VILLAGE RECORD.

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JACOB BELL, JACOB FRICK,
G. F. LIDY, B. B. RUSSELL,

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 Fertalizer Drill, Greatly Improved; The Celebrated Brinkerhoff Cornsheller; Gibsons' Champion Washing Machine; John Riddlesberger's Patent Lifting Jacks.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

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, some Eighteen Different Styles; Cornice, Stairing, 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 strict attention to Business to merit a continuance of the same.

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

may 7, 1869] LIDY, FRICK & CO.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE,"

WAYNESBORO', PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON

PROPRIETOR,

SONG:

AIR.—Auld Lang Syne.

If 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 run,
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'd 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 loud, the vict'ry 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 ALways 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

BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR and Tooth Brushes at

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM for medicinal use ona

PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STANDard Patent Medicines of the day at

EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFUmery and toilet articles generally at

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CAREfully 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, Misse's, Boy's and Children's

BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses

BONNETS

[illegible]

All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest [illegible]

POETICAL.

A RETROSPECT.

BY ALFRED SULLY.

Old friend of my boyhood, come nearer,
Let us sit by the hearth-stone again;
Let us speak of the years that have vanished
And dream of the things that have been.

We are both of us strong in our manhood,
Yet we sigh for the days of our youth—
When to guile and deceit we were strangers,
And our hearts were as mirrors of truth.

Let us ponder the words of the Master:
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;"
Let us give up the world and its treasures,
Let us walk by the light He has given.

I am weary of strife and contention,
I am weary of guile and of sin;
Let the world and its weariness vanish,
Let the sweet peace of heaven come in.

Aye, old friend! let us turn from corruption
And forget we are worldly-wise men;
Let us cherish the faith of our childhood;
Let us be little children again.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that long for a paradise bird,

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems untouched and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Felt, though unseen by the beings that love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest;
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest,
Fresh from thy spirit, O, beautiful friend!

MISCELLANY.

TALE OF A HIGHWAY ROBBER.

The following strange narrative appeared in a volume called the *Theory of Presumptive Proof*, published some sixty years since, and now not often met with:

A gentleman traveling to Hull was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles short of that town, by a single highwayman, with a mask on, who robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off by a different road, full speed, and the gentleman pursued his journey. It, however, growing late, and he being already much frightened and agitated at what had passed, rode only two miles further, and stopped at the Bell, a roadside inn, kept by Mr. James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, when he related to several persons present his having been robbed, to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he traveled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark; that every guinea in the purse he was robbed of was so specially marked, and that most probably the robber, by that means, would be detected. Supper being ready, he retired. He had not long finished his repast when Mr. Brunell came in to the parlor.—After the usual inquiries of landlords of hoping the supper and everything was to his liking, &c., 'Sir,' said, 'I understand that you have been robbed not far from hence this evening.' 'I have, Sir.' 'And your money was marked?' 'It was.' 'A circumstance has arisen which leads me to think that I can point out the robber.' 'Indeed!' 'Pray, Sir, what time in the evening was it?' 'It was just setting in to be dark.' 'The time confirms my suspicion.' Mr. Brunell then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so full of money at times, and so very extravagant, that he had many words with him about it, and he determined to part with him on account of his conduct being so suspicious; that long before dark that day he had sent him out to change a guinea for him, and that he had only come back since he, the gentleman, was in the house, saying he could get no change; and that, Jennings being in liquor, he had sent him to bed, resolving to discharge him in the morning. That at the time he returned him the guinea, he, Mr. Brunell, did not think it was the same which he had given him to get silver for, having perceived a mark upon this which it was very clear was not upon the other; but that, nevertheless, he should have thought no more of the matter, as Jennings had so frequently gold of his own in his pocket, had he not afterwards heard—for he was not present when the gentleman was in his kitchen relating it—the particulars of the robbery, and that the guineas which the highwayman had taken were all marked; that, however, a few minutes previously to his having heard this, he had unluckily paid away the guinea which Jennings returned him to a man who lived some distance off and was gone but the circumstance struck him so very strongly that he could not, as an honest man, refrain from giving this information.

