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tlam Hulme and Margaret Dodine, and on the east by lands of Routen H. Davis and Stott E. Colley, ontaining EEGHTY-EIGHT ACRES, more or less whereon are erected a two-story FRAME HOUSE, Bank Barn, wagon house and other out-buildings. Only that portion lying on the west side of Fishing creek will be sold. Also, all that tract of land situate in Benton township, bounded on the west by lands of Rebecca Con

ner, on the north by lands of the heirs of Thomas Davis, deceased, and J. F. Chapin, on the south by lands of Ezekiel Cole, containing EIGHTEEN ACRES, more or less, unimproved land. Will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchasers. Terms made known on application to

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Poetical.

AMEN !

I cannot say, Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day. I foto to these:

That I had rather walk this rugged way, If Him to please. I cans ot rees That all is well when dark'ning clouds concea-

But then, I know God lives and loves; and say, since it is so, Thy will be done! I cannot speak In happy tones; the tear drops on my check show I am sad;

But I can speak Of grace to suffer with submission meck, I do not see Why God should e'en permit some things to be, When He is love;

But I can see, Tho often dimiy, through the mystery, His hand above! I do not know Where falls the seed, that I have tried to sow

But I shall know The meaning of each waiting-hour below, Sometime, somewhere! I do not look Upon the present nor in Nature's book, To read my fate:

For promised blessings in God's Holy Book : And, I can watt, I may not try To keep the hot tears back-but hush that sigh "It might have been :"

And try to still Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will Respond, "Amen !" -[F. G. Browning.

INTROSPECTION.

Baneful it is, and boding of no good. To ever gaze within one's self, to find Toe complex working of a morbid mind; To ever cower beneath a sheltering hood, Poising the balance scale of ought and would Sighing for happy days, now left behind, Scorning to think a future can be kind, Hating a present scarcely understood.

Such intrespection in brief time will break The healthlest heart, and wreck it in the dust. God knows how many a bitter cut and thrust The world will give us for its selfish sake, Without our potsoning the arrow head. Which, if it kills not, sometimes leaves it

-Tinsley's Magazine-

Select Story.

JEALOUSY IN TWO WORLDS. Students of the world's history constantly learning that empires and epochs are born of trifles. But in how nany cases these are legitimate births we have now no time to consider.

"And you must bring your friend Must be, indeed! Now the more Lieutenant Stockton hought it over the further he seemed drifting from his stoical confidence. It did, indeed, appear a burlesque upon 23 would have suffered such commun

better informed. I wonder if there was any design in the founders of the military academy at there. West Point to develop the romantic tendencies of their country's young defenders? If so they have admirably plan

they thought. to sleep in her arms," we might also find themselves. expianation why devotion, born and bred here, should be fearless and steadfast, with hatred of naught save trifling

and treachery. "Commencement day" seems a misno-mer to some; but I think the title born of a thought happy even unto inspiration. It is the close of the ideal life, but the commencement of real life; it is the door leading from the ante-room into the amphitheatre. But who can know of a happier or a prouder day? From that time forward there will always be heights to carry by "mining" or storm, but at that hour the victory is complete, and all the world that the collegian has been taught to see and know lies at his

Lieutenant Stockton was susceptible to his surroundings-just as far as a tolerably cool temperament permits itself. In fact, he willfully surrendered himself to the delusions of the hour. For four years he had been the servant-if not the slave—of discipline and study, and now came home to Boroughton with the purpose of finding life and living it. And that he might the better enjoy his of young Landers, who, having passed his second year at the academy, was per German." mitted for the first time to air his brass buttons and military walk in the outer

Boroughton was too small a place not to wonder at anything wonderful. So, when it became noised abroad that Lieuaffirmative universally triumphant.

