SPECIAL

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I've heerd of it."

down.'

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1889.

NUMBER 35.

spread like wildfire through Cherry

"Me engaged to Naomi Nutting,"

VOLUME XXIII.

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## SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO CREE OHIO. GUARANTEED.

To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nurvery Stock

A DROWSY DAY. The butterflies fit here and there About the tawny, dust-deep road, Likes flakes of gold, in quivering glare. Heat-shrivelod vines, and leaves that shows Ourselves to keep abreast, but to keep the lead over all others in selling you Life in each leaf all breezy June, Droop languidly along the way:

> Seems moodily to say: "It is a drowsy, drowsy day."

Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play; The cricket seldom shrills its note, And only then to say: "It is a drowsy, drowsy day," So poontide lanses unto eve. And bats their secret places leave,

### A CONSULTATION.

The Family Doctor and the Fash-

I am a family doctor, with a sufficiently arduous, if not over-lucrative, practice, chiefly among the lower middle class whose homes abound in a southeastern suburb of modern Babylon. Some years ago, when I was more of a struggler than I happily now am, I had by good fortune obtained a footbold as medical adviser in the household of a wealthy city stockholder, who dwelt in a spacious and luxurious mansion some three miles further out on the Surrey hills than the extreme limits of my regular round of visits; and the fees I received for occasional calls to Mount Aureo | tence. when Mr. Midas Contango had a touch of his chronic tormenter, the gout; or his somewhat sentimental spousequite a grand dame, however, in her own esteem-was suffering the penalties of systematic outrage on the digestive fit-up of her portly person, were so liberal in their extent as to form in the aggregate no inconsiderable proportion of my modest income.

them profitable acquaintances of my trouble was purely local; nevertheless. | Midas Contango all the ti it was causing serious alarm to the master and mistress of Mount Aureo. who idolized their charming daughter. The dream of the Cantango existence was to mate Miss Muriel to some scion of the aristocracy, their reputation for riches having obtained them entres to society to which, by birth and breeding, they were not entitled.

Mr. and Mrs. Midas Contango had chitis or a decline. The slightest cough, the least bronchus, raised the grim and terrible specter of phthisis, and the beautiful young lady was held to be in imminent danger of an early grave. I had examined her chest with the most anxious and minute care, but fear or even doubt of the correctness of my diagnosis; yet, despite balsamics and sedatives, exposure, however little, in treacherous weather would cause hearseness and a transitory cough. Indeed, these disagreeable symptoms often manifested themselves without any apparent cause, except, as I judged, the inordinate precautions taken to avert them. The rooms at Mount Aureo were always too hot; Miss Muriel was overclothed, could not stir out for a constitutional in the garden without a respirator, or take a drive unless hidden in an envelopment of costly furs. When I ventured to hint at this, the invariable reply of the

you know we have the utmost confidence in you; we carry out your in-

in treating her, if I may be pardoned

"Well, you may be right, doctor; but we are so very anxious, Mr. Contango and myself-you see Muriel is our only child, our sole hope. Now would you mind our asking the opinion of a famous specialist as to the case?" proper. Pray, whom would you like, and when may we arrange, contingent on his being able to come, to have him

Mrs. Midas Contango mentioned the amen of a very fashionable and expensive London physician with a con-

sultative practice confined almost entirely to the houses of those who had been presented at court. He was certainly not the man I should have chosen, for the faculty rather smiled at his pretensions to pre-eminent skill, and his reputation was far more that of the drawing-room than professional. However, I, a humble if conscientious practitioner, could not afford, had I so desired, to decline to meet him, and I

for an interview at the great man's convenience. The fashionable physician drew up in his imposing equipage at the door of Mount Aureo half an hour behind the time appointed, was introduced to his patient, making the while profuse apologies for having been unavoidably detained by a critical case—that of the Duke of Deerwood-to whose house in Mayfair he had been summoned by the Duchess' request to give his opinion as

consented to facilitate arrangements

to the treatment adopted by the attendant medical gentleman. "What!" said the society exquisitefor such the celebrity certainly was-"what!" exclaimed he, in grandiloquent tones, striking a theatrical attitude, "is it that fine young lady we are to consult about? That superb girl, in such perfect condition! Come, madam,

confess that you are only making fun of us. "Well," replied Mrs. Contango, Impressed, as she was meant to be, by the importance of the pompous personage who was addressing her, "I admit appearances are in my daughter's favor, and I hope that you may be able to assure us that her condition is not serious; but she is always losing her voice-always coughing-and if we were not to take care"- A flood of tears drowned the rest of the sen-

"But," airlly remarked the famous doctor, "my dear madam, why distress yourself? All may be well. Let I gave the history of the case in a few words.

"Well, well; there scems to be noth-

ing serious; but we must examine the chest with the utmost exactness to decide that. "Pardon me," Interrupts mamma, "but will you allow me to remain in

the room? "Of course, madam," responded the favorite of fortune. "You have a sacred right to stop here. Pray, sit down." And then he directed me to commence the examination. I percussed with minute carefulness every part of the thorax, and, as before, could really find nothing abnormal.

