

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1870.

NUMBER 10

MEXICAN ROW!

W. A. REID

Has received a fresh stock of goods, and is almost daily making addition to his stock. He has

PURE SPICES.

Prime Rio Coffee, Brown Coffee, Brown and Crushed Sugar, Loaf Sugar, Powdered White Sugar, Carolina Rice, Syrup, superior in quality and low in price, F. Rice and N. Orleans Molasses, Corn Starch, Chocolate, sweet etc., Pickles, Catsup, Mince, Crackers and Cakes, G. A. Salt, Fine Salt, Sugar cured Hams.

Call and examine. No trouble to show goods. I offer the above at reduced prices, notwithstanding they are on the "rise" in the East.

Cove OYSTERS in 1 and 2 lb. cans, always on hand, sold by the can or doz. n. He warrants them good.

When you go to Picnics, or to the mountain, come where you get good oysters and crackers, cheese &c.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.—Lever Raisins, French Currants, Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Citron, Prunes, Apples, nuts of several kinds.

FOR BAKING AND ICE CREAM.—We have good and pure extracts of Lemon, Orange, Vanilla, Strawberry, essence of Lemon, Cinnamon, &c. Get the Eng. Soda for making Biscuit.

GLASSWARE.—Look at our cheap goblets, dishes, canteens, tumblers, flasks, molasses cans, lamps chimneys, &c. We have the best and cheapest in town.

QUEENSWARE.—An unrivaled assortment, full stock, lower in price than ever. Tea sets, cups and saucers, meat plates, soup do., Tea, Dinner, and Breakfast do. We have the real granite, no deception in the quality. We have the common ware, new stock.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Are invited to look at our knives and forks, butcher knives, large spoons, common plates and silver plated tin and table spoons, clothes baskets, buckets, tubs, market baskets, school do.

NOTIONS.—Toilet Soaps, perfumery, combs, pocket books, pencils, ink cap letter and note paper.

Superior White Oil, Best Kerosene Oil, Chemical Oil, Soap, Barlow's Blue Indigo, Wick Yarn, Besides many useful articles always on hand.

Country produce and "greenbacks" taken in exchange for goods. I am thankful for past patronage and solicit a continuation of the same at the FAMILY GROCERY store. W. A. REID. Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

SECOND ARRIVAL!

RECENTLY OPENED BY

PRICE & ROEFLEICH,

A large assortment of very cheap goods, bought at the late decline in prices, and consequently will be sold correspondingly low. The price of all kinds of goods having declined in the Eastern Markets, the subscribers assure their friends that they can offer them superior inducements this season. With a large stock to select from, and prices and qualities to please, they invite all to come and see and judge for themselves. For desirable style of goods and durability of fabric they pay particular attention, so that their customers can always rely on getting the worth of their money in purchasing from them.

LOOK AT THIS

ARRAW

of articles and see, if you are not in want of some herein specified

Light and Black Attapacas, Hensons, D. Lines, Alpaca Lustre, Deluzes, Latus, Gingham, Chinos, Eppins, Tomestines, Braze, Mescalos, Gingham, Prints, Checked, Cottonades, Denims, Chambr, Sheetings, Shirtings, Diapers, Crash, Napkins, Towels, Hoop Skirts direct from the manufacturers, And—a beautiful wrappings, Prints at 6, 8, 10, 12 1/2, Hosiery and Gloves, Feathers by the pound, Oil Cloths for Table, Stand and Floor, Tubs, Churns and Buckets, Hoses, Keys and Knives, Window Shades and fixtures, Cheese—a good article, Mackerel in 1/2, 1 and whole Barrels, Cottonades—a fine assortment,

Leather Mitts for garden making, Hoes, Spades and Rakes, Shovels, Forks and Brooms, Poles, Janes, Ermine Cloths, June 9-1870

OLD IRON WANTED.

The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of the GEISER M. CO.

POETICAL.



A FEW SHORT YEARS FROM NOW.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A few short years from now?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A few short years from now?

The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now!

O, where will be Love's beaming eye;
Joy's pleasant smiles, and Sorrow's sigh;
A few short years from now?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A few short years from now?

