

VILLAGE RECORD.

W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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OLUMR XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 4 1871.

NUMBER 46

HOUSE FURNITURE!

I. H. WHITMORE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, and Manufacturer of
HOUSE FURNITURE,
AND

UPHOLSTERER.

GREENCASTLE, PA.
takes this method of informing his customers and the public that he has
REDUCED THE PRICE OF FURNITURE.
from ten to twenty per cent. Owing to the advan-
tages he has over other manufacturers he can and
will sell Furniture at a less price than any other
Manufacturer in the State. Having
THREE STORE ROOMS
filled with every variety of Furniture, from a plain
common article, to the finest in use, he feels war-
ranted in saying that he can please all tastes.

EXAMINE LIST OF PRICES.

BEDSTEADS.
COTTAGE—Imitation of Walnut \$5, 6, 7, to 8
Solid Walnut 8, 9, to 10
JENNY LIND—3-Arch Top Panel,
Walnut " 14, 16 to 18
" " 3-Arch Top Panel, Imitation 10, 12 to 14
Round, Corner-foot, 3 Panels Walnut 25 to 30
" " " " " " " 20, 25 to 40
" " Oval Panel Wal- 25, 30, 35, 40 to 60
nut, Moulded
ANTIQUE—New style 130 to 175
Full Marble 35, 38, 40, 45 to 60
COT. CHAMBER SETS, 60, 75 to 85
SOLID WALNUT SUITS
BUREAUS.
Imitation Wal. 4 Drawers, with glass wood top \$14, 15 to 18
Imitation Wal. 4 drawers, with glass Marble top 17, 18 to 30
Solid Wal. 4 Drawers, with glass wood top 20, 22, 25 to 32
" " Marble top 25, 30, 32 to 60
Imitation " 10, 12 to 14
TABLES. \$7.50 to \$9
Dining, Table, six legs, 5 to 6
Marble top do, 20 different patterns, 9, 10, 12 to 15
Extension Tables, per foot, 2 to 3
CHAIRS.
Windsor or Wood Seats (3 doz) from \$5, 6, 7 to 10
Cane Seats, per half doz, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 20 to 30
(Have over 600 of the above on hand.)
Wood Seat Rocking Chairs, from 1.25 to 5
Cane Seat Rocking Chairs, from 2 to 7
Willow Seat Rocking Chairs, from 2 to 10
Spring Seated Chairs, upholstered in Hair Cloth, Brocade, Rep. & Terry, ranging in price, per half doz, from 25 to 75
Rocking Chairs, upholstered as above, 9 to 15
Jewelry Tables, upholstered as above, (each) from 20, 22, 50, 25 to 75
Box or Plain Sofas, from 18, 20 to 30
Lounges, upholstered in Hair Cloth, Brocade, Rep. Terry and Damask, Spring Seats, (each) 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, to 30
WARDROBES.
Imitation Walnut, for \$10, 12, 14, 16 to 3
Solid Walnut 15, 18, 20, 25 to 6
Also, Wide Boards, Wash Stands, Mattresses, and in fact everything in the Furniture line. The limits of an advertisement is entirely too narrow to give a full list of prices, and kinds of furniture manufactured at this establishment.
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.
Remember the place.
I. H. WHITMORE,
Greencastle, Pa.
dec 1-1871

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL!

The alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of oils, known under the name of Petroleum, prompts us to call your attention to an article which will, wherever used, remove the cause of such accidents. We allude to
CARSON'S STELLAR OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES

The proprietor of this oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are sent broadcast over the country, an oil that is safe, brilliant, and entirely reliable. After a long series of laborious and costly experiments, he has succeeded in providing, and now offers to the public, such a substitute, in
"CARSON'S STELLAR OIL."

It should be used by every family because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it perfectly safe, thus insuring the lives and property of those who use it. Its present standard of SAFETY and RELIABILITY will be maintained at all times, for upon this the proprietor depends for sustaining the high reputation the STELLAR OIL now enjoys.

