22.00 For Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1870.

NUMBER 7

JUST THE THING

WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

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N. BEAVER, North-east corner of the Diamond. He does business on the only successful method, viz: by buying his goods for cash. The old fogy idea of buying goods at high prices and on long

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by paying 20 per cent. too much for your goods elsehere. We will chalenge the community to show forth a more complete stock of

HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, at. C. N. BEAVER'S. BOOTS, all kinds and prices,
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C. N. BEAVER'S. at CRACKERS, of every kind, C. N. BEAVER'S INDIGO BLUE, C. N. BEAVER'S.

concentrated Lye, for sale,
C. N. BEAVER'S. REPOSENE, of the very lest, -Pitts. Oil, C. N. BEAVER'S. LAMP CHIMNIES also, C. N. BEAVER'S,

And many other articles not necessary to mention. We now hope that you will give us a share of your patronage. We are indeed, thankful to you for past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly, CLARENCE N. BEAVER. Waynesboro', June 2, 1870.

World Renowned MEDICINE

Drs. D. Fahrney & Son's CELEBRATED

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WILL CURE

SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ERY-SIPELAS. BOILS, SORE EYES, SCALD HEAD, PIMPLES, and BLOTCHES ON THE FACE, TETTER AFFECTIONS,

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RHEUM, JAUNDICE, GENERAL DEBILITY, CHILLS AND FEVER, FOUR

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And Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Kedysville, Md Be sure to get the genuine. None genuine un-

POETICAL.



A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The sun went down in red and gold I watched it from the hill; With purple clouds like banners rolled, Whose tips are rosy still. Where are the eyes that oft of old Have watched in weal or woe, While the sun set in red and gold, A thousand years ago ?

A linnet perched upon the bush, And sang with thrilling strain, Duetting with his neighbor thrush,

Till the air thrilled again; And all the wood with music rang, Their voices echoed so-Who listened while the linnet sang A thousand years ago?

Where are they-all those beating hearts That lived and throbbed like ours, Who acted out their separate parts, And used their varied powers? The heart that gazed and thrilled and burned And wreathed in passion's glow, Or with the tenderest pity yearned A thousand years ago?

Where are they ?- haply over some The "dust to dust" was said, Who slumber each in hollow tomb, Till angels wake the dead. Some linger in the dreamless sleep In ocean's coral caves ; And mighty fragrant forests weep-

Their dew on others' graves. But all their souls, we must be sure, The grave can never hold-

The immortal essence will endure When hearts and hands grow cold, They may be floating round us now, Above us and beneath; The very breeze that fans our brow May be a spirit's breath.

I doubt not but they mark with signs Our faults and follies all; Oh! to think some spirit's eyes Grow dimmer when we fall.

Like us the end of time they wait, Their final doom to know, Whatever was their earthly state A thousand years ago.

MISCELLANY.

BREAD ON THE WATER.

Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts? 'Chestnuts? No!' returned Mr. Ralph Moore, looking down upon the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled kind, it his works had been for bare utility, co carry the pollution with them, and neither curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own, 'no, what do I want with stantial creations only, the tender side of the bacco stench. Is there any wonder that the chestauts?" But, please sir, do buy 'em,' pleaded the

-and-and-' She fairly burst into tears, and Moore,

her, stopped instinctively. 'Are you very much in want of the mon-

'Indeed, sir, we are,' sobbed the child,

mother sent me out, and-' broken hearted way,' smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness. 'I don't want your chestnuts, but here is a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through his way, muttering between his teeth:

'That cuts off my supply of segars for the wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the Slough of Despond.

reflections, the dark-robed little damsel whom he had confronted, was dashing down the street with quick electic step, utterly regardless of her basket of unsold nuts that dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall ruinous rows of houses, and up narrow wooden strircases to a room BLOOD AND DISORDERED LIVEB.

BIGHTY, CHILDREN with ALL OTHBLOOD AND DISORDERED brown eyes like her own, was sewing as if her breath of life depended on every stitch, her breath of life depended on every stitch, God, to what new world are we borne?and two little ones were playing in the sun- Whither has that spark-that unseen inshine that temporarily supplied the place of comprehensible intelligence, fled? Look up-

absent fire. 'Mary, back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon.

