



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 30

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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 for your past patronage, and hope a continuance of the same, and remain yours truly,

CLARENCE N. BEAVER.

Waynesboro, June 2, 1870.

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June 30-6mo

POETICAL.



THE BEE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's fame,
So terribly alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind became
The wandering wild bee's hive;
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore
Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend; but it only slept
To awake beneath our sky
Just on the spot whence ravens' Tresson crept
Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds
A staid and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery rounds,
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,
Through vales once choked with war.
The low reveille of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer:
With deeper peace, in summer noons their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away
From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Tresson's death we draw a purer life,
As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

MISCELLANY.

FANNY CHESTER'S DESTINY.

Fanny Chester was a flirt. Every one, her self included, acknowledged that. Her old guardian, Judge Spofford watched her perfect restlessness of conduct with an anxious eye. Having no children of his own he had taken the little orphan left to his care into his heart as well as his home. She had proved affectionate, good, and everything to satisfy him save the horrible propensity of flirting, which she had evinced almost from her baby days.

"I wish the Judge reprobated with her; his vows had no effect whatever. 'If men are so weak,' she would respond with a wicked shake of the head, 'I am not responsible. They must bear the consequences.'"

"Do you ever intend to marry?" the Judge questioned her one day.

"No," she responded frankly. "My intentions are always to remain as now. I have wealth, beauty, youth and an affectionate guardian; what more do I want?"

"At present, nothing," he returned. "But the day may come when all these may be swept away. Your wealth may disappear, your beauty fade, your youth be but a remembrance of the past, and I, your guardian, be mouldering in the dust. In that day what resource would you have left?"

She smiled and then laughed outright.

"What a doleful picture you have conjured up," she ejaculated. "If ever such an extremity comes I will teach, or sew, or do something to support myself. Anything, guardian, would be preferable to marrying one of the doctored dandies of the nineteenth century."

"You are too hard," the Judge rejoined quickly. "There are some men left. All are not popinjays. For instance, look at John Wallace."

The beauty curled her lips disdainfully. John Wallace, a poor, friendless orphan, that had entered his guardian's office as an orphan boy, and had studied and worked himself up until he was admitted to the bar, was too much beneath her in social rank for even his name to be tolerated.

"John Wallace," she reiterated. "Why guardian, I am surprised that you should refer to a man like him. One without blood or lineage; one who knows not but even his very existence may be a disgrace."

"You have too aristocratic ideas for republican America," he responded; and then he longed to tell her something of her family of which she had lived in blissful ignorance.

From that time forth she seemed to flirt even more desperately than before. If she accidentally happened to meet John Wallace when he came to the house to consult the Judge, she treated him with supercilious contempt. The Judge finished with shame.

"Fanny, dear, he ventured to say to her after she had been more than usually frigid in her conduct, 'you wound me. What pleasure can you find in humiliating John Wallace as you have done? Why not at least treat him in a lady-like manner?'"

"Because his airs annoy me," was the reply. "He bears everything with that cold, calm, unimpassioned bearing that seems to say, 'I am as good as you, and do not heed you,' which I consider to be insufferable insolence from an inferior."

The Judge sighed, but made no comments.

New Year's came at last, and Fanny was preparing for a ball. She looked into the mirrors that reflected her, with evident satisfaction, and then swept down from her apartment to the Judge's library to ask his opinion of her toilet. Voices within attracted her attention.

"I wish to address Miss Chester, and first ask your consent," she heard some one say.

"The puppy," she ejaculated, as she recognized his voice as that of a young Englishman with whom she had been recently made acquainted.

"The Judge hesitated for a moment. 'Miss Chester must please herself,' he returned, 'but as you have mentioned it to me, I feel in duty bound to correct you in regard to a popular belief. Miss Chester's fortune, as well as my own, has been lost through an unfortunate speculation.'

"The fellow fairly gasped. 'Is it really so?' he asked. The Judge bowed his head.

"But of course that will make no difference with you, he suggested, 'as you wish to seek my ward through no mercenary motives.'

"The dandy winced.

"Pardon me," he stammered, 'I have labored under a mistake. 'Not,' he added, 'that I wish to seek her wealth, but now that she is reduced, she might be induced to follow her mother's early profession—an actress.'

