



By W. Blair.

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### POETICAL.



#### THE SONG OF NATURE.

The harp at Nature's advent strung,  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung,  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks flowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth,  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From fabled land and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning hills,  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar curtains of the hills  
Are sunsets' purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low the organ of pain.

The thunder organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tear of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or spears with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlight leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its stately march,  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shan't  
The prayerless heart of man.

### BEAUTY.

The loveliest eye is that of faith,  
Which upward looks to God;  
The nearest foot is that which has  
The path of virtue trod.

The sweetest lips are those that ne'er  
A word of guile have spoken;  
The richest voice is that of prayer,  
One ne'er a vow has broken.

The prettiest hair is that which Time  
Has silvered o'er with gray,  
Or covers o'er an honest head—  
It's beauties near decay.

The fairest hand is one that giveth  
In deeds of kindness oft,  
The purest heart is one that Christ  
Has satisfied for Heaven.

### MISCELLANY.

#### A MISCHIEVOUS WIDOW.

A masquerade would not be much of an affair if there were not some ludicrous scenes attached to it, or connected with it. Last evening that of the Musical Society was no exception to the general rule, and any number of funny incidents transpired.

No person failed to notice a conspicuous costume present, a gentleman dressed as a Spanish cavalier—a very neat and tasty dress set off upon a well-built and athletic frame. The gentleman, whom we will call X., paid particular attention—indeed, most devoted attention—to a pink domino, enshrouding a sylph like form acting as her escort at all times, and paying no attention worth notice to anybody else. In promenadeing, or resting, they were in earnest conversation, and the ladies, who could not fail to notice them, thought he must be a duck of a fellow to pay so much attention, while the gentleman thought she must be a divine little angel to listen so devotedly to all his soft things. Perhaps both of them were just what they had the credit of being.

The cavalier was a legal gentleman of our city, and the pink domino was—no matter who just now.

The gentleman is married and has a small family. He loves his wife, but people do whisper sometimes he loves other people's just as much. The cavalier proposed some time since to go to the ball, but his wife insisted that her health was not very good, and as there would be something of a crowd present she would not go—to her, masquerades were very tedious affairs at the best. That X. was delighted with her determination there was no doubt. He did not say so perhaps, but the day his wife decided not to go he met in company a young and pretty widow, and in the excitement he asked her to accompany him to the masquerade. The widow was possessed of a bosom full of fun, and she consented to go. X. fitted her out with a costume and a pink domino, and one as everybody saw who noticed it, very pretty and very expensive. Now, in concluding to go, the widow had some object in view. Evidently, for yesterday, so runs the story, she saw X. go from home, when she sought the presence of his wife and told her the whole story, and in conclusion she said:

"Now you've heard the whole story. That good-for-nothing husband of yours has been paying too many attentions to me of late, and I do not like it. If you are a woman of spirit you will play a trick on him for this, and

if you are not, why I'll—I'll—just go to the masquerade, and I will flirt with him all the evening just as hard as ever I know how."

It is presumed the wife is not a woman of spirit, for last evening, about nine o'clock, a carriage drove up to the widow's house, and Spanish cavalier, very gentlemanly, very devoted, and very lover-like, assisted a domino into it, and it drove to Music Hall.

At the Hall the couple paid very little attention to the fancy scenes about them. If they laughed at all it was at their own wit. Prying eyes tried hard to find out who they were. They sauntered about until tired. They took refreshments and occasionally a glass of wine. They made no attempts to peep beneath each other's masks, for it was evident they knew each other well. At all times the cavalier seemed whistling the softest things to the domino, and a close observer might have seen that occasionally the words were very soft, for they made the fair domino start and tremble just a little, but she seemed to have good control of herself, and there is no doubt that could her face have been seen, there would have been few traces of blushing.

It was not a very late hour when the cavalier and the domino had disappeared from the scene. When the masks were removed at twelve o'clock, anxious ones were looking to see who the couple were, but they were gone and all were disappointed. Let us follow them to the home of the widow, where they drove in haste, the cavalier very happy, very talkative, and almost beside himself with joy. The domino throws herself upon a lounge. The cavalier steps forward to turn up the gas a little, but a peasant voice says, "I will do it for you, Mr. X.," and the room is ablaze with light. The voice was that of the young widow, and the blaze of the light showed the lawyer leaning upon a chair, perfectly agast with astonishment, looking from the window to the domino, yet unable to utter a word.