'No, mother, mother, see !' ejaculated the breathless child. 'A gentleman gave me a through illimitable space; to receive new whole quarter! Only think, mother, a whole

the temporary privation of segars to which tion that clears up all mystery-solves all his generosity had subjected him.

* * * * * * *

Years came and went. The little chest-

nut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but nature may be divulged, the immediate unity Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had of the past, forms of imperishable beauty given her the silver piece.

T. O. MOLASSES.—The subscribers have just received a prime lot of New Orleans Molasses and the dinner table all in glitter with out the holidays.

Orawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night—the fire was glowing cheerfully in the well filled grate, and the dinner table all in glitter with out the holidays.

Orawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the meselves in immeasurable bliss.—Spur-machine at Bremen. At is made of wood and caoutchous and is of life size, in the storm and purify the air of the living member of the sex.

Orawn to shut out the storm and tempest of geon.

The receipts of eggs in New York city for nine months of 1869, averaged about one living member of the sex.

Orawn inventor is exhibiting a talking and failed!'

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms and caoutchous and is of life size, in the storm and purify the air of the living member of the sex.

waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley. What can it be that detains papa? said Mrs. Audley, a fair matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled

'There's a man with him in the study,

was reading by the fire. 'I'll call him again,' said Mrs. Audley

stepping to the door. But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight lieved to be rid of his visitor.

had paled and flushed, 'who was that man -and what does he want?" 'His name is Moore, I believe, love, and

he came to see if I would bestow that vacant messengership in the bank, upon him. 'And you will?'

'I don't know, Mary, I must think about

'Charles, give him the situation.' 'Why, my love?'

Because, I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything.' 'And I will keep my word, Mary,' said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss

'I'll write the fellow a note this evening. 1

the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the case of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years. 'That's right, my little wife,' said ber hus-

band, folding her fondly to his breast, 'never days when you needed kilidness most.'

sick bed, when a servant brought a note from sue our avocations day after day, week after the rich and prosperous bank director, Chas. 'Good news, Bertha,' be exclaimed joy-

ously, as he read the brief words, 'we shall not starve-Mr. Audley promises me the food,-say beef, pork, or mutton,-and then vacant situation.'

slip of paper that lay on the floor. Moore stooped to recover the estray.

of paper on which was written: 'In grateful remembrance of the silverquarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a

chestnut girl twenty years ago." on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

character. If he had made nothing of this etc. Go where you may, the users of tobac-Divine character would have failed of the nastiness becomes inwrought with the very revelation it now has in nature. You can | marrow of our bones? and that young boys little one, reassured by the rough kindness not come across a delicate, trembling flower of his tone. 'Nobody seems to care for 'em | in the shade of a wood so small that your | itate the example of their noble papas? If heel could crush out its life with one careless | the 'habit' be thus formed early in life, it step, but that you will think how gentle sticks tighter than a brother, requiring the who had been on the point of brushing by 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 provi-

dence. Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies, Many of 'Nay, little one, do not cry in such a 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, him against yielding to temptations. But if they gather the dews which distil in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on drops, and flash back from leaf, and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance. that the whole waving and nodding field of next twenty-four hours. I don't care though, blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more for the brown eyed object did cry as if she resplendant than any dream of oriental mag-CLEANSING THE BLOOD, hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it, I nificence. So it may be with us if, in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace .--While Balph Moore was including in these | We may hope that when eteroity fully dawn, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels, which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory .- The Pacific.

THE DEPARTED SOUL .- Heaven! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who deepest read in nature and in on that cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was a shell, a gross, earthly covering, which held the immortal essence which has now lett, to range, perhaps, capacities to delight, new powers of concepdoubt - which removes all contradictions, and destroys all error. Great God! What a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of may then suddenly disclose themselves, burst- in death.

The Power of Habit.

