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POETICAL.



THE UNSEEN.

About us float the odorous gales
That kiss the eternal hills of days;
Oh! that the chilling fog would lift,
And show our waiting feet the way!

We grope about us—seeing not
The waiting ones outside our sight,
Whose viewless hands are clasping ours,
To lead us up the shining height.

We may not know the chords we touch
That glancing 'long th' electric line,
Flash back upon our sudden lives
Some hints of peace and love divine.

As clefted mountains sometimes hide
Behind the vapor's purpling drift,
Till, pierced by Sol's disc of ray,
Their girdle shadows slowly lift;

So we grope on, 'neath fogs of doubt,
Our heart in solemn silence bowed;
While God's eternal verities
Are hidden from us by a cloud.

When lo! a kindling glory throws
A sudden splendor o'er our way,
And, slowly lifting, lo, appear
The whitely shining hills of day!

And yet not oft—nor yet to all,
These prophecies and hints are given,
Only as signals sparsely set
Along the battlements of Heaven.

Yet some day, every waiting soul,
Shall see the mists slow rolling back,
And, freed from clogs of earth and sin,
Walk calmly up the shining track!

'TIS GOOD TO HAVE A FRIEND.

'Tis good to have a warning friend,
In pleasure's sunny day;
When flowers light o'er our pathway bend,
'Tis easy then to stray.

'Tis good to have a social friend,
In sorrow's gloomy day;
It serves to soothe the grief-worn mind,
And drive ad thoughts away.

O, yes, 'tis good when adverse winds
Around our pathway blow,
To have a sympathetic friend
In confidence to go.

And Oh! when nearing death's cold wave,
Life's beating pulse is still,
We then shall need a friend to save,
And cheer us through the vale.

One who can aid when earthly friends
No more their aid can lend;
Who love beyond the grave extends,
A constant, changeless friend.

methinks I hear a stranger ask,
Who this kind friend may be;
To solve the problem is no task,
His word says, "Come and see."

MISCELLANY.

THE HERMIT OF THE CLIFF.

By J. PARISH STEELE.

At a point not far from where the romantic little Tread water throws itself into the arms of the Ohio, may be seen, standing upon the very verge of a lofty cliff, a small and singular looking hut. Nobody seems to know anything about it. An old man lives there they tell you, and he may have lived there since the creation of the world, for aught any one knows to the contrary. All have seen him; some have endeavored to get into conversation with him, but none have been able to learn his history—he is provokingly incommunicative.

In Kentucky, as in most other parts of the country, there are two classes of citizens—an upper and a lower class; an intelligent and an ignorant class; and consequently there are two opinions with reference to the 'Old man on the Cliff.' Those of the upper class think him an eccentric old genius who is either partly derailed, or a fugitive from justice; while those of the lower class have their doubts about his being mortal at all—it is they are strongly of the opinion that there exists some kind of a perfect understanding between him and the devil. And it is well for the old man that they think so, for the boys of the country round about rarely ever intrude themselves upon his retirement, and hence he is saved much annoyance that would most surely be meted out to him under other circumstances.

Soon after stopping in that region I made it convenient to visit the 'Hut on the Cliff.' The old man, an eccentric looking character, truly, received me kindly, but as I had been forewarned would be the case, showed but little disposition to converse. I did not try to press a conversation upon him; but told him that I was a stranger in that locality; an artist traveling with a view to collecting sketches of American scenery, and that my object in calling upon him was to ask the privilege of making a picture of the Ohio river from the vicinity of his house. His permission was readily granted and taking out my sketching materials, I seated myself near his door and fell to work, not that I really wanted the sketch, but rather that I might have an excuse for remaining longer for the purpose of trying to get him into conversation.

I had not worked long before I had the gratification to discover that the old man was taking an interest in me, for he looked

at the sketch as it progressed, and finally ventured to ask some questions. This opened the way and I humored the matter along with great caution until I actually succeeded—by the time the sketch was finished we were on excellent terms, and he promised to tell me the story of his life.

We seated ourselves on the brink of the cliff as soon as the sketch had been laid away in my portfolio, and he spoke as follows: 'I am now seventy-four years old. Fifty years ago this spring I first saw this cliff, and since that time I have not been three miles from it.'