"Why, what is the matter with Mr. X.?" asked the widow, you look astonished. I expected you, and have been waiting for you some time. Your wife told me she would come here."

"My wife?" gasped the cavalier.

"Yes, your wife. Why what is the matter?" "Are you unwell?"

The cavalier seemed to know whether he was unwell or not. He turned to the domino. She had removed her mask, and he saw his wife sitting before him. His astonishment was greater than before. Still he could say nothing. The wife was too indignant to speak. The widow came to the relief of both.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. X.," she said; "you've one of the best women in the world for a wife, and you abuse her worse than any man I ever knew. I just wish I was in her place for about five minutes."

"The cavalier looked as if he wished nothing of the kind, and the widow went on:

"You insulted me in asking me to go with you. If I had a big brother able to whip you he should have done it, and if it had not been that a woman cannot do these things, I would have done it myself. You deserved it, anyway, you—you ugly monster. As I could not do it, I told your wife, and we determined to punish you, and I guess you have had a pretty good lesson and one which will last you some time. I know, by the way your poor wife blushes, you have said all sorts of insulting things to her, thinking it was me; but it was not. You have had a lesson; now go home, and if I ever hear of you neglecting your wife again, or running after other women, I'll tell the whole story, and have it published in the papers, with your name in great, big type—oh! you great big monster, you!"

Poor X. was suffering terribly. He had never been caught so terribly before. The perspiration was pouring down his forehead, and the air of the room seemed terribly confined. He mentally cursed masquerades, dominoes, and it was a relief, when his wife, who evidently felt that he had been punished sufficiently, intimated that they had better go home, and the poor cavalier slunk away like a whipped school boy. We trust the lesson on will be a lasting one to him.

#### Things We Don't Like To See.

We don't like to see merchants do their own printing in order to save us the trouble of setting up the type!

We don't like to see show windows full of fancy pasteboard cards smeared over with show blacking to attract public attention!

We don't like to see pretty young ladies with old bonnets on when our milliners keep such nice new ones!

We don't like to see hand-some young men come to town sober and after temperance hours get gloriously drunk!

We don't like to see good old mothers at home sweeping the parlors while their pet daughters are all over town sweeping the pavements.

We don't like to see bad boys and dogs too plenty on the streets after sundown, and above all we don't like to see signs too numerous.

We don't like to see farmers come to town with fine horses, and forget to have them put up and fed.

We don't like to see young men loafing around town in fine weather, complaining of hard times and wanting to borrow a spare quarter.

We don't like to see 'counter jumpers' out the young people outside of town, 'Country Cousins,' as if they were nobody, when they use to drive ducks to water, and brush of the flies while granny pailed the cows.

**WHY A DOG WAGGLES HIS TAIL.**—Lord Dunderbary tells his friend the solution of this difficult riddle:—"Because a dog is stronger than the tail, if it wasn't, the tail would waggle the dog."

Pride goeth before a waterfall.

### QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER WAYS.

A late London letter says that the queen will not drive through the royal gateway of the Palace nor has she since her husband died. She will not ride through the royal entrance to the House of Lords, but goes in through the Peers entrance. She will not wear the royal robes, and when she opens Parliament in person, the robes are thrown over the back of the throne, which is a gilded chair surmounted with a gilt crown, and sits on them. She comes to London when duty calls, seldom passes a night in her capital, and has passed less than a dozen in four years. She remains in quiet at Windsor or Osborne. She has no company but what her official position imposes on her. The state apartments at Windsor are all dismantled, and are unused—the massive plate is not used, a plain silver service is put on the table—a small, quiet pony and low wheeled carriage the queen uses for her private rides at Windsor, and she seldom, unless duty calls her to London, goes beyond the private park of the Castle. The hundred horses that fill the Windsor meads are seldom used, and the eight creams for state occasions are not driven twice a year.

The room in which the prince consort breathed his last is kept with scrupulous care; just as the prince left it. The ladies say that each night the dressing gown and slippers are put in their accustomed place. The queen's confidential attendant is a Highlander by the name of Brown. He takes all the orders from the queen—and bare-legged messengers come from the queen's apartments at Windsor when Her Majesty is to be served. This Brown has been the occasion of a world of talk. He is about fifty—tall and spare—with great assurance and attends the queen to and from London. Great attempts have been made to dislodge him, but all in vain. The queen has a will of her own. Brown was the prince consort's Highland servant, and was held by him in all honor. While Victoria rules England, Brown will rule the royal household.