"The Judge rose to his feet.

"Be so kind as to leave my house, sir," the Judge commanded, and the fellow slunk out. For a moment Fanny stood like one transfixed. The calamity—that of losing her wealth—would have appalled her, but the other—that her mother had been an actress—chilled her blood. She rushed into the library.

"Tell me—is it so?" she questioned eagerly.

"Which?" he asked hoarsely, her white face appealing to his heart.

"My mother."

"Yes," he said slowly. "Child, I did not know you were there."

She heard him not. She stood and stared and at last threw herself on his fatherly breast.

"Do not think I weep for my wealth," said she. "I can stand that, but the other humiliation: we—I was so proud of my good family."

She took off her queenly robes, and remained at home.

The intelligence of the Judge's failure flew through that city as if on the wings of fire, and the friends who had admired the rich Miss Chester, dropped off one by one. The Judge left his stately mansion and they took rooms in a small, neat boarding-house. He watched how bravely she bore her reverse, and sighed.

Fanny insisted upon the old programme which she had marked out for herself before she had ever dreamed of being reduced.

"I will not be a burden to you," she replied to the Judge, when he pleaded with her to abandon her scheme.

She went bravely to the trustees of the school where she had been educated, and laid her case before them. They heard attentively. They believed there must be sterling qualities within the girl, that she could so readily face her fate. They gave her the position she desired.

The night before she was to commence her labors the Judge called her to him.

"Fanny," he said "in six months from this day I was to give you up your property to your own care and to be your guardian no longer. What can you think of the way I have fulfilled my trust?"

"She threw her arms around his neck.

"Do not think of my loss, guardian," she exclaimed. "You have been a father, a true good father to me. I have been a butterfly of fashion, but now you shall see that I can be something else."

"He pressed her convulsively to his breast. 'God will reward you,' he said; 'I knew I was not mistaken in your sobility of character.'

For months she filled her position as teacher honorably, and declared herself happier than she had ever been in her life before.

John Wallace visited the old Judge in their humble lodgings much more frequently than in their prosperous days.

Fanny was very pleasant and seemed anxious to erase the rudeness of the past from his mind. Their intimacy ripened into friendship, and from friendship into love.

The Judge looked on with intense satisfaction.

The anniversary of Fanny Chester's twenty-first birthday came, the day on which he was to yield up his control on her.

"I wish you to take a ride with me, Fanny be observed, and she prepared to do so.

"They drove to his old residence.

"What does this mean?" she asked with flushed cheeks.

"I mean that I have taken a fancy to visit our old home," he ventured. "You know it has only been occupied by servants since we left it."

She made no response. She followed him up the high brown stone steps into the house. He led her into the library and offered her a chair.

He then took a roll of papers and laid them before her.

"This is your birthday, my dear," he said, "and I render up to you all that which was entrusted to my care. I knew you were noble and good, and had a strength of character which you yourself were aware of. Loving you as I did and do, it pained my heart to see you that shallow creature—a woman of fashion and flirt. I knew you knew not your own heart, and judged your friends wrong. In all things else but this one you were perfect, and before I relinquished all claims to you I wish to open your eyes. My poverty, your loss, was but a pretence. Can you forgive me?"

She sprang from her chair. She buried her face in his bosom and wept.

"I thank you," she said, when her emotion subsided sufficiently to allow her to speak. "You have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget. I will never again be useless, foolish creature of the past."

The Judge was satisfied, and he wiped a suspicious moisture from his eyes.

"And John Wallace?" she asked with a questioning look.

"Believed as you did, my dear." She made no comments.

The circle in which she reigned supreme was surprised to hear that her poverty was but a froak to test their friendship, and many of the heartless dandies cursed their stupidity in giving her up so easily.

A month passed, and John Wallace had not called. He sent in his congratulations to the Judge and 'Miss Chester,' but that was all.

Fanny wrote him a note.

Mr. Wallace obeyed the summons. Six months later Fanny Chester became Fanny Wallace.

Mr. Wallace is now one of our most eminent lawyers—a noble example of what a poor, friendless boy, if ambitious and industrious, can accomplish and become.

The old Judge lives, and is content and happy.

The Art of Living Happily.