"There; you perceive that I have tested with exactness, and the resonance is everywhere perfect." I made the remark as a mere matter of form, for I had not failed to note that the very superior West End practitioner had not condescended to pay the own. It was clear enough, too, to me | slightest attention to my proceedings, that Miss Muriel Contango's throat but was talking in low tones to Mrs.

"Ah, well, now it is my turn," said he, and with the most delicately impressive care placed Miss Muriel again in position; not, as I had done, with the arms crossed on the chest. but stiffly extended. In place of telling her to count "thirteen to sixteen." he gave her a book and directed her to read a dozen lines, and then to sing the gamut, an octave and a half. The both begun to dread that Miss Muriel's | mother was watching all this in ad-

indisposition would culminate in bron- | miration and devouring every detail. "Ah! humph!" said the oracle; "it seems there is something-but extremely difficult to differentiate. Let us hear what percussion yields." And his style was truly enchanting. Every tap with the fingers was given with a flourish and a graceful sweep worthy could discover nothing to justify any of the most expert professor of sleightof-hand that ever entertained a Countess' guests. There was a moment of studied indecision, and then, with a covert smile, turning to me, he said: "There it is. Listen, my dear young friend," as he beat his digital drum now on this side, then on that. "Ticktack, tick-tack. Hark! do you hear it? There is a very appreciable difference in resonance; when I say 'appreciable difference,' I do not say an enormous difference-no-but there it

"For my own part, sir," I returned, "I can not, with all deference, detect

the slightest difference." about the case-my time is short, let me convince you. I will turn my back to the patient, and you shall again percuss. I will tell which side you are tapping upon by the variation in the sound." He turned round, and the two sides of the thorax. "You are on the left side." He was quite right! In a moment, however, my of the fashionable physician's smart audacity. His professional-nay, I yet hope I may more truthfully write enough, but performed with such perfect aplomb that I was duped even whilst taking part in it. He had turned his back to the patient, to Mrs. Midas Contango and myself, but he was looking into a large mirror above the console which faced him!

"Madam, I must not alarm you," observed the triumphant specialist to

When we were alone I again expressed my incredulity, delicately hinting at my observation of his ruse. "Tut, tut! my dear young friend," said he, testily, "you have not yet grasped the situation. Now, here you have a girl who coughs and has been hoarse for a long time-then how the deuce can you get over the fact by telling the parents that there is no cause for it! Very likely there is nothing the matter with her; but why does she cough?"

"That was exactly what her mother

said to me." "There you are; and mamma was quite right; there must be some cause for it. We may not be able to lay our finger upon it, for we must examine and understand our patients thoroughly very often before we can make out their ailments, and then one finds the mischief, because, you see, we are expected to discover it."

"But suppose there really is noth-

"Nonsense! There always is. But even if there were not, we are equally bound to find it; for if you tell these anxious people, 'I can discover nothing wrong,' they will naturally put it down to your ignorance, and send for somebody else who has knowledge enough of human nature or sufficient savoir jaire not to be embarrassed with so small a difficulty. Now, do you see my meaning?" "Theoretically there is nothing,

practically there is." "You may put it so, if so it please you. But I assured you that there isand there is - your vigilance and punctilious exactitude notwithstanding-a little convenient difference in resonance. The mamma heard the remark, as I intended her to do; she had not the remotest idea what it meant-why should she have?-but she is perfectly happy now that the me hear from this gentleman, your | cause of her darling's cough has been family attendant, the symptoms as he | discovered, because she thinks, the cause being known, the cure will follow. The more unintelligible the explanation, the more convinced is she of its correctness. One may remedy, you know, a difference in resonan but how can you pretend to cure a person whom you persistently declare to

> have nothing the matter with her?" I began to understand. " "Now," continued this consummate reader of society's intelligence, "I admit that this is not science-' "Nor what the schools and our

academical training teach us," hazarded I. "Quite so, my dear fellow; but accept for once the tuition of a man who has not altogether falled in his profession. What I have taken the trouble to demonstrate to you gratis is a good working rule-smelling a

little, perhaps, so to speak, of the shop or of legal tape-but if our patrons are satisfied, our patients made happy, our reputations advanced, can we wisely permit so trivial a matter as departure from slavish adherence to what is miscalled principle to stand between us and success?" "Well," admitted I, a little sadly, "perhaps you are right."

"Of course I am, my dear young friend. I am a cynic, but I succeed. I have been, for instance, beseeched to meet you here to-day. And now for treatment." .

A little delicate counter-irritation was suggested and agreed on; then the fashionable physician stepped into his elegant turn-out before the door of Mount Aureo, amid the profuse thanks of Mrs. Midas Contango, a hundred guineas richer for his half-hour's visit. As he shook hands with me, on throwing himself back among the cushions of his brougham, the famous expert smilingly whispered: "You are too modest, my ingenuous young riend; you have already the science of medicine at your finger-ends; why not acquire the art also? Adieu!"

