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An Independent Family Newspaper.

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By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1871.

NUMBER 88.

OH! HO!

JUST THE THING
WHICH ALL MUST HAVE!

NOW is the time to economize when money is scarce. You should study your interest by supplying your wants at the first class store of C. 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 credits is

EXPLODED.

Call and examine our fine stock and don't be

RUINED

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

- HATS, all of the very latest styles and to suit all, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- BOOTS, all kinds and prices, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SHOES, of every description for Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CLOCKS, every one warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- TRUNKS, of all sizes, the very best manufacture, also warranted and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- VALISES, of every kind, also very cheap, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- HATS, for Ladies, Misses and Children, a fresh supply received every week and sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- NOTIONS, a full line as follows, sold by C. N. BEAVER.
- PAPER COLLARS, for Men and Boys wear, the most complete and finest assortment in town, by C. N. BEAVER.
- HOMERY, of every kind, for sale, C. N. BEAVER.
- GLOVES, for Men and Boys wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SUSPENDERS, for Men and Boys wear, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CANES and UMBRELLAS, a complete stock, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- BROOMS and BRUSHES, of the very best kind, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- TOBACCO, to suit the taste of all, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CIGARS, which cannot be beat, for sale, C. N. BEAVER.
- SNUFF, which we challenge any one to excel in quality, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- INK and PAPER, of every description, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CANDIES, always fresh, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- SPICES, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CRACKERS, of every kind, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- INDIGO BLUE, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale, C. N. BEAVER'S.
- KEROSENE, of the very best, -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.

D. S. SMITH

Has a complete assortment of

Ladies',
Gentlemen's,
Misses',
and
Children's

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.

Call and see goods and get prices.

THOMSON'S "GLOVE FITTING CORSETS," at SMITH'S.

SCHOOL BOOKS

and
SCHOOL STATIONERY

of all kinds at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

HATS AND CAPS,

A full stock now ready, consisting of all the latest styles, at SMITH'S.

PAPER COLLARS,

Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, everything in that line, at SMITH'S Town Hall Store.

nov 3.

MILLINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock. nov 3-11

The highest cash price will be paid for Cast Iron Scrap delivered at the works of the GEISER M. CO. 6147

POETICAL.



OLD TIMES.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Rosy hours of youth and fancy!
Happy hours of Long Ago!
Ah, the playful pictured memories—
Let us catch them as they flow.

Galaxies of blue-eyed Marys,
With a Jub of a Jane,
Or a troop of little Lauras
Laugh and gush and romp again.

Moonlight meetings, evening rambles,
When the night was still around,
And a sweet voice softly murmuring,
Or a kiss, the only sound—

These remember! and remember
How the kind stars shone above,
Keeping, in their stoned splendor,
Watch and ward upon our love.

Youth is a diamond dawning—
Bold it breaks to gorgeous day;
Heavenly lights of power and beauty
Glance and gleam along its way.

Far within the mighty future
There be solemn voices heard;
Faded to make a stately anthem,
Floats the music of a word.

But that music, in the present,
Softly droops with sad decay,
Till its echo in the spirit
Faints and falls and dies away.

Green then be the tender memory
Of the Past, forever sped;
That our youth may be immortal,
Though its days and dreams are dead!

MISCELLANY.

UTAH'S SILVER MOUNTAIN.

[Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 21.—The wonderful silver mine recently discovered in this Territory, and known as the "Little Emma," has been sold by the fortunate discoverers to the bank of California, and to-day the titles were handed over to that corporation. The interest remaining in the hands of the discoverers when the great California Bank opened negotiation was three-fourths of the entire mine, and for that interest the bank has paid \$900,000.

The remarkable discovery of this mine, and the wonderful effect it is likely to have upon the solution of Utah's much vexed social question, have attached a degree of interest to it which cannot fail to be world-wide, and therefore a brief sketch of the mine and its discoverers, and the romantic incident connected with the achievement may prove interesting.

