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ALEX. LEEDS,

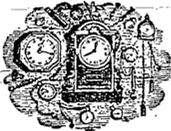
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

CLOCKS,



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture;

JEWELRY

Cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro— all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff buttons. A fine assortment of

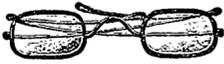
FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

Silver Thimbles and sheaths, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Rogers Manufacture, at reduced rates.

SPECTACLES



To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames.

Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted.

ALEX. LEEDS,

Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery. July 31.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD! LONDON BLOOD PANACEA.

The Great Alternative and Blood Purifier.

It is the most perfect vegetable compound of alteratives, tonics, diuretics and diaphoretics, making it the most effective, invigorating, renovating and blood cleansing cordial known to the world.

For the cure of SCROFULA OF KING'S EYE, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, PILES, SYPHILIS, BOILS, PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE FACE, SORE THROAT, SCALD HEAD, TETTER AFFECTIONS, OLD AND SCORBEN ULCERS, RHEUMATIC DISORDERS, YELLOW JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, WHITE SWELLINGS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, GENERAL DEBILITY, PALTRINESS AND FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, CONSTIPATION, ASTHMA, SPRAINS AND SPHLETTIC AFFECTIONS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, PAINS IN THE BACK, PROSTRATE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, &c. To the broken down female it gives life and energy by restoring the lost powers of nature, when health again succeeds the feeble form and pallid cheek of the sufferer.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human system. Persons all weak and languid, by using the PANACEA, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. Ladies who have pale complexion and are dark about the eyes, blotches and pimples on the face, rough skin or freckles, and are "out of spirits," should use a bottle or two of LONDON BLOOD PANACEA. It will cleanse your blood, remove the freckles and blotches, and give you animation, sparkling eyes, fine spirits and a beautiful complexion. Try it.

Price \$1.00 Per Bottle.

The genuine have LONDON BLOOD PANACEA, S. A. FOUTZ, BALTIMORE, MD. blown in the bottle, and my signature on the wrapper.

S. A. FOUTZ, Manufacturer and Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States.

For sale by J. F. KURTZ, Druggist, Waynesboro.

[Box 20—1y

MILINERY GOODS! TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. GOOD TEMPLAR REGALIAS supplied or the material to make them furnished.

JOHN D. DECOLLEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, GREENCASTLE, PA.

Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. Counsel given in English and German. Office in the Rhodes' Building, on the corner of the Diamond.

POETICAL.



DECEMBER.

Out in the woods the lonely trees
Toss and moon in the winter wind,
For the birds have flown far o'er the seas,
And they are left behind.

Bare and cold in the twilight dun,
They pine for the light of summer eves,
When the golden rays of the setting sun
Shone through their glowing leaves.

Far away o'er the purple hills
The moon is climbing to the skies,
And a faint gleam over the water thrills,
Where her trembling radiance lies.

The flowers are dead, and the birds are flown,
And the wind blows cold from the chilly sea,
And I think of the days that are dead and gone
That will never come back to me.

But the flowers will bloom again in spring,
And the birds fly home from over the seas,
And, nestled in sweet green leaves, will sing
All day to the happy trees.

And somewhere, deep in this heart of mine,
Under the sorrow, and care and pain,
Waiting for April suns to shine,
For April clouds to rain.

Lies a little Hope, like a violet,
Ready to bloom with the other flowers;
And o'er the grave of my old regret
Springs a dream of brighter hours.

MISCELLANY.

A ROMANCE OF BANKRUPTCY.—ENOCH ARDEN OUTDONE.

The St. Louis Republican of the 15th ultimo vouches for the truth of the following:

Who is it that does not remember the financial crash of 1857? It spread over the country, even to St. Louis. Many of our most enterprising and seemingly most prosperous merchants had to succumb to the pressure of the time. Among them was a merchant whom we shall call "Smith." His real name and some of the circumstances we are about to relate will doubtless be recollected by many in St. Louis even to-day. He kept an extensive mercantile establishment on — street, and by his enterprise and promptitude won the confidence of the best supply houses in the East and West. His business was good, his credit was good, and everybody thought he would survive the troubles of that long to be remembered winter of '57. But he, too, had many smaller merchants largely indebted to him for goods he furnished them.