What is there in nature more wonderful than the various and extreme changes and conditions to which the human system is cawatch. 'Six o'clock and he does not make pable of adapting itself? The human body his appearance,' der the equator with the thermometer at mamma—come on business,' said Robert 115° or 120° Fahr;—and of cold at 30° be-Audley, a pretty boy twelve years old, who low zero! It can subsist on fish, flesh or a rushing noise which became almost deaten
it all. Bimeby in comes de inspector and fowl, on nuts, roots, fruits, vegetables-yea. on insects, snails, frogs, lizards, blubber, oil, bogs, and on elehhants! It can est opium, tobacca, clay, calomel, and strychnine, and fell full on the face of an humble looking live! It can drink - without being instantly man in a threadbare garment, who was leav- killed-poisonous liquids, which set the brain ing the house, while her husband stood in and nervous system on fire! A healthy man the door-way of his study, apparently re- can live on a plank, in open sea, exposed to the element, nine days, without food or water. 'Charles,' said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek Man can outwalk and outrun-on a long stretch-the fleetest animal. He can live in caves, huts, tents, wigwams, cabins, or houses, He can live if you cut off his hands, feet, and scalp; if you break his bones knock out his teeth, and a part of his brains, and rid. dle his body with shot; and he has lived ten days with a bullet in his beart-instance Bill Pool, and many years with a large opening in the stomach, as large as the palm of a neighborhood. lady's hand-instance St Martin, described by Dr. Beaumout. It will be conceded from these statements of fact that the powers of human endurance and tenacity of life are indeed remarkable. But what of the force of habit? This, although capable of almost inconceivable tempermental changes and modibelieve I've got his address somewhere about fications, we are, by the lives we lead, daily casting the moulds of our characters. Thro' An hour or two later, Bobby and Frank the food we eat, the sir we breathe, the blood and Minuie were tucked anugly up in bed in we make, tissue, perve, muscle, and bone are formed. We grow into comely or into un comely form, feature, character. And although we are not actually stereotyped the natural tendency of matter-earth, tree, and man-is to a certain degree of fixedness .-For example, if we live regularly -as is the forget one who has been kind to you in the custom of men-we retire at a certain hour,

sleep a certain length of time, and rise with-Ralph Moore was sitting that selfsame in ten minutes of the same hour. We take night in his poor lodgings by his ailing wife's our meals with the same regularity, and purweek, for months and years, with the same uniformity. Is it singular that we take on

fixed expressions by these regular habits.

Feed a child for years on certain kinds of if you suddenly change his diet to that of 'You have dropped something from the fruits and vegetables, will be not be liable to note, Ralph,' said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a 'hanker after flesh?' Or to go back of this: suppose a nursing mother to indulge freely in wine, porter, beer, 'bitters,' or other-alcowas a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece | holic stimulants, will not her milk be largely impregnated with them? And will not the babe acquire an appetite for the same? And will not the 'habit' become fixed for life, with -both-mother-and-child? And as-it-is-with-Ralph Moore had thrown a morsel of bread this, so it is with other things in which we indulge. If the father chews, snuffs, or smokes tobacco, the odor associated with his practice pervades all things with which he He enumerates them thus: Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's railways, steamboats, hotels, parks, streets, laracter. If he had made nothing of this steamboats are constant to the content of this steamboats are constant to the content of this steamboats. steal every opportunity to indulge, and to imgreatest self denial to break it off.

Habitual opium eaters are in the same category, and drag out miserable lives of intox. ication and excitement, Oh, for a little more munly fortitude and Christian self-denial.

God has given to man an intellect through which he may be taught to know the difference between good and evil, right and wrong; and a moral sense to fortify and strengthen he become perverted, either through inheritance or through self-indulgence, he will surely be punished. Physical transgressions are punished by physical sufferings, and moral transgressions by mental anguish; sin, in any form, inevitably begets sorrow, suffering and punishment.

In forming our 'habits,' let us see to it that they be in keeping with the laws of our being, and in harmony with the Divine will, that we eat only healthful food; that we regulate our tempers; cultivate and discipline our social affections, our intellects, and our religious sentiments. By these means we shall resist temptations, and escape those sufferings which follow transgressions.

"The tissues of the life to be, We weave with colors all our own, And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown." -Phrenological Journal.