To prevent the adulteration of this oil with the explosive compounds now known under the name of kerosene, etc., it is put up for family use in five-gallon cans, each can being sealed and stamped with the trade-mark of the proprietor; it cannot, therefore, be tampered with between the manufacturer and consumer. None is genuine without this trade-mark.

It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oils to use the STELLAR OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable. It is for sale by
Amberson, Benedict & Co., Waynesboro.
Mason & Stetler, Marion.
E. B. Winger, Quince.
Glebecks & Burchard, Chambersburg.
W. D. Dixon, St. Thomas.
J. Hostetter & Co., Greencastle.
Thomas C. Grove, Mercersburg.
Jno. L. Ritchey,
JARDEN & CO., Wholesale Agents,
No. 138 South Front St., Philadelphia.
Feb 2-1871

FAIRVIEW MILL!

FAMILY FLOUR, ETC.

THE undersigned having refitted and added all the latest improvements to his Mill, (formerly Evans') announces to the public that he is now manufacturing a superior article of **FAMILY FLOUR**, which will be delivered to persons at market prices. He has also on hand a supply of **MILL STUFF** of all kinds, which he will wholesale or retail at the Mill, or deliver if desired, at the lowest market rates. Having refitted his Mill with the most improved machinery he feels that he is enabled to give general satisfaction. His Flour in sacks can be had at Reid's Grocery, which orders may be left.
The highest market price paid for **WHEAT** delivered at the Mill.
COOPER STUFF wanted.
DAVID PATTERSON
Mar 21-47

POETICAL.



SONG OF SPRING BLOSSOMS.

Over the mountain tops,
Tipping along,
Little spring blossoms come—
List to their song!

Here we are! Here we are!
Dripping with dew,
Bright little flower bells
Radiant with hue.

Down in the valley
Low in our home,
On the green hillside
Joyous we roam.

Swift as you pass along,
See how we smile,
Singing our happy song.
Softly the while.

See in the shower
How meekly we bend,
Humble in any lot
Heaven may send.

And when the shower goes,
Gently we nod,
Hearts full of thankfulness,
To our good God.

Gayly we lift up
Each bright little head,
Each tiny flower-cup
From its low bed.

Ring, little flower-bells,
Gladly along;
We are the spring blossoms—
List to our song!

SILENCE.

In silence mighty thoughts are wrought;
Slightly builded, thought on thought;
Truth's temple greets the sky.
And like a cinder lid o'ers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The splashes of the forest grow
— O trees of mighty birth;
Each nightly star in silent burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hands,
Fetters the rivers of the land
With universal chain;
And, smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

MISCELLANY.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived in Prague in October 1846.
The next day after he came, this apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man whose appearance indicated misery and suffering.— The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said:
"I come to see you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that separated us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on a piano, and by giving instructions I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To day I set out for home—peniless!"
"And you have come to me?" you have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."
As he uttered these generous words Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but two ducates. He exclaimed his servant.
"Where is the money?" he asked.
"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.
"There! Why there's scarcely anything!"
"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."
"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."
So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.
"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait is in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."
The old man tried in vain to decline so

rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after evoking the choicest blessing of heaven on his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserly dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he was not acquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his earnest protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."
The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweler.
"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."
"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"
"My name is Liszt."
"I don't know any rich man of that name. That may be; yet I'm tolerably well known. Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand ducats—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"
"So much the better for him, on whom I have bestowed them."
"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."
"My actual fortune consists of two ducats."
"Then you are a magician."
"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."
Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys, then seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chord, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm:
"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wonderful!"
"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.
"That is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing him or hearing him," replied she; "but I do know that none living save Liszt could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.
Grieved at his mistake, the wealthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touching at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent.
That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the noble and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more precious than diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits.— He began to love the company of the musician, and the girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweler, coming to the piano with German frankness said to Liszt:
"How do you like my daughter?"
"She is an angel."
"What do you think of marriage?"
"I think so well of it that I have the greatest inclination to try it."
"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"
"I would willingly accept it."
"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."
"With all my heart."
The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

Was it a Glimpse of Heaven.

