

By W. Blair.

VOLUME XX

An Independent Family Newspaper.

59.00 Por Year

NUMBER 22

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1866.

POETICAL.



THEBE'S-NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost-the tiniest flower That grows within the darkest vale, Though lost to view has still the power The rarest perfume to exhale; -That perfume, borne on zephyr's winge, May visit some lone sick one's bed, And like the balm affection brings, 'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing last-the drop of dew That trembles on the rosebud's breast, Will seek its home of ether blue, And fall again as pure and blest; Perchance to revel in the spray, Or moisten the dry, parching sod, Or mingle in the fountain's play, Or sparkle in the bow as God.

There's nothing lost-the seed that's cast By careless hand upon the ground, Will yet take root, and may at last A green and glorious tree be found; Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may Seek shelter from the heat of noon, While in its boughs the breezes play, And song birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost-the slightest tone, Or whisper from a loyed one's voice, May melt a heart of hardest stone, And make a saddened heart rejoice; And then, again, the careless word, Our thoughtless lips too often speak, May touch a heart already stirred, And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost-the faintest strain, Of breathings from some dear one's lute, In memory's dream may come again, - Tho' every moughtful string be mute,. The music of some happier hour-'The harp that swells with love's own words, May thrill the soul with deeper power, When still the heart that swept its cords,

WHAT IS DBAVEN ?

Love is heaven and heaven is love; This is all of heaven above; There no envy, wrath, nor strife, Mars the bliss of endless life.

Thore no anger swells the breast; There no pride disturbs the rest; Nor can hatred dwell above In that world of perfect love.

MISCELLANY.

investigation.

indefatigable widow. Miss Grace Teller was "at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was vory plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignionette and velvet blossomed pansies willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

gave a delicate refinement to the details of everyday life. Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whis- and still Frank and Gracie talked on, and per that she might have been very different still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding under different circumstances. Grace Teller that pattern. was a lovely blonde. with large blue eyes, rose leaf skin and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek. but otherwise she was calm and self-possess. ed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very worm this morning," said the old Teller ?" "I believe it is very sultry in Factorville,"

said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factorville?" Is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr. Parker-Cyn- most fastidious and particular of created be-thia-Parker's father-who is superintendent ings, could be resolutely determined on marin the great calico mills there ?' "Very well-I have often seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia ?" "No-I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city." "That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour,

sagely.

"Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factorville-only the girls genteel. But-excuse my curiosity, Miss ter ?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker. chair-she was beginning to see through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory ?

"I have," said Grace, with calm dignity. "A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks extensive calico factories from which our vilwere dyed crimson.

Disgrace ? Oh, no-certainly not; there's

"Social position be-ignored! What do I A Lawyer with Two Characters. "I'll find out something about Miss Teller, care for social position, as long as my little or I'll know the reason why," thought the Gracie has consented to make the sunshine of my bome!"

"Yes, but, Frank —

"Well, but, Grace?"

"Do you really love me?"

For answer he took both the fair, delicate ittle hands in his, and looked steadily into her eves.

"Frank." said Grace Teller, demurely. 'I'm afraid you'll make a dreadfully strong-

"I shouldn't wonder, Gracie." And so the golden twilight faded into a

purple softer than the shadow of eastern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive

at Mrs. Randall's select sorice on the first al eye. Wednesday evening in July; the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs.

Randall's sympathetic ear.

trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady, in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been entrappedinveigled into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the rying-a factory girl?" Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of

horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Grace Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual, "Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her

hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, "will wonders never cease? Grace that work in the factory; and Cynthia is very | Teller at Mrs. Raudall's soiree! But I suppose it is all on account of Mary Elton's Teller-how did you become acquainted uncle, the judge. Here come Mr, Parker thousand frances! with Mr. Parker, and not with his daugh- and Cynthia-dear me, what a curious mix- He stood mute ture our American society is; how they will

be shocked to meet Grace Teller!" Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expect-Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her ed, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme. "Miss Grace? Pou here? Why, when

did you come from Factorville?" "You are acquainted with Miss Teller?"

asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise. "Quite well; in fact, I have had the mangement of her property for some years,---Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the lage takes its name."

