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NUMBER 25

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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.

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POETICAL.



A SQUEEZE OF THE HAND. There is often an eloquent meaning in smiles, And a volume of love in a glance; For Passion adopts many different styles, When Cupid the feelings entrances. But there is a certain mysterious sign A maiden can best understand,— Producing within her a pleasure divine:— A delicate squeeze of the hand.

Oh! vain are all words, when an exquisite bliss Possession doth take of the soul; I know not a transport quite equal to this— Its raptures we cannot control. We treatise not a syllable—utter no sound— A waltz by an arm is just spann'd;— A little thing causes the heart to rebound— 'Tis a squeeze of that fairy-like hand. Sweet token! I ask not a pledge nor a vow, But take it for granted she's mine, When, with a soft blush, she doth sweetly allow, That slight but significant sign;— Most sacred to me in her every charm,— Her cheek by my breath now is fann'd;— She smiles—for she knows there is nothing of harm In a little squeeze of the hand.

NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

From these wild rocks I look to-day Or leagues of dancing waves, and see The misty coast-line stretch away;— And mark the spot where you must be. I listen, and I seem to hear The pleasant voices of old days, The pines that shade the tele of Deer, The rippling river's song of praise. Dear friends! I send you what I can, I float across the scowering tide All that a shy or silent man Could give if sitting by your side.

I thank you for sweet festal days, For tender memories lingering long, For joyful meetings, fond delays, And ties of friendship wove strong. Not vainly has your work been done; For many a heart else cold and dim Those sweet June days are shining on, And woods and waters sing their hymn. Held in their mirror, calm and deep, The pleasant pictures thou hast sent; Forget thy lovers not, but keep Our memory, like thy lily, green. O friends! whose lives still keep their prime Whose bright example warms and cheers, Ye teach us how to smile at time And set to music all his years! Make room, O river of our home, For other feet in place of ours; And in the summer yet to come, Leave softly by the Feast of Flowers.

MISCELLANY. THE STRANGER GUEST.

In some of the south-western counties, it was, a foretime, customary among the farmers to have large parties, lads and lasses come together, skinned from area of many miles, and kept it up till near daylight. Preparations were made beforehand, and word traveled far and near on the wings of the wind; so that, within a circuit of many miles, all knew where and when the party was to be held. Ring plays, as they were called, were the most common amusements at these parties. A young man and girl stood in the middle of the floor, and the rest took hold of hands and formed a ring around them. These last kept whirling around the two in the center, singing old songs, till the latter choose partners from the ring; the lad choosing a lass, of course, and the girl choosing a young man. They kissed each other; and then the chosen couple took their places in the centre, while the two who had occupied that position went into the ring. The snatches of song sung on these occasions had come down from the olden time, and they had a sound at once weird and fantastic. When a young man became old enough to go to the parties and join the ring-plays, she set herself up for a woman in full blossom, and a marketable commodity. These parties and plays, probably of ancient date, were ended by a sinister event. A poor farmer rented some hundred acres of land, and endeavored, by cultivating every inch of the domain, to eke out a livelihood, and pay his rent. In this he was not always successful, for the products of the farm, to bring a good price, had to be taken some distance. Mr. Blackwell, the name of the poor farmer, had two daughters. The eldest was able to do a good deal of work, but Esther, the younger, was more fitted for the drawing-room. Esther Blackwell enjoyed good health, but her frame was delicate, though perfectly symmetrical; a finely formed head, her eyes large and of a clear blue, while a profusion of auburn locks, which glittered like gold in the

sun, shaded her alabaster neck. She was a beautiful blonde, with small hands, that retained their graceful form in spite of the daily toil to which she was subjected.

The son of a wealthy farmer was smitten by the charms and graceful demeanor of the poor girl, and his love was returned. Her mother thought it prejudicial to Esther's health, and spoke to her about it, after he had visited her regularly every evening for several months. The young girl, fearing no evil, as she intended no wrong, spoke to her lover that very evening when he called, as usual, to sit up till eleven o'clock with her.

'We both work hard during the day,' said the young girl, 'and being up so late must be trying to our strength. We have full confidence in each other, and if we meet every Sunday, why would it not answer every purpose?'

The young man heard her out, and without answering, took his hat and left. Esther would have given worlds to recall her words. 'Mother,' said Esther, the next morning, 'for once I have done wrong in obeying you. Richard has gone forever. I cannot endure it.'

'Tush!' said Mrs. Blackwell, 'keep all quiet, and he'll be back again in a week. Besides, there's suitors enough without him.' 'But not for me,' answered Esther, 'I shall never love another.'