The attempt to compel the queen to dwell in London and make a show of royalty has almost been abandoned. The coming of the princess was hailed with rapture—so young so amiable, so elegant, so graceful and courtly—with the daughter of a king. She met with a warm welcome, and seemed to promise a revival of the splendors of royalty. Her sickness is lamented—her death would be greatly deplored.

Refusing to play the queen, Her Majesty has never forgotten to play the woman. Her visit to Balmoral and Osborne is a benediction to the poor. She will allow no unseemly honors. She drives her own pony wagon. Daily she goes her rounds, with her carriage filled with little gifts for the sick; the infirm, the poor. These she distributes with her own hand. By the bedside of the aged and neglected the queen kneels and prays to the Sovereign of all.

To one she daily reads, to another she presents some needed comfort; and she is especially tender to the little ones who are in sorrow or want. All through the Highland she is regarded as an angel of mercy.

Her favorite room at Windsor overlooks the tomb at Frogmore, where Prince Albert lies. He was a benefactor to the poor, and the work he began she seems resolved to finish. The night he died the queen called in a young widow who was in her household to sit with her, and when all over the queen said:

"No one now lives that can call me Victoria."

Neglecting no duty that the nation has a right to ask at her hand, the queen has taken a public leave of mere display, and laid aside the mere baubles of royalty. To good acts and deeds of mercy she seems to have consecrated her time and fortune. Her benefactions are princely, but mainly among the poor and to institutions calculated to bless poor and neglected children. Mr. Peabody's donation in London touched the queen's heart, because it carried out a work to which Prince Albert devoted the closing hours of his life—the attempt to make comfortable the homes of the industrious toilers in the land.

**BOYS USING TOBACCO.**—A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing; and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: "It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

The laws of health are infallible; the relation between transgression and the penalty is invariable, and the infliction of the latter is certain to follow upon the former. There is nothing about which young persons are more beguiled and deluded, than the belief that they can transgress natural laws and jump the penalty. Punishment for a violation of natural laws is just as certain as that the sun itself shines, and none can violate a law of his boy; or any part of it, that there is not registered in him a penalty.

**GOD IN HIS WORKS.**—In whatever direction we survey the universe we see that nothing is isolated, and no one thing exists without being adjusted to others. All is in perfect harmony. Nothing that could be added or withdrawn would make Creation more perfect. In tracing the tender care lavished on all living things, the conviction sinks into our hearts that inexhaustible benevolence constitutes the design of God to all. It is written everywhere, and on everything. To him we look with trust, and the comfort of such thoughts is unspeakable.

### SAD HISTORY—GONE AT LAST

[From the Nashville Press.]

A day or two since a coroner's jury held an inquest in the city of Louisville upon the body of an abandoned woman named Kate Carrigan, who was strangled to death by falling from a fence, upon which a part of her wearing apparel had caught. The wretched woman was in a state of beastly intoxication at the time, otherwise she could have disengaged her garments and suffered no harm whatever.

A few months ago this woman was a frequent delinquent at the bar of the Recorder's court in this city, being arrested almost weekly in some low dens of Smoky Row, where, under the influence of liquor, she had become reckless and uproarious. She had once been a beautiful girl, and the lineaments of a most fascinating loveliness were never effaced from her countenance, although she sank repeatedly into depths of drunkenness and dissipation—seldom seconded by fellow sisters, among whom she ranked lowest of the low. And amidst all the excesses to which the poor girl was addicted, her soft blue eyes never lost their loveliness, and we remember more than once to have seen unfeeling men look upon her with saddened faces, at the thoughts of what she once was, as they beheld her pale and wretched at the bar of the police court.

Kate Carrigan was once an accomplished and respected young lady. We recall a scrap or two of the history of this poor girl, which reads a sad lesson. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, a Virginian by birth, and at the age of fourteen was left fatherless. Two years later she was seduced by some food in human shape, and in a few weeks after, in a fit of remorse, which could not have been far from actual insanity, abandoned a luxurious home and plunged into the widest vortex of dissipation. She wandered from city to city, sinking lower and lower, and about a year after the close of the war came to Nashville. From this point her broken hearted mother heard the first news of her erring daughter, and sent an uncle to bring home the lost child. He was unsuccessful, it is all that we know. The poor girl afterward went to Louisville, and the end we have already seen.

