

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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VOLUME XXIII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25 1871.

NUMBER 49

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 advantages 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 warranted in saying that he can please all tastes.

EXAMINE LIST OF PRICES.

BEDSTEADS.	
COTTAGE—Imitation of Walnut	\$5, 6, 7, to 8
Walnut	8, 9, to 10
JENNY LIN —3-Arch Top Panel,	
Walnut	14, 15 to 19
3-Arch Top Panel,	
Imitation	10, 12 to 14
Round, Corner foot, 3 Panels-Walnut	25 to 30
carved	
Foot, Oval Panel Walnut	30, 35 to 40
Moulded	
ANTIQUE —New style	
25, 30, 35 to 60	
FINE SUITORS CHAIRS —Suits,	
130 to 175	
COST. CHAMBER SUITS.	
35, 38, 40, 45, 60	
SOLID WALNUT SUITS.	
60, 75 to 85	
BUREAUS.	
Imitation Walnut, 4 Drawers, with glass	\$14, 15 to 16
wood top	
Imitation Walnut, 4 Drawers, with glass,	17, 18 to 30
Marble top	
Solid Walnut 4 Drawers, with glass	20, 22, 25 to 32
wood top	
Marble top	25, 30, 32 to 60
Imitation	10, 12 to 14
TABLES.	
Dining, Parlor, six legs,	\$7, 50 to \$9
Breakfast do, four legs,	6, 1, 5
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, 11.50, 12.50 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, Hemp & Terry,	
ranging in price, per half doz, from	25 to 75
Rocking Chairs, upholstered as above,	9 to 15
Tick-a-Jeffs, upholstered as above,	
(each) from	20, 22, 25, 25 to 75
Box or Plain Sofas, from	18, 20 to 30
Lounges, upholstered in Hair Cloth,	
Brocade, Hemp, 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, Side 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.	
I. H. WHITMORE, GreenCastle, Pa.	
dec 1-87	

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 special 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, as 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 BRIGHTNESS will always be maintained, 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, &c., &c. 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 oil to use the STELLAR OIL only, because its name is known to be safe and reliable. It is for sale by

Ammon, Benedict & Co., Waynesboro.
Mason & Stuffer, Marion.
E. J. Winger, Quincy.
Getwicks & Burkart, Chambersburg.
W. D. Dixon, St. Thomas.
J. Hostetter & Co., Greencastle.
Thomas C. Grove, Mercersburg.
Jno. L. Ritchey,
JAMISON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS,
No. 136 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 FRANK'S) announces to the public that he is now manufacturing a superior article of FAMILLY 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 is made on the best of a process, where orders may be left.
The highest market price paid for WHEAT delivered at the Mill.
COOPER STUFF
DAVID PATERSON,
mar 21-47

POETICAL.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,
Unchanged through all those years;
How like some sweet familiar face
My childhood's home appears!
The grand old trees beside the door
Still spread their branches wide,
The river wanders as of yore,
With sweetly murmuring tide;
The distant hills look green and gay,
The flowers are blooming wild,
And every thing looks glad to-day,
As when I was a child.

Regards how the years have flown
Half wondering I stand,
I catch no fond, endearing tone,
I sleep no friendly hand;
I think my mother's smile to meet,
I list my father's call,
I pause to hear my brother's feet
Come bounding through the hall;
But silence all around me reigns,
A chill creeps through my heart—
No trace of those I love remain,
And 'twas unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fill as fair,
What though the budding flowers
Still shed their fragrance on the air,
Within life's golden hours?
The loving ones that clustered here
These walls may not restore;
Voices that fill my youthful ear
Will greet my soul no more,
And yet I quit the dear old place
With slow and lingering tread,
As when we kiss a clay-clay face,
And leave it with the dead.

CONVENTION.

When heaven, with rich, sounding love,
Unnumbered blessings sheds
Upon our paths, and pours the oil
Of joy upon our heads—
We should the good improve, nor let
Impetuous wishes rise,
To claim from him, who gave so much,
To thank his will denies.

His sovereign wisdom knowest best
Our nature and our need—
To each and all appropriate gifts
His power had decreed.

Safely, that wisdom and that power,
Will guide and watch and guard,
Each calm soul that thankfully trusts,
And waits for its reward.

MISCELLANY.

THE FOOL AND THE HIGHWAY MAN.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. Your English Turpins and French Davals couldn't hold a candle to our highway men. But for all his shrewdness he met his match once, and I'll tell you how it was.

Redmond was a fine, strapping, gentlemanly looking fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—and where is the Irishman that is not? And what is more, a friend to the poor; as you'll admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made on persons who could well afford to meet them, and that he delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the name of hard landlords to their tenants. There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing—for that was the polite name he gave to his own robbery.