The following maxims or rules of action might, if strictly observed, go far to increase the happiness, or, at least, to diminish the inquietude and miseries of life:

Observe inviolable truth in your words and integrity in your passions.

Accustom yourself to temperance and be master of your actions.

Be not too much out of humor with the world, but remember it is a world of God's creating, and however, and why it is marred with wickedness and folly, yet you have found in it more comforts than calamities, more civilities than affronts, more instances of kindness towards you than cruelty.

Try to spend your time usefully—both to yourself and others.

Never make an enemy nor lose a friend unnecessarily.

Cultivate such a habitual cheerfulness of mind and evenness of temper as not to be ruffled by turmoil, inconveniences, and crosses.

Be ready to heal breaches in friendship, and to make deferences, and shun litigation yourself as much as possible, for he is an ill-calculator that does not perceive that one amicable settlement is better than two lawsuits.

Be it rather your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station than to rise above it.

Despite not small honest gains, do not risk what you have on the delusive prospect of sudden riches. If you are in a comfortable thriving way, keep in it, and abide your own calling rather than run the chance of another. In a word, mind to 'use the world as not abusing it,' and probably you will find as much comfort in it as is most fit for a frail being who is merely sojourning through it toward an immortal abode.

SHUN AFFECTATION.—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank, and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple-minded are always natural. They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend! To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it! It is contemptible to try. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man ever figured in history, would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as a shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin! Dr. Johnson aptly compares the heartless imitator to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humble stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmurdered! Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real.—Shun Affectation.

REASONS FOR DRESSING PLAIN.—The following reasons are as good in this locality as anywhere, and will apply to other days as well as Sundays:

1. It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.
2. It would lessen the force of temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.
3. If there was less strife in dress at church, people of moderate circumstances would be far more inclined to attend.
4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by removal of wondrous thoughts.
5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.
6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.
7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations to be envious and malicious.
8. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.
9. It would relieve our minds of a pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprise.

WANTED TO TRY HIS LUCK.—A man having married a woman who had already had four husbands, was asked why he became the fifth. He said: 'I am of an adventurous disposition, and having heard that her first husband ran away, that the second hung himself, the third shot himself, and the fourth drowned himself, I wanted to try my luck, and see what would become of me; and I'm afraid,' he added, with a sigh, 'that I shan't have the luck to do what any of my predecessors did.'

A man in Boston is so short that when he is ill he don't know whether he has headache or corns.

The Rescue.

Several years ago a ship was burned near the mouth of the English Channel. Among the passengers were a father mother, and their child, a daughter, not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool, but the mother and her infant were crowded overboard, and unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still in the ship, they drifted out of the channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck with her little one clasped to her breast.

Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving along slowly in her course. There was only a slight breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to an object some distance off which looked like a person in the water. The officers and crew watched it for some time, and, as no vessel was near from which any one could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that this could be a human being.—But as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object.—The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with considerable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed that, as it drew near to the drifting speck, the rowers rested on their oars two or three minutes, then moved forward, took in the oar just as they were not within, and returned to the ship. When the boat's crew came on board they brought with them this mother and her child alive and well; and the sailors said that, as they drew near, they heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse the men ceased rowing and listened, and then the words of the beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian, all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears:

Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
And the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior hide
Till the storm of life is past—
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of his wife and child, and in about four months from the time of their separation they were happily reunited.

What a beautiful illustration the incident affords of the truth that God never forsakes those who love Him. A child of His may be placed in circumstances of great trial, suffering with pain, sickness, loss in the desert, in peril at sea, drifting away as it may seem from all earthly help as were this mother and babe upon the deep, but who has trusted in Him is never out of His sight, never where He cannot hear their cry for help.

MORE SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—These are so few and far between in some farming communities, that if folks didn't go to church on Sunday, they would forget how each other looked. In especially settled districts it is no wonder that the church-givers improve their intermission to compare notes and exchange salutations, not quite in accordance with the fourth commandment, for it is the only chance they have. If they are thereby kept in the habit of going to meeting, we can excuse a little laxity in their social intercourse on Sunday. But we want more social gatherings during the week. As things now are, how few we really know, out of our own family circle, and how many of our own town are as much strangers as though they lived a thousand miles away. How many prejudices are melted away by a pleasant social gathering. How many warm friends are made out of comparative strangers, and we all separate, thinking better of each other and the world at large. How many worth knowing are never otherwise found out, and if there were more social gatherings in the country, how many young folks would be more contented.