Who'll tread the church with willing feet,
A few short years from now?

Pale, trembling age,
And fiery youth,
And childhood, with
Its bow of truth—

The rich, the poor, on land and sea
Where will the mighty millions be
A few short years from now?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A few short years from now!
No living soul for us will weep,
A few short years from now!

But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill;

While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A few short years from now!

MISCELLANY.

HARD OF HEARING.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down east," who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, forsooth, who was more captious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the Isles of March if I mistake not, when lightning met lightning and loud hoarse peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's bedside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry 'Sal.' Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man the next day; but, said he, "as I think on the task my heart shrinks."

To be brief, night passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was to be found in the barn lot feeding his pigs. Jonathan rose from bed early in the morning, spied the old man feeding his pigs and resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed, after Jonathan made his last resolution, ere he bid the old man "good morning." Now Jonathan's heart beat—now he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a peevish yawn. Jonathan declared he'd as lief take thirty-nine stripes as to ask the old man, "but," said he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it," a faint heart never won a fair gal, and he addressed the old man thus,—

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

"You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill."

Jonathan, putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice: "I've got five hundred pounds of money."

Old man stepped back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaimed in a voice of surprise, "You have got five hundred pounds of honey—What is the mischief can you do with so much honey, Jonathan? Why, it is more than all the neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan, not yet the victim of despair, putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out, "I've got gold!"

Old Man—"So have I, Jonathan, and it's the worst gold I ever had in my life." So saying he sneezed a "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up and observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth close to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Yahoo.

"Daddy, I say, daddy, you don't understand, he wants to marry your daughter."

Old Man—"I told him our calf halter was gone."

Old Lady—"Why, daddy, you can't understand; he's got gold, he's rich!"

Old Man—"He's got a cold and the itch, eh! So saying, the old man struck at Jonathan, with his walking cane, but happily for Jonathan he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels, nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got far from the barnyard, nor far from the old man, for he ran him a close race, ere Jonathan stamped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up," he stumbled over Jonathan, and fell sprawling into a mud-hole. Jonathan sprang to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal, she died a nun. Never had any husband.

A man in Springfield, Ill., bet two ladies a new dress each that they couldn't refrain from talking two hours. One of them held out for an hour and ten minutes, and the other won the dress. They made it up on him when the time had expired.

"My friend, have you confidence enough in me to lend me ten dollars?" "I have plenty of confidence, but no ten dollars."

An Illinois Farmer.

The following highly interesting statistics of the immense farms of Mr. John T. Alexander, the great farmer and stock dealer of Morgan county, have been prepared with much care, and can be relied upon as substantially correct in every respect:

Number of acres of improved lands on his farms, 34,000; number of acres of unimproved lands, 300. Total number of acres of land, 34,300. Aggregate value of lands, \$1,955,000. Value of implements in use upon his farms, \$50,000. Amount paid for wages during the past year to hands employed on his farms, \$76,000. Number of live stock on his farms—99 mules, 50 cows, 150 horses, 200 pigs, and 7,000 other cattle; hogs, 700. Total value of live stock, \$336,900. Product of his farms in 1869—Corn, 277,500 bushels; wheat, 7,000 bushels; oats, 8,000 bushels; rye, 2,000 bushels; potatoes, 1,000 bushels; hay, 3,000 tons. Value of animals sold on his farm during the past year, \$493,400.

Mr. Alexander has two farms, one of near 8,000 acres in Morgan county, twelve miles east of Jacksonville, upon which he resides, and the other, of about 27,000 acres, in Champaign county, Illinois. In addition to his vast business as a farmer, Mr. Alexander buys, ships and sells, as dealer, over 50,000 head of cattle annually.—*Declarator*, (Ill.), Republican.

SOME TIME.—The following is one of Mr. Prentice's little waifs, as many of which appeared in the Louisville Journal in its palmy days:

"Sometime"—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, oh reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is, is a golden "sometime"; when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard, built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping, "sometime."