He had a young, beautiful, and highly accomplished wife and three smiling, innocent babes—enough to inspire an affectionate father's ambition and energies for their maintenance and education. They lived in a neat villa of their own in a fashionable portion of the city, and the neighbors said a happier family did not exist in the State of Missouri.

The crash came: his debtors were unable to meet his calls, and as a consequence he was unable to meet the demands of his creditors. He suddenly became moody and fretful, even in the bosom of his lovely family. What was he to do? He had not much time left for ruminating on his position, and something should be done quickly. His first resolve was to make over the villa to his wife and family, and secure an annuity of \$600 a year on his wife for the support of herself and children, and leave the city secretly—he knew, he cared, not whither. Little time elapsed between the resolution and the carrying it into effect. So one night, after kissing his wife and little ones, but without bidding them good-bye, he sallied forth, determined to rebuild his fallen fortunes or perish in the attempt. His remaining stock was soon gobbled up by his creditors—but how as to himself? What became of him? Did he make away himself in a fit of temporary insanity or was he made away with, as scores are from year to year that fall into the hands of "roughs," who would murder a man and stow his body away for ten dollars? These were queries that agitated the minds of the desolate and disconsolate family, the public, and the press of St. Louis at the time. No account of the missing man could be ferreted out. Proclamations and rewards were of no avail, and the universal verdict was "mysterious disappearance."

Mrs. "Smith" mourned her husband as dead for the weeks and the months of two long years, till her fair features began to grow sallow and furrowed by the effusion of the scalding tears. She wisely concluded it was useless to mourn any more, so taking a practical and interested view of matters, she decided to receive the long proffered attentions of William Bradford, and old bachelor, companion merchant of her late husband. He was doing a profitable business on — street, having weathered the financial storm already alluded to.

In a few weeks after this resolution, she was hailed as Mrs. Bradford—the bloom again adorned her cheek and a placid smile sat on her brow and lips—she was again happy. In her new alliance she was blessed with two more beautiful children added to her household and bearing the name of Bradford.

But her happiness was not destined to be perpetual, for William Bradford was affected with consumption, and gradually sinking under it, died during the last spring, leaving his wife for the second time a widow. To her and his children fell his business, which,

as she could not conveniently attend, she converted into cash, realizing a sum that pleased herself and her children in easy circumstances.

During all these long years what became of "Smith"? He made his way to Montana, and worked in the mines, where his intelligence and natural enterprise soon put him on the road to wealth. Some years after he went there, the smallbox broke out among the miners, and he caught infection, from which he recovered, but so pitted that his mother would not know him. Day and night he labored and figured and prospected on the realization of the object of his ambition— independence, which is synonymous to wealth.

Last spring his good star favored him—he struck a rich vein, and beheld in the bags of gold dust around him enough to liquidate all claims against him and place himself and family, if they still were in existence, in luxury for the rest of their days. He sold out, packed up, and reached St. Louis about the first of June.

Preserving an incognito, he inquired for "Mrs. Smith." Nobody knew her or knew of her. His heart sunk within him. Did his fair wife and beautiful children sink into sorrowful graves while he toiled to make them happy? The thought was depressing in the extreme.

At length he met a person who was acquainted with the circumstances of Mrs. Smith's second marriage, and when Mrs. Bradford was pointed out to him he recognized the form and features of his long-lost wife. After some difficulty he obtained an introduction to her, and concealing his name and the knowledge of his immense wealth, he wooed and won her. She gave her consent to be his on the promise that the children of the two previous marriages should be well treated by him.

On last Thursday evening to the old villa a clergyman was summoned to tie the nuptial knot, when the real name of the new suitor and his former relationship were disclosed, and although the bride fainted, it was a happy re-union. He was happy to see his children well grown in body and intelligence in the intervening eleven years. Words cannot picture the happiness of the twice married couple, and their family, and notwithstanding the traces of the small-pox she loves her husband better than ever. May their happiness continue!

The facts we have learned from the clergyman who performed the ceremony are a romance that beats Enoch Arden to pieces.

Flowers.—Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If he had made nothing of this kind, if his works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in nature. You cannot come across a delicate, trembling flower in the shade of a wood, so small that your heel could crush out its life with one careless step, but that you will think how gentle God must be, who made this flower in its exquisite beauty to live there, and daily cares for it in the regular course of his providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother repose trustfully in the care of their creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dew which distill in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dew of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns the morning light of our Father's love will glaze upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.