But as Lieutenant Stockton cared very little for such innocent interference, he never called for the report of the comtell you how earnest natures and soaring ambitions are overturned by flashing coquettes.

eyes and coquettish ways, and it is an He would care no more for Jennie interesting study, but Lieutenant Stockton would have assured you that the that lay underneath all else,

gressively proud of Jennie Hanlan- There was a heavy step crushing the more so than of his own commission or underbrush behind him, and then the to her house. And our story begins blank. where that visit ends.

doubts her, he cannot be anything else. Lieutenant Stockton's devotion to Jen-nie Hanlan was established—the sewing he had met him before, but his perfect circles all conceded it while pretending identification was possibly prevented by to wonder at it—but his confidence the inexpressible sadness of his face. seemed yet more boundless. She might go with whom she pleased, smile as sweetly as she divinely willed, dance with the young lawyer all night, and write down to the academy a full bill of particulars with the utmost impunity. But this night-well! well! there was

over to Sackett's Harbor to take dinner with a favorite aunt, and listen to the advice that had been gradually accumulating over his head for the past two

In all these enticipations the Lieutenant was not disappointed. He received a hearty welcome, an excellent dinner and even better advice; the third-class blessing being, by the way, so long pro-tracted that it was not until late in the afternoon that he was able to imprint the farewell kiss on the old lady's cheek, and begin his retreat from her hospital-

But at so sharp a pace did he urge the sorrel mare that the sun was yet an hour high when the centre of Hepworth Forest was reached and time was granted him to stop at the Powder Springs-a

favorite spot with him from childhood. Our memories are loyal to the law of association, and as the Lieutenant fastened the mare to a tree a little from the highway and then threw himself on a grassy knoll by the spring, a panorama of his young life, before epaulettes and ambition's dream had come to dazzle seemed to rise before him. His truant days, when without furlough he had stayed from school with certain boon companions, the hour she spent at this very spot, the fun of splashing the waters of the brook in one another's faces, or building a dam a bit below the fountain source with faintest manifestations of that en gineering skill that was to score him

high at the academy. But how could be chase such thoughts long ere they brought him to when the eyes of Jennie Hanlan seemed blacker and brighter than the eyes of the other girls, and his bashful glances were answered by yet more ardent ones, until when he finally essayed to rival her boldness she would turn away and smile as sweetly elsewhere, and he awoke to find himself head over heels in love with the greatest flirt in the school? But as they grew older he was certain Jennie improved until, one bright morningthe very brightest of his life-the past wes all secured by that letter of all let ters, that answered his inflammable wayward Jennic Hanlan, would be hi own true sweetheart forever and ever-

How much longer this young man of true greatness that a military man should be the victim of such fears. But before from a level head was never tested, fo my readers pass judgment they must be just then a step was heard, and with it the doctor banished him from the premanother, and a remarkably gruff voice announced that they would stop right

Almost instinctively the Lieutenant led him to peer through the foliage to ned; if not they have built stronger than where they had seated themselves. They were not a specially refined or attractive ible heights, guarding the waters of the congenial company in a back alley on a most historical of American rivers, the dark night, if one might judge from ap very site of this Rugby of the young pearances. It should be said they were riage of love and war. If here we look the model tramp, but their clothes last night on their stopping at the Pow as cheerfully as ever after a long day's dors than of future hopes, of a setting sport, when, as infants, they rested their than a rising sun. But their conversaheads upon their mother's knees, or sank tion was decidedly more interesting than

"He was a trim out youngster, now wasn't he, Jack ?" "All brass buttons are," came the surly

answer. "And so sweet on the girl that I got calous; eh, Jack" with an heroic effort to arouse his companion from his stupor. But Jack appeared wrapped in thought and so was the Lieutenant. A great light was shining out from a most unexpected at Washington, and his descendants still source. Harry Landers stood for the

me," said the more talkative one, with a grim sense of the humorous, which Jack didn't seem to appreciate.

"I was wondering what time of day It seemed an innocent and reasonable manner of wonder, but his companion ooked at him inquiringly. Jack's answering glance appeared to satisfy him.