Every quarter-day, this gentleman, or one of his servants—sometimes more than one—used to take a journey of six or seven miles to collect his rents, and as regular as clock work there was Redmond O'Hanlon, with some stout companions if necessary to waylay the collector as he returned home—Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose. He had spies everywhere, and contrived to get the exact information he needed in advance.

So one quarter-day, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlon, and said he didn't see the use of collecting money to hand it over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called 'Jerry the Fool,' who had the run of the house, and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard that the master said he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared he would know the way to bring them safe home. Of course he was only laughed at; but when he represented that no harm would come from trying as he couldn't do worse than all who had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that Jerry made such preparation as he thought suitable, chose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack half blind and three quarters lame—and started on his enterprise. Nothing occurred on the way. He collected a considerable amount of money; carefully disposed it about his person as he was quietly joggling along on the old hack; and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on each side, a tall, fine-looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

'God save you, my man!' said the gentleman.

'God save your honor!' replies Jerry the Fool.

'What's your name, my man?' asked the gentleman.

'Jerry the Fool, and I ain't ashamed of it. What's yours?'

The gentleman took no notice of the question.

'After a while he says, 'That's a fine animal you're riding Jerry.'
'Faith I'm glad your honor likes it,' says Jerry, 'but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'd serve my turn anyway, for it's not in a hurry I'm traveling—'I've only been to the village beyond to collect the master's rents for him.'
'Surely he is not such a fool as to trust you with that job?'
'Arrah, why not?' asked Jerry, in great surprise.
'Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlon's on this road?'
'Redmond O'Hanlon, is it?' says Jerry.—'Ugh! What for Redmond O'Hanlon?' says he, snapping his fingers. 'Faix, Jerry the Fool is a match for half a dozen of the likes of him, any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain.'
The stranger laughed, and they rode on in silence till they came to a very lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols, and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.
'Maula Mauther,' roars Jerry, in a tone of surprise and fright. 'You don't mean to say your honor's Redmond O'Hanlon?'
'I do, indeed; so hand over, my man, and look sharp about it.'
But faix, it's kilt entirely by the master I'll be if I go home without the rint.
'What's that to me?' said O'Hanlon.
Anyhow, said Jerry the Fool, I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it.
'Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver?' O'Hanlon did so, laughing at the trick.
'And know another through the breast of my coat, and heaven bless you?' This was done. 'Now, just one in the skirt of it, and good luck to your honor.'
'But I've discharged both my pistols, and don't want the trouble of loading them again for you.'
'Faix I should dearly like a shot thro' the skirts; it would show I fought desperately. Are you sure your honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that you wouldn't mind firing for a poor boy's sake?'
'Confound you! To be sure I haven't.—Hand over the money, or I will beat you to a jelly with my horsewhip.'
'Well,' says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling. 'I suppose, considering the trouble I've had in collecting these rents, your honor won't mind the little bother of going over the hedge after them?'
And he threw over a sack apparently well filled with coin. Half laughing, half angry, the highway man—first aiming at Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—dismounted, and climbed over the hedge.—No sooner had he done so than Jerry slipped off the old hack and mounted O'Hanlon's horse.

Sister Brown's Curiosity.

We suppose every body who lives in a city has some times wondered what those curiously painted images are made of that stand by certain shop doors, with a bunch of cigars in one hand, while they invite the customer to enter with the other. Some of them are as hideous as they are disgusting, and we often wonder why such leering, vulgar images are used to attract customers.

Sister Brown was one of the primest and most correct maiden ladies, but she was very curious and prone to gratify her inquiring mind to the utmost, and that was why we were all glad when she met with the following *country tempter*:

She was going home from an evening lecture rather late at night for a single lady to be upon the street alone, when it occurred to her that it would be a favorable opportunity for her to examine the new Indian image that had been set up on the street, and which has puzzled her a good deal.

She had often asked of what it was made, but had received no satisfactory answer; and had determined, when an opportunity did present itself, to examine the curious figure.

The opportune moment had arrived. Sister Brown looked in every direction and feeling certain she was not observed, advanced towards what she supposed to be the image standing in the shadow of a deep recess, but what, unfortunately, was a policeman.

Sister Brown gave him a punch, pinched his arm, then gave another punch, all of which the policeman bore in silence. Then she attempted to take his hand to feel for the cigars, when, to her terror, he returned the pressure with a right good will. The astonishment of the maiden lady can be imagined but not described, when a grim voice cried out—

'Sister Brown, what do you want of me?'
The policeman said he had seen a good many folks travel but he never saw a woman measure the ground as Sister B. did when she went round the corner.

She was cured of her investigating spirit, greatly to the relief of the neighborhood where she resided, for the policeman described her examination of his party person in a manner that turned the poor woman to great ridicule.

