

Table with columns for 'NEWSPAPER LAWS' and 'ADVERTISING RATES'. It details subscription rules and rates for various ad sizes and durations.

BUSINESS CARDS

A vertical column of business cards for various professionals including auctioneers, dentists, physicians, barbers, and attorneys in Millheim, Pa., and Bellefonte, Pa.

Little Bill's Work.

CHAPTER I. Little Bill had knocked off work early; not because he was lazy; oh dear no; there never was such another industrious little chap as Bill; but the day had been a fortunate one, and he had sold off all his stock in trade [Bill was in the lucifer match line] and was returning home with sevenpence clear profit in his pocket; no wonder he felt happy; no wonder his little dirty hand was thrust into his pocket, jingling the coppers pleasantly.

other children more like an angel than a human. "Where's the mother?" asked a man. "Lord knows; went off two years ago; but, bless you, she had them almost as bad at times." Bill soon reached home again, unlocked the door, left himself in, and was received with every mark of affection by a small boy and a smaller girl, both equally as dirty as himself.

"What!" yelled the man, "d'you mean to insinuate that I take too much; that they ain't there really; that I only see them in my mind, you—" "No, no, father," said the boy, gently interrupting him; "why, don't I see them as plain as anything, all a-running and a-crawling over each other?" "But they're gone now," said the man suspiciously.

"I don't know, father; but I feel so weak and strange." He coughed violently as he spoke, and then a crimson stream flowed from his mouth, and over the dirty coverings; father's face turned very white, and he raised the boy's head. "Run Sid," he said, "run for a doctor." Sid paused a moment in horror, then left the room, fell rather than walked down the stairs, scampered through the court, on as fast as his little legs could carry him; he had no idea where to find a doctor, and probably would have run on forever, or at least till he dropped, had a policeman not stopped him.

Reawakened Memory. Two years ago a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academical education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examination he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind, and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

A STRUGGLE IN LIFE. Army Wrecks, and the Way in which They were Made. "You want to know why I gave the old fellow a dollar?" asked an ex-army officer, as I questioned the propriety of the donation that he had made to a rather rough specimen of humanity, who had asked for money enough to get him a dinner.

Kisses By Mail.

A young postmaster of a village post-office was hard at work, when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a bashful maiden of sixteen, with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

A Bird's Foresight.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

CHAPTER II.

Little Bill was ill, in fact had been ill for some time, but no one had noticed it; the other lodgers thought his cough a nuisance, as it often awoke them at night, but it never entered their heads that there was anything the matter with little Bill's lungs. However, some days after his ducking in the fountain pond in Trafalgar square little Bill found, to his utter amazement, one morning that it was impossible to move from his mattress; it had become a trouble often, but at last he really could not get up.