From the Pittsburg Leader we copy the following extraordinary account of trance experience, the circumstances of which are so well attested that we feel warranted in thus placing it before the reader.
On the 7th of November the Rev. Joseph Pershing, of the S. S.burg circuit, began a series of meetings at Kolly's Station, on the West Pennsylvania Railroad, where the Methodist have a small unfinished church and a feeble society.

During the second Sabbath evening of the meeting Miss Emeline Taylor, a daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of White's Station, a young lady of quiet and amiable disposition, came forward for prayer. She remained at the altar for quite a length of time, appearing to be calm in mind, and yet earnestly and devoutly looking for the mercy of God. About nine o'clock her prayer seemed to be answered. Her face wore an expression of unusual brightness as she, looking upward, repeated several times with distinct emphasis, "Oh that beautiful place over there. She became entirely unconscious, and carried to a house near by, it being thought inadvisable to remove her to her father's house which was about three miles distant. In this condition she remained for seven days, in the mean time taking no nourishment whatever.

On Tuesday she began to speak in a low voice, and for half an hour told of the scenes of another world, after which she remained silent for several hours.
The first of whom she spoke were two ministers; one was the Rev. A. H. Thomas, of the Pittsburg Conference, the other was the Rev. Mr. White, of the Presbyterian Church, once the pastor of the church at Salsburg.
"Many expedients were used to restore her to consciousness; among which were singing, and animated religious services, but all without the desired effect. On Friday her friends became very much alarmed, owing to the opinions expressed by the physicians, that having been so long without food she would never be restored. The effort was made to give her some nourishment but in vain. She was asked whether she would ever be able to rise, when she replied, "My Saviour has not yet told me." At different times she had spoken of her Saviour as present with her as her guide and instructor.— Shortly after this she told them that her Saviour had just informed her that she might return to earth again on Sabbath evening at nine o'clock. This statement occasioned a joyful surprise to her anxious friends. The father said that should it thus come to pass, he would believe all she would say concerning the future state.

On Saturday evening a large company of the neighbors had gathered to learn the sequel. There was no clock in her room, nor any way in which she could mark the flight of the hours, for her eyes had remained closed from the first. At three minutes before nine o'clock she raised her right hand and waved it as if to give farewell to persons vanishing in the distance, and then raising her left hand in like manner; and at precisely nine o'clock she opened her eyes, spoke a greeting to her friends, began praising the Lord, and called upon those around to join in praise for His great mercy. When asked if she was hungry, she replied that she was not so in the least; that she had been fed with milk and honey, and, in deed, her strength had been so wonderfully renewed that it seemed that she had been fed by an unknown hand.

The original paper on which these statements were written as they fell from her lips is in the hands of the Rev. J. Pershing. It is a most remarkable narration of events, and a description of scenes that she still avers were as real to her as any other in her whole life.

Little Things and Great Results.

A giant choked Pope Adrian to death, which caused wonderful changes in the nation and history of the whole world.
A councillor of Rome was strangled by a hair in the milk which he drank. This event caused the most serious results of anything that ever transpired in his family.
Anereon, one of the lyric poets, is said to have lost his life by swallowing the skin of a raisin. The world then lost one of the most illustrious poets and writers.
A destructive war between France and England was occasioned by a quarrel between two boy-primaries.
The Grasshopper War, which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England in the May Flower, between two Indian tribes was brought about in this way: An Indian woman, with her little son, went to visit a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow carried a large grasshopper on the road and caught it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up. A quarrel ensued which soon drew the mothers and fathers into dispute and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one tribe.
Several centuries ago, some soldiers of Modena carried away a bucket from a public well at Bologna, which was the cause of a long war, and the King of Sarinias was imprisoned for twenty-two years, where he died.
An English and French vessel had a quarrel about who should be supplied first from a certain well of water, which induced a war that cost one thousand lives.
The great philosopher, Newton, saw a child playing with soap-bubbles, which led him to his most important discoveries in optical instruments.
Stephen Montgolfier saw a shirt waving when hung before the fire, from which he first conceived the idea of a balloon.
When Galileo was in the Metropolitan temple at Pisa he observed the oscillation of a lamp, and this was the first conception of a correct method of measuring time.
The introduction of the telescope is due to a little boy playing with spectacle glasses. The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting the letters of his name on the bark of a tree and impressing them on paper. On account of which we have books printed in good legible type, on almost any and every subject sought by the human mind.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the boundless land."
Ages are made up of moments, fountains of drops, and human character of little words and notions.