"It's a go, Jack, but I hate to frighten the girl."
"Of course," answered Jack, with an rest he had insisted upon the company oath, "she might cut your acquaintance, or refuse your hand at the next

The grimness of the remark brough a loud "Ha! ha!" from his companion, which Jack instantly suppressed with his scowling looks, as he muttered that it was time for them to be back. The idea that the gay young cavalier

tenant Stockton was engaged to Jennie and the object of his passion would soon Hanlan inquiry was first enthusiastically be that way seemed to furnish food for directed to gathering all the shreds of reflection for all three, and the silence of evidence that supported the report, and nature's spot came back. It could not then to debating the question: "Re-solved, that Jennie Hanlan is not the to Lieutenant Stockton. Again the coy girl for Lieutenant Stockton," with the glances of Jennie Hanlan were stealing toward him, and then she was beseeching him to defend her. When had he dreamt of a greater privilege ! When would his sabre so gaily have leaped from his scab mittee, and nothing seemed able to cloud | bard? But his arm shrank back now as if his anticipations of again meeting the there was pollution in the cause. He was object of his passion. Philosophers may asked to re-establish the throne of treachery and to crown the queen of

Hanlau than for any other human being, not so much as for the beggar along th point was not an issue, and that he had way; and yet suppose he didn't-what fallen in love with the true womanhood then ! What mattered it all ! And h stole toward the serrel, unfastened her, For all these reasons he was rather ag- and felt for his revolver.

academical honors-and so it came to sensation of a weight of a hemisphere fall pass that his first demand on Harry ing upon his head, and the earth seemed Landers was for his company on a visit to rise up toward him-and all was Jealousy is proof of the presence of It was a strange place where Lieuten-love and the absence of confidence. Both ant Stockton next found himself. He

so had met him before; but his perfect "What makes you so unhappy ?" asked

the Lieutenant. "Because I'm dead," was the abrupt reply.

The Lieutenant involuntarily shudder

ed, and again looked about him over the mo possible excuse for his folly, and he would think no more of it.

Bright and early next morning he left Harry Landers in the library—writing a letter home—and saddling his horse role letter home—and saddling his horse role letter home. letter home-and saddling his horse, role name he had known him by in the other world leaped to his lips.

"Jack ! But "Jack" had as suddenly vanished as he had appeared, and the Lieutenaut was only left to wonder if Henry Lan ders had killed him and saved Jennie. Then a gloomy eastle rose before him, and the Lieutenant entered a door that opened before him. He was in a library.

tention,and a young man looked up from his writing. It was Harry Landers. To say that Lieutenant Stockton was could surprise him now, but there was a stantly to haunt him with "Shame!" and "Devil!" He had indeed been meta-

morphosed into one.

Both seemed to know all, and as Harry started up he drew his revolver. Almost darning-needle and some kite string. simultaneously the library of the strange castle heard the sharp reports ring down its corridors and galleries. Lieutenant Stockton could feel the hot

lead hissing through his brain, but he was living through his agony; this world knew no death. Yet he reeled and staggered, his eyes yet fixed on Harry Landers. When a stream of blood burst from the boy's forehead he could have cried out with joy-only he was too weak, and fell to the floor. That moment a screen to the light suddenly seemed wrenched apart, and

Jennie Hanlan, with dishevelled hair

and pallid cheeks, rushed between them.

Lieutenant Stockton seemed only living

now to watch her first movement. tottered toward him, but he rudely pushed her back and ironically begged her not to be as false to Harry as to "Why, Robert!" And as his own name was sounded in the old way be seemed to fall asleep despite himself, and when he awoke he was in his own room at home, and Jennie Hanlan was

would not let her stay, "Mr. Landers will go," though her roice trembled as she spoke. "Landers be hanged!" exclaimed the epistle from the academy, and assured Lieutenant, whereapon Jennie Hanlan and out crying "Oh, why do you speak to me so Robert !

> iquired the same ironical voice. Once since the night he called with ou-right here a few moments agont at sight of him you raved so that "Were you not out riding with him

"And when did you see Harry last?"