Mr. Brunell was thanked for his attention and [illegible] 'There was the [illegible] Jennings [illegible] any of the marked [illegible] gentleman could swear to them, there would then re[illegible] to go [illegible] Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became demonstration, for the gentleman declared them to be identically those of which he had been robbed! Assistance was called, Jennings was awaked, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly, but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and the next day carried before a neighboring Justice of the Peace. The gentleman and Mr. Brunell deposed to the facts on oath; and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertion of innocence to oppose them, which obtained no credit, he was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong were the circumstances known to be against him, that several of his friends advised him to plead guilty on his trial, and to throw himself on the mercy of the Court. This advice he rejected, and when arraigned, pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor swore to his being robbed; but that, it being nearly dark, the highwayman in a mask, and himself greatly terrified, he could not swear to the prisoner's person, though he thought him of much the same stature as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas which were produced in Court, he swore—as to the purse positively, and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief, and that they were found in the prisoner's pocket.

The prisoner's master, Mr. Brunell, deposed to the fact, as to sending the prisoner to change a guinea, and of his having bro't him back a marked one in the room of the one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the finding of the purse, and the nineteen marked guineas in the prisoner's pocket. And what consummated the proof, the man to whom Mr. Brunell paid the guinea produced the same, and gave testimony to his having taken it that night in payment from the prisoner's masters. Mr. Brunell gave evidence to his having received of the prisoner that guinea, which he afterwards paid to this last witness. And the prosecutor, comparing it with the other nineteen found in the pocket of the prisoner, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty guineas of which he had been robbed by the highwayman.

The Judge, on summing up the evidence remarked to the jury on all the concerning circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury on this strong circumstantial evidence, without going out of Court, brought in the prisoner guilty. Jennings was executed some little time after, at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence to the very moment of being turned off. This happened in the year 1742.

Within twelve months after, lo! Brunell, Jennings' master, was himself taken up for a robbery done on a guest in his own house; and the fact being proved on his trial, he was convicted and ordered for execution.—The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance, confession. Brunell not only acknowledged of many highway robberies for some years past, but the very one for which poor Jennings had suffered.

The account he gave was, that he arrived at home by a nearer way and swifter riding, some time before the gentleman got in who had been robbed. That he found a man waiting to whom he owed a little bill, and that not having quite enough loose money in his pocket, he took out of the purse one guinea from the twenty he had just got possession of, to make up the sum, which he paid, and the man went away. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, while Brunell was gone into the stables, and not knowing of his arrival told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had only just left the kitchen when Brunell entered it, and being there informed, amongst other circumstances, of the marked guineas, he was thunderstruck! Having paid one of them away, and not daring to apply for it again, as the affair of the robbery and marked money would soon become publicly known—detection, disgrace and ruin appeared inevitable. Turning in his mind every way to escape, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings at last struck him. The rest the reader knows.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.—I committed the fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I expiated it. I started in life without an object, even without ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself 'I have all that I see others contending for, why should I struggle?' I knew not the course that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literature, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and overcome, I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late. The power has gone.—Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there was nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.

Dr. Lyman Beecher once said; 'A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I do not believe there is one in five hundred of such professors that will reach heaven; for their is a magnanimity in true religion that is above all such contemptible meanness.'

Bishop Simpson estimates that it will take three thousand years to convert the world, at the present rate of progress. The Bishop does not intend to stay and see the job completed.

THE CHURCH BELL.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was broken by the tones of a church bell. Over the town floated its full, rich music, and then came back again in faint echoes.

The bell seemed charged with a message to the people, which it was telling with all its might; and the message ran thus:

'Come—come.' 'Come—come.'

But, although well understood, it was not heeded by many; and this is what people said who did not heed it; and what Conscience said to them:

Bell—'Come, come.'

People—'We do not feel very well to-day.'

Conscience—'Isn't it strange there are so many sick people on Sundays? Many, who are well enough on Saturday night, and unable to go out on Sunday, recover when Monday morning comes. It might seem as if some weekly epidemic visited the town with a full supply of headaches, colds, fevers, and other disorders.'

Bell—'Come, come.'

People—'The weather is to unpleasant, to-day.'

