

Walter & Deiminger, Proprietors
B. O. DEIMINGER, Associate Editor
Millheim, Thursday Apl. 25.

EDITION AND SISTER SCRUB
A Story that has Wide Application.

In one of the Eastern States there is a settlement which has long been celebrated as a stronghold of Methodism. It is an out-of-the-way neighborhood, yet no place in the whole country is better known or more highly esteemed. In the center of the settlement, just where two roads cut each other at right angles, making "four corners," is the school house, painted red, and long familiar as the only place of public worship in the settlement. The people are all well off now, and have built a fine and commodious church, on the opposite corner. A few rods up from the school house lived Sister Scrub. You could tell, at first sight, that the "Squire" was "well to do" in this world, for everything about him denoted it. There was his picket fence all around his garden, painted red, and the top tipped with white; there was his house, a modest one story and a half, with a leaning to it in the rear, and painted white all over; there was the barn, a large, well filled barn it was; there was a farm, a choice lot of one hundred acres, well cultivated; and besides all this, there were the honors and emoluments of the important office of Justice of the Peace. The "Squire" was, of course, a man of note in his town. He had been a justice several terms in succession. He was a trustee of the school district, and he was both class-leader and steward in the Methodist Church. I have no doubt that he would have received other honors at the hands of his fellow-townsmen and brethren had he been eligible. Still he was quite an unassuming man, and I very believe he thought more of his religion than all of his ecclesiastical and civil honors. His house was the itinerant's home; and a bright sweet pleasant home it would have been but for a certain unfortunate weakness of the every other excellent Sister Scrub. The weakness I allude to was, the love of praise. Now, the good sister was really worthy of high praise, and she often received it; but she had a way of disparaging herself and her performances which some people thought was intended to invite praise. No housewife kept her floors looking so clean and her walls so well white-washed as she. Every board was scrubbed and scoured till further scrubbing and scouring would have been labor wasted. No one could look on her white ash floor and not admire the polish her industry gave it. The "Squire" was a good provider, and Sister Scrub was an excellent cook; and so their table groined under a burden of good things on all occasions when good cheer was demanded. And yet you could never enter the house and sit half an hour without being reminded that "husband held court yesterday, and she couldn't keep the house decent." If you sat down to eat with them, she was sorry "she hadn't anything to eat." She had been scrubbing, or washing, or ironing, or she had been half sick, and she hadn't got such and such things as she ought to have. Nor did it matter how bountiful or well prepared the repast really was, there was always something deficient, the want of which furnished a text for a disparaging discourse on the occasion. I remember once that we sat down to a table that a king might have been happy to enjoy. There was the light snow-white bread, there was the chicken swimming in gravy; there were the onions and turnips, and I was sure Sister Scrub had gratified her ambition for once. We sat down, and a blessing was asked. Instantly the good sister began: "She was afraid her coffee was too much burned, or that the water had been smoked, or that she hadn't roasted the chicken enough. There ought to have been some salad, and it was too bad there was nothing nice to offer us.

"Yes, I do!"
"Will you be going for York State, if you don't look out!"
"I'd like to see myself. When I go this house goes!"
"Look out Nancy!"
"Am I afraid of no man that lives."
"I'll leave you!"
"And I'll laugh to see you go!"
Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize words and slowly said:
"Nancy Throton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said you'd never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove!"
"Gimlet?" she exclaimed.
"Yes, gimlet!"
"Why, I know where there are three or four! You said corkscrew!"
"Dik I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table; "well, now, I believe I die!"
"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed falling on the lounge.
"Nancy," he said tenderly lifting her up.
"O, Richard!" she chokingly answered.
And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing its head off if hung up in the hall.

The Baxters and their Pastor.
In the front room was a woman with a wiry voice, and a mouthful of hairpins, standing before the mirror arranging her braids, and ambombarding two open doors with peppery questions.
In the back room was a man of spare frame and nervous temperament, sweating at an irresponsible cook stove, and doing his level best to kindle a fire, to cook the evening meal.
On the front step stood the pastor—a man of deep piety and patriarchal air, tugging at the bell and shivering in the cold. The wire being out of order, the bell had nothing to say, and consequently the good man was obliged to stand there in the cold for some time and hear a little conversation between his parishioners that made him wonder whether his preaching had done any particular good in that family.
"Haven't you got that are started yet?" yelled the woman, standing on tip-toe to get a firm grip on her back hair.
"O, no!" came rapping back from the man like the rapping of a pistol, followed by a vigorous rattling of iron and a jumble of words in a smothered tone that made the good old parson sigh.
"Are you going to be all night about it?" went back to the man in something of a hurry.
A sulky, noisy shaking of the grate was all the information the fond wife got in return.
"You will rain my nerves with that noise. What makes you fool around so long? Why don't you build the fire?"
"I can't."
"Why?"
"O, my barn."

WHAT HE WANTED.
The bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was the only other night that Mr. Throton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes and Mrs. Throton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs, and called down:
"Richard, do you want anything?"
"Yes, I do!" he yelled back.
"I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"
"Corkscrew, Richard?"
"Yes, corkscrew! I've looked the house over, and can't find it!"
"Y-hy, we never had one, Richard."
"Didn't eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. Its always the way when I want anything."

What curious creatures women folks are! She didn't want him to blow himself up; oh, ho; but if by any means he were to be relied upon, that's exactly what she was doing herself, all the time. Blow him up? Well, I should say she did."

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.—William Miller, a young man residing at Newell's Run, Washington county, Ohio, died the other night from a wound inflicted by Miss Elizabeth Taylor, whom he had seduced. He had renounced her and notified the Overseers of the Poor to take her to the infirmary. This coming to her ears greatly incensed her, and, procuring an axe, she repaired to his room, where he was sleeping, and literally cut his head open.

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D. H. GETZ, Attorney-at-Law, Lewisburg, Pa. Office opposite the Union National Bank Can be consulted in English or German.

Table listing names and numbers for FERGUSON TOWNSHIP, including Abrahams Hicks, James Olivier, Geo Kolinger, etc.

Table listing names and numbers for PATTON TOWNSHIP, including Benjamin Horner, Jacob Baker, Henry Gooch, etc.

Table listing names and numbers for POTTER TOWNSHIP, including H & B Fullmer, George Foust, John Brown, etc.

Table listing names and numbers for SNOWSHOE TOWNSHIP, including John Kelly, Moore Wharton, John Parker, etc.

Table listing names and numbers for WALKER TOWNSHIP, including Henry McGraw, Margaret James, James Suter, etc.

Table listing names and numbers for WORTH TOWNSHIP, including George Lawson, John Kuhns, John Roop, etc.