A WITTY RETORT.—At a court held in Lynchburg, Va., a distinguished member of the bar, appealing to the court for the discharge of his client, wound up with the statement that if the court sent him on for further trial, a stain would be left upon his character that could not be washed off 'by all the waters of the blue ocean, and all the soap that could be manufactured from the ponderous carcasses of the commonwealth's attorney.' To this the ponderous attorney replied, that, while he 'deemed it foreign to the case at the bar, he desired to advise the court, if they thought it advisable to boil his body into soap, that they should look to the opposite council for the 'concentrated lye out of which to make it.'

Court, bar, and spectators exploded, and our informant knoweth nothing more even now.

A laughable thing took place at a revival meeting somewhere in Mississippi not long since. The minister noticed a seedy looking chap in one of the seats, as though he needed religion or a good square meal. So he stepped up to him and asked him if he was a Christian. 'No, sir,' said he, 'I am the editor of the Democratic paper in this place.' 'Then, in the name of God, let us pray,' replied the devoted minister.

The Greensburg Argus says, 'they know of a man, in that place, who carries a head of cabbage under his hat that weighs over fourteen pounds.' Rather heavy, Joems, but we will have to take the place of its existence into considerations.

Take Care of the Feet.

'Of all parts of the body,' says Dr. Robertson, 'there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from the same, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the wheel at the eastern' of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be easily checked there. Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel footed tramp their toes and feet in thin-soled, bone pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is out of their guard against—we mean the changing of warm for cold boots or shoes. A change is often made from thick to thin soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Water-tights are not good, if they are air-tights also; India rubber overshoes should never be worn except in wet, splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outwards, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and consequently of human happiness.

NOT IN THE HUMOR.—As the polite omnibus agent of the Lexington and Louisville railroad was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage which she wished taken to the hotel. She replied: 'No sir.'

The agent then asked her if she desired a box. She instantly gave him a sweet smile, and replied: 'No! I'm not in a bawling humor this evening.'

The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

THEN AND NOW.—It is just a hundred years since the following edict was promulgated in Paris: 'Whoever shall contrive to draw into the bonds of marriage a male subject of his Majesty, either by means of rough or pearl powder, false teeth, false busts, false hips, or high-heeled shoes, will be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage will be declared null.' It is pretended that were this law in force at the present day the courts would be more occupied.

For the benefit of the rural press, which is bragging of big squashes, &c., the following is offered: 'A farmer at Gilberttown has been digging around a potato for three days, and has not yet succeeded in unearthing it. The hole will make a capital fish pond, and the potato, when scooped out, a balloon.'

A minister in Salem took for his text.—'The flesh, the world and the devil,' and informed his astonished audience that he should dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the devil.

Sir John Irwin was a great favorite with George the Third, who once observed to him: 'They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine.'

'Those,' replied Irwin 'who so informed your majesty, have done me a great injustice. They should have said a bottle.'

Mr. G.—was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young, tender chicken.

'Hadm't you better taken an old hen?' said G.—, in a low whisper, for he was too ill to speak louder, 'for she would be more apt to lay on my stomach.'

John Randolph was once, on a race-course, solicited to bet by a stranger, who said:—'Smith, here, will hold the stakes.' 'Just so,' replied the descendant of Pocahontas, 'but who'll hold Smith?'

I never knew a man who deserved to be well thought of himself for his morals and who had a slight opinion of the virtue of the other sex in general.

A country girl coming from the field was told by her cousin that she was fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. 'No, indeed,' was the reply, 'that was not his name.'

Why is an Italian exile returning to his native land, like a man going to see his son go up an apple tree? Because he is going to see his own sunny clime.

'Any things pite you dare?' inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. 'No, nothing at all,' 'Well,' returned the other, 'notings pite me, too.'

It is said the reason store clerks stare so much at pretty women is because their business requires them to 'have an eye to figures.'

The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.

Old maids are described as embers from which the sparks have fled.