It is said of a late physician, that he was waited upon one day by a neighbor to come and see a child sick with the croup. Oh certainly," replied the doctor, "if there is anything I pride myself on in my profession, it is my treatment of that disease." As the doctor stepped out a moment to make ready, his waiting visitor was somewhat taken a back to hear him say to his wife, "Sarah, what do you do for croup?"

Something to Do.

You don't want your son to fall in love with a pretty face before the beard grows on his own, give him something to do. Let his mind be occupied. Employment is the best safe guard, as well as the best remedy, for that intermitted fever erroneously called love.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," or, to change the figure, it is very easy to run a locomotive when everything is in running order, but after a collision it is quite another thing. Take our advice.— Put your boy on the right track, and keep it clear. Ten chances against one he will go unharmed until he is twenty-five or thirty; and then—well you needn't break your heart because he breaks his! Accidents will happen, you know, they must come, sooner or later—but later is better.—Give him some thing to do.

Before you are aware, she falls desperately in love with some unattached boy; possibly a harmless, probably a worthless fellow who jibe herself had nothing to do. If not too late, my friend, get that "ounce of prevention." Should the mischief be already done, use the "pound of cure."
Give her something to do. Let her keep up a slender course of study. Give her good books and good papers to read. If you lack the time or ability to instruct her, employ a competent teacher; it will pay. Let her work in the Sunday school; encourage her in good works; try to get her interested in some benevolent enterprise. At all events, give her something to do.

As for your daughter, as soon as she leaves school her books are thrown aside, and she is expected at once to identify herself with household interests, or to become a young lady of fashion, according to circumstances. Better the first than the last; but both are wrong. Give her something to do. True, her little brother and sister, if she is so blest, may demand her love and labor, or she may assist her mother in household matters, or assume the care of her own wardrobe—all of which is very well, so far as it goes. But it is not the thing.

She misses the daily routine of school life with its exercise, occupation, and its discipline of mind. Undoubtedly, she laments that the change is delightful; but she is restless and uneasy. Her life is full of want her heart full of longing.

Mr. A. called on a farmer, and asked him the price of oats, and was informed that they were thirty-five cents per bushel.
He agreed to pay forty cents on condition that he should be permitted to "trap" them in the half bushel. To secure the bargain, he paid for twelve bushels, and the next day took his wagon and went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, after which Mr. A. got in and gave a most vigorous "tramping" contract in their proportions considerably. The farmer thereupon emptied the oats into the bag, without filling up the measure. Mr. A. raved, but it was no use. The farmer had complied with his part of the agreement, and, as an evidence, told Mr. A. after he had measured the oats, he might "trap" them all day.

THE SORROW OF OTHERS.—There is no question that habitual cheerfulness is a great blessing. But when cheerful people are lauded, let it be remembered as a general thing that they are no more to be commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is a matter of health and constitution. As an invalid or a nervous person—a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmospheric and other influences—cannot be uniformly cheerful.— He may do much towards endeavoring to be so, it is true, but it must be a thing of effort. Many people are cheerful because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own, are easy to bear. We do not wish to decriy this social sunshine; but let us not forget that there are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume in the shade and at intervals.

ONE OF THE SPORTS.—The following dialogue, which took place in a Chestnut street car, is too good to be lost:
One of a couple of Teutonic gentlemen, sitting in one corner of the car, seeing a flashy dressed fellow come in and take a seat at an opposite corner, asked:
"Who is dat, Hans?"
"Oh, dat ish a sphert."
"Vot you call a sphert, eh?"
"You no know vot a sphert ish?"
"Nix, vot ish he?"
"Veil, he ish one of der fellows vot shaves all der hair off a pig und covers him over mit soap, unt' bet a green Dutchman fire tollars he can nix catch him."

