

Beaver & Gephart

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NO 46.

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MILLHEIM, PA.

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Fashionable Barber.
Next Door to JOURNAL Store,
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Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of
the one occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Harshber-

ger.

40-47

VICTORIAS.—One cupful sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one pint of water; beat butter and sugar together, add the water, stir in enough flour to make a thin batter; bake on a hot griddle without turning over; butter each one the instant it is done; nice for lunch.

DAWN.
I hear the clarions of the day:
Night's mighty veil is upward drawn,
And with its golden fringes play.
The jewelry fingers of the dawn.

The curling vapors one by one
Are shot with opalescent gleams,
And now the almost risen sun
Darts up a thousand crimson streams.

From heaven to earth the spire or steals,
Down gilded vaults to widowed towers,
The conscious bells break out in peals,
God! what a wondrous world is ours!

The fiery colors slowly fade,
In sapphire depths they pass away;
The sun begins his grand parade;
From pole to pole 'tis perfect day.

Earth's children feel their mother warm;
From dewy beds they wake and start,
And forth, through streets and alleys swarm
In myriad to the noisy mart.

O happy toll! O blessed fate!
To me the world is all contained,
That with each motion, drops a date,
And shifts the pictures of the mind.

I envy you your changing strife,
Your weary hours, your evening rest,
When all the little cares of life
Are lulled to slumber in the breast.

For my poor soul, that still will float
Near one idea of stern service,
Drifts on, like the Laplander's boat,
Close mored beside its berg of ice.

THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

Lily Vennor was late home from her
work on this particular night.

A dismal February night it was, with
a grey fog above, through which the
lamps shone like yellow dots of sickly
flame.

But Lily was used to all sorts of
weather.

Lily Vennor was a milliner.

All day long she sat, with seven and
twenty other girls, in a long low-ealed
room on the upper floor of a monster
building in one of the narrow streets of
the West End, working until she vaguely
wondered within herself if there were
women enough in all the world to wear
out the dresses she and her companions
made.

It was hard work, and it was poorly
paid; but Lily Vennor had known what
it was to be without employment for
weeks at a time, and she was thankful
even for Mr. Murx's four shillings a
day, with the stipulation that, in case of
extra haste, an hour or so overtime
should not be objected to.

The poor are generally worsted in
their bargains, nor was our little hero
an exception to the rule.

But the work was over at last, and
Lily was in the outer room, tying her
curls under the brown felt hat, whose
tasteful loops of ribbon had been
sponged and turned so often, and fold-
ing her worn shawl across her shoulders.

And as she took up her dinner-bas-
ket, she heard the gay voice of Mary
Reid, one of her fellow-workers, saying
merrily—

"St. Valentine's Eve!

"You don't mean that you have for-
gotten it, Ida?"

"Why I expect a dozen valentines at
least to-morrow."

Lily Vennor glanced up at Mary
Reid as she spoke.

A dozen valentines?

Yes, there was every probability that
she would receive as many as that.

She was a dark-eyed brilliant-com-
plexioned young beauty, with a pretty
Greek nose, a dimple on the left cheek,
and teeth as white as sliced coconut.

She would be one to marry early, and
escape from this bondage of toil and
poverty; and for a moment Lily wished
that she too were beautiful.

And then came a second thought.

St. Valentine's Eve—and she had
promised Midge and Edith, the two
little twin sisters at home, a valentine
for this year, when Midge had submitted
to the ordeal of vaccination, and
Edith had been so docile at the task of
learning to make stockings.

For Lily Vennor, girl though she
was, had already been burdened with
the cares of life.

Her father had married a second
time, and lost his wife, leaving Lily at
his own death with the charge of these
two little ones, Edith and Margaret,
commonly known as "Midge."

It was a hard, hard task, but Lily
never quailed.

She had accepted it simply as she
would have accepted any other decree
of Providence, and the two little or-
phans had learned to love her with all
their innocent hearts.

And now she paused in front of the
bright show-windows, with her worn
purse in her hand, trying to decide upon
some particular style of valentine
which would be pretty enough to suit
the children, and which would not be
too dear.

She went into the shop, humbly
awaiting her turn, and bought two six-
penny valentines, which the clerk super-
ciliously tossed toward her.

"I should like two postage stamps,"
said she meekly.

"Stamps!" echoed the clerk. "This
ain't a post-office!"

Lily pointed to a printed placard in
the window—"Stamp for Sale Here"—
and the clerk, grumbling under his
breath, gave her the two stamps.

The next morning however little
Midge and Edith danced up and down
with joy when the postman left the two
valentines at their door.

"And here's a valentine for you, Lily,"
said Midge.

"Only the envelope hasn't got such

pretty gilt roses on as mine and Edith's
have."

Lily was standing with her hat on as
the child ran up to her.

"A valentine," said she, "for me?"

"But I think you are mistaken, little
Midge."

She opened the letter with a sensation
of wonder as to whom it possibly could
be from.

For she got so few letters, this gentle-
drudging little creature, that the very
sight of an envelope in a strange hand
was a circumstance to startle her.

"From Doctor Ingram," she said
to herself.

"He will call here to see me this even-
ing."

"Oh dear, dear! I knew how it would
be."

"He thinks it's so strange that I
haven't said anything about paying him
for his attendance on Midge and Edie
when they had the scarlet fever."

"But he doesn't know how poor we
are!"

"And he doesn't know—how should
he?—that I was going to his office this
very week; to ask him for the bill, and
try and save up the amount, little by
little, until I had got enough."

"You dear little prophet," cried Doctor
Ingram, catching up the little
child in his arms.

"You are right."

"It is Lily's valentine!"

Doctor Ingram exclaimed Edith, slowly.

"Well, if I was to choose a valentine
out of all the world for Lily, I should
say Doctor Ingram!"

Leila Payne and Sarah Howell were
giggling over gilt and tasseled epistles,
directed in masculine hands, but Lily
went straight to the forewoman.

"You dear little prophet," cried Doctor
Ingram, catching up the little
child in his arms.

"You are right."

"It is Lily's valentine!"

Doctor Ingram exclaimed Edith, slowly.

"So should I!"

"No; about yourself."

"Yes," he said, "and I will ask it
now, Miss Vennor."

"In those weeks when I came daily
to your house, and saw you stand like a
little angel at the bedside of those little
ones, I made up my mind that you, of
all women, came nearest my ideal of
sweet, womanly perfection."

"And I vowed within myself to ask
you to be my wife."

"So now, Miss Vennor—Lily—you
know why I was coming!"

It seemed like a dream of unreal bliss
to Lily Vennor, that homeward walk
through the twilight, with Bruce Ingraham's
arm to support her, his beloved
presence so near to her.

She had been a toiler in life's shadow
ever since she could remember; but
she was coming into her heritage of
happiness at last.

Little Midge and Edith were looking
out for her, over the stairway, as she
came home.

"Oh dear! oh dear!"

"What am I to do?"

She laid out the children's rations on
the table—a bowl of milk, and two liberal
slices of bread for each—and can-
ting them not to go near the fire—
which smoldered in a little cast-iron
stove—went to her daily work with a
heart which felt like lead within her
bosom.

Mary Reid was talking in her high,
soaring voice, about the valentine she
received.

"I need it very, very much!" said
poor Lily; "and if you will give it to
me to-day—this very afternoon, I mean
—I will pay you my next two weeks en-
tire wages as they come in."

Mary Reid was a milliner.

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twenty other girls, in a long low-ealed
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