EARLY DISCOURAGEMENTS.
For many years the citizens of Utah have known that their great mineral wealth in their mountains and canyons; but the steady resolve of their remarkable leader has forbidden any attempt to develop it. His word has been law, and the poverty-stricken disciple have preferred his favor to the allurements of the glittering ores. Occasionally, however, a rebellious spirit has followed its own aspirations and done its own "prospecting," in spite of all the jeers and the ridicule of the community and the maledictions of the rostrum, and among these were the adventurous spirits Woodman and Chisholm, who, by their recent good fortune have been raised from comparative poverty to untold wealth.

JAMES E. WOODMAN,
who discovered and located the Emma, is an easy natured Englishman, one of those good fellows ever ready for anything not very serious. For fifteen years he has wandered thro' the Territories and the States of the Pacific, a professional miner, sometimes up, sometimes down; more dependent upon a strong back and willing hands than upon scholastic attainments in his prospecting experience.—With no problems to solve for professors, hard facts were snared and garbished in his cranium. He knew an "indication" as readily as most men, and came to this place four or five years ago and went "prospecting" round, and finally found himself in Little Cottonwood, living from day to day as best he could. He had seen "croppings" of galena that indicated the presence of a body of argentiferous ore somewhere, and with heroism he began

THE SIEGE OF THE MOUNTAIN.
For months he "pegged" away, first in one locality and then in another. The record exhibits numerous "locations" and "claims" to James E. Woodman and his Bohemian associates.

In the precarious life of prospecting, a few dollars is a great thing, and the bounteous hand of a donor or loser is grasped with a grateful vim. Days, weeks and months passed away, yet Woodman and Chisholm kept poring the mountain side solitary and alone. They took an entire winter in the canon, with nothing to distract them but the howling of the winds and the occasional

SCREECH OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE.
But the hope that never dies invigorates them to renewed efforts after each discouragement, and so, resolved to probe the mountain to its very centre if necessary, they labor on. Provisions are scarce. They feed on flour, bacon, and occasional coffee, and now and then, a drop of creature comfort finds its way to the dismal canon, but generally the luxuries are few and far between.—And so eight months passed away, and still no ore. Another month goes by, and just

as they are about to give up in despair a STAIN IS DISCOVERED, nothing very encouraging, but still it is tangible—just a silver stain not thicker than a piece of paper—and so they set to work heroically to follow this down. Somewhere a body of ore must be concealed, for that stain was almost a certain indication. Following on and on, they dug into the mountain seventy feet, and then their eyes for the first time gazed upon argentiferous galena. No shipwrecked mariners ever beheld the sight of land or sail with greater joy; but disappointment still awaited the miners. It was, after all, 'only float ore'—half a ton or more of the sought for treasure had in the upheaving and seething of the elements, a million years before, dashed away into the body of other rocks and lost its track back again to the mother lode, and was no more. Woodman and Chisholm were nevertheless glad, and they gathered new strength, and new friends rallied round them.—But those in turn lost their faith, as the mountain maintained a resolute secrecy. Months more passed away, and

WOODMAN FINALLY EXHAUSTED HIMSELF AND FRIENDS.
The story is told that credit for a sack of flour was at last denied them by a well-known firm here who had gone as far as cautious merchants could go in encouraging the miners. A week more passed away after that denial, and again there was a gay and great rejoicing. Woodman and Chisholm had now "struck it." One sudden blow with a pickaxe dislodged a huge boulder, and there before the delighted eyes of the miners lay the silver metal—not in streaks, not in thin uncertain veins, but in a huge, solid mass appeared the coveted treasure. With flushed faces and beating hearts they dug further on but there is no end, and so with thankful hearts and happy prospects they quit the scene to relate their good fortune.—To Chisholm was assigned the task of providing a name for the new discovery. In the darkest hour of their trials, when success seemed farthest off, and hope had almost died out, there came to Chisholm

A LETTER FROM HIS FAITHFUL WIFE in Illinois, bidding him labor on for the love he bore her and his little Emma, who prattled about her absent papa from morning till night. The letter was new life, for Chisholm was spurred on to new efforts and final success. And so he christened the mine Little Emma in token of the gratitude he felt for the incidental mention of the child's name. Within one short year the name of "Little Emma" has become a household word in the mountains, and has traveled on crude gunny sacks from one end of the world to the other. The money came. Soon the news spread, visitor after visitor descends the "shaft" and behold no "ledge" of six, ten, or twenty feet wide, but a mountain of argentiferous galena ore. No "walls" have yet been discovered, and excavations have been made in every direction without reaching beyond the precious metal. There is already in sight immense wealth, and work enough for fifty men for a whole generation in following its "dips," "spurs," "angles," and "shoots."

