

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



[The following poem, evidently cut by her from a newspaper, was found among a child's playthings, after she was dead, by her mother. It came as a soothing balm to a stricken heart.]

### CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

In the broad fields of Heaven,  
In the immortal bowers,  
Dwelling by life's clear river,  
Amid the undying flowers,  
Myriads of beauteous spirits,  
Fair children of the earth,  
Linked in bright bands celestial,  
Sings of their human birth.  
They sing of earth and heaven—  
Divinest voices raise.  
In thanks and praises, unto Him,  
Who called them to the skies.  
The golden-haired, the blue-eyed,  
That lighted up our life,  
And folded were, with our hearts,  
From out the world's rude strife;  
The blessings of our bosoms,  
The stars upon our sky,  
The flowers upspringing in our path,  
Too beautiful to die.  
They are all there in Heaven,  
Safe, safe, and sweetly blessed;  
No cloud of sin can shadow  
Their bright and holy rest.

### SPRING.

The yellow skies at eventide,  
The morning's crimson glow—  
The bare brown rocks that peep above  
The swiftly lessening snow—  
The swelling buds upon the trees,  
The mellow heat at noon,  
Are sweet and subtle prophecies  
That spring is coming soon.  
The sparkling brooks freed from the ice  
That bound their gentle flow—  
The stars as soft as eyes of love—  
The Southern winds that blow—  
The breaths of balmy from spicy climes,  
Like the sweet air of June—  
Speak unto us the welcome truth,  
That spring is coming soon.  
The early robin on the elm,  
The blue bird in the hedge—  
The rippling of the forest spring  
Adown the mossy ledge—  
The purple haze that sails by night  
Between us and the moon—  
All, all suggest the pleasant thought  
That spring is coming soon.

## MISCELLANY.

### COULDN'T TELL BY HIS DRESS

Some years ago a wealthy carriage maker residing in Philadelphia, was very much annoyed by calls of hackmen, coachmen, omnibus drivers, etc., who, under pretense of wishing to purchase would put him to considerable trouble in showing them all the various vehicles he had on hand and telling them the difference, the very lowest price of each; and would leave with the consoling idea that they would "think of it" and if they concluded to purchase, "why they'd call again to-morrow." But it so happened that they never called again the second time.—The daily inquiry we say, had become so annoying that the owner, in self defence, had resolved, on not paying any attention to a customer, unless he came well dressed.—About this time the owner was one day standing at his door, when up came a rough looking man, well bundled up in his overcoat, wearing coarse unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him.  
"God day sir, are you the owner of this establishment?"  
"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say, "Now you want to try it don't you?"  
"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.  
"Well, I have."  
"At what price?"  
"Different prices of course."  
"Ah! yes. Can I look at them?"  
"You can do as you please, stranger.—They are in there."  
The stranger bowed politely, and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few moments, returned and said:  
"There is one I think will answer my purpose," pointing toward one. "What is the price?"  
"Two hundred dollars, sir."  
"Is that the lowest?"  
"That is the lowest."  
"Well, sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow;" and the stranger walked away.  
"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! O, yes, certainly," replied the owner in a tone of irony, not so low but that the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it.  
The next day came, and with it came the stranger also.  
"I have come according to promise," said he.  
I see you have, sir," replied the owner, a little ashamed.  
"I will take that carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the other, he pulled out an old wallet well stuffed with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here's something new, a cabman with so much money! He took the money, looked at it, and then at the stranger, eyed him from head to foot and examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over and held up each bill to the light to see if it was counterfeit. No! all were good.—A thought struck him. He would find out his name!  
"I suppose you would like a receipt!" said he at length to the stranger.  
"It may be as well."  
"Yes sir. What name?"  
"Washington Irving."  
"Sir," said the other, actually starting back with amazement, "did I understand your name was—?"  
"Washington Irving replied the other, an almost imperceptible smile hovering around his mouth.  
"Washington Irving—sir—my dear sir," stammered the owner, confusedly, "I—I—I—really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons sir, but pardon me—but I mistook you for a cabman, sir! I did indeed!"  
"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. "I am no better than you took me for. You acted perfectly right" and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt, amid a host of apologies, he politely bade the humble carriage maker "good day," and left him to the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cabman a man whose lofty genius had commanded the admiration of the whole world.