no harm in earning one's living in an bonest turning pale, and sinking down upon a divan himself. Laments were made by the editors way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently.— near her. "Why, they say the herees of the over the grasping advantage thus taken of a The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost old gentleman who owned the Factorville client in his extremities, and even friends

One cold evening in November, ten years ago, a man wrapped in a large cloak knockpackage of documents, laid them on the ta-

ble. "Monsieur;" said he, "I am rich; but a lawsuit, which is commenced against me, may

The able advocate listened attentively while his unknown visitor thus briefly explained his business. Then, opening the with the searching rapidity of his profession-

They were at last laid upon the table. "The action which is commenced against you for this property" said he, is based up-"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, ele- always go together; and here the law is on

gain your cause." what you describe so ably as yourself ---Might I-venture-to-hope-that-you-would-reduce your legal opinion to writing, and thus render me invulnerable? '

The advocate reflected a minute or two, and then taking up again the documents which at the first word of the request he had same hour, the legal opinion would be ready. The client was punctual. The paper was presented to him-accompanied with a demand, very abruptly made, for a fee of three

He stood mute with astonishment. "You are at liberty to keep your money,"

said the lawyer, "and I am at liberty to throw my written opinion into the fire." Advancing towards the chimney apparently for the purpose, he was stopped by the visitor

"I will pay the sum," he said, "but I must give you my written acceptance for it." 'The money in gold,' said the advocate, or you shall not have a line!

The client saw that it was inevitable, and, taking his leave for the moment, returned soon with the coin. He paid it-but, in revenge, after gaining his cause, he told the story in every corner of Paris, The journals got hold of it. It was soon as univer-"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Seymour; sal as the name and fame of the great lawyer

Open Letter to the President. A pungent letter to President Johnson by a pairiotic German pastor of Iowa has been ed at the door of Mons. Dupin, one of the already sirculated in the German. It ought not to be confined to that language; and we. most able advocates of Paris. He entered, not to be confined to that language; and we and arawing from under his cloak a large, therefore, print below a translation of a part of it:---

Sir, as I am going to say the truth and nothing but the Truth, you will have to excuse me if there is no flattery in my words. therefore, would condemn me to the most frightful misery. I come to implore your nid. Here are the papers which explain my claims." drew Johnson the Tennessee loyalist, as you then were in energetic opposition to the rebels, received our votes, not Andrew Johnson bundle of documents, he went through them as you now appear before the tribunal of God and History,-the associate of Copperheads and friend of noisy rebel sympathizers, and

the idolized saint of all traitors and criminals! The nation, wide awake, sympathizing in Kandali's sympathetic ear. "Crying? Yes, of course I have been or justice and right, legal and moral. But, the noble majority of Congress, is in a course or justice and right, legal and moral. But, the noble majority of Congress, is in a course or justice and right, legal and moral. But, the noble majority of Congress, is in a course or justice and right, legal and moral. But, the noble majority of Congress, is in a course of indignation at your messages, your vetoes, unfortionately, in spite of the admirable e-borget of our code, law and justice do not your speeches. You are accused, by all true is dearly the spite of t lovers of the Union, of violating its dearly lady, fanning herself. "Do they have so vating her kid-gloved hands, "what is the your side. If, therefore, you rest your case bought rights and liberties, of usurping in a warm weather where you come from, Miss matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of entirely on the law, and use without reserve tyrannical way the rights belonging excluentirely on the law, and use without reserve tyrannical way the rights belonging exclu-all its technicalities and quibbles, and if the sively to the legislative bodies of Congress, legal points in your favor are all clearly and of working to re-enslave the freedmen, and ably stated to the court, you will inevitably | of doing not only all in your power, but ten fold more than the Constitution allows, to fa-"No man living," said the straner, can do vor actual rebels and future rebellions .---Confidence has vanished, and nothing but the most heartfelt distrust of the Sovereign nation towards its first servant remains.

you, then, if the cry of distress from the dypushed away, he said he would do as the the blood of thousands of black people, spilt less. stranger wished. On the morrow, at the with your connivance, will in God's judgment come upon your own soul !