With success came money. Everybody was ready to buy. It was only a matter of figures, could they reach it, not the absolute value, as that none could reckon. The first sale was \$30,000 for a sixth interest in twenty-four hundred feet. The next, soon after, \$10,000 for a hundred feet, and there it stopped—no one would sell, the crisis was over.

A NEW YORKER NEXT APPEARED upon the ground, a claimant for part proprietorship of the Emma. He had eighteen months before furnished the needy prospector, Woodman, \$75 and \$25—possible some more—and had bought a dead man's claim, and now he demanded an injunction. The Emma came before the Court, and there it still rests, but, in despite of legal threats, Woodman,

WHO WANTED A WIFE,
to meet the little expenses of that arrangement, sold, a few weeks ago, the quarter of the mine for \$110,000 in coin. To-day California capitalists give \$900,000 in coin for the remaining three-fourths, and thus the Emma has passed into the hands of those who have capital enough to fight passion for a generation.

The price of anything in the West is not always its value. The country is still young, capitalists are few, and the men of millions are rare. The opportunities for investment there are unknown to many, and necessity and accident often rule the passing hour.—Most of the recent proprietors of the Emma could have well held to their possession—they had no pressing wants. The mine was returning over five thousand dollars a day; but they got it racy, there was a lawsuit on hand, and the offer was tempting.—The largest proprietors have probably now pocketed a thousand dollars for every dollar they had invested. A thousand per cent. was no bad return.

Of the extent of the ores passing unnoticed through New York from this one mine I learn from the report of the New York agent, Mr. Lansing, just received, that in four months, he has shipped from your port to Swansea, Wales, 2,800 tons since the 10th of September, Newark, New Jersey, and San Francisco have at the same time also received all the ore they could smelt, and thus in the short space of four months the Emma mine has returned \$666,000! At the present writing no less than six hundred tons of that ore is between this city and the Atlantic seaboard. If worth a dollar, the mine is worth a hundred millions, is a common saying here.

THE EFFECT ON UTAH.
The City of Saints is no longer dull, dead and dammed. It is a joyful, lively city, and the heathen are rolling in in great numbers every day. The same of the Emma is doing much for the influx of capitalists, but there are other mines in the same vicinity, and indeed all over the country, even no less rich and fruitful.

The Mormon leaders have fought with pertinacity this itching after wealth; but with the shrewdness of his nature, the chief still hopes to control and make it subservient to his purposes. He excommunicated from the communion of the church, the Reformers for daring to encourage the people to develop the minerals in the Territory, and now that he sees it inevitable, and dreading the gentle ascendancy, he orders the construction of a railroad from this place south seventy miles. With that railroad in his hands, he hopes to gobble up the lands through which it passes and to defy competition. He who forbade in the same of the Lord the discovery of the metals, will with the same coolness and effrontery call upon the poor, hard-working Saints to help the Lord to build the railroad to transport the ores.—Such is the sweet consistency of the man.—But this nonsense will pass away, and stop by step will come the quiet, passable emancipation of the people. Everywhere is seen budding forth the effects of the mining prosperity, and a jubilant look of pride cheers the countenance of many who before time were ready to perish under the despotism that enthralled them.

Life.
Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one is dried. It is a silver chord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one is frayed. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded with numerous dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long than that they sometimes perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature.—The earth and atmosphere whence we draw our breath, are impregnated with death.—Health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along our path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart? We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur in our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world.

