

Bellefonte, Pa. November 28, 1890.

MY NEIGHBOR JIM.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim, When it rained, He never complained...

GRACIE'S MISTAKE.

BY RUFUS HALE.

When Doctor Sanford came to the village of B—and put up his modest sign over the door of the little house he had hired, there was some excitement among the female portion of his neighbors.

People wondered thereat, but the cause of her forbearance was simply that Henry Sandford was the only man she had ever loved.

"What do you think Dr. Sanford said to me yesterday, when he called on mother, who you know is one of his patients? He said that you did not dare to play off your coquetry with him, as you had done with others."

faint and dizzy. Deeply did she regret that she had trifled with him.

It was soon known that he had gone away, as doctor, aboard The Wanderer—a merchant ship bound for Japan from a neighboring seaport.

Gracie was a girl of strong, deep feeling. Her grief wore upon her. In vain she struggled against it. The strength of her attachment overcame her woman's pride.

Everything of this kind she saw only served to remind her that his leaving was her own fault. Had it been his, her pride might have come to her assistance.

Through the open cabin window the invalid could see the lines of waving palms, and white strips of beach, with huge breakers rolling in towards them, and natives in their canoes skillfully riding over the lumpy surges.

"Doctor Sandford!" cried her aunt. "It was, in fact, Henry Sandford who had come—he who was supposed to have been lost aboard The Wanderer."

"You now think there is hope, then?" "Humph! I should think there was!" chuckled the old physician.

Among his patients was Mr. Barton, Gracie's father, whom he had lately been called upon to attend for an attack of the gout.

Mr. Barton read it aloud to the doctor, who was at that time with him, and then, stricken with anguish that his gout prevented his going to his dying child, he requested Sandford to hurry aboard and try to save her.

I once knew a lady—she was English, and the wife of a machinist earning a moderate salary—who bought every day of her life a piece of meat, either beef or mutton, for baking, and after her family had dined off it, the remainder was thrown away.

To the pieces cut from the knuckle bone, add a small cooked slice of bacon and a small onion which has been sliced and fried brown in half a teaspoonful of butter.

Locomotive No. 69, of the Chicago and Erie Railroad, exploded last Saturday night, while hauling a freight train.

THAT WE WALK THROUGH THE WHEAT.

Together we walked in the evening time, And we bent his head and looked in my eyes, As if he held me of all most dear.

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still, The yokes flitted home through the purple shawl.

In the Philadelphia Sunday Times the following story of interest somewhat local is related.

Wash the knuckle, put it into a saucepan with three pints of cold water and a level table-spoon of salt.

There is one thing which should be brought to their attention, however, and it is this; according to the best physicians, quinine, taken in large quantities, produces deafness.

From a New York Letter. A large man walked into one of the improvised polling booths in the vicinity of Madison avenue, New York, on the first day of registration.

THE QUININE HABIT.

The chief object of a pickpocket after certainty, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash.

When help arrived Engineer Murphy was found crawling on hands and knees along the track, carrying with him a lantern to signal a passenger train which was due in a few minutes.

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THE HON. CARTER H. HARRISON IN HIS "RACE WITH THE SUN."

The lumber is not sawed into boards, but the slabs are cut off and the good stuff left in the form of square timber.

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