If you do not tremble lest these poor creatures, who had given their blood in streams that you might have the opportunity of ever and the peace of God, remember at least that the busy workshop of life? Who are you God will judge you by your deeds and your with immortal soul, and yet that soul so deaf omissions.

Would you have done it, Reader? Mr. Beecher related the following incident in one of his sermons :

"Not long ago, a gentleman who was en-gaged in the oil business had made some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars and he con. cluded that he had made enough-extraordinary as it may seem-and that he would wind up his affairs and come home. I do not believe one of you would have done it! Fifteen thousand dollars! Why, that is just, enough to bait the trap of mammon ! Well. he wound up his affars, and was on the point

A FIRST COUSIN'S HOTEL -A farmer living in the western part of Massachusetts applied to the proper authorities for a license to keep a hotel. It was replied that he lived on a by road little traveled, and where entertainment was seldon openly asked for.

I know it, he answered, and 'yet there is considerable demand for horse-feeding and single meals of victuals.

The result was, that his application was granted. He raised his sign, "Entertain-ment for man and beast," and from that hour his traffic fell off. In two years time he disappeared from the list of landlords of the county, and the sign was removed. Our informant asked him, 'What in the

name of common sense induced the man to ask for a license?"

I had most excellent reasons for the application. Before I raised my sign I had lots of cousins, more than I had any idea of, to visit me, to feed their horses, themselves, and to stop over night. As soon as I hung out my sign, my cousins began to fall off, every State, North, West, and East, with out my sign, my cousins began to fall off, the noble majority of Congress, is in a bluze and in a year or more not one came to see me. Keeping a hotel has killed that busibess.

> BLESSED LAND - The Louisville Courier paints up Brazil in these tropical colors :

"There may be found spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming birds; green snakes, just like creeping plants, and a lively coral snake with bands of vermillion and black, seperated by clear white rings; monkeys with white hair all over them; apes that sleep all day You call yourself a Christian. Woe to and are remarkably lively all night. The reptiles, insects, and two thirds of the fruit ing lips of a persecuted people finds no way and berries are poisonous; and the birds, to your heart ! You should then know that though boasting brilliant plumrge, are song-

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD .- Who are you, young man, young woman, living in this country and age, and yet doing nothing to benefit others? Who are you-blessed becoming President, will stand between you with body and intellect, and yet an idler in to the myriad voices all about you that call to duty and to labor? Arise ! and be a faithful toiler. God calls you-humanity calls you-and they have both a right to all your powers. Arise! Make your whole life one scene of industry ! Arise and go forth, and every moment your feet shall press or your hand touch some pedal or key in the "organs-that shake the universe." Arise I there is work for you to do. You were created to toil and bear a hand where the hammers of time are ringing as they lashion the fabric of eternity.

of leaving, when he was met by a young man of his acquaintance (I believe they both man of his acquaintance (I believe they both man of his acquaintance (1 object of six six his hearts against its lessons? Who as he his housand dollars, all he had, in an experiful winds, is not reminded that such is human life? Even as the leaf when the frost has dried up its sap, and its stem olings, no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It may be green to-day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if it shall wave there to morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preaches not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace 'cap with Miss Elton, whose family iswith plenty of narrow, white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver-grey poplin | ed to kiss her cheek. dress-Mrs. Seymour, is fact, our artist's basement "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eyes, "just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint, it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair "

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.

"Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good-humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone !" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller, that isn't charming and womanly and loveable ?" "Frank, do you know who she is ?"

"Yes, I know that she's a remarkable pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

"Well, then, if you're not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you

like-to-koow what she will be ?' Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think she will one day be my wife !"

"Frank ! Frank ! are you crazy ?" "Not that I know of," said Mr Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette out of a dainty tin tube, and mix-

ing it, thoughtfully. "We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure, she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house. and take in fine embroidery for a -living .--But then she was no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. | ped out "to search for a missing pattern." But, dear me ! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive !"

