

M. J. ... L. C. & S. C. ...

The Missing Pages.

"Have a paper, sir? Something to read in the car, m'am? Harper's Atlantic Scribner! All the magazines!"

But the people hurried past John's little stand into the station, as they had done all morning.

John thought of his mother, and of the empty breakfast which they had eaten together in their bare garret, with its windows opening on the sooty roofs.

"Magazines, m'am? Something to read on—"

The lady stopped. "Goodbye? Ah, your books are dirty!" dropping the sooty magazine with a shiver of her shoulders.

As if he could help that! But he began blowing a way the soot for the twentieth time that day.

On the next page was an account of a boy going home from school, who arrived just in time to escape the walls of a burning house.

John watched him anxiously. If he should buy one of the six bound books! Profit on each was twenty-five cents.

The old gentleman took up one of the books. John thought he was certainly going to buy it.

"Ah, here is a book which I have wanted for a long time," said the gentleman. "What's the price of this, my boy?"

"Those are one dollar each, sir." "I'll take this. No, you needn't tie it up. I'll read it on the cars."

"No, I have wanted this book for some time."

"You can have it for seventy-five cents," said John, eagerly. "I do not want a mutilated copy at all."

John handed him back the dollar, and closing his satchel, the man walked on a few steps, and sat down in an open doorway to wait for his train.

"Who? John M. Tavish? As honest as steel. He's been under my eye now for four years, and I know him to be as truthful a lad as ever was born of Scotch blood."

"Um, um!" said the old gentleman. "But he put on his spectacles and eyed John from head to foot."

"It's his eye for intelligence, now? He began, as if the conversation had stopped the moment before. "Stupid, probably?"

"I don't think he's very sharp in trade," was the reply; "but he's a very handy boy. He has made a good many convenient knickknacks for the neighbors—that bookshelf, for instance."

"Why, that's the very thing I want in a boy. Well, there's my train, Good-bye, sir."

The next day he was back, and he came at the same hour.

"I like that boy's looks, sir. I've been watching him. But of course he has a dozen relations—drunken father—rag-tag of brothers—who would follow him."

"No. He has only a mother, and she is a decent, God-fearing Scotch woman—a good seamstress, John tells me, but can get no work. Times are dull here just now. Why the country folks will pour into the cities. Mrs. M. Tavish has nothing but what the boys carry at the stand."

"Paper? Magazines, sir?" he asked. "No. A word with you, my lad. My name is Bohm. I am the owner of the Boral Nurseries about thirty miles from here. I want a young man to act as clerk and salesman on the grounds, at a salary of forty dollars a month, and a woman who will be strictly a domestic, to oversee the girls who pack flowers—sacks, at twenty-four dollars a month. I offer the position to you and your mother, and I give you until to-morrow to think it over."

"But you—don't know me, sir?" "I know you very well. I generally know what I am about. To-morrow, be ready to give your answer. I will take you four weeks on trial. If I am satisfied the engagement will be renewed for a year."

All the rest of the day, John felt like one in a dream. Everybody had heard of the Boral Nurseries, and of good old Isaac Bohm, their owner. But what had he done, at this earthly paradise should be open to him?"

"You'll come, eh?" said Mr. Bohm, the next day. "Thought you would. When can you begin work?"

"At once, sir."

She never had seen the boy so full of excitement. He hurried her to the station, and soon they were riding among beautiful rolling hills, and across lovely meadows, that were wet with the odor of new-mown hay.

"The Boral Nurseries. We will get off here, mother. I want to show you a house that—"

He trembled with agitation. His face was pale as he led her down to the side of the broad glacial river, near which was nestled in the woods a cosy little cottage, covered with a red trumpet creeper.

"Mother," said John, "this I hope, will be your home now." And with that, he began to laugh and caper about her like a boy; but the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

John M. Tavish is now foreman of the Boral Nurseries, and a man of high standing in the country. Not long ago, he said to old Mr. Bohm:

"I owe this all to the friend who said a good word for me that day in Pittsburgh."

"N. John," said the old man, "I owe it to the book with the missing pages. The chance came to you, as it came to every boy, to be honest. Honestly and industriously, John, or what did it, and I am inclined to think they never fail to commend and success in the end."

Nature is beneficent in allowing her dominions; and man to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant, let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in a rooming it with pleasant objects in decorating it, within art and without, with things that lead to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace.

Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, cheerful and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth or them, but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

WHAT WE NOTE.