A WONDERFUL LEAP.—On the last day of November, some four or five miles were weatherboarding the Silver Creek bridge, on the Junction railroad, in the vicinity of Liberty, Indiana. About three o'clock in the afternoon Jacob Morris, a young man nineteen years of age, with one or two others, was working on the side of the bridge about sixty feet from the ground, standing on a single plank, when the temporary scaffolding gave way and young Morris became satisfied that he was about to fall. He hallooed to a workman below him, "Take in your head or I'll cut it off!" He then, with hatchet in hand, jumped directly out from the bridge, full sixty-five feet. He said as he was passing down through the air he thought of saying "Good-bye to the men, but did not, as the hope flashed upon his mind that he might after all land safely. Passing through a small bush, he came down loosely on his toes upon a rock covered with gravel and grass, and fell forward upon his shoulders. He laid there in several convulsive convulsions, when he became sensible, and upon examination it was found that not a single bone was broken, or even a bruise upon his body. He was conveyed on a stretcher into town, and from there brought home to Connorsville that evening on the train. He was somewhat sore and numb the next day, but is now walking about almost as if nothing had happened to him.

"What harm is there in a pipe?" says young Puffwell. "None that I know," replied his companion, "except smoking induces drinking—drinking induces intoxication—intoxication induces bile—bile induces dyspepsia—dyspepsia induces a pulmonary consumption—pulmonary consumption induces death—put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"MEET LIZZIE AT SIX."

A TOUCHING STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Meet Lizzie at six." That was all the despatch contained. Four little words; yet what an excitement they caused in the household of Maple cottage, the quiet, sober household, whose members at the moment of its reception were on the point of going to rest for the night.

"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our darling indeed so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened by her girlish beauty, since her voice had mingled with the bird-music that floated all the long Summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far distant city, bowing her sunny curls over algebra and geometry, grammar and philosophy, astronomy and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterwards cheerfully to please the teachers she had learned to love; and at last those studies unlocked to her. But it was over now, those toilsome years, and she was on her way to us once more—Lizzie, our pet and pride—we should meet her at six!

She left B—in the morning; had journeyed without stopping all day; this we guessed at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us the words above.

At six the Eastern train arrived at our station. Lizzie was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching home thus early. It was like her, impulsive, warm hearted child that she was!

How little we slept that night! What slight sounds aroused us, how early we were all astir—even the baby and the white-haired grandfather. "Meet Lizzie!" he said: "aye, indeed, we will!" and the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled about the house giving orders as if the responsibility rested upon him, to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about the breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee best? And would she make biscuits or waffles?"

And the mother, smiling all the time nodded her head to everything, and went hurrying about, with the gridiron in one hand and the egg-boiler in the other, coaxing Fanny, with mysterious apronfuls of something, was flitting up-stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flower there, a dagger-stereotype on the table, a rosy checked fall-applie in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at.

Only the father seemed undisturbed.—We noticed to be sure, that the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she made with her fingers when she was a babe, looked deeper when he smiled, and that his voice was a trifle less steady when he told Thomas to bring the horses; but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we only looked significantly at each other and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.

At last the carriage came around and we got in; two of us, besides the father, who was to drive. There was room for more, but it was quite out of her line, the mother said, to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazza, with the pickle dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was half a mile to the depot and the sun had not quite risen when we started.—How balmy the pure air was that soft September morning! We thought egotistic as we were in our happiness, that nature sympathized with us. It seemed as if there never had been as fair a sunrise before, and half the glory of the morning would have been wasted had Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive not very far distant, and those few sweet waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipations they held!—The sun is rising—ah! Lizzie, Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped. We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out, solemn-faced and silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out on the train. The conductor appeared and waved everybody back, then motioned to some one in the car. Two men came out and slowly descended the steps, bearing the lifeless body of a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into a saloon and laid it reverently upon a sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd back—except our party! He knew us and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was; and except the father—he could not believe it. Finally he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God! it is thus we meet those favorite darlings; our best beloved, idol of our hearts!

In a brief time we learned the story—learned how the Angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie" before us, in the still twilight, Autumn morning, and, after one pang—terrible we know, but brief—had wafted the gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels!

At the very last stopping place, Lizzie had left the car to procure some food for a little child who had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped but a moment, it was dusk, and none of the officials had seen her leave. She returned hastily to find it moving, made a misstep, fell forward—and the rest—it is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls, was what we saw at the station house.

