iscellaneous.

Letters and communications addressed to T.G DTHE.

R. J. R. LOCKHART, Freedom, Beaver county, Pa. All calls prompt-streamed.

AS. CAMERON,

on opened September 8, 1888, This

DENTISTS,

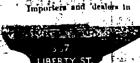
. M. CUNNINGHAM. E. P. KUMN CUNNINGHAM & KUHN: . nevs as Law. : Office Third street, Be

THE CHRAT SKILLANNIAL SALE

BARKER & CO.S 59 Market Street,

Pittsburgh, Pa., ced Monday, Dec. 7th, Entire Winter Stock, in

D. L. DEMPSEY, Committee



Select Reading.

in the window ledges—horse and a nonthly rose, just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that per-nothing of pots of violets that per-med the whole place when they

it pon my word this is stepping in-the old man's shoes with a ven-sancel And what a hearty, good imored looking woman she, is ind as a kitten;" and then he patted d Howseupon the head. The middle d hearth of the old farm-house hen, a cat and three kittens bask black nose approvingly, as he turned its hind feet where his fore feet had

eral fine hams and pieces of dried beef.
Apples were festooned along the celling, and crooked neck squashes vied ing, and crooked neck squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkins in garnishing each window frame. There were plants too; along the window ledges—horse along graniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose, just budding to may fumed the whole place when they took it into their heads to bloom. —
The floor was carefully swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon the long settle mear the fireplace shone as if it had hist been varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had its white face nearly washed, and seemed determine to tick the louder for it. Two as that navers drawn in at a coxy.

Willed region

guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples and spectacles (it was no without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been fireplace shone as if it had just been varnished, and the eight-day clock, the deacons' and were placed each in the corner had its white face near the deacons' and were placed each in the corner had its white face near the like the arm chair, beside her), ly washed, and seemed determine to tick the louder for it. Two the chairs were drawn in a state of the table cloth ma'ann—I've had along with a score of tance from the hearth and each other. It is a dish of red cheeked apples tacles, a dish of red cheeked apples they are too heavy for those little and a pitcher of cider, filled the table.

tacles, a dish of red cheeked apples and a pitcher of cider, filled the table between them. In one of the chairs sat a comfortable looking woman of about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as durk and bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and her head upon her hands, and looked thoughtfully into the fire. This was the widow Cobb—relict? of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had, been mouldering in the dust in the Bytown churchyard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, properly—because her work being

Levi Cobb, who had, been monidering in the dust in the Bytown churchy ing in the dust in the Bytown churchy and for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead hushand, properly—because her work being done, and the servant gone to bed the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the roomande her a little lonely.

"Beven years!" so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if 'twas more than fifty—and yet. I don't look so very old either. Perhaps its not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like, children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow—and I'm sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish, and began to peel it.

"How, dreadful fond Mr. Cobb was a widow took an apple from the low, for I don't suppose they have an apples where he's gone to. Heigho! I remember well how I need to throw!

The member well how I need to throw!

The widow has gone to be it was a most sensible man, I am sure they fave done it, which was a most sensible man, I am sure took a not be will be cat (who thought that they were plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow—and I'm sure they fave done it, which we will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish, and began to peel it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb was so It was quite its well."

"They were my husband's favor—its," and a sigh followed.

"Ah, your husband must have so It was quite its well."

"The blue eyes looked at her so long is the member well thow I need to throw!

The member well the will need to throw!

"It was the seed to a supple where he's gone to. Heigho! I that the green my husband's favor—its," and a sigh followed.

"It was not seed to sigh be a think he green and it was a most sensible man, I am sure. And I will drink your health in definition.

"He was a most sensible man, I am sur

ion. Look at my sister Jerusha with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow—and I'm sure they have doneft, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish, and began to peel it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he's gone to. Heighol I rengember well how I used to throw apple parings over my head, when I was a girl, to see who I was going to marry." that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get for you sir?" she said at last.

"Nothing, thank you; I have fin-

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Beaver Pa. Wednesd

remembered the fire of Amanias and Sapullira and stopped short before she told such a fremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of the marriage was all nonsense," I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him—Some of the boys began to tesse him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"He just told them frankly, that the only woman he ever loved, jifted him years before, and married anoth-er man. After that, no one ever mentonic on sanger knilling aside, Mrs. Cobb laid her knilling aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.
"He was another specimen of the

thought it was,
"But did he over tell you the name
of the lady who jilted him?"
"I knew her first name."
"What was it?"

"Mary."
The plump little widow almost The plump little widow almost jumped out of her chair; her name was spoken ken exactly as Sam would have said it. "Did you know her too ?" he ed looking keenly at her. "Yes,"
"Intimately?"

"Intimately?"
"Yes."
"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband! I surpose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world."
"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand and speaking unsteadily. "No, her husband is dead."
"Abl but still she never thinks of

steadily. "No, her husband is deud."
"Ah! but still she never thinks of
Sam!" There was a dead silence.
"Does she?"
"How can I tell?"
"Are you still friends?"
"Then you ought to ki

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ty, age wealty ty, genius and paired with ear omselas to

WIND PRINCES

WENT PRINCES

WE y fig. 1 which leaves a lattice of the control of t

women; too, must sak questions silence is torture to them. Such peo-ple are the funnels of conversation; they receive but to pass through In the course of lecture. Mr. Lough

can have no influence on the future but our actions will. A man's life should be measured by his action

self especially to young men, exhorted them to direct their curiosity toward the acquirement of useful knowledge. The man who lives in idleness lives in torment. He may say, in the world of Milton's Lucler,

which way I fly is hell-myself a

What might be avoided Housekeepers Accumulat

sari and will inke my departure.

So saying, in seized katte hand for a moment, and darted from the flouse. Katte was sint crying to bed, and more deeply in love than ever with her beloved Arthur. The next day she received a note through a confidential channel, appointing an interview. Loving but disabedient Miss Katte, met him as desired, and they had many similar is tolen interviewation will at last it, was agreed that they would elope, and trust to receive papa's forgiveness whesight was over. Arthur said he

his piacea new rapidly away. They stopped rapidly away. They stopped front of a splendid mansion, which was brilliantly illuminated as if for some great occasion. Into this Arthur led her half bewildered, and presented her to an elegant lady, his caunt, who took her up staits to a private room, and, caiming her fears, docked her for her bridal.

When all was ready, Arthur led her into the parlor, where was the ner into the parior, where was the chergyman and a small company, at which the bride hardly glanced. The marriage service was soon ended and Katie felt herself receiving innumerable kisses and good wishes, and then she felt her fathers hand, and heard her fathers willing face.

athers smiling face.
"Well, Katie, you have married your choice in spite of your father; "My dear little wife, can you n

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