THE GREATEST MEN.—Beecher says:—"Aston Burr was a keener thinker than Geo. Washington. He was a more ingenious man, a far more active man, and if he had been a moral man, and had maintained moral relations with himself, with his fellow men, and with the laws of rectitude, he would have been an abler man. Washington was a man of good sense, but he was not a man of genius in any direction except that of common sense. He was a man of singular equity; of great disinterestedness, and of pure and upright intent. Scarcely he was, by the light which comes from integrity. He endured, having faith to believe the right was right; that right was safe, and that right in the end would prevail. That which made Washington the only great hero of our revolutionary struggle was the light of the moral element in him—not any intellectual genius which he possessed; not any rare faculty of administration, nor any remarkable executive power. And if you look back upon those names in our history that have stood the test, you will find that they have been men who were fruitful in the highest moral elements. And as time goes on, those men who lack these elements sink lower and lower, while the others rise till they reach the meridian."

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The late eminent judge, Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in London, "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a portion is due to Christianity. But Christianity out of the page of a man's history, and what would his life have been—what his civilization?—Christianity is mixed up with our very being, and our daily life, there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts to the Gospel."

INDIANA JUSTICE.—Not long ago Penn township, in the county of St. Joseph, Indiana, was thought by the citizens of the eastern part of the town to be rather large, and their voting place too distant. Accordingly a petition to divide the township was successful. An election was held in the small village of O—, and old W. was elected justice of the peace. As there were no trials to attend for some time, the boys got impatient for one, and thinking to have some with old W. got up a sham fight. One party of the belligerents caused the arrest of the other, and the affair came to trial. Justice W. presided and appeared very grave, as became his office. After several witnesses had been examined, the justice announced as his decision that seven of the defendants should be fined \$10 each. Then the boys laughed, and informed him that they were only in fun. "Fun, eh? You may have been in fun, but I'll be snatched if I am! Every man of you must pay the fine, or go to jail!" The boys didn't appreciate the fun when they had to "pop up."

A Thrilling Reminiscence.

One of the most thrilling reminiscences of the annals of the American Revolution is recorded of General Peter Muhlenberg, whose ashes repose in the burying ground of the old Trappe church, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. When the war broke out, Muhlenberg was the rector of a Protestant Episcopal church, in Danmore county, Virginia.

On a Sunday morning he administered the communion of the Lord's Supper to his charge, stating that in the afternoon of that day he would preach a sermon on 'The duties men owe to their country.' At the appointed time the building was crowded with listeners. The discourse was founded upon the text from Solomon: 'There is a time for every purpose and for every work.' The sermon burned with a patriotic fire; every sentence and intonation told the speaker's deep earnestness in what he was saying. Passing a moment at the close of his discourse he repeated the words of his text and in tones of thunder exclaimed: 'The time to preach is past: the time to fight has come!' and cutting the action to the word, he threw from his shoulders his Episcopal robes and stood before his congregation arrayed in a military uniform. Drumming for recruits commenced on the spot, and it is said that almost every male of suitable age in the house enlisted forthwith.

POETRY.—Prentice thus eloquently answers the question, "What is Poetry?" "A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man, and in every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory which chains our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry in the harmonies of Nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star, its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataraets; its softer tones go up from the thousand voice harps of the wind, and rivulet, and forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us, to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight-ray that comes down upon the stream or hill; not a breeze calling from his blue air throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains, its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision, in the rosy blushes of autumn twilight, nor a rock, glowing in the yellow starlight, as if dreaming of Eden land; but is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and Heaven are quickened by its spirit; and the heavings of the great deep, in temper and in calm, are but its accent and mysterious workings."

A PLEA FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—"Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all the lessons of experience. Above all don't expect judgement in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles, don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us that deep, faithful love which ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unflinching sympathy with all her children's griefs.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans are thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Lastly, don't think a child a hopeless case because it betrays some very bad habits. Sympathize with them, that sympathy may strengthen and invigorate them to bear with firmness the trials they meet.—*Exchange*.

SKILLFUL MANAGEMENT SECURES SUCCESS.—Success in all branches of business, to a great extent, depends on the practical knowledge of those who have charge of the management and details of the business.—Any business directed and managed by unskillful men, is a game of chance, with more probability of losing than winning.