Conscience—'Yes, the weather on Sunday is always wrong; too hot, too cold, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are so exhausting, Sunday rains are so penetrating, Sunday colds so piercing, that no one but the minister and the sexton can go to church.'

Bell—'Come, come.'

People—'We have company.'

Conscience—'Isn't there something said about the stranger within thy gates keeping the sabbath holy?

Bell—'Come, come.'

People—'Our garments are not good enough.'

Conscience—'There are a great many directions in the Bible about how we should come before the Lord, but the style and quality of one's clothing are not mentioned. The church isn't a millinery establishment nor show room. In olden times, the rich and poor met together, for the Lord is maker of them all.'

Bell—'Come—come.'

People—'We are better than some who go to church.'

Conscience—'It may be much better than some, but are you satisfied with that? Will it do to tell the Lord so? There is something in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican bearing upon this point.'

Bell—'Come, come,'

People—'We haven't any seats in church,'

Conscience—'Yes, there are always seats there for all who come. There need be no fear of wearing out your welcome, for you are urged to come every Sunday.'

And so the church bell kept ringing out its message, 'Come—come,' and some heeded the message, came, thanked God for the privilege of coming, and resolved to come always. Others still refused, and Conscience went to sleep, murmuring, ere it slept, 'what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?'

WHICH WILL YOU DO?—One of two things must be done in this country—Parents must spend money to educate their children, or they must pay taxes to build penitentiaries to punish crime. There is a great mistake about what is called education.—Some suppose a learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, that they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, in the discipline, which, when properly managed, it gives the mind. Some of the greatest men in the world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin and Sherman were of this class; and similar, thoughtless striking instances may be found in all countries. To be educated, man must learn to think, reason, compare, and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is grey, and languages till he is a walking polygot, and if he is nothing more, is an uneducated man. There is no class in the country who have a larger interest in the education of their children than farmers; and the subject should receive from them the attention it deserves.

THE NIGHT LAMP.—There are many families who use night lamps, and through inability to provide gas, have been in the habit of burning kerosene oil, a very good thing when properly used. A few words on the subject of its use at night may prove interesting to the general reader. When the light of the kerosene oil lamp is turned down low, the combustion is not perfect, and the atmosphere of the room becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also legitimate particles of smoke are thrown off, to be taken into the lungs of the occupants. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that the people are not immediately and fatally injured by it. Its consequences are the mysterious headaches, irritation of throat and lungs, dizziness and nausea.

A Dutch father who, after soundly thrashing his refractory boy, sat down to his pipe and his beer, but kept an eye on the young rebel, who sulked and rubbed his hurts in a corner. After a while there comes a little interchange of revived family affection and confidence; the father, taking his pipe from his mouth, asks. 'Hans, what you tinks?' The son, still sullen, but politic, replies: 'I tinks nothing.' Then the father, in virtuous indignation, exclaims: 'You lie, Hans, you tinks *tam*,' and thereupon proceeds to give him another taste of the bitter end.

[For the Record.

Feminine Rudeness.

A lady said to us once, that there is a period in every woman's life, when she is particularly disagreeable, if she is ever disagreeable at all; and that period is when she supposes that she is smart enough to talk upon any subject and with anybody. This mental disease generall comes upon young females when they are completing their education, (if it be rather limited) and in some instances after or before that period. The disease frequently appears in the form of slightly sarcastic remarks uttered when the victim is in society. Or it may appear first, by the victim's having a tendency to laugh at everything, and everybody particularly when she is in company. Or, again, it may come upon her in the form of frequent outbursts of loud laughter, when she is upon public streets, or in churches and various public places. Of course these things are known by every person possessing a spark of politeness, to be rude and uncouth. Yet the youthful divinity (divine of course in the eyes of every *boy*) continues to act, and react, the same things over and over—perhaps because some brother or cousin has told her how vulgar they are; perhaps because she lacks brains.

If there is an evening party, and one of these hoidens is present upon the interesting occasion, every lady and gentleman is in mortal fear of crossing her path, for insult is sure to be heaped upon either, should they meet the creature personally.