Richard did not come back. If Esther wished the number of visits diminished, she was growing weary of his attentions, he argued. Esther was seized with a severe illness, and languishing a long time before hopes of her recovery were entertained. Once more she attended the parties, but she was no longer her former self. She sometimes met Richard, but no words passed between them. Some officious individuals, wishing to reprove the inconstant lover, adapted a song to the case of Esther and Richard, and sang it in presence of the separated couple, while whirling in the ring, one verse of which ran as follows:

'They say my lover has got riches, Perhaps it may be so;— But your riches they'll not last you, They'll melt away like snow.'

The riches did not melt away; however; it was the young girl who slowly faded; when autumn flowers cloaked their petals, she lay at rest.

During the succeeding winter, the ring-plays were in full vogue, till the sister of Richard gave a party, and the usual number of youths and maidens came. Two rooms were given up to the company, and while Richard was counting the strokes of the clock in one of them, and observing that midnight had arrived, his sister whispered to him that a stranger was in the other room—a girl closely veiled—whom nobody knew; that she joined in none of the plays, and, thus far, had spoken to no body.

Richard just glanced in at the open door, observed the girl seated near a window, behind a green veil, and then, turning to his companions, resumed his pastime, and tho' no more of it. Some one watched the girl after the party, and averred that she disappeared near the graveyard; another said that, catching her hand when she first entered the room, he was glad to drop it—it was as cold as ice.

The next party was held at a large farm in the same neighborhood. Richard was present. The plays had scarcely commenced, when a young woman closely veiled, came noiselessly into the room, and seated herself in one corner, observed by all, for some had seen her before.

The company formed a semi circle in front of her. None spoke to her, for there was much superstition in that part of the country. Richard laughed the fears of the girls to scorn; and one of them, whose favor he desired to win, challenged him to kiss the stranger.

Richard stepped forward without hesitation determined to obey the behest of the girl whom he admired, when his sister caught him by the skirt, and declared that she would have no such doings at that hour, and whispered in his ear, 'How do you know who she may be—a girl that goes strolling about the country alone?' Richard desisted. His mates rallied him on his failure to keep his word the next day.

'You saw how it was,' replied Richard; 'my sister prevented me from keeping my word.'

'Aha!' cried one, 'it's very convenient to have a sister near on some occasions.'

'He was willing enough to be persuaded,' said another. 'I wouldn't have kissed her for a thousand pounds,' said a third. 'I do not blame him for backing out of the game; I would too.' 'You speak as if I was afraid to touch the girl,' exclaimed Richard, angrily. 'Now just hear me. If she ever comes where I am again, I'll kiss her if there are a thousand devils under her bonnet.'

This speech was reported all around, and much interest awakened as to the result. At length, a party was given by a farmer's wife far up in the country. Many tho' the strange girl would not come there; while others predicted Richard would make the distance an excuse for not attending. Richard was there, more lively than usual. Just as the clock struck twelve, the unknown was observed seated in the corner of the room.—Richard at the moment was engaged in talking nonsense to his favorite maid. He perceived a general silence in the apartment, and turning, saw the girl in the green veil. Without a word, he walked up to her, raised her veil, and, with a loud cry, fell senseless on the floor. In another moment the chair in which the stranger girl had been sitting was vacant. Every means was resorted to for the purpose of restoring Richard to consciousness, but in vain. His eyes were closed forever. But two persons who stood near when the green veil was lifted, solemnly declared that they saw revealed the well-remembered features of Esther Blackwell.

Old Maids and old Bachelors.

There are men and women who, like some flowers bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild, they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words 'Old Maid,' 'Old Bachelor,' have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of our minds forms and faces then which none are dearer in all this world. I know them to day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but their fingers round form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has for her, it may be some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal vigil sleeplessly over the grave where its hopes went out; and it is too true to the long departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in their latter years, she looks back calmly upon some half cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but which long, long ago, she willingly gave up for present duty. So to day in the apologetic, who shall say that she is not beautiful and deaf?

So is she to this wide circle she blesses. To some she has been like that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than 'unt,' or 'Sister,' has been hers she has to day a mother's eye and a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured, but only chastened; the mid day or the afternoon of her life is all full of kindly sympathies and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life. It is an almost daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know that many a household would be brighter indeed, and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power, were maiden aunts neglected, and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonders at for having never found a wife. Who shall tell you all the secret history of the by-gone time of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground, of sorrow which the world has never known, of a fate accepted in utter despair, tho' with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife or home has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat lone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.

A MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.—Human nature has no essence more pure; the world knows nothing more chaste; Heaven has endowed the moral heart with no feelings more holy than the nascent love of a young virgin's soul. The warmest language of the sunny South is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And God has made the richest language poor in that respect, because the hearts that thrill with love's emotions are too sacred for the common contemplation. The musical voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest tho' within the human breast, and steals tho' the most profound recesses of the soul, touching the chords that never vibrated before, and calling into general companionship delicious hopes till then unknown. Yes, the light of a young maiden's first love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her, as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through the thickly woven bower; the first blush that mantles her cheeks as she feels the primal influences is as faint and pure as that which a roseleaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that light grow stronger and flush deeper until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of the heart, and the crimson glow of the ether suffuses every feature of her countenance.

THE SECRET OF IT.—An old farmer being asked why his boy stayed at home when others did not, replied that it was owing to the fact that he always tried to make home pleasant for them. He furnished them with useful and attractive reading; and when night comes and the day's labor is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railway station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp and become absorbed in their books and papers. The boys were still at home when the elder boy was 21, while these who were furnished with no reading at home sought city life and city dissipation as soon as they were 17 or 18. All will do well to heed this testimony of a farmer who has known how hard it is to struggle for a footing on a free soil without capital and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings to him. In this age of general intelligence, the mind must be entered to and books and papers furnished; and not only this, but in this age of cheap and artistic chromo pictures can also be bought to assist in making home attractive. The farmer's life is the most independent of any, and there is no reason why it may not be attractively surrounded.

A learned mathematician of Louisville—probably a professor in the University—has discovered that in forty years a staff taker devoted twenty-four months to blowing his nose, and to condense the blast into one solid report, it would make a louder scream than the strongest whistle on a Williamsport sawmill.

A Puzzled Dutchman.

A Wisconsin secular paper sends out the following story: One who does not believe in immersion for baptism, was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said some believe it necessary to go down into the water and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be a fallacy, for the preposition 'into,' of the Scriptures, should be rendered differently, as it does not mean 'into' at all times. 'Moses,' he said, 'we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Savior was taken into a high mountain, etc. So with going down into the water, it means simply going down close by or near to the water, being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring.'

He carried out his idea fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the second sermon if he had heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

'Mr. Breacher, I wish so glad I wish here to-night for I has explained to my mind some think dat I infer could believe before. Oh, I wish so glad into does not mean into at all, put shut-ty-or-near to, for now I can perfickly meshinks vot I could not believe before. We rest, Mister Breacher, dat Taniel was cast into den den of lions, came out alive! Now I infer could believe dat, for de wild beasts would shust eat him igh off, put now I wish ferry clear to my mind. He was shust close ty, or near to, unt did not go into to tent at all. Oh, I wish so glad I wish here to-night.'

Again we read that the Hebrew children wash cast into the fish furnace, and dat air wish look like one ferry peeg story, too, for they would have been burnt up; put it ish all plain to my mind now, for they were shust cast near ty or close to the fish furnace. Oh, I wish so glad I wish here to-night.'

And den, Mister Breacher, it ish sed dat Jonah vas cast into de sea and take into the whalehsh pelly. Now I infer could believe dat. It always send to me to go a ferry story, put it ish all plain to my mind now. He vas not taken into to whale's pelly put shust shump onto his pack unt vole ashore O, I wish so glad I wish here to-night!'

And now, Mister Breacher, if you wish shust explain de more passages of Scripture I shall pe so happy dat I wish here to night! You up den is vere it sayh to vicket shall pe cast into a lake dat purms mit fire and primstone, shaysh. Oh, Mr. Breacher, shall I see pe cast into lakes of I am vicker I or shust ce kuz py, or near do, shust near 'uff do pe gunderfable? Oh, I hopes you will dell me I shall pe cast only shust a goot-vay off, and I will pe so glad I wish here to night!'

The under passage is dat rich saysh, plessed are dey who do dese konman'mende, dat dey may lub richt to de tree of libe ond ender in drough de gades indo de seity. Oh, dell me I shall got indo de seity ond nod so osh pe, or near do, shust near 'uff do see shak I habs loht, ond I shall pe so glad I wish here do night!'

A little boy named Benjamin West, living in Pennsylvania, was sent to watch a baby asleep in a cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished that he could draw a picture of the baby, and seeing a piece of paper on a table, with pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink, and paper, and then he showed her the picture he had made.—His mother saw the baby's likeness, and was so much pleased that she kissed the little boy. Then he said to her 'I wish I could make a picture of some flowers she held in her hand, and so he went on from that time, trying to do better, until he became one of the best painters in the world. In after life he said that it was this kiss from his mother that made him an artist.