Thursday afternoon T A light seemed breaking upon Jennie cept very still, but a natural cariosity Hanlan's mind, and it shed its brightness over her pale face. "Riding with Mr. Landers ? No, in deed! And did they knock all your six weeks ago, but ten to one the cock-Crowning the crest of almost inaccess brace of tourists, or such as would make brains out, dear Lieutenant to with an oracles have lugged it off and traded it issues indispensable to many. Ayer's congenial company in a back alley on a effort to suppress her gathering mirth. "And now tell me, Robert, if you have to be tried." been jealous ever since Mr. Landers and soldier boy enjoins and applieds the mar-dressed in considerably better style than Nellie Harding found you so badly burt for the ardor that pours out "noble blood seemed to speak rather of former splender Springs !" And the tempting lips much of it here that I can imagine what were bent so close to his that the Licu- it is. What ailed you last night ? tenant forgot his headache and kissed

The White House.

them.

Its corner stone was laid on the 13th f October, 1792, under the superinten lence of Captain James Hobon, an Irish architect, direct from Dublin, who ac epted the award of \$500 (then though be a large amount) for the design. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery

live in that city.

The British destroyed the building in

the north side, was added in 1829, durng the administration of President It is a lofty building, two stories in eight, with a frontage of one hundred and ighty feet and a depth of eighty five The vestibule within the door is fifty feet long by forty wide. The famous East room, which was finished fifty years ago, is eighty feet long, forty feet wide and twenty two feet high.

Eight large mirrors and three chande iers, of crystal and silver, adorn the com. The walls are covered with gray paper, and the furniture is trimmed with gray rep and maroon velvet. With the exception of our public halls it is the largest in the country and for its size, is

certainly the handsomest. The President's office, which is on the second story, and which is the Cabinet room also, is not very large. It is thirty five or forty feet long and twenty or twenty-five feet wide, with a ceiling about twenty feet high. In the mid dle of the floor is a long table, surround ed by leather seated chairs; long lam brequin curtains of a dark blueish color adorn the windows, and the carpet is of a red tint, with large figures, and a large map of the United States is on the wall. Washington is a Government creation, and the White House is chiefly memorable on account of the men who have

famous house. The original cost of this building in 1792 was about \$335,000, and the total cost up to this time about \$1,806,000.

lived in it. Every one of our Presidents,

except Washington, has resided in this

A New York goat came west with lot of poor children sent out to western homes, and the first day it was on an lows farm it ate half a mile of barbed wire fence and wanted more. It is al most impossible to teach a New York goat to eat grass or clover, when he has been brought up from carliest infancy on corset rods, tomato cans and wrecked hoop skirts.

elements are necessary factors in the was walking a level plain, which presented no object as far as the eye could woman's favors, or certain of them, he cannot be jealous; but if he loves and seemed to spring as from the ground be failed.

Everybody is using Brown's Iron Bit than a control between the country of them, he cannot be jealous; but if he loves and seemed to spring as from the ground be failed.

His Hener and Bijah-

"Say !" he called, as he entered the Bijah looked up from his sweeping and recognized him. It was the same old vag, who, three months ago, entered the station and cried Bijah out of fifty cents in each and then stole his yest as

e went out. "Say, I've just lost my mother," con remembered his former call and slid for tor corrects acidity of the stomach, cures was led back and locked up, and when simple, efficacious, satisfactory and pleas-His Honor came in and opened court, the old weeper was first to be led out : "James Y. Jones," began the court,
"I am given to understand that you can

veep when occasion requires.' "What occasion ?" "On all occasions when you can turn our tears into money. You told Bijah that you had lost three children by scardegantly furnished and "booked;" but let fever-home broken up-wife run

his entrance had attracted another's at tention, and a young man looked up from "And why shouldn't I?" "Because you hadn't even a dog to lose by death. Your tears brought a surprised is to suppose that anything lump into his throat, and he went down into his hind pocket for half a dollar passionate exultation which turned in | You blessed him and went way-blessed nim and stole his vest."

