same men for the mass of the people who were organized, armed and led in fierce fight to destroy the government. The confiscation of every rebel's property, or the disfranchisement of every man who struck a blow against the constitutional authorities, would leave us in the South communities of beggars and outlaws, and be a vindication of the power of the government calculated to trammel and arrest its progress. Such a vindication would be impolitic and impracticable, and would entail dreadful misery alike on the innocent and the guilty. But the condign punishment of the leaders in the rebellion is what is essential to prove that we are a governing people—that the American government cannot be assailed with impunity by foreign or domestic foes.

Jeff Davis' trial cannot take place too soon. Every day that it is delayed adds an embarrassment to retard its progress when it begins. He is guilty before the nation, of conspiring for its disgrace and destruction—guilty before the world, of the greatest crime ever attempted against civilization. Surely, the President understands these facts.—Llarrsburg Telegraph.

Mr. Greene sued a lady for breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars. "What!" cried Mr. Greene. "Two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart! Two hundred dollars for all this. Never! Never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!"

The letter A makes men mean.

A Good Joke.

Two mischievous boys were playing on the banks of the Ohio river. A boat load of passengers landed near by. One of the party, a sportsman, found a hornet's nest hanging to the limb of a tree. He shot at the limb, cutting it off, the nest falling to the ground. After some little chat among the party as to the propriety of keeping at distance from the nest, a gentleman said he would give fifty cents to any one who would go and pick up the nest. The elder of the boys stepped forward, and said, "Give me the money, sir, and I will pick it up." The money was given him, and he approached the nest, while the crowd of amused passengers were chuckling over the anticipated fun of seeing "the greedy boy" get stung by the hornets. But the tables were soon turned, and the laugh on the other side; for the boy seized the end of the limb, and swinging the nest in the air, started on a keen run straight for the crowd, who, soon as they could "comprehend the situation," started on a promiscuous run in the opposite direction. Some screamed, others cursed the boy, but all ran for dear life; while the light-footed boy was every moment nearing the frightened passengers. At length the hindmost man—a big, jolly, corpulent fellow—completely gave out, and turning upon the boy, with up-lifted hands and appealing countenance, called out, "Hold on, boy! for mercy's sake, hold on! It's the best joke I ever saw; but I can't run any further!"

ONE WAY TO TELL.—A traveler called lately at nightfall at a farmer's house in Alabama; the owner being from home and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.

"How far, then," said he, "is it to a house, where a preacher can get lodging?"

"Oh! if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stop here."

Accordingly he dismounted, deposited his saddlebags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile, the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not dressed well enough."

"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could soon tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hand into the saddlebags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed, "La! mother, he's a hard-shall Baptist!"

Wise and Sensible.

Gov. Curtin, in his dedication oration of the Soldiers' Monument at Girard, Erie county, remarks the following, which is wise and timely, and can be seconded by all:

"I will not speak anything about the result of this war. Only let me say, let us never have another war—let us seek not a war with foreign countries, let us consider it (if in no other way) as a question of dollars and cents. Let us pray night and morning that our statesmen may not draw us into another war. We have lost men enough—there are enough widows and orphans already in the land. We have expended money enough. What have we to do with Maximilian? I am of the opinion that if we leave the Mexicans alone they will be strong enough in the end to drive the bogus Emperor into the gulf themselves! (Great applause.) And so much the more glory for them if they do it by themselves. They are millions strong; they are reasonably warlike and fearfully in many respects. They will not have an Emperor forced on them without their consent, and I can tell you with all frankness that the change in their government from a republic to a monarchy is just as much a result of the rebellion as the battle of Gettysburg!—The French Emperor would have never dared to meddle with the affairs of any nation on this side the ocean if we had not been engaged in an exhausting war, in which he believed and hoped; without doubt, that we would fail.—But his expectations are, or will be disappointed. But we can go into no more wars, and when I say that, I think I speak the sentiments of every man before me who has been in the military service. His heart vibrates back in harmony with my own."

SHAMEFUL.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, under the head of "Reconstruction," says:

"Last week the wife of a rebel officer, killed while slaughtering our soldiers in line of battle, and whose father, Gen. Pettigrew, of South Carolina, was twice wounded on the field while fighting to destroy his country, had presented to her acceptance a position in one of the departments! As she flaunted in seven hundred wives and children of Union soldiers wandered the streets of Washington, postponed or despairing applicants for Government employment. Again, on Friday last, in Alexandria, the only man in Fairfax county, who had the patriotism to vote for Abraham Lincoln, was shot dead in the streets by a returned rebel officer. The civil Judge who weighed the cruel murder in the scales of justice, assessed its price at \$5,000. That was the amount of bail upon which the bloody villain was discharged."

A BLACK CLOUD.—A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home, whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that steals away his affections in the prospect of the country.—However others may think, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and some times some troubles do conceal our comforts for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—Lucas.

A Hundred Year Ago.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana or Illinois territories. Then, what is now the flourishing part of America was a little known as the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1769 that the hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Ky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years afterwards.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half.

A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago the U. States were the most loyal people of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, in a score of years thereafter, established the great republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America—with a combined circulation not exceeding 2000. Steam engines and cylinder presses had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered the remotest conception of man.

When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other era that has happened since the creation.

A hundred years hence, who can foretell our developments and national greatness.

IN THE COLORED LINE.—In the days when servants were bought and sold to service in Massachusetts as well as in South Carolina, my grandfather had in his family an unctuous darkey, called, of course, "Dinah."—Now Dinah was fair to look upon, and after sundry flirtations, received, in her eighteenth year, a bona-fide offer from a well-to-do Sambo of forty.

"And why don't you have him, Dinah?" asked my grandfather of the fair one.

"Too old, massa," was the grinning reply.

"Why, Dinah, he's just in his prime."

"Yes, massa; but bim-by, when Dinah get her prime, den he hab no prime at all."

CONUNDRUM.—An exchange has the following sentiment embodied in the form of a conundrum:

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland or Scotland?

Answer.—Because the Rose will fade, the Lily will droop, the Shamrock will wither, and the Thistle will die, but the Stars are Eternal.

The young lady who could read the following and not "pity the sorrows of a poor young man," deserves to live and die an old girl.

"I wish I were a turtle dove,
A setting on your knee,
I'd kiss your smiling lips, love,
To all etern-ity."

Jones, while lately engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you have had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "acc-idental."

Jeff Davis' neck should feel rather uneasy when he reflects that Wirz was tried, convicted and executed as his confederate in murdering thousands of Union prisoners.—Justice will not be satisfied unless the chief murderer shares the fate of his miserable tool.

It is a fact not generally known, that the immortal Washington drew his last breath in the last day of the week, in the last month of the last year, and in the last year of the last century. He died Saturday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1779.

Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached:—"Our ingress in life is naked and bare; our progress in life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here, we shall do well there."

"Tom, toll the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of beer."

"A lie! I never told a lie in my life."

"Draw the beer, boy."

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

What comprises man's life? His follies, his faults and his misfortune. That's about all.

Men who boast loudly that they never show quarrels in times of danger are certain to show none but their hind ones.

What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss!

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

A contemporary says:—"The first printers were Titans. There are a good many 'right men' among them still."

By other faults was wed correct their own. Love can neither be bought nor sold.