Oh, cursed and broken life—sad and inexorable! Oh, blackened and filth begrimed spirit! a wall of bitter anguish runs through the annals of thy short earth history. A bit of charnel house clay, in a rough pine coffin, above which is heaped the rude earth of a pauper's grave, is all that remains to tell of thy career in this dark and cruel world.

A year ago, the mother, heart broken and despairing, lived desolate and alone, sorrowing with an unconsolable sorrow over the angel which had once blessed the desolate household. We know not if she survives the daughters.

#### The Right Path.

Too often do we see lads and young men walking our streets with the swing and utter abandon of the professed loafer, or passing in and out of the low grog-shops, which, alas! are much too prevalent now-a-days. And what a lesson it ought to be to parents, to try and guide the children given them in the right path.

The young child stands at the parting of two ways and, with its simple faith and purity, be moulded to suit our minds. Youth comes, with all its freshness, its ambitions and its ready confidence in the goodness of all, and if guided aright these gala days of our lives will glide peacefully into manhood where golden opportunities are spread out before us, inviting onward and upward. To be sure, it is not for all to reach the goal of their ambition. But they can live a pure, noble and exalted life, and scatter such bright and lasting gems along the path that the journey of many a poor and sorrowing one may be smoother and more easy, while the thorns that seemed to pierce them at every step may be passed over without a murmur.

Meanwhile we swiftly pass the mid-day of life, and slowly descend the slope toward age; every day growing richer in the love of the good and true, and far more precious in the love of our families. We can, in memory, live over again the sunny day of childhood, can review our happy youth and earnest manhood, with a blessing on those who first guided us in the path of right.

There are great and noble works to be performed, and we should seek to be able and willing to perform them. There are millions to be trained to a higher life; there are duties we owe to society. We can not, we should not, shun responsibility or question the influence of a wise and loving life, which may be felt long after you and I, dear reader, have looked our last upon the green fields and wood-crown-hills of earth.

O! would all understand the poet's meaning:

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us  
Waiting the hour, when at God's command  
Our life-dream passes o'er us."

**TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.**—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pounds of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water; and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, exterminates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces a healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

Why does a person who is sickly love much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear bargain, and never trust to, 'We shan't disagree about trifles.'

#### Caught in his own Trap.

A girl, young and pretty, and above all gifted with an air of admirable candor lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I have come to consult you on a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, and then being sure that no third person overheard him, replied hesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, you can then go before a judge and swear that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"Then you will produce witnesses who will make oath to having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young lady returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely gave her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Capital, capital!"

"Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle but mind, the next time you come to consult me, give me the name of the young man you are going to make so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail!"

A fortnight afterwards, the young lady again knocked at the door of the counsel's room. No sooner was she in than she flung herself into a chair, saying that the walk had made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even exposed to unloose her garments.

"It is useless, Monsieur," she said; "I am much better."

"Well, now, tell me the name of the fortunate mortal."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—youself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you, I have been here three times to take a taste with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to a magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer, thus caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is that he addresses his young wife who makes an excellent housekeeper.

#### Complain Not.

Whatever may be your condition, inwardly or outwardly let not a complaint fall from your lips. You may be poor and be obliged to work hard, day by day; but this world is a place of toil. Millions have toiled before you who are now at rest in the kingdom above. Are you abused? So was the most perfect man the world ever saw. Abuse will not injure a sterling character. Harsh words resound to the speaker's own hurt. Are you cheated? So is every honest man! If you complain at every mishap, at every slander, at every dog at your heels, you will pass a life of misery. The best course is to suffer without complaining, and to discharge all your duties faithfully as in the fear of God. The man who has a snarl always on his brow, a scowl on his lip, and a Mountain on his back, not one of which he has the courage to remove, is of all men the most miserable. If you complain of trifles now, before you die you embitter every hour of your existence by your unhappy disposition.

