



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1897.

NUMBER 29

MACHINE SHOP

AND

LUMBER YARD!

THE subscribers having enlarged their shops and added the latest improved machinery for working wood and iron, are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line and are manufacturing the

Willoughby's Gum-Spring Grain and Fertilizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Bunkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibson's Champion Washing Machine; John Riddleberger's Patent Lifting Jaws.

WAYNESBORO

SASH AND

DOOR FACTORY

Having furnished their shops with the latest improved machinery for this branch of business, they are now prepared to manufacture and furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL,

such as Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Blinds, Mouldings, etc. in Eighteen Different Styles. Cornices, Mouldings, Porticoes, &c., &c., Flooring, Weatherboarding, and

ALL KINDS LUMBER,

furnished at short notice.

We tender our thanks to the community for their liberal patronage bestowed upon us and hope by their attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Also agents for the sale of Dodge & Stevens's Kirby, Valley Chief, and World Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, and the celebrated Clipper Mower.

May 7, 1899] LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE."

WAYNESBORO, PA.

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON

PROPRIETOR.

SONG

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

My true love was sick to death,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd tell her at her latest breath,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
Her race of life could not be ran,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd buy some drugs of Amberson,
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald without a hair,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I'd bring them back, yes, every one,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson,
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
For soon a bleaching would be done,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
By Drugs I buy of Amberson,
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger to,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
For what we know that they can do,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
With chorus lou, la, victory won,
Tra la, tra la, tra la,
By Drugs, I bought of Amberson,
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST AL-

ways on hand at

PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL

Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

KEROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES

all kinds at

BUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, LASH, HAIR

Dress and Tooth Brushes at

BRASSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM

For medicinal use one

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-

ard Patent Medicines of the day at

EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING, PERFUM-

ery and toilet articles generally at

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-

fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store."

July 16

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and boys

HATS AND CAPS,

Men's, Women's, Misses', Boys' and Children's

ROOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

and Supplies of every description. Ladies and Misses'

IBONSIBS

Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sundowns and Hats
Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair
Ornament, Hairpins, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas,
Fanny Bands,
School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery
of all kinds, Notions and Fancy Goods.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.

Jan 21

POETICAL.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh, memories of green and pleasant places,
Where happy birds their wood-notes twitter low!
Oh, love that lit the dear familiar faces
We courted long ago,
From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
And backward gaze with wistful, yearning eyes,
As hearts regret, 'mid snow drifts of December
The summer's sunny skies.

Gale hours that seemed their rainbows tints to borrow
From some illumine page of fairy lore,
Bright days never lacked a bright to-morrow,
Days that return no more.

Fair gardens with their many-blossomed alleys,
And red-ripe roses breathing out perfume;
Dim violet nooks in green sequestered valleys,
Empurpled o'er with bloom.

Rosets that lighted up the brown leaved hedges,
Turning their dusky glooms to shimmering gold,
Moonlight that on the river's fern-fringed reaches
Streamed, white rayed, silvery cold.

O'er moorlands bleak we wander weary heeded,
Through many a tangled wild and thorny maze
Remembering as in dreams the days departed,
'Till he beyond happy days.

MISCELLANY.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

During the winter of 1846 I went with John H. W. Hawkins and Dr. Charles Jewett, to Woodford, where we were both to hold temperance meetings, and organize a Washingtonian Society. The weather was favorable, the sleighing excellent, and the meetings were large and of the most enthusiastic character. People came from many miles around, and we had the pleasure of seeing a large and vigorous society springing into existence.

On the first day, while Hawkins was telling his experience of sorrow and misfortune from the intoxicating cup, I noticed a poor, old, middle-aged woman, who wept and sobbed as though her bowen was bruising. At the close of the meeting, that woman was among the first to place her name to the pledges. When she had laid down the pen, and returned to her seat, I looked to see what she had written. It was a tremulous hand, but delicate and exceedingly well formed; and the name she had written was 'BERTHA MORRISON'

'Poor woman!' said the newly elected president when I asked him if he knew her. 'Here has been a hard sad tale. Once she was the fairest and most blithe of all the maidens of Woodford. She married Tom Morrison, a brave, impetuous, handsome fellow, a sailor upon the lake, and for a time she was the happiest of the happy. But the demon came, and peace and joy were gone. One child—a boy had been born to them—born to shame and misery. Tom sank lower and lower, until he finally dropped into a drunkard's grave. Her son ran away and went to sea; and when she last heard of him he was on shore, in a distant city, tracing a wild race of riot and dissipation. She has put forth every exertion in her power to save him; but thus far she has availed her, and she has not been able even to see him. Still, he is not entirely evil. He has sent her money several times. Once he met a man in New York, who was coming to Woodford, and by him he sent to his mother the last shilling he possessed, and then went and shipped for a voyage to India.'