Sister B. says that when she looks at shop windows, now, if there is anything in the world she hates it's *inquiries* and the perils.

There are more people than Sister Brown

who would be benefited by well deserved ridicule, if nothing but ridicule will cure them of their ill-timed curiosity.

A Mean Man.

We have heard of many mean transactions in the way of close bargaining and shaming, but we don't remember to have met anything closer or smaller in that line than the following:

Parth Judkins was a justice in a western district—a grasping, miserly, closefisted fifty-hearted man, who had grown old and gray in money-making. One day he hired a poor man to do some work about his house. Upon removing his coat preparatory to setting to work, the laborer's pipe slipped out upon the ground, and old Judkins saw it, and picked it up. After working awhile, the man thought he would smoke, but upon looking for his pipe it was not to be found. Judkins came out while he was searching, and asked him what he had lost.

'I've lost my pipe,' said the man.

'Is this it?' asked Judkins, holding up the pipe.

The man said it was and reached out his hand to take it.

'Hold! said Judkins. 'It is a small thing I know; but since I am a justice, we may as well proceed legally. In order to make a proper avowal of ownership you must be sworn. Hold up your hand.'
The man held up his hand, and Judkins administered the oath, after which, the laborer still persisting in his ownership, the pipe was surrendered.

When the job for which the poor fellow had been engaged was done he came for his pay. He had worked half a day, and wanted fifty cents.

'All right,' said Judkins. 'You owe me fifty cents, and so are just square.'
'I—I owe you Squire?'
Yes. The law allows me half a dollar for administering the oath. Don't you see?'
The poor man saw to his sorrow; for upon that basis Judkins forced the settlement.

Not a Parallel Case.

On one of the marches of the Army of the Potomac through Virginia the horse of a well-known chaplain of a New York regiment 'played out,' and was left at the side of the road. Soon after which the dominion espied a fine looking animal grazing in a field near the road. It required but a few minutes time to transfer the saddle, etc., to his back, and mounting him he was riding out on to the road, where he met a United States quartermaster, when the following colloquy ensued.

'Where are you going with that horse?'
'Going with him? Why, I'm going to ride him of course,' said the chaplain.

'But you don't mean to say that you're going to steal him, do you?'
'Certainly not; but my own horse is given out, and we are on the enemy's country, and—'
'Oh that's very well, but my duty as an A. Q. M. compels me to take a possession of him, besides I don't think it looks very well for a chaplain to be stealing a horse, if his is given out.'
'But my dear sir,' said the chaplain, don't you remember that on a certain occasion our Saviour commanded one of his disciples to saddle and bring him an ass, that he might ride to Jerusalem?'
'Yes, I know all about that, but this isn't a parallel case, sir; you ain't our Saviour, we're not going to Jerusalem, and that Animal ain't a jackass so you can't get right down off his back, just as quick as you please.'
The argument of the quartermaster was too powerful and an unconditional surrender of the same was at once made, and the poor parson having to jog along on foot as best he might.

Immortality of the Soul.

An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it; he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said:

'James what is this that I hold in my hand.'
'A watch, sir.' 'A little clock,' said another.

'Did you all see it?'
'Yes, sir.'
'Do you know it is a watch?'
'It ticks, sir.'
'Very well.'
'Can any of you hear it tick? All listen now.'
After a pause. 'Yes, sir, we hear it.'
He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other hand.

'Now children which is the watch?'
You see there are two which look like watches.

'The littlest one in your right hand said one.'
'Very well. But how do you know this is the watch.'
'Because it ticks.'
'Very well again.'
'Now I will lay the case aside—put it away; there—down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick?'
'Yes, sir, we hear it,' exclaimed several voices.

'Well the watch can tick, and go on keep time, you see, when the case is taken off, and put away in my hat.'
'So it is with you children, your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside, and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think just as well as the watch will go, as you see, when the case is off.'

It is more difficult to manage robes well than to acquire them.

GOOD ADVICE TO DYSPEPSICS.—The Boston

Journal of Chemistry says: If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia he must give his stomach and brains less to do.

It will be of no service to him to follow any particular regimen—to weigh his food, etc. so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement.

But if he passes fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-room and takes no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day it will not digest it.

In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause.

Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit and your mind absorbed in gazing up interest accounts.

Never abridge the usual hours for sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please—provided it be not the shovel or tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you never touch it, or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rice bread or oatmeal porridge, a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as to the body. Above all banish all thoughts on the subject.

If you have any treatise on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it.

Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach, keep a clear conscience, live temperately, regularly, cleanly, be industrious too, but be temperate.

Golden Words.