'Fifty years ago I started with my little family—a wife and one child from Pittsburgh to go to New Orleans. It was before the age of steam had been inaugurated, so we took passage on a kul boat. Right out there in the river our boat stuck fast on a sand bar and necessitated us to wait till a rise in the river should let us off.'

'It was a dull place to lie over, and rendered our lives very monotonous, so in order for a change I one day took my wife and child—the latter a little girl of four years old—and came ashore for a walk. We strolled to the top of this cliff, and seated ourselves upon the offset which we are now occupying, to enjoy the very scene you have just sketched. It was somewhat different then. An unbroken wilderness spread itself in every direction as far as the eye could see. Men had not interfered with the primitive features of the forest in this vicinity.'

After looking in silence for some time, my wife interrupted by saying: 'Ah, George, did you ever see anything so enchanting before?'

'I told her it was really magnificent.' 'It almost makes me feel like I was a bird,' she continued, 'and that I could sail off these cliffs and go just where I liked. If I were to become a bird, George, and were to fly away over yonder out of sight; would you wait right here till I returned?'

'I laughed at the idea, and told her I'd wait for her.' 'Now, George,' she continued, 'I might get to be a bird! Promise me that should I take a notion to fly you'll never leave this place till I come back for you.'

'I promise,' said I laughing, yet feeling somewhat astonished at her continuance of the subject. The word had scarcely passed my lips ere she arose, seized our child in her arms, and ere I could move hand or foot, leaped from the cliff. A rustling of clothes, a wild scream from the child, a dull heavy sound and all was silent!

'I made my way to the foot of the cliff I scarcely know how, but a bleeding and almost shapeless mass was all I found there! The spirits also did fowl!'

'See that flat rock there beside my cabin—that is there tomb. At my request the sailors bore their remains to the top of the cliff, and there they are buried. And then they assigned me to erect this cabin. I promised her to wait right here till she returned for me—I shall keep my promise!'

Sensible Advice.

Some one who "knows the world," or else expects perfection, gives the following advice regarding a husband: "When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, or flattery, he will make a good husband; for he will be the same kind of man to his wife after marriage that he was before it. When you see a young man of frugal and industrious habits, no fortune hunter, but who would take a wife for the benefit of herself, and not for wealth, that man will make a good husband for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself nor his parents to poverty or want. When you see a man whose manners are of a boisterous kind, "brass" enough to carry him anywhere and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself, don't marry him; girls, he won't make a good husband. When you see a young man using his best to raise himself from obscurity to credit, marry him, he will make a good husband and one worth having. When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his rich father or relatives, don't marry him for goodness sake; he will make a poor husband.

When you see a young man always employed adoring his person, and who leaves his debts unpaid, although frequently demanded, never do you marry him, for he will in every respect, make a bad husband. When you see a young man who is below you in wealth offer to marry you don't deem it a disgrace, but look into his character, and if you find it corresponds with these directions, take him and you will get a good husband. When you see a young man who is attentive to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the street with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, supporting her weak and tottering frame upon his arm, who will attend to all her little wants with love, affection and tenderness, take him girls, who can get him, no matter what may be his circumstances in life; he is truly worth winning and having, and will certainly make a good husband.

AN ANCIENT GOOSE.—At the village of Glentham, in Lincolnshire, there is now living on a farm, recently occupied by a person named Hewson, a goose upward of a hundred years old. Mr. Hewson, a short time ago, had an auction, he being about to quit his farm, and, after all the farming utensils had been disposed of, a neighbor reminded him of a goose which yet remained unsold. Mr. Hewson immediately replied, 'I will not have the goose sold, it has been upward of a hundred years in my forefathers' and in my possession, and I will give it to the next occupier, in the hope that it may terminate its life where it has lived so long.' The bird is still living.

For scalds and burns take raw onions and pound as fine as possible and apply at once.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

'A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away;
One little act performed in love
Turns darkness into day.'

It was a warm summer afternoon—a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a little hot district school-house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy books that lay open on all the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But, though silent, this little light, hot school-room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school joined. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place, and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. 'P-r-i-v-i-l-e-g-e—priv-i-l-e-g-e—privilege,' spell Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistakes of the other end of the class, misunderstood her and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks, and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelt it again as she had done.

'Right,' said the teacher, 'take your place.' 'I spelt it so,' whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determining to get up again. But her trials were not yet over.