"And he's got it on now?" cried Bijah as he looked closer.
"So he has—so he has. I recogniz t by those buttons you sewed on with a

John Y., you are a bad man." "I've seen wuss sir." "So have I, but they didn't hang around here long. Let's see? Ninety days will let you out just as Winter

"Oh, sir !" "And your tears will freeze as they all, and can be put on exhibition." "Gimme one more chance-just one "Too late! You have cried your ca reer to its end. Take him in, Bijah,and

NOT GOOD FOR MELONS. "Phillip Hornberger." "Dot's me." "Last night you felt like eating watermelon! "Dot's me some more."

chalk his back for a straight ninety."

knob and six ten-penny nails."
"But he wouldn't took 'em."

"Going to a grocery on Gratiot avenue

ou selected one about the size of a side

"No, and you kicked the melon to bidding him keep quiet or the doctor "My foot slipped." thirty days.'

> and one is five. Next time pay for your age, do a fair and reasonable day's melon."
>
> Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents. melon. "Next time I pays a squash. "Suit yourself-good morning-hand out the next-go out of the front door

THE WHISKEY CURE. It was a mild-eyed, long-haired young man of 27, who answered to the nam of Donald O' Grinnel, and he wanted to know of the Court if he couldn't have a glass of lemonade before his trial. "Guess not," answered his Honor, "Bijah had a lemon around here five or

"I feel all gone." "Yes, I suppose so. I've never had faded gray hair. the sensation myself, but I've seen so

"I felt had."

"And what did you do for it ? "Took a prescription." "Just so. It was a thumping big drink of whiskey on top of two beers wasn't it?

"I-I believe so, but I'm so gone that I can't tell." "Poor youth! You are assistant to s florist in the suburbs. You came to town about dark last night with your hat or your ear and a desire in your heart to mash some one. You took a prescrip tion to give you further courage, and a decline. I suffered from dyspepsia, stone

self the War Engine of Detroit, and you annoyed the man until he made your neels hit the ceiling and then flung you

into the alley "And then what !" "Then you slept the sleep of the lrunk, and your snores guided the offi

cers to the spot." "Well. I'm awfully sorry "Yes, so am I. It's a pity you are not a statesman instead of a loafer." "I guess I'll begin from this very morning to be a statesman." "I guess you won't! You'll begin

this morning to go to the Work House for three months!" "That finishes me; I might as die at once." "Well, do your dying in the corridor. and please don't kick around and smash

Bijah's new coal stove. Fall back and die and make room for the next."

John McMasters was as mad as a bewith a pin in him as he sailed out. was little, and old, and baid-headed and gray, and he had come down from the upper counties and got tight on a glass of beer, and set out to whip a telegraph pole with one hand tied behind him. "I demand my discharge!" he shouted as he tood the mark.

harvest apple from his pocket and began eating it "Who's going to try me !" "Nobody. "Yes there be! I demand to be tried

I'll see if I'm to be collared on the street

nd hauled off to a bastile in this fashion.

"Well, you can't have it," quietly re-plied his Honor, as he finished up a

"What's the charge ?" "Drunkenpers." "I wasn't drunk !" "I didn't say you were. You can go. "I won't stir a step."
"Oh, yes you will. I haven't any time to fool away with such tempered

old men as you are, and I won't try your

"I'm an American citizen. than a dozen others in this city. Come

case at all

pick him up and carry him out.

Odd Items.

CHRONIC LOOSENESS OF THE BOWELS results from imperfect digestion. The causes lie in the torpidity of the liver. A regular habit of body can be secured by taking Simmons Liver Regulator to aid digestion, to stimulate the dull and singgish liver and rid the system of extinued the vag ; but at that instant be cessive and poisonous bile. The Regula-

ant remedy in my life as Simmons Liver

"H. Hainer, St. Louis, Mo A retired pugilist, who has turned poli-tician, is spoken of as the ex-pounder of the prize ring and the expounder of the

Constitution. They were speaking of a miser just decensed. "Did he leave anything?" "He had to," was the laconic answer of

A letter from P. O. Sharpless, druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of Thomas Re-lectric Oil, says: "One man was cured of sore throat of eight years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold."