NEITHER ROPE NOR FEAR .-- Mr. Owen visited Alexander Campbell, at Bethany, to swered Mr. Campbell, 'you say you have no many valuable lives." fear in death; have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause, 'No,' said Mr. Owen, Then,' rejoined Mr. Campbell (pointing to your father was a merchant only a week ago.' an ox standing near.) 'you are on a level said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting with that brute. He has been fed until he is alms; 'and if that is so, how could your famsatisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking ily have been so reduced to beggary?" 'It off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear is true ma'am; my father kept a peanut stand,

FALL OF METEOR. - A letter from Freemer it gives a sonorous ring and indicates a about de bread?" good degree of elasticity. It also bears evidence of having been subjected to intense

A CHILD'S OPINION.—Pa, said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee, and looked in his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of his subject, Pa, is your low would have stole the whole of it,' replied soul insured?

What are you thinking about, my son, replied the agitated father.

Why, Pa, I heard uncle George say that you had your houses insured, and your life in Virginia, observing a very peculiar chiminsured; but he did'nt believe you had tho't ney, unfinished, and it attracting their atof your soul, and he was afraid you'd lose it; tention they asked a flaxen haired urchin

won't you have it insured right away? The father leaned his head on his hands whereupon the aforesaid urchin gave themand was silent. He owned broad acres of the stinging retort: Yes, it draws the atland that were covered with a bountiful pro- tention of all the d-d fools that pass this duce, his barns were even now filled with road. plenty, his buildings all covered by insurance. but, as if that would not suffice for the maintainance of his wife and only child in case of saw some of his bearers as leap, he stopped his decease, he had, the day before, taken a in his discourse and shouted Fire! fire! life policy for a large amount; yet not one The people were alarmed, and cried out, thought had he given to his immortal soul.

fact that few women are competent judges of what is essentially a quality of their own - female beauty. It is not easy for any one to define it, the' we all recognize its presence. It depends so much on expression and action, which are essentially mobile, that it is almost impossible to grasp and fix it into a definition. Many have taken an entirely materialistic view of the matter, and attempted to measure it by the arithmetic of proportion, or weigh it according to avoirdupois. Brantome, one of the most decided of these; has the presumption to count on the ends of his fingers the qualities of a female beauty.

lashes.

Three red-the lips, cheeks, and nails. Three long-the body, hair and hands. Three short- the teeth, ears, and feet. Three broad-the chest, forehead, and pace between the eyes .- Olive King.

INDUSTRY .- Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep vous eye; 'I say, pappa ought the master to and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The flog a feller for what he didn't do?' 'Cervery necessity which overcomes our natural tainly not my boy? Well then he flogged sloth is a blessing. The whole world does me to-day when I didn't do my sum. not contain a brier or thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with ty four years ago. It is said to be as bright spontaneous plenty and unbounded profu- and sweet as any cut this summer. sion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures entry, New Hampshire, the lady being which it bestows, Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them-no in- They are now keeping house. dolence can taste them They flow only

from the exertions which repay.

TIME.-"When I look upon tombs of the great,' said Addison, 'every emotion of envy dies in me. I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must so quickly follow. When I see kings lying over those who deposed them; when I see rival wits placed side by side, or holy men that divided the world with there contest and desputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competions, fraction and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates Hugg to suit Mrs. Hugg. of tombs of some that died yesterday, and of A driver of a coach stoped to get some day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

NAIL IN THE FOOT - We find in a South ern paper the following, uncredited, but give make arrangements for their discussion on it for what it is worth. 'To relieve from the evidences of Christianity. In one of the terrible effects of running a nail in the their excursions about the farm, they came foot of man or horse, take peach leaves and to Mr. Campbell's family burying ground; bruise them, apply to the wound, and confine when Mr. Owen stopped, and addressing with a bandage. They cure as if by magic. himself to Mr. Campbell, said, 'There is one Renew the application twice a day, if necesadvantage I have over the Christian; I am sary, but one application usually does the not afraid to die. Most Christains have work. I have cured both man and horse in fear in death; but, if some few items of my a few hours, when they were apparently on business were settled, I should be perfectly the point of having the lock jaw. This rewilling to die at any moment. 'Well,' an cipe, remembered and practiced, will save

I thought I understood you to say that in help.