Many expedients had been tried in the school to keep out the arch enemy of all teachers—whisper. At length the following plan was adopted: The first whisperer was stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; as soon as he detected another he took his seat, and the next offender kept a sharp look-out to find some one to take his place; for, at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished severely—as the school phrase was 'took a ferruling!' This plan appeared to operate very well; every one dreaded being found the last on the floor; but tho' it secured an orderly school, many of the parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place was an unruly, surly fellow, who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear his face brightened up, he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed he said: 'Eunice whispered to me.'

Eunice rose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who had told of her.

The books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrowfulness as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars—bright, faithful, sweet tempered, and a general favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust, and many angry glances were cast at the boy who was meant to get a little girl like her whipped. Overcome with shame and fear, she stood by the side of the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and going to the desk said: 'Are you going to whip Eunice?'

'Yes, I never break my rules,' the teacher answered. 'We will not see her whipped!' said the boy in an excited voice; 'there is not a boy here but one that would see her whipped! Whip me, sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl!'

The master paused, the school looked tearfully.

'Do you mean to say you will take her punishment?' asked the teacher. 'I do, sir,' was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl went to her seat and, without finching, her friend stood up and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you not think this conduct admirable? Now for the moral: The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering, from its own will, the punishment that was to have been borne by another.

You see—do you not—that this is just what Christ did, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree—the Saviour of men. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend!

A RASH EDITOR.—An editor of one of our exchanges is a little the "rabbest" man we know of, in the offer that he makes to procure new subscribers. Hear what he says: 'For two new subscribers, furnished by any good looking young lady, we will furnish a husband, or if we fail in that, will marry her herself as soon as the law will allow.'

THE COMING WEATHER.—French scientific men predict that the summer of 1867 will be cold and wet like that of 1866, and they base the prediction on the fact that immense masses of ice have broken or are about to break away from the extreme North, producing cold and vapor.

Vices of Genius.

Coleridge was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner, by Christopher North, on occasion when some literary performance had to be completed by a certain time, and on that very day, without even taking leave of any member of the family, he ran off at full speed down the avenue at Ellery, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was a soon brought to a level with the vilest of the vile. When his spree was over, he would return to the society of decent men.

De Quincey was such a slave to the use of opium, that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. 'An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the forenoon. It was no unfrequent sight to see him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book, his arms crossed on his breast. When this torpor from the opium had passed away, he was ready for company about daylight. In order to show him off, his friends had to arrange their supper parties so that, sitting until three or four in the morning, he might be brought to that point at which, in charm and power of conversation, he was so truly wonderful.'

Burns was not less a drunkard than Coleridge. It was the weakness of Chas. Lamb. And who can remember the last day of Poe without an irremissible regret? He who was on the way to marry a conding woman, stopped in Baltimore, and was found by a gentleman who knew him, in a state of beastly intoxication, unconscious as a log, and died in the ravings of delirium tremens.—Douglas Jerrold, was a devotee of gin.—Byron was a tippler, and his vile Don Juan was written under the inspiration of rum.

Steele, the brilliant author of the Christian Hero, was a beastly drunkard. Men wrote of him that very often he would dress himself, kiss his wife and children, tell them a lie about his pressing engagements, heel it over to a groggery called 'the Store,' and have a revel with his bottle companions.—Rollin says of Alexander the Great, that the true poison which brought him to his end was wine.

The Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, was completely brutified with strong liquors.—She was often in such a state of bacchic ecstasy during the day, that she could not be dressed in the morning, and her attendants would loosely attach some robes, which a few clips of the scissors would disengage in the evening.

A Locomotive Ride.