It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerves and firmer purposes go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cured with a drunken father. We talk of the dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so heinous that he will not commit when he is drunk. There is nothing so corrupt that a man will not do when under the law of sin—of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law.

But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also, and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in the case, be evil; but I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influences, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards.—Gov. Buckingham.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of

the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson a former connection with a colored church in that place.

'I believe you are connected with a colored church on Elm street Mr. Dickson?' said the eastowner.

'No, sir, not at all.'
'Why, are you not a member of the African church?'
'Not die year, sah.'
'Why did you leave their communion Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?'
'Why, I tell you, sah,' said Mr. Dickson strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. 'it was just like die. I jinned dat church in good fait. I gub ten dollars toward de stated preachin' ob de gospel de fust year, and de people all called me Brudder, Dickson. De second year not good, an' I only gub five dollars.'
Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson—Dis was de hurt you sah?'
'No, sir, it goes tolerably well.'
'Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—an' so I gub noff for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'Ole Nigger Dickson, an' I left em.'
So saying Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentlemen departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

MAKE OTHERS HAPPY.—Some men move

through life as a band of music moves down the street, singing pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, who can listen. Some men fill the air, with their presence as orchards, in October days, fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit.—Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all. It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power, which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they can not create for themselves.

An old maid says a woman is a fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it, and this is true of a tongue as a baby, adds an old bachelor.

WEARY OF LIFE.—I wonder that no skill-

full doctor has never thought it worth his while to investigate how many people die annually, not in consequence of any disease to speak of, but merely because they are tired of life: because out of the turmoil, and the fret, and the maddening excitement, and the sickening suspense, they drop into the grave, just as a man weary of the noise of some great city, through care, turns aside from his fellows into the blessed quiet of some unfrequented court or alley, to walk there all alone. We cannot tell—they could not tell—why they do it; we and they can only understand that, worn and weary with the business of existence, and faint with tramping over life's story pavements, there comes a time when, leaving all memory of past enjoyments and all hopes of pleasures to come, the man or woman deserts the beaten track of life and erases for nothing better than to be wrapped under the green turf till the Judgment Day. Travelers who drop by the way, you may remark; soldiers who fall out of rank, we unworthy of the uniform they wear; but, oh! friends, it is not given to every one to bear the scorching heat and the biting cold, the blustering wind and the pelting rain, with sublime equanimity.

The Iron Bar.

A bar of iron, worth \$5 worked into horse shoes is worth \$10.50; made into needles it is worth \$35; made into pen knife blades, it is worth \$3, 25; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth \$250,000.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that. But hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished how was its value increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities, and fit it for higher offices?

And so, children, all the drilling and training to which you are subjected in youth and which often seems so hard to you, serve to bring out your nobler and finer qualities and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies

from fear, when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone used to cry violently every night and his father whipped him. He mistook his pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: 'Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?' 'Oh, father father!' said the little fellow, 'I don't mind your whipping me, if you would only stay with me.' The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules like a plant or an animal.

A city lady recently called her colored

servant Joe, and said: 'Joe I want you to go and get me some shoe strings. I want two pairs, the long round ones.' Joe went out and was gone all day, returning at night with a pair of ordinary shoe strings and a large package. She asked him what was in the package. 'Why do pears, ob course.' She opened the package and found two pears. Joe said he had been all over town to find two 'long, round pears,' the kind the lady ordered.

Come here Felix you said the letter E

was a glutton, how do you know it? Because he changes fasts to feasts, is invariably the first to commence eating, and is always last at the table.

As to being afflicted with the gout, said Mrs Partington, high living don't bring it on. It is inherent in some families, and it is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits it from his wife's grand mother.

As old Shromps was giving his youngest—who was inclined to be lazy—a good whipping, the boy cried out: 'Oh don't fadder it makes me smart!' 'Dat's shoats vat I wants,' said the old man, as he whacked away with renewed vigor.

Neither in little things nor in great ones

suffer your dread of singularity to turn you from the path of integrity. Arm yourself with the mind to do what is right, though you can find so few partisans or followers.

Beware of evil thoughts. They have done great mischief in the world. Bad words follow, and bad deeds finish progress. Watch against them, strive against them, pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy of souls.

When we are affronted it is better to pass

it by in silence or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than endeavor revenge. If we can't keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness, will be our best defendant.

An editor describing a primitive church says: 'No valet envious in our pew, we don't go in for style. The fattest persons has the softest seat, and takes it out with him at the close of the service.'

If a man throws a huge stone at his wife's head, would he escape punishment on the plea that he only meant to rock her to sleep.

Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer

removes scruff and all impurities from the scalp.

Jon's billings says he has known a male to be a good male for six months so as to get a chance to kick somebody.

A man whom we can put up with—a good hotel keeper.