The president would have told me more, but his attention was called to business, and I was left to reflect upon what I had heard. Our last meeting was on Saturday evening, at the close of which a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Society. I had been watching the poor widow, and I was still looking at way when the contribution box was passed down the slip in which she sat. She spoke to the collector, and I saw her drop a piece of money. When the box was brought to the desk I asked the man what Bertha Morrison had said to him. 'She told me,' he replied, 'with moistening eyes and quivering lip, that she gave the last mite she possessed in the world, and she hoped God would bless it. She had kept it because her son had sent it to her. It was an English shilling and her boy had sent it when it was the sum of all he had in his purse.'

I asked the man if he could distinguish the piece. He said he could, because it was the only piece of the kind in the box; and directly afterward he brought it to me. It was bright, with the stamp fresh and un-worn, and upon the side bearing the crown I noticed the letters 'D. M.' cut in, as though with the point of a knife. I gave the collector a silver dollar, and kept the widow's mite. I not only prized it for its touchier associations, but I meant to make it a symbol of devotion in my appeals in the future to my fellow-men.

This was in the winter. During the next autumn I was in Baltimore, where I visited the Penitentiary for the purpose of conversing with those poor unfortunates whose love of strong drink had dragged down to those prison depths.

'There's about the toughest case we've got,' said the warden, pointing to a man who sat upon a low bench, in a corner engaged in making a boat sail.

I gained a position where I could see the man's face. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty—and the face was one that attracted me. He had been a month in the institution, and the tract of

the demon was gone, and the tins of health had come in its place. I could judge that he was self-willed, and not to be driven; but there was native goodness beneath the surface, and I could have sworn that in his bosom was throbbing a great and generous heart. I felt strangely drawn toward that young man, and at length I asked the warden if he would send him to his cell, and permit me to be alone with him there. Consent was cheerfully given, and the turnkey was called and directed to conduct the prisoner away. Meantime I had been informed that the man's name was John Thompson, and he was a sailor. He had been imprisoned as a common drunkard.

I entered the prisoner's cell, and the door was closed and locked behind me. I took a seat, at the same time extending a cheerful salutation.

'Look here, mate,' he said, resolutely, but with not a particle of impudence, 'if you've come here to preach, you're on the wrong track. I don't want to hear a word—not a word!'

I told him I was not a preacher—that I once followed the sea, and had been a poor unfortunate victim of strong drink. At first his face grew bright with sympathy, and then it darkened again.

'So you've come to talk temperance to me? he said, somewhat bitterly.

'Not if you object,' I replied. 'But I come to see if you do not think there is something in you of good worth saving— if you've been drifted upon a lee shore that all Why not down helm, brace up sharp, go about, and stand off? There's plenty of sea room left.'

And then I told him a story of a narrow escape I once had from a lee shore in a gale of wind, off the coast of Sicily. Finally I led him to tell me some of his adventures, and it thus came out that I found him to possess not only rare intelligence, but a rich fund of sense and humor.

By and by I ventured to ask him concerning his friends and relatives, and after much effort I gained from him that all his near relatives were dead save his mother.

'And she—she—may be dead before this!' he said. 'But, if she still lives, she has forgotten me. He tried to speak calmly, and as one who feels but little concern; but his face was too much for him, and his speech faltered, and he rested his brow upon his hand.'

'Ah,' said I, 'you little heed a mother's love when you say that.'

And then, as exactly and peculiarly fitted for the occasion, I told him the story of the poor widow and her mite. I told it feelingly and with earnest zeal. He buried his face in his hands, and I saw the tears trickle down between his fingers. His frame shook, and once he was so mightily convulsed that I stopped, but he recovered and I went on.

'Where was it?' he asked in a broken whisper, when I had concluded.

'In the town of Woodford,' I told him.

'And the widow's name?'

'Bertha Morrison.'

'Did you say that you had that piece of money now?' he looked up, and his face was like marble. The tide of life seemed to have all settled back into his heart.

I told him I had it; and I took it from my purse, and banded it to him. He looked at it—turned it over and examined where the letters had been cut in with a knife—and then his heart swelled, and the surging flood burst forth. He wept and sobbed, and called—'mother! mother! mother!' Finally, in broken, choked accents, he said:

'I sent her this! It was my last shilling! And when I sent it I prayed that God would turn it to some blessing for my poor mother. I am here under a false name. I am Donald Morrison.'