There is a fearful novelty attending one's first ride upon the locomotive of an express train on a dark night. The courtesy of the engineer allows you to try the experiment, and taking a seat where you will be out of the way of the fireman, you will find abundant food for speculation and reflection, as the speed of the train increases. You proceed slowly at first. As you pass through the outskirts of the city, the bell rings a continued warning to 'clear the track,' while the shrill whistle nearly splits your ear. You soon reach the country, and you can see the town lights fading away in the distance. Faster and faster rushes the locomotive toward its destination, while the fireman is busily employed in feeding the insatiate demon, who glares upon you as his prison door is opened to receive his food. The man in soiled and greasy overalls, who stands with a firm grasp upon a lever, and who does not for a moment remove his eye from the short perspective illuminated by the head-lights, rises to a personage of great importance for the time, as you reflect that upon his faithfulness and efficiency depends, in a great measure, the safety of hundreds—perhaps your precious self among the number. You see the light of an approaching train, and your heart gives an involuntary jump as you think you see the engineer grasping the reverse lever. The train comes thundering on, and is past you in a twinkling, quite taking your breath with it, and leaving you to speculate on the very minute particles in which your body would have been found by your afflicted friends, had a switch been misplaced. You gaze dubiously at the circular plate of iron, dotted with rivets and steam cocks, that forms the end of the boiler, and imagine the little incidents that would attend a bursting out in that locality. The coolness of your companion in the greasy overalls fortifies your courage, and like as not are lulled to sleep by the rattle of the wheels, the jar of the engine and the music of the locomotion a piston, to be suddenly awakened from dreams of a collision to find yourself at the first station.

A REFLECTION.—'Vanity is written on all earthly things; it is found in the fulfillment of every earthly hope; it is the sum of all earthly experience. And what does it prove? Is it not this: that the energies of the soul are fitted to act for—as the desires of the soul should tend to—immortality? The best sense content when the demands of sense are satisfied. But when all the reasonable wishes of man are fulfilled, when every means of pleasure is at his command, when the calls of sense are answered, a voice still makes itself heard within him, saying:—'Arise—this is not thy rest!' This dissatisfaction, this longing for something better and unchangeable, is surely the aspiration of the soul for eternity. Heed, O man, the heavenly instinct! Look upon this life as the soil in which is nourished the germ of thy immortal being. Let faith have its perfect work. Believe that thou art sown by a wise, a merciful hand; and that, in proper season, thou shalt be brought forth to the light and warmth of a glorious existence.—*Eccl. ix. 10.*

A chap who was told by a colporteur to 'remember Lot's wife,' replied that he had trouble enough with his own wife, without remembering other men's wives.

Advice To An Apprentice.

1. Seize every opportunity of improving yourself.
2. Be careful as to who are your companions.
3. To whatever occupation you may be called as a means of obtaining a livelihood, determine to understand it well and work heartily at it.
4. Accustom yourself to act kindly and courteously to every one.
5. Carefully avoid all extravagant habits.
6. Determine to possess a character for honesty.
7. Cultivate a strict regard for truth.
8. If your parents are living, do your utmost to promote their happiness and comfort.
9. Recollect your progress in life must depend upon your exertions.
10. Be a respecter of religion, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you.
11. Be strictly temperate in all things.
12. Avoid all obscene conversation.
13. Be especially careful of the Sabbath and on no account desecrate it.
14. Make yourself useful.

MARCH OF 1,800 MILES.—The Kansas City Journal of Commerce says:

Yesterday a man came into our office who had passed through an ordeal of the elements, and of savage men, hardly creditable in this day of comfort and civilization.—He had started from San Francisco on horseback, but upon reaching Sonora, he was attacked by Apaches, and his horse taken, and himself only escaping with his life after a fearful chase of a day's duration. He then, on foot began his awful march to the eastward, suffering in the terrible cold of the mountains, without shelter or fire, and again pressing on.

At Fort Dodge he found the garrison surrounded by eight hundred lodges of Indians, on the war path. Coming further east, he was overtaken by a terrible storm, of ten day's duration; but, being fortunate enough to meet a wagon-train, was thus preserved once more. However, in that train he saw the fearful sight of ninety mules and horses frozen, and the still more dreadful freezing of men and women among the emigrants. At last, after a voluun of suffering, this man had reached the settlements, after a journey of eighteen hundred miles, alone and on foot. He told his tale in a plain and truthful manner, and we have no doubt his story is perfectly reliable.

Going to Law.

Two Dutchmen who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expenses necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing to sovereigns in his hand, said: 'I give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de bridge.'

'How much will it cost to repair it?' asked the honest lawyer.

'Not more ash von pound,' replied the Dutchman.

'Very well,' said the lawyer, pocketing one of the sovereigns, and giving him the other, 'take this, and go get the bridge repaired; tis the best course you can take.'

'Yaas,' said the Dutchman, slowly, 'yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans; but as he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

SCRAPS.—Faith in practical life is having the heart to try it.

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.

A thread of water may serve to wash linen, but not to mend it.

Like the globe, when the heart receives light on one side, the other is often plunged in darkness.