SAVING FOR OLD AGE.—No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not at all agreed as to the kind of provisions it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is, indeed, a sorry sight; yet, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are apt to waste.—Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is serious, but true, that a bottle of Champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore. It is a fact that over taking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as to money.—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most.—Save up for old age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds; innocent pleasures, and pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

DROWNED WHILE BEING BAPTISED.—A few weeks since Dr. A. P. Powaal, of Sand Hill, Ky., after a brief courtship, was married to Miss Mary J. Wilson. Shortly after his marriage, Dr. Powaal united with the Christian Church, and Sunday last was appointed as the day of his baptism, he having requested his pastor, the Rev. J. B. Hough, to perform the rite. At the appointed hour a large number of persons had assembled on the banks of Crooked creek, the place chosen for the immersion. After singing and praying, the Rev. Mr. Hough entered the water, leading the Doctor. They were obliged to proceed some distance from the shore in order to reach a sufficient depth, but suddenly both were seen to go down. They soon arose to the surface, and the minister regained the bank, but the Doctor being unable to swim, was swept by the current under a flood-gate only a short distance below. Every exertion was made to save him; but in vain.—The body was soon after found and brought to shore, amid the most heart-rending screams from his young wife, and friends. Everything possible was done to resuscitate the Doctor, but alas! the vital spark had flown

A LITTLE HERO.—A gentleman, while passing through a street in New York, heard a child's voice from a basement crying: "Help! help!" He ran in and found a little five-year-old boy holding a bed blanket around his sister, two years younger, who had caught her clothes on fire, and the little hero had succeeded in putting out the flames. The boy, in answer to the question why he wrapped the bed blanket around his sister's burning clothes, said his ma had told him that was the best way to put out fire, and why he cried "help! help!" that he was afraid he could not do it, and wanted some one to help. He was then asked why he did not leave his sister, and run into the street and cry for help.—He answered with tears in his eyes, "No, I never would have left her. She was my sister. Had she burned up, I would have burned too."

Old Sayings.

A model surgical operation. To take the cheek out of a young man, and to take the jaw out of a woman.
A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war.
A fox should not be on the jury of a goose's trial.
Justice will not condemn, even the devil wrongfully.
A great fortune is a great slavery.
A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.
A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.
An idle brain is the devil's working-shop.
A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.
Avarice increases with wealth.
An old dog cannot alter his way of barking.
An small leak will sink a great ship.
Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.
Except nothing from him who promises a great deal.
Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed.
Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.
Good bargains are pickpockets.
Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.
Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.
He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.
He is idle that might be better employed.
He who would stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.
He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.
He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.
He that fears you present, will hate you absent.
If an ass goes a traveling he'll not come home a horse.
It better were within, better come out.
It is more easy to praise poverty than to bear it.
It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.
It is a pity that those who taught us to talk did not also teach us when to hold our tongue.
It is a miserable hospitality to open your doors and shut your countenance.

STOPPED WORRYING.—A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincerest pity and commiseration.
Some years afterward he encountered the same lady, but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he had not deceived himself with regard to her identity.
"It is possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the springs several years ago?"
"The very same."
"Pray, tell me madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"
"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that was all."

DYING RICH.—The ship Britannia was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck.—But the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was by taking at once to the boats.
The last boat was about to push off when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.
"What are you doing here?" squeaked the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"
"The ship may go," said the man; "I've lived a poor wretch all my life, but I am determined to die rich."
The officer's remonstrances were answered by another flourish of the hatchet, and the man was left to his fate.
We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators. Men seem determined to be rich at all hazards.—Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle, at any moment whatever.

AN INFIDEL ANSWERED.—A late English paper has an account of an incident which occurred at a lecture given by an infidel. After concluding, the lecturer called upon any of his audience to reply to his argument. A collier rose and spoke somewhat as follows: "Master Bradlaugh, we and my mate Jim were both Methodists till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending class-meeting and prayer-meetings, but one day in the pit a large gob of coal came down upon Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed, and ah, mon! but he did not. Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a very knowing look he said: "Young man there's nothing like gobs of coal to knock the infidelity out of a man." The infidel had but a small minority with him after this palpable hit.

An Iowa paper makes this liberal offer: "If any one in this vicinity has a dollar note and will let us see it, we will place his name on our list for six months subscription."