We take note of all the rasidities which comes to the surface in published business life, but little account is taken of the striking honest, with which the gigantic business operations of the community could not be carried on for a day. Here and there are breaches of trust, but as few, perhaps, in proportion to population and the magnitude of the business conducted, as in any former period. Every day millions are changing hands on the strict faith in the verbal promises of men. They make their promises good. One cannot go amiss of men who have made their promises good when the immediate losses incurred there by have ranged from a fifty thousand up to a quarter of a million of dollars. No note is made of such instances. But when some petty fraud, or a great one, possibly, commits a breach of trust, everybody is made acquainted with that fact; and of a few raise the question, "Is there any honesty in the community?" Yes, there is a great deal of honesty and a great deal of morality, and these are at the foundation of the vast business which is conducted from day to day. Moreover, there is a great deal of honesty in the ranks of laboring men, in which may be included all the wage-earning class. Any person who is experienced in business, employing large numbers of men, can testify to this fact.

A Catholic priest preached a sermon in behalf of the Church and Convent of St. Louis, Belmont, at Louisville, in the course of which he paid a glowing tribute to the faith and liberality of the woman of the Catholic Church, and said that especially to the servant girls of America does the Church owe most of its success. Their donations have made the Catholic Church what it is to-day, in the United States.

"Don't talk of them, John, lad!" "Well, I want?" and he put on his hat and went out.

An hour later he came back. "What is wrong? Why have you left the stand?" asked the man in blue.

"We are going to have an outing, mother. Don't say a word. I can tell you."

CHEAP KANSASLANDS

We own and control the railway lands of THE GOVERNMENT, KANSAS, about equally divided by the Kansas Pacific Railway, which we are selling at an average of \$25 per acre on easy terms of payment.

The average yearly rainfall in this county is SEVENY-FIVE INCHES PER ANNUM, one-third greater than the much drier Arkansas Valley, which has a yearly rainfall of but 25 inches per annum in the same locality.

Warren Keeney & Co., 18 Dearborn St., Chicago, OR WA. KEENES, Toledo, O., Kansas.

THE STANDARD TEA CO.

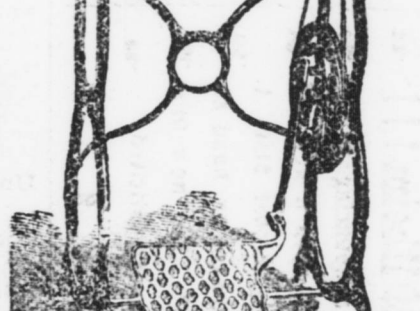
Quality is the first fact of cheapness

5 lb. and upward, TEAS, at 50 cts. pr lb. COFFEE, 25 cts. " " QUALITY GUARANTEED.

CONSUMPTION Politively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. Ross's "PULMONARY CONSUMPTION POWDERS."

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME



The BEST, LATEST IMPROVED, and MOST THOROUGHLY constructed SEWING MACHINE ever invented.

Johnson, Clark & Co., 30 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

This old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, and at prices that defy competition.

The proprietors, hope by STRICT ATTENTION business, and GOC. WORK to merit the continued confidence of their friends and patrons, and of the public at large.

Shops, east of Bridge Millheim, Pa.

Our omnibus catalogue for '75

Everything for the Garden

AGREENHOUSE AT YOUR DOOR.

Wash. Hutchinson, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF COAL, COBURN STATION.

D. H. GETZ, Attorney-at-law, Lewisburg, Pa.

PAINT

White Lead and Mixed Paint Co. CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000



DO YOUR OWN PAINTING.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., 30 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

HARRIS' STANDARD

STOFE, 235 MARKET ST., near THIRD

Lewisburg, Pa.

FALL AND WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have now complete stock of Millinery, Trimmings, Notions and Fancy Goods, at prices fully 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hats—trimmed or untrimmed

Hats & Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Silks & Velvets

Ribbons & Ornaments, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets & Underwear, Cuffs & Collars

Ruches, Laces Trimmings, Real & Imitation Hair Goods, Hamburg Edgings & Insertings

Ladies & Misses' Furs, Jewelry & Perfumeries.

Motto & Picture Frames.

Gents' Paper Collars 10 cent per box, and numerous other articles too numerous to mention. Don't forget the place.

HARRIS' STANDARD

235, Market St. LEWISBURG, PA.

\$7.50 SAVED! Buy the IMPROVED VICTOR Sewing Machine.



RED FRONT FURNITURE STORE, LEWISBURG, PENNA.

J. HOWER, Proprietor

Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Extension Table, Bureaus, Parlor Tables, Bedsteads, and Chairs

KEYSTONE WRINGER.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE KEYSTONE WRINGER.

AMERICAN HOUSE, J. P. S. WEIDENSAUL Proprietor.

LEWISBURG PA. C. M. PETREE, CIGAR MANUFACTURER

FURNITURE J. H. HAZELL, Spring Mills, Pa.

FITS EPILEPSY

SHONINGER ORGANS

DAV. I. BROWN, Manufacturer and Dealer in TIN-WARE

STOVEPIPE & TRIMMING, SPOUTING and FRUIT CANS.