The friend who related this anecdote, asserted that it was a fact, and told him by the veritable owner himself. It doubtless proved a lesson to him not to judge men by their dress.

### An Unseen Witness.

There is a little machine made something like a clock, which can be fastened on a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by these means he could tell just how many miles any one wanted who hired it of him.  
Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles further, making the distance they passed over, and coming, some thirty miles.  
When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had traveled.  
"Where have you been?" he then asked them.  
"Where we were going," was the answer.  
"Have you not been further than that?"  
"O, no," they answered.  
"How many miles have you been in all?"  
"Twenty."  
He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there on the face of the instrument the thirty miles were found recorded.  
The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go, we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, and all our thoughts.  
We sometimes seek to deceive our friends but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By and by God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen.—Many things we do we should not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us.  
We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know of it. "Yes, somebody will," said the little fellow, "myself will know it."  
We cannot dismiss the witness God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we should attempt in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our action there, upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we will not know it, by the unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily little readers of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight on which is written everything we do and say.  
Think how we will feel when God opens it; that its records may be seen by all the world.

### TO REMOVE STUMPS.—

A correspondent to the Rural Register states that Mr. John Barnes, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house on the following manner:  
"Last fall, with an inch auger, he bored a hole in the center of the stump ten inches deep, and into it put about a half a pound of oil of vitriol, and corked the hole up tight. This spring the whole stump and roots extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated."  
If true, the above would be a cheap method of removing stumps. The sulphuric acid can be bought for about five cents per pound.

### DER VETO.—

One of our Gorman fellow citizens says the Elmhurst Gazette, got agitated on the President's veto message, the other day, and thus relieved himself: "I think der President is right. Dese eight years and better, haf I gebt house, and I neder had a parrus in mine blouse yet, and I got a long stant as good as if I have one. Now dey want all de goford peoples to haf a parrus and dax de poor white people bay for him. I s' hands by der President."

### THE SABBATH A POON.—

It seems to me that we put Sabbath keeping generally on too low a ground. We call it duty when it should be privilege. The Sabbath is a feast, and not a fast. It is less a command than a boon. It is granted to us, above and beyond being imposed upon us. It is our great rest day, given us that we may not faint from overmuch weariness. After a week's toil of body or mind, or both, God in his fatherly love and tender care, presses upon us this great gift that our souls may live. He stays the sweeping tide, that we may take our sounding, reckon our latitude and longitude, find where we are and whether we are steering. In the dizzying whirl of life we need—ah, how greatly do we need, and how sorely do we suffer without it!—this regularly recurring interval of quiet, that we may look gratefully back over all the way which the Lord our God hath led us, and trustfully forward through all the future till the end comes.—*Stumbling Blocks.*

### Woman's mission.—

Sub-mission.

### The Angel in the Block.

It is related of Michael Angelo, that while walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble, lying neglected in a yard, and half in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away his filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted of that worthless piece of rock. Oh, there's an angel in this stone," was the answer, "and I must get it out." He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel he let the angel out. What to others was but a rude, unsightly stone, to his educated eye was a buried glory of art, and he discovered at a glance what might be made of it. A mason would have put it into a wall; a carter would have used it in filling in, or to grade the streets; but he transformed in into a creation of genius, and gave it a value for ages to come.

And so it is with time: Some see it only as rubbish to be disposed of. Others know no use for it but to fill up gaps of toil or pleasure; but the trained eye of the devout student of Providence, sees in it the sleeping or buried angel, and knows that if by the grace of God, he handles it right, he can bring that angel out.—He can carve it into the forms of the angelic service, he can shape it into a life of holy devotion, till, like that which Theodor Parker admired in the missionary Judson, is worth more than a temple like the Parthenon.