The First Glass.

Dr. Patton met a fast youth on ship-board who said gaily, "I care for nothing but the first glass, but when the first glass gets down it feels so lonely that I send down a second to keep it company, when they begin quarreling with each other, and I send down a third to put things all right, when they turn and ask the crew comor what he has to do with their family matters; then goes down a fourth and a fifth, and they all enter into a base conspiracy to make me down drunk." The way of complete safety is so plain that he who never lets the first drop get down will never be drunk. But letting the first glass down ruins more than one fifth of the boys of the State. Today I came across the Connecticut river in a skiff; now if it was so perilous to cross that one in every five was lost, I never should have ventured. No one in his senses would venture upon the perilous flood of innumerate drinking. Nobody means to be a drunkard. The tippler says "I am safe," the drunkard replies "you with 'I can drink or I can let it alone," and the dying inebriate tatters to his grave under the delusion that he can control his appetite.—Young man, venture not on that deceitful tide. Wine is a mocker and who is deceived thereby is not wise.

Pat was but an idle boy; one day he was suddenly called up and the question propounded by the pedagogue.
"Patrick, how many Gods are there?"
Pat was not a distinguished theologian, but he promptly answered, "Three sir."
"Take your seat!" thundered the master, "and if you don't answer in five minutes, I will wait you!"
The probationary period passed, Pat taking the floor hesitatingly stated the number of Gods to be "five sir." He received the promise of waiting, and returning to his seat, ten minutes for consideration.
Ten minutes up Pat was up, too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the number sufficiently high before, shouted out—
"There's ten, sir!"

He saw the ferule descending, and broke out of the door, he cleared a five rail fence and run like a quarter-horse across the meadow. Panting with exertion, he met a lad with a book in his hand, and with a look of one in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.
"Where are you going?"
"To school yonder," was the reply.
"How many Gods are there?"
"One," answered the boy.
"Well, you'd better not go down there—You will have a good time with your one God. I just left there with ten, and that wasn't enough to save me from the darndest licking you ever heard of!"

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A correspondent writing from Ferrisburgh, R. I., tells the following story; Some dozen years ago, when the saythe business was brisk and shop hands were jolly, there worked in the saythe shops at this place two young knights of the hammer, whom I will call Smith and Brown, as they are doubtless both living and may object to their real names being used. Smith had got a little the best of Brown in the practical joke business, so the latter set his wits to work to get square, and this is how he succeeded. Taking his blacksmith tongs, the handles of which are some two feet long, he heated the ends nearly red hot, and placing them astride his neck, marched slowly by Smith, who was seated at his hammer, looking neither to the right nor left. No sooner had he got past, than up jumps Smith, and grabs the handles of the tongs, with the intention, no doubt, of giving Brown a terrible squeezing; but he didn't, and the blisters on his hands prevented him from working for several days. Ever after that, in order to coax Smith's ire, you had only to ask him how he liked the style of Brown's cravat.

Two Travelers having been assigned to the same bed-room in a crowded hotel, one of them, before retiring, knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveler, valise in hand going out the door, and exclaimed: "What's the matter? What's up?"
"Oh nothing," was the reply; "only I am not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you unless yourself to be."

No Smoking Allowed.—Old Dr. Sterns, of New London, in his letter years, kept a drug store. A gentleman one day purchased a cigar of the Doctor, and lighting it, began to smoke.

"Please do not smoke in the store," said Dr. S., politely, "it is against our rule."
But you sell cigars," rejoined the gentleman. "Sell 'em to smoke, don't you?"
"Yes, sir, we sell cigars," replied the Dr., a little sharply, "and we sell physic; but we don't allow it to operate in the store."

A Daryman was awakened by a wag the other night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He immediately jumped up to save the life of his treasure, only to discover a misapprehension in the mouth of the pump.
Just as well might you expect sentiments of justice from a gamster as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes his whole happiness in the events of this life.

How different is the view of past life in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a regale an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

Mr. Jones called upon a gentleman who advertised to restore a valuable handkerchief that was stolen from him two years ago.