Again he sobbed until his heart seemed ready to burst its narrow bonds, and when he next looked up he stretched forth his hands imploringly.

'Leave me! Oh, go away for a time, and leave me to myself! Don't speak, but go. Go now—leave me a little while—and then come back. Let me keep this?'

I called the turnkey, and went out, and told him and the warden I told what had transpired. They were both kind hearted men, and were deeply affected.

In half an hour I went back, and found that the prisoner upon his knees, with his head bowed upon the edge of his cot. He arose as I entered and extended his hand.

'Please don't talk to me now,' he said. 'I can't bear it, I am too full.'

'But,' I ventured—for I had received encouragement from the warden, 'suppose I could get you out from here, could let you breathe heaven's free air, with liberty to go where you pleased?'

He grasped my arm, and a new glory was on his handsome face.

'Oh, if you could do that I should be saved!—You would give to my mother a son!'

That evening I went with the warden and saw the Judge who had passed the sentence, and with him we visited the mayor. I told my story, and in a few hours Morrison was free and jubilant. After a time he took my hand and said:

'I know they have given me into your care. The warden told me so. I want to go alone. I don't want them to know of this until I have proved to them what I can be. You have given me back to my mother, and to I now ask you to trust it. I will write to you—I will write of everything as it is. Will you trust me?'

I trusted him; and I was glad to do it; for it would have taken a week of my time to have accompanied him home, and my engagements were just then pressing. Five years had passed before I visited Woodford. I took dinner at the hotel, and then scattered forth in quest of my friends. At the first corner I inquired of a gentleman if he could tell me where the widow Morrison lived. He said she lived about half a mile

away in a cottage by the lake shore.

'But,' he added, 'you need not go so far to see her. She went into that store but a few moments since. And he pointed to a dry goods store across the way, before which stood a new and handsome carriage. 'Ah, there she comes!'

I looked and saw a woman, but not the woman I had known. This woman was blooming and handsome, and seemed yet young.

'I spoke of Mrs. Bertha Morrison,' said I. 'And that's she,' pursued the gentleman. 'Aye—and there is her son. Perhaps you haven't heard—'

I lost the rest of the sentence. I had turned to look at the man who had followed the lady from the store—one of the grandest looking men I had ever seen. Our eyes met, and he recognized me. For an instant he was like one transfixed, but he quickly recovered himself. He handed the lady into the carriage, and then came over to me.

'God bless you!' he ejaculated, 'I am glad you have come at last. But my mother must not see you here. It would be too much for her. Go to the hotel—wait there. I will come for you very soon.'

As I walked back, the gentleman whom I had met upon the corner walked with me. I asked him if he was acquainted with Donald Morrison. He said he was. Could he tell me what Mr. Morrison was doing?

'He's making a new town of Woodford!' exclaimed my companion, enthusiastically. 'Five years ago he hired a little schooner, and need to run down to Erie, and Cleveland, and so on up to the Michigan shore. By and by he bought the schooner; and before the year was out he had paid for it, and took another. To day he owns three of the best steamboats on the lake.'

In less than an hour Donald Morrison drove up to the door of the hotel, and I went home with him. The next hour was a chaos of joy and blessing. I cannot remember clearly what transpired.

I only know that we went together like children, and that both mother and son clung to me as to the source of their salvation and happiness.

I spent almost a month at the lake shore cottage. They would not let me go sooner, nor would they let me go, even then, until I had promised that I would come to see them every summer, and often if I could.

I still kept the Widow's Mite, and the blessing of God rests upon it. Many a poor wanderer in the way of sin and shame has been turned back into the path of honor and true manhood through the influence of its simple and touching story.

A Country Without Trees.

The New York Sun thinks there is danger that before many years have passed the United States will become a country without trees. And this probability is a danger in the full sense of the word, for a treeless country is the equivalent of an arid desert land, in which agriculture is an impossibility.

The Sun says:

'Throughout the Union timber is being cut in order to supply the enormous demand, without any regard to the effect of thus denuding the country. This is particularly true of the Atlantic States. As trees disappear, especially from the heads of our great water courses, whence much of our lumber comes, the rivers lessen in volume, the annual fall of rain throughout the cleared districts diminishes, and as a consequence the agricultural production is reduced. Perfectly accurate statistics show such results as these in European countries, from large portions of which the standing wood has been swept away.