Without religion it is almost inevitable that one should be constrained to exclaim at last, like one of the great marshals of France, "My life has been a failure." But with it, time will be transmitted from the rough block into the glorious statue, or rather, the living form. Consecrated aims will make it at once useful and blessed—a patch of light, but a pathway, too, to angelic glories in a higher sphere.

### Hot Feet—Cold Head.

Action is life; inaction is death. Life in the human body is warm. Death is cold. Vigorous bodily action causes the blood to circulate throughout every part of the body. The want of action causes it, so to speak, to stand still. The blood goes most freely to those parts of the body or brain most exercised. If we swing the sledge hammer like the blacksmith, or climb the ropes like the sailor, we get large and strong arms and hands. If we row a boat or swing the sledge, it is the same. But if we use the brain chiefly, to the exclusion of the muscles, we may have more active minds, but weaker bodies. The better condition in which the entire being, body and brain, is symmetrically developed, requires the harmonious exercise of all parts, in which there will be happy equilibrium with no excesses, no deficiencies, no hot headache, no cold feet.—Headache is usually caused by a pressure of blood on the brain: cold feet by a limited circulation of blood in those extremities.

There is an old adage which says, "Keep the feet warm and the head cool," which was no doubt intended to counteract a tendency the other way. Certain it is that those who suffer with hot heads usually have cold feet.  
One cause of cold feet is wearing tight gaiters which interrupt the free circulation of blood. Another is the wearing of tight stockings and tight shoes. Still another cause is using the lower limbs so little that there is not enough blood in circulation in those parts to keep them warm.

### Curious Oriental Customs.

There are many traits of character and customs, in which the Arabs and Turks are our antipodes. They shave the head, but not the chin, and we the reverse. With us the uncovering of the head in the presence of another is a mark of respect; with them a mark of disrespect. When they go into a place of worship they keep on the hat, and take off the shoes and slippers; we do the opposite. They mount on the right side of a horse, and we on the left. They write from right to left, and we from left to right. We show our good breeding by taking the outside when we pass persons on the street; they by passing nearest to the wall. They do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; we by serving ourselves last.—If a friend inquires after your wife, you regard it as a compliment; to inquire after theirs is an insult. Their mourning dress is white, ours black. They finish their wooden houses from the top downward; and we from the foundation up. The men wear frocks, and the women pantaloons. We wash the hands by dipping them in water; they by having water poured upon them.—*Bushman's Sinai and Zion.*

It meets many a luckless traveler on the great turnpike of life, and robs him of character and friends. It intrudes into happy families, saps the foundation of their peace, and drives them homeless, wretched and forlorn, to subsist on the cold charity of an unfeeling world. It meets a mechanic and causes him to neglect his business, drives away his customers, and reduces him to a state of wretchedness and misery. It meets a farmer, and soon briars cover the face of his farm, his fences are broken down, his habitation becomes leaky, and the windows stuffed with rags. Finally it sells his farms, and whiskey sellers pocket the money, while the heart broken and sickly wife, with her little children around her crying for bread is turned out of doors. But where is that once thrifty farmer, kind husband and affectionate father? Yonder in the street a miserable wretch, wandering from grocery to grocery pining his coat for whiskey. And the rapiers, who hide themselves behind screens and blinds, are willing to take the last cent and then kick their miserable victim into the street because he has no more money.

### HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

No! there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as heaven designed it;  
Nor need we roam, to bring it home,  
Though few there be to find it.  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what nature gave us.  
For life hath here no harms so dear  
As home and friends around us.  
We oft destroy the present joy—  
And future hopes, nor praise them,  
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we'd but stoop to raise them.  
For things so fair still greater are  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;  
But soon we're taught that earth has naught  
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When hope's last reed is shaken  
Do show us still, that come what will,  
We're not quite forsaken.  
Though all were night, if out the light,  
From friendship's altar crowned us,  
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—  
Our home and friends around us.

### Neck-Twisting in Church.

A good story is told of an eccentric old person, who was sorely annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails, by-the-way, in all other churches, even now and hereabouts to some extent) of twisting their necks around every time anybody entered the door, and passed up the aisle of the meeting house to see what manner of person it might be.  
"Wearied with the annoyance, the old man exclaimed, one Sunday:  
"Brethren, if you will only cease turning your heads round, whenever the door opens, and will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in."  
Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying—  
"That is Deacon \_\_\_\_\_, who keeps the grocery opposite."