We shed no tears at first; though it seemed as if a drop could save our hearts from bursting; it would not come! not even when one who, we afterwards learned, was on his way

to a wedding party, and who, journeying a few hours with Lizzie, had yet learned to know her good as beautiful, came up and laid, in tearful silence, a bouquet of pure white rose buds upon that bosom. We buried them with her—the stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and regret.

Bless God for tears! They came at last; came when they saw the mother.

That scene is too sacred for detail. But the old grandfather's mind wandered when he heard the tidings, and all day long he sat in his arm-chair on the porch listening for the whistle of the train, and saying as his dull ear faintly distinguished it:

"I reckon's Lizzie's aboard that. Has anybody gone to meet the gal?"

When told again, he would seem to comprehend for a few moments; and once he called the creeping baby to him, and patting its white shoulders, said:

"Grandmother's old and lame, and blind; he can't go to the station, but granddaddy's going to see Lizzie first after all. Yes, yes—granddaddy's not so far from his little gal as the rest of them, but we're all following fast!"

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—A friend of ours recently translated the following story from an old German book, we do not recollect of ever having seen it before.

A traveller once told, in a company, very soberly, that he had travelled over every part of the globe, and that he had met with one among different curiosities, which had never as yet been mentioned by any author. This prodigy was, according to his assertion, a cabbage plant; and it was so large and tall that fifty armed horsemen might have been able to station themselves in battle array under a single leaf, and might have been able to perform their evolutions. Some one, who listened to him, did not deem this exaggeration worthy of any credence, but said to him, with the greatest composure and coolness, that he, too, had travelled and been as far as Japan, where he had seen, to his astonishment, more than three hundred copper-smiths working on one large kettle; in the same store were five hundred human beings, who were polishing it.

"What did they wish to do with this monster kettle?" said the traveller.

"They intended to cook that cabbage plant in it, concerning which you told us just now."

A TOUCHING STORY.—We overheard the following a day or two since, which was considered by the listeners to be tough, especially when it is known that the hero could not be tempted to 'die.' One gentleman was telling of a hen's nest that he constructed with a trap door at the bottom, which the weight of an egg would open. This being placed on a barrel, the 'Biddy,' after laying one, looked for it, and finding nothing laid another, and continued to do so for several hours.

"Oh that's nothing," says our friend from down east, "my father made a nest of that kind and placed it, with the hen upon it, over a hoghead, and she laid it full of eggs. The next day he set a dead hen upon the nest, and hatched every egg in two weeks."

"And every egg hatched two chickens," said a bystander, thinking to add a good sequel to the story.

"No, they didn't," said Jonathan. "You needn't try to make me lie, for you can't."

We copy for our young readers the following article, which we trust will prove a source of amusement. The exhortation is an excellent one, and might be read with profit by older ones:

AN EXHORTATION.

2 N E L.—Cold winter is at hand. Vegetation has fled, the beauties of the landscape have faded, and the earth now appears in sad R. A. Old Boreas comes and sighs a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, and the * * * seem to gleam from a frosty firmament. The freezing blast pierces as a ? the half clad form of want, while the tears of P T are congealed at their respective fountains. All you who are in E Z circumstances, and not troubled with M T pockets, O now to X am N the condition of those around U, and proceed with N R G 2 mitigate the distress of the needy—without waiting for any certain X P D N C—and there by merit the honor which the X L N C of such an act B stows. The poor R B found in every § of the country and every § of the globe. 2 M—the earliest opportunity of paying that debt of charity which U O 2 your fellow creatures in distress, should B your D sire B 4 it is 2 1 1 c.

THE GOLDEN MOTTO.—A good old man, when he heard of a neighbor's misfortunes would say, "He tell to day, I may fall to-morrow." This is the purely golden motto for every neighborhood; it reaches to the perfection of Christian charity and manly kindness; it places us all along the mutual moral dangers; it leaves us all the possible of immediate wrong; it gives us all a defence in forgiveness and liability; it teaches us all against hasty judgements and shows to all that offense is a common inheritance which cannot be pushed from out of our ready reach. "He tell to-day, I may fall to-morrow." Let this solemn confession be always echoing from the voice of conscience; let it be impressed on the tables of honor; let it be the first recollection, the constant influence, the guiding spirit of the day and the prompter of nightly prayer.