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and that was stooping among the pansies. then put on her mouse colored silk bonnet "But your mother thinks me far below you good square yard of land worth three hun- and that is the read to heaven," was the reand gray shawl and set out upon a tout of in social position."

mind, "What will Frank say ?" and antici. property is the richest girl in the county." pating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, closer to his arm. "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread." "Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old I didn't?"

lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze, "only-there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and-and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stoop-

"My dearest friend-my most precious mother, who had just come up from the very companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, and bursting into her son's studio like an express messenger of life-and-death news, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?" "The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank,

briefly and comprehensively. "A factory girl!" screamed the old lady at the height of her lungs, "a fac-to-rygirl!"

"Well, what of that?"

thing to say to a common factory girl!"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl, mother," said the young man, with aggravating calmness.

poor little mother, with tears in her eyes -Tell me at once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl who is in no respect equal to you."

"No-she is in no respect my equal," re turned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in tinctly imprinted in what is now solid rock. every respect my superior. Grace Teller is One horse track is 18 by 12 inches, and must one of the noblest women that ever breathed have been the animal ridden by the great this terrestial air, as well as one of the most | warrior whose track appears near by, being beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has that of a human foot seventeen and a half promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour bat down, limp, lifeless and

son merry a factory girl!" And then a torrent of tears came to her

relief, while Frank went on quietly touching | years ago by travelors. up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Tellor had been crying; the dew was yet on her cyclashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour mind that I can do better with land than to soon after the death of mine fran ? No, no. came in, and Mary Elton considerately slip- drink it."

"I should rather think so," said Frank looking admiringly down on the golden head

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly. "what does this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if "My little deceiver! But why didn't you

tell me?" "Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind, and be plain Grace Teller for a while And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's wilfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Sey-

mour," she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs Šeymour, for once in her life, was at a loss for an answer.

NOVEL PRIZE -A Boston Gift Concert offers the following unique prizes : The contractor who was honest during the war; the politician who refused office; the doctor who cured as quick as he could; the woman who will not flirt and wears an old bonnet to church; the gentleman who gives up his seat to a lady in a horse car, and the lady "What of that? Frank Seymour, you who thanks him; the wife who believes her never mean to say that you would have any-thing to say to a common factory girl!" who did find the place for his night key after midnight; the lady who was satisfied with her bonnet, and who never looks about in church to see how her neighbors were dress-"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the ed; the clergyman who declined to eat roast

turkey on general fast days, &c.

There is a place in Union county, Georgia, one hundred tracks of animals-the bear, deer, fox, lion, horse, etc,-may be seen dis-

son of thunder. All the other tracks are of despairing. "Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my ular relies of a by gone age is made in a late one of the Air Line Eagle, published in the natural size. An allusion to these sing. copy of the Air Line Eagle, published in Gainesville. They were described in detail

> DRINKING BY THE ACRE - "Come in and John Nokes, as the latter was returning weary and worn from his day's labor.

"No," replied Nokes; "I've mode up my

"Who's asked you to drink land, I'd like to know ?"

dred dollars an aero."

client in his extremities, and even friends expressed their regrets to him for his betrayal of avarice. But he simply shrugged his shoulders; and as every thing is soon forgotten in Paris, it passed out of the public mind. Ten years went by; and a few days since at a celebration of which the dignities of

the Courts of Law formed a part, the prothe hands of Mons. Dupin, the Procurcur General.

'It is hel it is hel' she exclaimed as she burst into tears, and covered his hands with kisses; this is my benefactor, my friend, the angel by whose timely kindness I was saved from ruin and spared to educate my children.

ber reason.

But, nol'she insisted on explaining to the property upon which she relied to support and you may have the advantage of the good band, a claim was put in by a relative for the and educate her children. She resolved to luck.' And so he gave the young man the defend her possession of that which she two hundred thousand. All of you that knew to be her own, and had already sold half her furniture to pay the commencement

of the process-when one day, a stranger called upon her. He abruptly announced his business. He told her that the suit, for which she was already running into expense, would be a long one-that the law was against her, though justice was on her side black petticoat indicates low spirits, a hatred of 'em."

what she still possessed. He then added, dyspeptic literature and quietude. that, from having been employed on the case, he had been able to rescue some portion of what was wrongfully taken from her, and that it was contained in the bag of gold, thus enriched, enabled her to re-establish herself with her children, and to commence a timely support of them.