A philosophical lad in New York, aged fifteen, recently committed suicide for the purpose of unavailing the mysteries of the world 'beyond the grave.' Most people are unwilling to gratify their curiosity to a similar extent.

WORK.—There is nothing in American society that should give us reason to scorn those who work. You are all workers, or you are vagabonds. Nowhere else under God's heaven is there a place where a man's standing depends on what he can do as in this country. And no man should be ashamed to acknowledge that he earns his property between the handles of the plow.—The more credit is due him if he succeeds. Any man can run down hill, but he that can clamber up to the top of a steep precipice where birds can scarcely go, and where few men dream of going, and cast down opposition, and intrench himself there, deserves the highest praise.

Ye men of gloom and austerity who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the Great Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when you drown it—is not in sigh and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one as dismal as your own.—Remember, if you can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breath of all your kind who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the wildest, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not how by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

The Mason's Grave.

In all ages the bodies of masonic dead have been laid in graves dug east and west, with their faces toward the east. This practice has been borrowed and adopted by others until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the great day comes, and he who is death's conqueror, shall give the signal, his ineffable light shall first be seen in the east, he will make glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of those graves; and with his mighty power—that grasp irresistibly strong, which shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are slumbering therein. We shall have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, yes, our nearest and dearest friends will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains leveled, valleys filled. The seasons will then have chased each other in many a full round. Oceans, lashed into fury by the gales of to day, will to-morrow have sunk a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees with broader roots will have interlocked their herd and knobby as they are, above our ashes as if to conceal the fact of our having lived; and after centuries of life they too will have toppled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the poor testimony that man has ever laid here. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the eye of God, nevertheless will mark the spot, even with everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet blast shall shake the hills to their bases, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our redeemer.

A Sunday or two since, says the Providence Journal, an incident occurred in an Episcopal chapel, which, had the scene been elsewhere, would have evoked considerable comment. The incumbent had commenced his discourse, when a gentleman entered the chapel and stood respectfully and attentively listening inside the door. No sooner had the preacher's eyes lighted upon the new comer than—dropping the thread of his sermon, he said to him: 'Come in, my friend, come in, we are always glad to see those here late who can't come early.' Thus addressed, the unknown individual stepped forward and coolly took his seat, and then as coolly asked the preacher, 'Would you oblige me with the text?' 'Certainly,' was the reply, and the request having been complied with, the sermon proceeded.

THERE IS AN END.—To everything beneath the sun there comes a last day—and of all fururity this is the only portion of the time that can in all cases be infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine then take warning, and the disheartened take courage; for every joy and every sorrow, every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and the man ought so to live by foresight, that while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that other may be.

'The meanest man in the world' is a grape grower, who lives on Catawba Island. His crop was so large this year that he was obliged to employ a number of town girls to assist in gathering his harvest, and who, he discovered, were so fond of grapes that they would occasionally eat a few. To prevent this the grape grower came to town and purchased a lot of wax, which he presented to the girls, and informed them that they must 'chaw that while picking.'

A Kansas lady on retiring to her room one night found it littered with marinas, which had fallen in during her absence.—Instead of harshly turning them out in the cold the kind hearted lady captured nearly all of the little creatures and had them served up next day in a poppie.

'Come, Bub, get up,' said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. 'Remember it's the early bird that catches the worms!' 'What do I care for worms?' replied the young hopeful, 'mother won't let me go a fishing.'

'Wife,' said a broker, a few days since, 'do you think I shall ever be worth half a million dollars?' 'Ain't I worth that to you?' said the confident spouse. 'Yes,' said the other half; 'but I can't put you out at interest.'

A young and beautifully German lady, at Blairsville, Ind, recently drank 26 glasses of beer in honor of Napoleon's surrender. At a printer's dinner the other day, at Blairsville, Ind, the following toast was given: 'Woman, she is always in favor of a well conducted press.'

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to dependency. The flower which opens to receive the dew shuts against the rain.

If a lady bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

Embrace as many opportunities as you please, but only one woman.

One of the pleasantest kinds of husbandry is that of destroying a widow's weeds.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an un-rifled gun? Because he is a smooth bore.

What ties two persons but only touches one? A wedding ring.

Forgive thyself nothing and others much.

Waste of wealth may be retrieved, waste of health regained, waste of time never.

Do that lies down with dogs must rise up with fleas.

Now is the time for reading studying and self improvement.