A person may believe as he pleases about things; but things will not, therefore, be as he pleases.

He who seeks a friend exempt from all faults, remains without friends.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release; the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure; and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

The jug is a singular utensil. A pail, a tumbler or decanter can be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean, but the jug has a little hole in the top and the interior is all darkness. No hand penetrates it, no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it out and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge that you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart—no mortal eye can look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its purity by what comes out of it.

Greely says there are 100,000 persons in New York to-day who, if they had been placed in the garden of Eden when Adam was, would have soon starved to death there for want of some one to pluck the fruit and put it into their mouths. And there are 200,000 who would have starved it without any suggestion from the serpent. And yet this sort of population elects the city government, the members of the Legislature, and of Congress, and nearly controls the whole State!

A scribbler says life is too short to drink poor whisky, or to make love to an ugly man.

'And you have been married, Patrick, three times, haven't you?'

'Yes, indeed, sir.'

'And what do you say of it? Which wife did you like best?'

'Well, Bucky O'Brien, that I married the first time, was a good woman—too good for me; so she got sick and died, and the Lord took her. Then I got married to Bridget Flanagan. She was a bad woman; and she got sick and died too—and the devil took her. Then, fool that I was, I got married to Margaret Haggarty. She was worse, bad—very bad; so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself.'

TRYING TO DECIDE.—A traveler stopped at a public house in Maine for the purpose of getting dinner, knocked but received no answer. Going in he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. 'Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveler knocked on the table, and cried out in a loud voice, 'Hallo, there! who keeps this house?' The husband, though much out of breath, answered, 'Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide?'

A gentleman, driving up to a country inn, somewhere in Clinton co., Pa., accosted a youth thusly:

'Adolescence, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him a sufficient supply of nutritious ailment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward your amiable hospitality with a pecuniary compensation.'

The boy becoming puzzled, and not comprehending the meaning of the gentleman's high-sounding effusion, ran into the house and exclaimed: 'Dady, here is a dutchman out here who wants some lager and switzer cheese.'

'May I be married, ma?' asked a young Miss of sixteen.

'What do you want to get married for?' inquired her mother.

'Why, ma, you know the children have never seen any one married, and I thought it might please them a little—that's all.'

'Nonsense!—you can't fool me,' remarked the old lady, with a significant shake of the head.

There is an old story that a Jew while indulging in a morsel of forbidden food, (pork.) was overtaken by a terrific thunder storm, and that, as the thunder roared and the lightning flashed around, he exclaimed: 'Plesh my soul, vot a pother about a lettle pit of pork!'

A negro preacher was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of God. Says he: 'Bredon whatever God tells me to do in his book (holding up the Bible) dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in dat I must jump throo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Gwine troo it, longs to God—jump in at it' longs to dis nigga.'

A Virginia negro, according to an exchange on hearing that Congress was going to give lands to the darkeys, said: Land da debbill! It's free now, and don't want no land. I's gwyne to git worms and go fishin.'

An Irish lad having been asked if the man who had last flogged him was his own father, replied: 'Yis, sare he is the parent iv me; but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him.'

'Pa, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?'

'Yes, my child; you hurt him very much.'

'Well, then, pa; you ought to whip mamma's music teacher, too, for he bit mama right in the mouth, and I know it hurt, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him.'

A good story is told of a hardshell Baptist missionary in Medina, who became mixed up in land speculations. On entering his pulpit recently, he announced to the congregation at the opening of divine service, that the text would be found in St. Paul's epistle to the M.nesotians; section 4, range 3 west.

'One of Josh Billings' maxims: 'Rise arly, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing awa, and if you don't die rich, and go to the devil, you may sue me for damages.'

Dr. Hall recommends, by way of prevention against taking cold, that persons going out of a heated room keep their mouths shut. The caution may be very wise and judicious, but what are the ladies to do?

What word is that of eight letters, from which, if you take away five, ten will still remain?—Ans.—Tendency.

Harsh words are like hailstones, which if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

Why does a dog wag his tail when he is pleased?—Because he has got a tail to wag.

A CHARM.—Whisper ice cream in a girl's ear and she is with you.

When is a ship like an apprentice? When she is bound out.

Why is crinoline like an obstinate man? Because it often stands out about true's.

Why is a new horn babe like a gale of wind? Because it blows with a gale.