Should the destruction of timber in this country continue with its present rapidity, and no provision be made for the planting of forests to replace the loss, all the states will probably become a rainless region like Arizona, where crops can be grown only by the aid of expensive artificial irrigation of the soil. The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. One hundred and fifty thousand acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For rail road buildings, repairs and cuts, the annual expenditure in wood is thirty-eight million dollars. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consume fifty-six million dollars' worth of wood. There are in the whole country more than four hundred thousand artisans in wood, and if the average value of their labor is one thousand dollars a year, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly \$500,000,000 per annum. It will be seen, therefore, how extensive are the interests dependent upon the production of lumber. Probably laws will have eventually to be enacted by State Legislatures to prevent such destruction of the forests as will be likely to result in natural injury to the country, and it may be necessary to encourage the planting of forests to meet the demands of the future.'

A MOUSE TRAP.

A teacher of a country school had a very mischievous pupil, who was somewhat given to swearing. Having uttered an oath in violation of the teacher's rules, he was ordered to take the tongue and go the corner of the room, there to watch a hole in the floor till he could catch a mouse, the teacher supposing it would be a great punishment.

Theurchin gazed steadily at the aperture, while the teacher, with his face turned from him, was engaged with the other scholars. At last he heard the old tongue go bang!

He turned his eyes quickly upon the youth, who yelled, exultingly, as he displayed a mouse in his view: 'Master, I've got the darned little cuss!'

Let your troubles be what they may, never say die. Let your hair turn grey or white; but never say die.

Don't be a Bachelor.

Young man don't live a crusty bachelor. It is not good for you. It will neither improve your morals, your health, nor your beauty. Marry as soon as you can make it convenient, and as you can shape your affairs to support a wife. But when you marry, don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman. Remember that common sense is more virtue, much better than silver, and gold, and fashion. Don't court and marry droling and gold in plenty, but look for the sound practical sense of a woman first; that is the touch stone to try the other qualities by; when you have that, all else comes. Your wife that is to be, if she is full of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking, and make you grow to hers. A woman that has womanly love in her heart will find a way to make you love towards her grow as the years grow over you both. And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is—a common sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging your females into a whirl, where there is simple, idle gossip and tattles. Young man, don't stand looking after that young woman with the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and belle, and whose father has heaps of cash; for it is not impossible that while you are straining your eyes that way, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive damsel, whom nature has cut for your better half, and who may be just that pleasant-faced, placid tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get grey-haired and fidgety? Marry, young gentleman, and keep yourselves out of scrapes. Have something to live for. A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men. So mind yourselves and be happy. And you shall have good reason to say that it was a good thing you resolved to marry, and refused to be a solitary beer-drinking pipe-smoking bachelor—if you succeed as well in your effort as he who, once a young man like you, is now simply the old contented, and comfortable uncle Benjamin.

Death and the Grave.

'I am hungry,' said the Grave. 'Give me food.'

Death answered: 'I will send forth a minister of destruction and you shall be satisfied.'

'What minister will you send?'

'I will send alcohol. He shall go in the guise of food and medicine, pleasure, hospitality. The people shall drink and die.'

And the Grave answered: 'I am content.'

And now the Church bells began to toll and the mournful procession to advance.

'And who are they bringing now?' said the Grave.

'Ah,' said Death, 'they are bringing a household. The drunken father, aimed a blow at his wife. He killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life.'

'And who, said the Grave, 'come next, followed by a train of weeping children?'

'This is a broken hearted woman, who has long pined away in want while her husband has wasted his substance at the tavern. And he too is borne behind, killed by the hands of violence.'

'And who next?'

'A young man of generous impulses, who step by step, became dissipated and squandered his brain. My agent turned him out to be frozen in the street.'

'Hush!' said the Grave, 'now I hear a wail of anguish that will not be silenced.'

'Yes, the widow's cry. It is the only son of his mother. He espoused her love, reviled her red, and a bloated corpse he comes to thee. And thus they come—further than the eye can reach, the procession crown thy dark abodes. And still lured by the seducing cup which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the paths of dissipation. Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invincible door of destiny. They know it not, and with song and dance and riot they haste to thee, O Grave! Then I throw my fatal spell upon new throngs of youth and soon they, too, will be thine.'

A Rash Promise.

The Portnaut Argus tells the following story of a young lady who is a pupil at one of the schools in that city, and who has already, it seems, beaten her father at mathematics:

She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. Pater-familias, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to include a possible marriage dowry in the future.

At the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed; lest he be compelled with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be 'declared a bankrupt on his own petition.'