If there is a croquet party, and one of these children is present, some gentleman may be prepared to receive an assault from a mallet, manipulated by said young lady.

Generally, parents have discretion enough to keep such young ladies 'at home,' but occasionally they are permitted to go into society when—beware of the consequences.

The Age of Our Earth.

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seem as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it.—Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata, by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configurations of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above—or the slow growth of the coral reefs, those wondeful sea walks, rising by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnished both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, moutain chains, islands, the long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to gasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the land of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings its way wearily back without a live leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet breathes no secret of the etherial wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life, there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a thriumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and, intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.

A Toledo German, who keeps a saloon for the accommodation of printers, has been obliged to suspend. On his book were found the following named members of the craft: 'Der Laim Brinter; der 'Leetle,' der Pen Putler Brinter, der 'Tevil,' der Brinter mit der red hair, der Brinter mit hair not shoost so red.'

Why is the letter R very unfortunate?—Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery, is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence or love

The Boston *Times* says that 'long speeches, long sermons, long communications, and long editorials are nuisances which the people detest, and are generally only evidences of how much a man can write without meaning anything.'

Why is a bad physician like an ill-tempered man? Because he is apt to loose patients.

A Backwood's Adventure.

A Virginia banker, who was chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having bank bills to the amount of about $25,000, when he came to a lonely forest where murderers and robbers were said to frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road.

The darkness of the night came over him, and how to escape from the threatening danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he soon came to a wretched cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but he would soon return. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can be better imagined than described.—Here he was, with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, a bear skin cap, much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use.

The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more the man urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose, reached to the wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

'Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my habit to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed.'

What a change these words produced—Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had confidence in the Bible.—He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the prayer of the good man, at once dismissed his fears, and laid down in his rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that time he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

No, Not for Once.

'Go with us, to-morrow, Hal?' said Fred Bean to Harry Lane, as they passed up the street amid a group of school-boys.

'Can't afford it, Fred,' replied Harry a fine looking lad as you will often see.

'Poor boy! out of cash?' sneered another boy, whose name I don't know, and don't wish to know, I am sure.

'No,' answered Harry good humoredly, 'I have got ten dollars, all my own earnings.'

'Stingy, then! worse still.'

'No, sir,' answered Fred. 'you don't know Harry Lane. There isn't a stingy hair in his skin. Come, Hal, why not go?'

'I told you, Fred, I could not afford it and I cannot,' said Harry with an air that said plainly, 'I've told you all I want to about it; now leave me alone.' But they were not satisfied, and Fred continued.

Come, Hal, there won't be any fun without you. Go, just for once. The whole thing, dinner, wine and all, won't cost more than two dollars. I'd rather pay myself, than not have you go.'

'I can't, Fred. it would cost me a guilty conscience,' said Hal in a low voice.

'Why, he's pious?' said the sneering voice again, in a most aggravating tone, 'Let the saint alone, boys.'

'Hold your tongue!' said Fred sharply 'pity you hadn't piety enough in your composition to give you a little manners!' then turning coaxingly to Hal he said again, 'Come, Hal, just for once!'

'No,' said Harry firmly, 'Not for once. I don't go to any place where liquor is sold, if I can help it, not for once.'

The victory was won. Harry's firmness won it; and though some of the boys called him 'a saint,' he was never urged again to go to any of their foolish and wicked frolics. Boys, when 'sinners entice' you, set your feet down firmly against the very first temptation. Say with brave little Harry Lane, 'No, not for once.'

'May I leave a few tracts?' asked a missionary of an elderly lady, who responded to his knock.

'Leave some tracts—certainly you may,' said she, looking at him most benignly over her specks, 'leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please.'

The Republicans in Iowa say that the reason the Legislature does not open with prayer is, the Republicans don't need it, and the Democrats are too far gone to be benefitted by it.

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

'Have you ever broken a horse?' inquired a horse jockey. 'No,' not exactly,' replied Simons, 'but I have broken three or four wagons.'

A Humorist at Des Moines put a litter of pups into a neighbor's well, and it wasn't discovered until the family began to bark.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because it is nothing without its tail.

How to get a foot-hold—Take a boot-jack.