And from that day she had been trying in vain to discover who was her benefactor .inches in length, with six toes-a regular But his features were eugraven on her heart, and, thank God, she recognized and could thank him now!"

Mons. Dupin's "grasping avarice" was ex-plained to his logal brethren.

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife take a drink, ch ?' said Tim M'Moran to No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response : "You tink I ride out mit anoder voman so

A Connecticut pedler asked an old lady to whom he was trying to sell some articles, if "Well, I find that every time I drink six- she could tell him of any road that no pedler pence worth of liquor I drink more than a bad ever traveled. "I know of but one, ⁺plý.

• ,

mental well, and had been boring and boring until he had given out in discouragement .--And coming to this man, he said. 'I shall lose six thousand dollars if I am obliged to give up my interest in that well,' and begged him to take it off his hands. I am selling out, not taking on,' said the man. But cession was interrupted by a woman who the young man pled with him, and out of suddenly sprang from the crowd and seized personal kindness he said, Wery well, I will take it.' In two days they struck a vein in this well, and it was an immensely fruitful well, and he sold his share 'for \$200,000 .--The young man was present when the check was drawn on New York for the amount, and he felt like death, and mourned, and said. 'It is always my luck; I am always a little too late,' And the man said, 'You may take Poor woman! said M. Dupin, she has lost ten thousand of it, if you want." The young man thought he was jesting, but he assured him that he was not, and said, 'I will make bystanders that there was reason in her tears and gratitude. She stated it brokenly.-Ten years ago, after the death of hor hus- and. 'Well, said he take the whole of it;

I do not want it. Give me the six thousand, would have done that, may rise up !'

Women Judged by the Color of their Petticoats.

The following is from a married man, who knows whereof he speaks : "The way to judge of a woman's character at first sight, -that she had better abandon it and save of wash tubs and activity, and a taste for

A lady who wears a black petticoat could no more read and understand this paragraph than she could suck up the Atlantic with a three cent syringe. A white petticoat shows which he laid on the table-abruptly taking a character just opposite-an unsullied mind west of the Blue Ridge, where more than his leave, and giving her astonished sense no and a taste for romance. A woman who and a taste for romance. A woman who opportunity for thanks or inquiry The three thousand frances with which she was er wears any other, is an institution to which young goutlemen of connubial proclivities should lose no time in paying due attention. The red petticoat, however is something of which mankind should beware; it is the insignia of Xantippe, a style of females who cut their toe nails with their husbands' razors." It may all be true, as the fellow savs. but the petticeat is something we never heard And so, after ten years of misappreciation of before, and consequently we plead ignorance of the whole matter.

> Somebody ought to tumble the editor of the Wilcox County News into the Alabama, and put a couple of bars of pig-metal on him until he learns to keep cool. He is indig-nant at the declaration of Hall's Journal of Health, that a husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms, declaring that Dr. Hall can sleep how, when and where he pleases, but for himself, he intends to sleep where be can defend his wife against the rats and all other nocturnal fues as long as he has got one to defend.

A girl is always.'sum' when the causes a fellow to sigh for ner.

A young lady once addressed her lover in these terms: I like you exceedingly, but I cannot quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my patent in kindness. She may be kind, replied her wooer enthusiastacally, but be my wife -we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!

Female friendship is to a man the bulwork, sweetner, ornament of his existence .----To his mental culture it is invaluable: without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said : "It was is to ascertain the color of her petticoat. A just so in my young days-no trusting any

> Love, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and tight boot, are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

A lady, whose husband has deserted her. says: 'May two hundred and forty-seven nightmares trot quarterly races over his stomach every-night.' This probably will be a relief to what he has endured.

An Irishman being asked to define hard drinking said 'it was sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

It is very easy to get up a meteorio display on a dark night by running your nose violently against a lamp post.

Too LATE .- It is not until late in life that we begin to feel and to understand the import of the words-too late.

HOPE .- "Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to Heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God "

All women have hearts, but often it is with them as with oaks-the heart is the hardest part.

Somebody says that the earth weight 1. 256,195,070,000,000,000,000 tops.

At least five hundred millions of the Rebcl bouds are, held in England.