The laboring man, the farmer, the mechanic, the minister, the lawyer, the physician, the banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the politician and statesman, must understand the business engaged in, or incur the probability of failure and disappointment.—Nine tenths of the failures in all branches of business, result from a want of skill, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, where success is attained, it can be directly or indirectly attributed to skillful care and intelligent management.

This being the case men should study and understand the business they follow, unless they are anxious for failure and disappointment. They should follow the business they are best qualified to be successful in, and not waste time changing from one to another, or following that which they do not understand. It is better to be a successful mechanic or laborer, than to be an unsuccessful prince or statesman.

GETTING A HANDLE.—A dignified and consequential officer of the Marine Corps was passing up Chestnut street, when he was accosted by a brother officer, who, touching him familiarly on the shoulder, said, "Well, Brown, how are you?" "Excuse me, was the haughty reply, "I wish you would remember that there is a handle to my name." "Oh—yes—certainly. How are you, Brown handle?"

FAST WORK.—A smart minister in Toledo, within ten months, married a couple, baptized their first child, preached the husband's funeral sermon, and married the widow.

How some things are Done.

A queer case was that of a physician of Hartford, Conn., who, on going to the opera with a friend, was cautioned, at the ticket-office to look out for pick pockets. He clasped his hand on his watch, a valuable one, engraved with his name, and the name of the society or friend who gave it to him. It was there all right, and he made sure of keeping his hand on it through the performance of the opera. On coming out, what was his astonishment to find his watch gone! It had been taken in spite of his watchfulness.—Reflecting that a watch so engraved could not be disposed of easily even in New York, he advertised his loss in the next morning's papers, and added that a reward (we believe \$100) would be paid for its recovery, and no questions asked.

Before noon the bell rang, and a very elegant dressed man, in appearance, a perfect gentleman, inquired for the advertiser of a lost watch.

"Have you got it?" asked the doctor quietly.

"I have," coolly returned the stranger, "here it is. I claim the reward."

"Here is the money," said the doctor, and now I want to ask—

"O, but you said there would be no questions," answered the musketeer.

"True," said the doctor, "but I only want to know how under heaven you got that watch, when I kept my hand on it all the time?"

"Are you sure you kept your hand over it all the time?"

"Yes, positive."

"Now let me refresh your memory. Don't you remember at one interesting stage performance, there was a fly lit on your ear, and you raised your hand to brush it off?"

"Yes, it is a fact," said the doctor, "I do remember that."

"Well, sir," said the brilliant stranger, "that was the time you lost your watch. I tickled the top of your ear with a straw, and you brushed off the supposed fly, and didn't notice when your hand went back, that your watch was no longer there. Good morning, sir."

ABOUT MARRYING TOO YOUNG.—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says:—"Girls do not reach their maturity until twenty five, yet at sixteen they are wives and mothers all over the land, robbed of all the rights and freedom of childhood in marriage, crippled in growth and development; the vital forces needed to build up a vigorous and healthy womanhood are sapped and perverted from their legitimate channels in the premature office of reproduction.

When the body is overtaxed, the mind loses its tone and settles down in a gloomy discontent that offends the whole moral being. The feeble mother brings forth feeble sons, the sad mother those with morbid appetites. The constant demand of stimulants among men is the result of the morbid conditions of their mothers. Healthy, happy, vigorous womanhood would do more for the cause of temperance than any prohibitory or license laws possibly can. When woman, by the observance of the laws of life and health is restored to her normal condition, maternity will not be a period of weakness, but of added power. With that high preparation of body and soul to which I have referred, men and women of sound mind and body, drawn together by true sentiments of affection might calculate with certainty on a happy home, with healthy children gathering round the fireside."

A Clergyman who had remarkable faith in Watts' hymn-book, said he could never open to any page without finding a hymn entirely appropriate to the occasion.

A boy of his thought he would test his father's faith, and taking that old song, "Old Grimes is dead," pasted it in one of the pages of the book over one of the hymns, and did it so nicely that it could not easily be detected.

The minister took the hymn-book to church on Sabbath morning, and happened to open that very page and commenced to read.

"Old Grimes is dead."