At a religious meeting among the blacks, a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. A half-witted fellow commenced a string of words without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired: "Who dat praying? Dat you brudder, Moses? You let somebody pray dat's better acquainted wid de Lord."

What is the first thing we swallow and the last we give up? Aus.—Breath.

SEA AND LAND.

From New York to San Francisco.

NUMBER ONE.

An agreeable ride of sixteen hours from Waynesboro' brought me to the banks of the Hudson, the terminus of the New Jersey Central Railroad, thence across the river, occupying a few minutes and I had reached the great city of New York, my first destination. Two days later I was ticketed and berthed on the magnificent Steamer "Guiding Star" bound for Aspinwall, two thousand miles distant, and within five degrees of the equator. Home, and all that makes that home dear, exhaled at once for the bustle of a steamer. At mid-day we swung from our moorings leaving the great mart of industry behind and were proceeding oceanward at good speed. We left our berth with the grace of the swan gliding from the place of her cradled sleep. What a contrast between what lay around us and what lay before us! We were exchanging a quiet harbor for a tumbling ocean; 2 plrys too soft to ruff the cheek of beauty, for storms which the sturdy ship can hardly withstand; a climate of fruit and flowers for one of storms and perpetual hail. Amid cheers, shouts, bands of music, flying handkerchiefs, toasting hats, miniature kisses from ship to shore, we waved our adieus. Sentiments connected with home and country passed freely around.

We numbered over seven hundred passengers and were supplied with water, fuel, and provisions for a month. How such a mass of life and material can be brought within a steamer's capacity and yet leave room enough for comfort, is a mystery which can be comprehended by those only, who are versed in nautical economy. The housewife who grumbles over the intrusion of an additional piece of furniture, should look into one of these vessels and she will go home with the convictions that she can sleep quite comfortably in the cradle with her infant.—The pilot now took his departure with a letter-bag filled with missives written while coming out the harbor. How many affections, hopes and fears that little hasty mail took back! Our friends might have to wait two months before they get a line from us. You who cannot leave your wives and children for a week without intelligence from them, go to sea, with all its gales and storms, and the prospect of not hearing from them for months. The truth is none but old bachelors and hen-pecked husbands should go so far by sea. The latter flies from persecution, the former from that wretchedness which a sight of real domestic happiness inflicts. The bliss of Eden made even Satan more wretched than he was before. But the ocean is itself a rich domain. The treasures of empires lie in its depths. The wrecks of the richest argosies are hers; and her waves roll over the unsundered forms of matchless beauty. She hushes the great dirge of human sorrow. Her winds walk over the graves of ages. She spreads her verdure over the ruins of nations. In her august domain empires rise and fall with as little sensation as leaves put forth and perish. All are hers, and all, from the stars that tremble in the blue vault of Heaven to the groves of coral which wave over the pavements of the unsounded sea, feel the pulses which throb in her mighty heart. She gives back ought that comes within her vast embrace. Her great seal of proprietorship will be broken only by the thunders of the last trump.

Leagues of water were soon placed between us and the shore, and the landscape began to assume that color which distance alone can lend. My thoughts ran warmly back to those left behind. If you would know how dear home is, start on a journey of five thousand miles. How the heart clings to the living, recalls the dead and restores the forgotten! How all animosities die and give place to love! I do not wonder the Greek and Roman dragooned more than death. What is earth without a home?

"Farewell, the shore is fading fast,
The wind is piping free,
The pennant from our gallant mast
Points to the dark blue sea."

C. F. S.

"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, sir."
"What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly; just put up your foot, and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

As a corpulent lady was getting into a city omnibus the other afternoon, a cross grained passenger growled out, "Omnibuses were not intended for elephants; whereupon the lady, looking at him significantly, said, "An omnibus, like Noah's ark, seems intended for all kinds of beasts!"

When you pass a door after nine o'clock at night, and see a young man and woman, and hear a snook, you may bet your bottom dollar that the young man don't live there.

Let a young woman take the degree of A. B., that is A. Bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

Mrs. Partington, although denied a seat in the Legislature, still has charge of the seat of Ike's trousers.

Temperance has promising children; but among the sons of Drunkenness are Debt, Dishonor, Disease, and Death.

Complaints that old maids would like to be troubled with,—chaps on their lips.

How to get the real complexion of some ladies—Take a little soap and water.

What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-hi-o.