And thus he announced, in turn, the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, when he cried out—  
"A little old man in green spectacles, and a drab overcoat—don't know him—you can all turn round and look for yourselves this time."

It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

### WORTH KNOWING.—

Last spring I took a small quantity of seed corn and soaked it in a solution of saltpetre, and to test it planted five rows through the middle of a naturally moist piece with seed thus prepared. Now for the result: The five rows planted with corn soaked in the saltpetre yielded more than twenty rows planted the usual way.—The five rows were untouched by the wire worm, while the remainder of the field suffered badly from their depredations, and I should judge that not a single kernel sated with the saltpetre was touched by the worm, while almost every hill in the rest of the piece suffered more or less. The worms are a little kind of squamish in regard to eating anything that comes in their way; hence I wish to lay the fact before the agricultural reader, and hope it will be carefully tested the coming season, as the cost is comparatively nothing when put alongside of two or three acres of corn nearly ruined by these pests. All moist lands are more or less filled with them, and many farmers dare not plant corn on them, for they say the wire worm will spoil their crop; hence they will let it lie unimproved year after year, when it might be made to produce a bountiful crop.  
*Tuftenborough, N. H. J. L. HERSHEY*  
—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

### What Whiskey Does.

It robs the traveler on the great turnpike of life, and robs him of character and friends. It intrudes into happy families, saps the foundation of their peace, and drives them homeless, wretched and forlorn, to subsist on the cold charity of an unfeeling world. It meets a mechanic and causes him to neglect his business, drives away his customers, and reduces him to a state of wretchedness and misery. It meets a farmer, and soon briars cover the face of his farm, his fences are broken down, his habitation becomes leaky, and the windows stuffed with rags. Finally it sells his farms, and whiskey sellers pocket the money, while the heart broken and sickly wife, with her little children around her crying for bread is turned out of doors. But where is that once thrifty farmer, kind husband and affectionate father? Yonder in the street a miserable wretch, wandering from grocery to grocery pining his coat for whiskey. And the rapiers, who hide themselves behind screens and blinds, are willing to take the last cent and then kick their miserable victim into the street because he has no more money.

### ENJOYMENT OF OCCUPATION.—

The mind requires some object on which its powers must be exercised, and without which it preys upon itself and becomes miserable.—A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement, and when he has accomplished this purpose finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation soon is known only to those who have regular and interesting occupation. Continued relaxation soon becomes a weariness, and on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyment belongs not to the luxurious man of wealth, or the listless votary of fashion, but to the middle class of society, who, along with the comforts of life have constant and important occupation.

### DOG STOLEN.—

The last dog story is from Yankee Land, of course, where a farmer's dog has been detected in going to the hog pen at night, and biting one of the hogs till he gets up, when Tiger lies down in the warm place and goes to sleep.

### IMPORTANT REPORT.

A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.  
Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both houses concurring, That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures.  
Article.—Section I.—No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.

Sec. 3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for members of Congress and for electors for President and Vice President of the United States.

Sec. 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation originally incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in aid of insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for loss of involuntary services or labor.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.  
A bill to provide for the restoration of the States lately in insurrection to their full political rights.

Whereas it is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should at the earliest day consistent with the future peace and safety of the Union be restored to full participation in all political rights,  
And whereas the Congress, did, by joint resolution, propose for ratification to the legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, an article in the following words, to wit: [The constitutional article recited above is here inserted.]

Now, therefore, be it enacted, etc., That whenever the above recited amendment shall have become a part of the constitution, and any state lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same, and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress as such.  
And be it further enacted, That when any State, lately in insurrection shall have ratified the foregoing proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax under the act of August 5th, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof, upon proper assurances from such State to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

A bill declaring certain persons ineligible to office under the Government of the United States.  
Be it enacted, etc., That no person shall be eligible to any office under the government of the United States who is included in any of the following classes, namely:  
First. The President and Vice President of the Confederate States of America, so called, and the heads of departments thereof.  
Second. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, so called.  
Third. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the army and navy of the United States, and all persons educated at the military or naval academy of the United States, judges of the courts of the United States, and members of both houses of the thirty-sixth Congress of the United States who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.  
Fourth. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of colonel in the army or master in the navy; and any one who, as governor or officer of either of the so called Confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.  
Fifth. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than as prisoners of war.

