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Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line
of a first-class Grocery store.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods
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A. HARTER,
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REBERSBURG, PA.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE VIOLIN.

The spirit of music sleeps within
The case of this old violin;
But who hath power to wake again
To waiting ears the rapture strain!
None but the master will she own—
She wakens to his hand alone.
That of her silence breaks the bonds,
And to his loving touch responds;
When all her passion, hushed so long,
Finds voice in warm, love-breathing song.
Thy heart is such an instrument,
In which love's harmonies, low—pent
Sick utterance. But one alone
The secret of their song may own,
Here, by my hand, the strings are pressed,
To put my fortune to the test;
And now I wait, in eager pain,
If they speak love, or mute remain.

How He Read It.

Although it was a bachelor's establishment, there were few mansions handsomer than Mr. Howland Coleman's, and many were the feminine hearts which would not have been at all averse to transform the imposing stone front and its rows of plate glass windows, against which the almost priceless lace curtains fell in foamy grace, into a paradise that should not be a bachelor's paradise.

Everything was faultlessly handsome inside, furnished with an exquisite finish of detail that denoted the refined taste of the owner.

People wondered—and had been wondering for twenty years—why Mr. Coleman did not marry.

Forty-eight found him a party—not too portly—gentleman, with a fine frank face, adorned by a thick, drooping white moustache, bright laughing eyes, as dark as well could be, and thick luxuriant gray hair—a handsome, independent gentleman, who had all his life liked his bachelor life, and his bachelor home that was so gracefully presided over by his widowed sister, who liked the ladies remarkably well, but who had never been convinced he could love any one as he believed a wife should be loved, unless we except little May Dean, whose blue eyes had once or twice been lit to look at this wonderful rich, handsome, gentleman, who was Mrs. Anderson's brother, and Mrs. Anderson was one of those genuine high-bred ladies who was not ashamed to condescend to be a warm, true friend to May Dean's mother, even if Mrs. Dean did do her plain sewing for her.

He had come to find himself thinking frequently about her, so frequently that he had been obliged to bring himself to account for presuming to give a second's thought to the insane probability of a little blossom like blue-eyed May Dean being for him—old enough to be her father.

He had written to her towards her. "Isn't that the dearest letter that ever a man received?" Surely you know there could be but one answer to it, and I've come to tell you what I should have done long before had I not been in such fear of a refusal from you. Tell me, May, when shall it be? I am an impatient lover, but that the ice I so dreaded is broken."

"Oh, sir, I never could do that. Please, Mr. Cole—"

"Yes, you can, well enough, you shy reserve more than with her little letter.

With a smile on his face he again advanced and tried to take her hand.

"You must never call me Mr. Coleman again, dear. But now let me hear how it sounds to have you say Howland."

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