According to Rothermel's historical deture, Gettysburg was a drawn battle. He colored it afterwards. It is said that the eagle "has a con-tempt for all other birds." The owl,

however, is more contemptous still; he hoots at everything. AFTER EIGHT LONG YEARS. C. C. Jacobs, 78 Folsom Street Buffalo, writes that for eight long years he had

ried every known remedy to cure him of

piles, also had been treated by physicians without success, when he was ultimately cured by Thomas Eclectric Oil. "No, sir," said he, "I never beat my wife. When I think she needs to suffer physical pain, I persuade her to try to lrive a nail.

If a two wheeled vehicle is a bycicle

and a three wheeled a trycicle, it does hill, beat the price down to thirty cents, and then tried to pay for it with a door-iciele. It is a wheelbarrow.

VISIBLE IMPROVEMENT. Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recov-"Well your whole body is going to ered. My digestive organs were weakslip this morning. I'll make it \$5 or ened and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of "I guess I bays der eash and keep out your Burdock Blood Bitters the improvement was so visible that I was aston-"Very well. Two and two are four lished. I can now, though 61 years of

> An editor received a letter from a subscriber, asking him to publish a cure for apple tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew "Your handwriting is very bad," said a gentleman once to a public official. "Yes," hereplied; "but don't you see if

I were to write better, people would find out how I spell." Habit, if not necessity, makes a hair we have ever used. It restores not only the color but gloss and luxuriance to

bly it is because he has been trying to mount the fiery, untamed bicycle, Celia. It will make any man sore. A New Brunswick (N. J.) 4-year old en seeing the cook take the baked potatoes from the oven, was astonished at one which burst its skin. "Ob, Annie,"

"Why dost thou soar, my lovef" sings

he exclaimed, "there's one all unbut-Mr. Samuel McKenzie, Cumberland, Md., writes: "I am 68 years of age. About four years ago I began to go into "Now, Jack, you're a bit envious of "Now, Jack, you're a bit envious of "Now, Jack, you're a bit envious of "The portice of four lofty columns, on "Now, Jack, you're a bit envious of "The portice of four lofty columns, on "The portice of four lofty col

PHYSICIANS' WINE

New York physicians say that they have been using Speer's Port Grape Wine and Wine Bitters in their practice for years, to the entire satisfaction of their patients and themselves, and take great pleasure in recommending them to the public as being all that is claimed for them, and, in fact, the most reliable they can find. It is especially recommended for consumptives, the aged and for females generally. For sale by C. A. Kleim, druggist, Bloomsburg, Pa.

"There's some things as old as the

hills, anyhow," said old uncle Reuben. "What are they!" asked his niece. "They're the valleys between em, "Who grasps much holds little." The

proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do

not claim it to be a core all, but a sure emedy for Catarrh and Catarrhal Deaf iess, Colds in the Head and Hay Fever. Cream Balm effectually cleanses the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy scoretions, allays inflammation and irritation, protects the membra-nal linings of the herd from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as di rected will cure estarrh. The balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 "That's nothing. I can find you more cents will mail a package. Send for circ cular with full information. Ely's Cream Balm Co., Owego, N. Y. For sale by Rat he wouldn't go, and Bijah had to U. A. Kleim, Moyer Bros., N. J. Hendek him up and carry him out.

Celia Thaxter in an exchange. Proba-

and activity of youth once more in my Ella Wheeler is out with a new poem, Mamma Will Not Leave Her Home. It is one of those sad, pensive strains which wrap a young man up in melan cholic gloom like a large looking glass

ied up in a bed quilt.

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he cannot hurt you, says a western paper. Keeping about a lock ahead of the snake is also a good