ENJOYMENT OF OCCUPATION.—The mind requires some object on which its powers must be exercised, and without which it preys upon itself and becomes miserable.—A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement, and when he has accomplished this purpose finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation soon is known only to those who have regular and interesting occupation. Continued relaxation soon becomes a weariness, and on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyment belongs not to the luxurious man of wealth, or the listless votary of fashion, but to the middle class of society, who, along with the comforts of life have constant and important occupation.

### THE BLESSED.—

Blessed is he who does not make a cent, for he will have no income tax to pay.  
2. Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.  
3. Blessed is the homely man, for the girls shall not molest him; yes, thrice blessed is he, for when he shall ask a lady to dance, she will answer him saying, "I am engaged for the next year."  
4. Blessed is he who polishes his boots and not his morals, who maketh clean the outside but neglecteth the inside thereof, for all the girls shall rise at his coming and call him beautiful.  
5. Blessed is the man who hath no brains, but brass in abundance, for he shall be the ladies favorite.  
6. Blessed is the young man who giveth many and costly presents to young ladies, for great shall be his reward—in a horn.  
7. Blessed is the man who is always flat broke, for no man saith unto him, lead me five dollars.  
8. Blessed is the Digger Indian, for there him no man presenteth a subscription paper.

A Mother's Love.—Some of our readers may recollect a thrilling ballad which was written on the death of a woman who perished in the snow drifts of the Green Mountains of Vermont. That mother bore an infant on her bosom and when the storm waxed loud and furious, true to a mother's love, she rent her own garments and wrapt them around her babe. The morning found her a stiffened corpse, but her babe survived. The babe grew to manhood, and became the Speaker of the Ohio Senate. How thrilling must be his thoughts of that mother, if he be a true, large hearted man. How deep a mother's love.—How many a mother is there who would die for her son, if called by providence to do so. Let sons, when far away from home on the land or on the sea, when the eye of no mother is upon them remember her love, and be restrained by it from entering the paths of vice.

How long a horse can live without food is decided by experiments made recently in France. It was ascertained, by cruel means, that a horse can live for twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water. He may live seventeen days without eating food or drinking. He can only live five days when consuming solid food without drinking. After taking solid aliment for the space of ten days, but with an insufficient quantity of drink, the stomach is worn out. The above facts show the importance of water in the sustenance of the horse. A horse which had been deprived of water three days drank eleven gallons in the space of three minutes.

A nice young man, a little worldly minded, walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon, the pious lady seized his hat, and placing it under her cloak, sailed into church, leaving the worldly-minded young man standing at the door minus his hat. The last heard of the worldly-minded young man, he was wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.  
"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals; taste enough to dress neat; pride enough to wash before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue!"

### A German, being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following: "I sh! I sh! I want no more moniah, John Swachhammer."

A western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their laced night caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on prosoia "items."  
Petroleum V. Nasby says of the President—"Andro started out to be a Moses and he is one, but I think he's changed his Israelites."  
"Madam, said a cross tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."  
"And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the good lady, "would soon make it a desert."  
A boy going to market, buys 30 eggs, 3 for a cent. Again he buys 30 eggs, 2 for a cent; and sold them all at 5 for 2 cents.—What did he make or lose?  
There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over it, if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.  
Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was still in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."  
There are two directly opposite reasons why a man sometimes cannot get credit—One is because he is not known—the other because he is.  
Moore had the petroleum fever when he sung, "Oh, how I love some sweet little isle of my own."  
An Irishman chugged with whipping his wife defanged himself on the ground that he was "bating a nuisance."  
What is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self conceit.  
A spendthrift's purse, like an uncasy thundarcloud; is always "lightning."