There was a sensation in the audience.—He looked at the choir and they looked at him, but he had this unbounded faith in Watts' hymns and he undertook it again, commencing with the same line.

There was another sensation in the audience. Looking at it again and then at the congregation and then at the choir, he said: "Brethren, it is here in the regular order in Watts' hymn-book, and we will sing it, anyhow."

INDUSTRY.—Men must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a briar 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 spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion.—The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them—no indolence can waste them. They flow only from the exertions which repay.

The editor of the Marietta (Ohio) Sun, is resolved discreetly to avoid controversy on the woman question. Here is his diplomatic platform:

I. If a woman is disposed to argue with us in favor of woman's suffrage, we are in favor of it also.

II. If the lady happens to be against it, we are against it likewise.

III. If it is a mixed assemblage of ladies, one or more on each side, they may have it out among themselves—we holding the bonnets.

Here is the best bed bug story now afloat: "Talk about bed-bugs," said Bill Jones, who had been across the plains, "you should have seen some of the critters I met in Idaho last spring. I stopped one night with some settlers, who lived in a loft. When it came to go to bed, they strung a blanket across the middle of the room, and the settler's family slept on one side of it and gave me the other.

I laid down to go to sleep, and the bed bugs began to gather like lunch fenders around a fire 'lay out.' I tried to kiver up and keep away from them, but the pesky varmints would catch hold of the bed clothes and pull them off from me. They didn't think nothing of dragging me around the room if I held on. I 'em till about midnight, and then I looked around for some way of escape.

"There was a ladder reachin' up into the loft, and I thought the best way to get away from the blood-suckers was to climb up that, so I did. There wasn't any bugs in the loft, and I laid down congratulating myself on my escape. Pretty soon I heard the ladder squeakin' as if somebody was coming up.—Bimoby I saw a bed-bug raise himself up through the hole in the floor, lookin' curiously around the loft. Soon he saw me, and he motioned to his chums, the blood-thirsty ones, and cried exultingly; 'Come up boys; he's here!'

A couple of the sons of the Green Isle in conversation about the news, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, soon developed which side they were on. The following is a portion of their chat:

Pat.—"Well, Mike, have you heard the news?"

Mike.—"Faix, I have, but d—d if I believe it!"

Pat.—"No, nor I either; devil a word of truth is in it."

Mike.—"It such was the case there would be no standing those sour-krot asters."

Pat.—"No, be jabers; they would be worse than the bloody nagurs."

A young man in the habit of staying out late, was reprimanded severely and often by his father. At the same time he was inventing excuses after excuse. His last resort was to place the numbers 10 and 11 on each side of the door, and when he was asked what time he came in the night before, he would say, bravely, "Between 10 and 11."

A Boston gentleman who could not wait, offered a young lady one hundred dollars if she would let him hug her as much as the man did who had just walked with her. It was a good offer and showed that money was no object to him, but they put him out of the house in so striking a way that his eyes was quite black.

"Sam, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes toward the South in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand do climate ob de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he experiences warmer longitude."

A veteran relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been, in five engagements. "That is nothing," broke in a little fellow, my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times!"

"Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole of de boat like a chicken in de egg?" "I gibs dat up." "Because he couldn't get out, if it wain't for de hatch."

A young lady, upon one occasion, requested her lover that he should define love.—"Well, Sal," said he, "it is to me, an inexplicability and an outward aloofness."

It is estimated that over one hundred young ladies are at present studying law in this country. Probably they will become mothers-in-law one of these days.

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of the enemy?" "No more wou't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

"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."

An Irish girl having been sent to the Post Office for the mail, came back to inquire whether it was Indian or corn mail that was wanted.

The Charleston (Ill.) Courier says a young lady of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

When boxing with a friend never hit him in the commissary department. It always hurts his feelings.

A man who loves his family will always take a newspaper, and a man who respects his family will pay for it.

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out at the third story window.

It is better to be laughed at because you are not married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

If dress makes the man, what does the tailor make? From ten to twenty dollars profit.

A woman lady's pins, when she is fully dressed, number 307. Hands off.

Every—pushing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors.

Sorrow with less every time they are told, just like the tale of a woman.