But at the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty sum of \$3,383,709.12! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to give a bond—or his word he considered as good as a bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily 'until otherwise ordered.'

Our arithmetic reporter has been 'figuring on to it,' and says that if the old gentleman had fulfilled his promise, his gushing daughter would have had, upon the receipt of the thirtieth payment, the snug little sum of \$10,737,418.33.

What is the difference between a halberd and a new coat? Nine cents.

Who Pses Dees' Book? Editors?

The following rich dialogue is reported as having taken place in one of our principal cities. It explains itself.

Detective Harry Hagen was met, recently, by a keeper of a beer saloon, who was laboring under considerable apparent excitement. Recognizing Hagen, he stepped up to him with the exclamation:

'Who pses dees you calls, local editors?'

'They pick up items,' said the officer, 'dead head into shows, etc.'

'Dey pikes up items! I tink so. Is gold watoes items? Is sixty tollar items? Hey?'

He was asked to explain what his meant which he did as follows:

'Dis morning I was drinkin' lager, met mine friends all der while in mine saloon, and in comes a young man wat dere never was already—and pulls out a little steepkin pook and a lead pencil, and he says he pese local editors and wants me to toll' him all vot dere was pout de row zit mine peer sa loon last night.

'I asks him wat kind o' business he was to that row, by tam, wat kind o' right?'

'Und he says he reports um in de papers. So I toll him all wat I don't know put de rows vot some tam rowdies tries to kick bet of mine saloon last night. Und dey boarders gets around and tells more things. Uot I recollects, and de nice young man, he eticks em down in his beer-skipin' pook mit his lead pencil. Den he trinks glass feger, which he toll he himself pay for, by tam, I fell sure as never was he be one little newspaper fellow when he didn't make pay wid his feger; but dat makes no difference; der's no principle in dis, I und dem he goes out and I don't sees him again all de while.

'Den one of my boarders he finds himself stolen away from his gold watch, py dam; und neighbor Schmitt, he found sixty tollar wat he hadn't got.'

'The nice young man, who pretended to be a local editor, was a pick-pocket,' said Hagen, 'who took that means to carry on his trade, and he succeeded pretty well. He got a gold watch and sixty dollars.'

'I tink he succeeded pretty well, mife Got! De next times a man comes in my saloon mit his tam steepkin pencil and lead pook, und says he is a local editors, by tam, he don't come in.'

How HE STOPPED THEM.—A preacher in Kentucky, who was often annoyed by the habit of people leaving church before the conclusion of the service, determined to 'break the practice up.' So one day he was 'drawing his bow at a venture,' when a nice young man started out. But a—, with— out, lowering his voice cried out: 'A word with you, young man. You shall not interrupt the congregation by going out in time of service.' Then, pausing a moment, he said: 'Now I remember, I took a man to task over at Shawnee Run for going out and brethern what do you think he turned out to be? What they called a fanatic! So go on young man, may be you are one of them sort.' After a while two or three young women started out, and he let out at them, thusly, 'Young ladies, it ain't good manners, to walk out while preaching is going on. But pausing a moment, he exclaimed, 'Go on! I forgot at the moment that it was watermelon-time.' There was no more going out that day. A salesman in a dry goods store at Kansas City, Mo., the other day, observed a pale, attenuated, and apparently sorrow-stricken woman concealing a bundle of loaves under her shawl. Very quietly, and without attracting the attention of a single eye in the store, the salesman said to her, 'I am not able to pay for the lace under your shawl, or you might keep it and welcome. Please put it back while I walk to the other end of the counter.' Large tears came into the woman's haggard eyes, her whole face expressed gratitude, and without a word she put the lace back. A friend remarked to us the other day that when he travels he always goes with a 'sulky,' that is, he goes with his wife, who contrives to be out of humor from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and His overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron, or elastic as the springing steel.

A Frenchman tested his wife's affection by jilting from a New York ferry boat, recently, and is now perfectly satisfied. Her affection stood the test without a murmur, and she said: 'Let the old sinner go—who keeps?'

'So you are going to keep school?' said a young lady to her old aunt. 'Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nice children.' 'I should prefer that myself,' was the quiet reply; 'but where is the widower?'

If any man thinks rebellion a nice thing, let him get married.

Good Advice—Reader, did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? If not, then get a little gal an try.

The gentleman who went to the very edge of propriety nearly tumbled off.

A friendship should never be so warm as to make you drop it.

Who is wise? He who learns from every one.

What is beauty without soap?

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