#### An Incident of All Fool's Day.

The following story is related to us by an eye-witness: On the first instant a plain old farmer, while taking a stroll round the market, dropped his plethoric pocket-book on Seventeenth street, and the waf was soon surrounded by a crowd of fond-loving urchins, watching eagerly for some one to pick it up. Sundry passers by stopped to appropriate the treasure, but were deterred by the uproarious laughter of the boys and the shouts of "April Fool" which invariably greeted them. After some time, the old gentleman discovering his loss, returned in search of his treasure, and to his infinite surprise discovered it lying on the pavement surrounded by the group of boys. Eagerly grasping it, undisturbed by the laughter which greeted him, he opened it, and counting over a goodly pile of greenbacks, pronounced it "all right," and declaring that he had no idea that people in Richmond were so honest went on his way rejoicing, leaving the urchins to cast wondering glances at each other, and endeavoring to discover where the laugh came in. *Richmond Enquirer.*

**INTEMPERANCE.**—If all the wealth now sunk in the bottomless pit of intemperance were appropriated to the purchase of libraries, philosophical apparatus, or cabinets of natural history; if all the time, that element of priceless value, which is now worse than lost in the various haunts of dissipation, were devoted to the reading of well-selected books; to lyceum exercises, to music, or social and refining arts, it would give to society, a new moral and political sensorium. How can any man witness without pain this great deformity, where there should be beauty and divine grandeur!—*Horace Mann.*

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance.

"You are guilty of flattery," said the young lady.

"Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as pimp as a partridge."

"At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

True friendship between women is rare, but when it exists between those who are gifted with highly cultivated minds and warm feelings, it far surpasses any attachment between those of the other sex. Such friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart towards the merit we esteem, or the perfections we admire, and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons, to promote each other's interest, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

There are men who think themselves shrewd because they are able to overreach other men in a trade. If they could see themselves as others see them, they would be shocked to know how nearly they are classed with pickpockets and other rogues, who only take a different but not less dishonorable means to obtain money.

An editor in Alabama, having read an article in Hall's Journal of Health advising that husband and wife should sleep in separate rooms, says Dr. Hall can sleep when and where he chooses, but, for himself, he intends to sleep where he can defend his wife against the rats and all other nocturnal foes as long as he has got one to defend.

Dan Rice, omitted, in settlement of account with a newspaper out west a three-dollar bill which was returned endorsed. This is counterfeit; please send another one. It was two months before Dan replied saying that he had been unable until now to get another counterfeit three-dollar bill, but hoped the one he now enclosed would suit.

In a recent speech at Huntsville, the Rebel General Clanton, of Alabama, said, "that he had been a life-long abolitionist, and fought in the rebel army for no other purpose than to free the negroes." We have heard ex-rebels assign various reasons for having fought against their country, but this beats all. If he does not get a full complement of colored votes, it will be because there is no virtue in downright lying.

Geo. W. Gayle, who offered a heavy reward through the Southern papers during the war, to any person who would assassinate President Lincoln, was before Judge Busted's United States District Court of Alabama on Tuesday on the charge of complicity in the assassination. He presented a full pardon from President Johnson, and was in consequence dismissed and set free.

Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some other upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said: "I have been to see Mrs. ———." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shall, two-thirds border."

If every subscriber would ask his neighbor to subscribe for the Record, it would not only double our subscription list, and encourages us to publish a better paper, but it would be a personal advantage to every subscriber. There is more happiness and prosperity in a neighborhood where every family takes a newspaper, than where they take none.

It is pleasant to hear the Mobile Advertiser say: "Every solitary vote will be necessary to prevent Alabama from being as completely radical as Congress or Massachusetts." And also the Georgia Chronicle: "The white population are already divided in political sentiment, and there is now danger that the radicals will carry the State."

**DARK HOURS.**—To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise—when his heart's darrest hopes appear delusive—when all his aspirations seem worthless—Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

A negro in Dawson, Ga., stole a pair of boots and returned them the same day, saying his conscience wouldn't let him keep them. They were both for one foot and three sizes too small.

Little deeds of love and kindness cheer the downcast spirit, and fill the aching heart with gladness. Minutes, hours and days make the years; so the smaller acts and thoughts of life prepare us for eternity.

A few days since, as the carpenters in the ship-yard of Mr. Sylvester Hardy, at Salisbury, were cutting up a large stick of white oak timber, they found a full grown and well preserved owl deeply imbedded in the wood.

Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creature if you'd marry them. One-half of the world was born to marry the other half.

It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not too cool it all concentrated in his nose.

A company that insures female beauty against accident from the age of fifteen to thirty is the latest thing in the insurance line.—That company undertakes fearful responsibilities.

Ladies, let your hair, teeth and complexion be false, if necessary, but let not your hoods be false; falsehoods are inexcusable.

"Always aim at what becomes you." Most ridiculous advice. Just imagine a man setting up his best coat for a target or blizing away at his new spring beaver.