'You see' said the old darkey, 'dis parrot dom, Missouri, gives an account of a recent belonged to a baker in Richmond. Now, fall of a meteor near that place. The sub- each baker is lowed to make a certain numstance of the letter is that on the 4th of ber of loaves of bread every day and no July, the family of Joseph Young were more; cause if dey will be serving out stale startled by the appearance of a column of bread to the customers. Well, dis baker flame in the zir, which extended many hun- had baked more dan his usual share per day dred feet upward to a point, and rapidly up- and had the surplusum under the counter. ing as it drew near, and ended with a report | finds de bread all right, and is going out alike the loudest thunder. From the com | gain satisfied, when de parrot cocks his eye mencement of the light until the report, at him and sings out, Dere's more bread unwas scarcely more than a second. Soon after der de counter. So the inspector grabs it the occurrence at a distance of some two cording to de law and carries it off Well, hundred yards from Mr. Young's house, was den de baker goes to the parrot an' bery mad found a body, of metalic characteristics and takes him by the head, fetches him a twitch irregular form. From its position and the or two an flings him to de gutter for dead, appearance of the ground it must have fallen longside a pig just dead ob de measles. from the south. Its weight is about as much Bimeby de parrot begins to crawl about, his as a man can readily lift. Its color is dark fedders stickin' out and his head lopped on brown, almost black and in one spot it shows one side, and den stop and looks at de pig a metalic tint. When struck with a ham- berry pitiful, an' says, Did you say anything

Old Johnson once lost half of a hog, and heat. This strange visitor from the regions the next day in telling his misfortune he inof the air is attracting much attention in the sisted that it was some darkey who had stolen it. How do you know it was a darkey, said his friend.

'Because,' said Johnson, 'I know it was, I can tell certain' But how do you know it?' 'Why if it had been a white man the fel-Johnson.

We heard a joke recently on two Portsmonth drummers. While passing a house standing in the house, if it 'drawed well,'

It is told of John Wesley that when he where, 'Where, sir? where?' To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, 'In BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.-It is a curious hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the word.' A Dandy, strutting about a tavern, took

> the table, put them on his nose, and, turning to the-looking-glass-said. 'Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they, improve my looke?' I think they do, replied the landlord, they hide part of your face.'

up a pair of green spectacles which lay on

Husband - If I were to lose you I would ever be such a fool as to marry again.' Wife-'If I were to lose you, I would marry again directly.'

Husband-Then my death would be regretted by at least one person Wife—'By whom?'

Husband-'My successor.'

Two Irishmen were traveling, when they stopped to examine a guide board. Twelve miles to Portland, and one. Just six miles apiece, said the other. And they trudged on apparently satisfied at the small distance.

'Pappa,' said a small urchin with a mischie-

Peter Schurtz, a farmer, living in Clinton,

N. Y., has in his barn, hay that was out fif-A couple where recently married in Cov-

twelve years old and the gentleman fourteen. Bashfulness is more frequently connected

with good sense, than we find assurance; and

impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity. 'My landlady,' said the man, 'makes her tea so strong that it breaks the cups.' 'And mine,' said another, makes her's so weak that

it can't run out of the pot.' Mrs. Hugg, of Chicago, has applied for a divorce from Mr. Hugg. There was too much hugging done in the tamily by Mr.

water for the young ladies inside, being asked what he stopped for, replied, 'I'm watering my flowers."

'Isn't my shirt clean?' quoth one Bohemian to another. 'Well, yes,' was the answer, it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white?

It is said that there is a great many old girls down at Long Branch. They use a great deal of powder but they won't go off.

A man who loves his family will always take a newspaper, and a man who respects his family will pay for it. Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?

Because, though first in pity be is the last

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it's down in the month.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unrified gun? Because he is a smooth bore. When is money damp? When it is dew

in the morning and mist at night.

A store in Denver City has a sign as follows: FyNeKUT 2 bakO.