A man of unblemished character was a candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting, an elector got up and said:
"I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer by a direct yes or no, like an honest man would?"
"Undoubtedly I will."
A most incautious promise, as the reader will say.
"Well, then," said the elector; "I ask that gentleman who killed his washer woman?"
"What was the poor man to say? He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room and to this day he labors under the grave imputation, in many people's minds of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate and perhaps ill-used washer woman."

A lady in London somehow got the idea into her head that the devil was in her, and went to the cupboard and hung herself. If women go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they are going to be mighty scarce, that's all.

LET BREEDING.

—No gentleman or lady will ever be guilty of the following imprudences:
Picking teeth at the table with a fork tine or finger.
Continually talking of one's self.
Contradicting its company.
Corroding a friend in such a manner as to show their own smartness, or as to wound the feelings of another.
Interrupting a story or conversation by the habit many have of sticking in "something coming."
Telling or hinting at the secret or private affairs of another.
Continually complaining of your troubles to make others sad, gloomy or miserable.
Professing acquaintance with those who never knew or cared for you.
Believing all you hear or which may be told you.
Making yourself familiar at the risk of losing esteem.

A negro who was near his end was questioned by a clergyman as to the state of his mind. His replies were all very well until he came to the article of forgiveness.
"Me forgib everybody but Sam L.—"
"But can you not forgive him?"
"Why, yes, if me die me forgib him, but if me lib to get well again me gib him another knock."

A couple of youngsters of twelve years were looking into a tobacco-shop door, by, and one cried to the other, "I'd like to smoke a cent's worth of tobacco."
"Well," said the other boy, "buy a cent's worth, 'Ah! as luck will have it, I haven't the cent." Hold on! I've got two cents.— That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." Oh, yes; but what am I to do? You! Oh! you shall be stockholder; you can spit.

The Scientific American says it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal—his fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed.

A popular writer says, "It is absurd to spend one's life in hoarding up millions of wealth, which the possessor can never enjoy, as it would be to collect and lay up in a store-house 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for furniture of apartments, or 80,000 pairs of trousers which were never intended to be worn."

"Coffee, what do you tink de mose usefoll ob de plane, de sun or de moon? Well Sambo I tink de moon orter take de best rank in at ar tickler." "Why you tink so, Coffee?" "Well, I tell you; kase de sun shines by night when we want light; and de sun shines by day when we don't."

"Fellow Travelers," said a "oullod preacher," "of I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin' for a moaf, I couldn't feel more swelled up dan I am dis munit wid pride and vanity at seein' stich full 'tendance har die evonia'."

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Till cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost.

At a California fair recently several bottles of strained honey were put on exhibition, when a chap put a bottle of castor oil with the rest. The opinion of all who tried was that the bee that laid it was a fraud.

A young man sitting by his girl, with whom he was quarreling, remarked petulantly that she was nothing. She said she would not admit that, but she would say that she was next to nothing.

"Is it wrong to cheat lawyers?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was that it was not wrong, but impossible.

Blessed is the man that giveth many and costily presents to young ladies, for great shall be his reward—in a hour.
"It was a woman who prompted him to eat but he took to drink on his own account afterward."
"No on ead now look upon a fashionable woman's figure, and say truthfully that figures won't lie."

It is better to perish with hunger than to deprive the poor of their bread.
Nobility is nothing unless supported by good actions.
Continue to speak the truth though you know it to be hateful.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
Why men make more opportunities than they find.
Easy shooteth at others and woundeth him self.
Learning makes man fit company for him self.
Make not a foul of thyself to make others merry.
A true man feels himself the equal of rich and poor.
Why is the letter to like death? It makes Ghosts of hoists, and is always in midst of slaughter.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.