One rarely takes part in a consultation without learning something; but I never obtained such valuable practical knowledge from any meeting with a brother professional as I did in that inglorious scene in the drawing-room of Mount Aureo, in which I was so sadly let down, for a time at least, in the estimation of Mrs. Midas and Miss Muriel Contango.

Miss Muriel subsequently recovered her temporarily defective resonance sufficiently to gladden the hearts of her parents by making a marriage-at their cost-into a noble house. I still have the pleasure of ranking her among my patients, but for no organic or other serious ailment; and I have it on excellent authority that her husband, Viscount Barrenlands, would be extremely glad at times, when he has been inordinately extravagant with his unearned increment, if Lady Muriel's vigor of voice and physique were both a little less robust. - Chambers' Journal.

### No Musical Sense in Horses.

An interesting report regarding the levelopment of the musical sense in iorses has just been made by a committee of German zoologists and botanists. The report says: "The investigations as to the musical sense of horses have shown that that sense is very poorly developed in these animals. It has been proved beyond doubt that horses have no notion whatever of keeping time to music and that at circuses they do not dance accord-ing to the tune, but that the musicians have to keep time according to the steps of the animals. Other investigations show that horses do not un-Mrs. Contango, who was in blissful | derstand military trumpet signals. It is only the rider or the animal's instinct of imitation which induces horses to make the moves required by tice, only by those who examine a the signal, but no horse without a rider, however carefully trained, takes the slightest notice of a trumpet sigter's chest-nothing serious-so little, | nal and the same observation has been made on a large number of cavalry horses without riders."-Science.

-The snakes a man sees when he is

### WOMAN'S WORK.

With many a turn my steps I take, In many a crook and crevice;

Up in the morning early; I wash the breakfast dishes, and I churn, then dress the baby. I make the dust and dry leaves fly Against my new broom fairly;

I go on forever. I move about and in and out,

And here and there at hawk to shout, But little they are heeding. I walk, I run, I skip, I hop From one thing to another; I stop to dress a bruise or cut,

For the children run to mother. Then to the garden I must go To see what work is needed. For plants must be set out, you know, And then they must be weeded

But we work on forever, ever, We work on forever. I clear the tray and "put to rights" The dining-room and kitchen; I then go in my room to sew,

And try and do some stitching I wonder if there is on earth No respite from our labors, No time to go and gossip some With pleasant, friendly neighbors? Before I end this piece of work

A fire and place the kettle. For men must eat and go, you know, But women can go never.
Yes, men will come and men will go,
But we work on forever, ever, We work on forever.
-Mrs. T. O. Holt, in The Freeman.

She Makes a Success of Minding Her Own Business.

goin' into partnership together," said Miss Naomi Nutting. trumpet. "You a-thinkin' o' gettin'

married at this time o' day?" Miss Naomi gave a sniff of exceeding great derision.

I calculate. Not yet." The Widow Scarsby looked disap-

pointed mean?"

the offshoots of Hester Brine's sweet- a woman around, why can't be get smellin' English violets, and I'm go- | married? And I don't know no smart-

woman."

has or not," curtly observed Miss queer." Nutting. "A woman never yet made farmin'

"Anyhow," said Miss Nutting, "I mean to have a try at it. My ex-

penses won't be much, that's one comfort." head.

glish violets bring fifty cents a dozen | certainly jump at his offer, he could at the New York florists in January | not subdue a certain nervousness at and February."

comforter accents. "There's always the poor-house left

if I don't succeed," sarcastically remarked Naomi. And Mrs. Scarsby went away to tell

her news throughout the whole neighborhood. "Upon my word," said Mrs. Dr. Plumb, "the woman has pluck! But of course she won't succeed; women

said Mrs. Scarsby, "as when I heard Naomi say she was goin' into partnership with Squire Bagshot. Is posed, of course, she was goin' to marry him."

man enough. "He marry Naomi Nutting!" said Mrs. Scarsby. "A poverty-stricken

old maid, with one foot in the poorhouse!" "Fools used to say your John was

to the grocery for the ounce of powdered cinnamon, which she had been told half an hour ago to bring, and there informed Mrs. Peppersauce as a

ting and Squire Bagshot were about to be married. "I don't believe it," said Mrs. Peppersauce. "I heard it with my own ears!" said

profound secret that Miss Naomi Nut-

Ellie, glowing all over with the importance of her news. "An old maid like that!" said Mrs. Peppersauce, scornfully.

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"Naomi," said Mr. Bagshot, plung-

said the squire. "Well, it's the first "Are you?" said Naomi, somewhat "Naomi Nutting going to marry amazed. "I'm tired of livin' solitary and that old widower!" said John Scarsby. alone, and I don't know of nobody I "What nonsense! You told me yourself, mother, that she denied it up and

said Naomi.

love me?" said the squire, his hard features galvanized into unwonted tenderness. "I dunno whether I could or not."

said Naomi, "but I don't mean to try." "Eh?" jerked out the squire. "I'm engaged already," explained

"To that-shiftless young Scarsby?" "He ain't particularly shiftless as I know of," observed Naomi. "But it sin't to him, as it happens'

"If you're really engaged," said the squire, of whose character delicacy was by no means a prominent trait, what on earth are you ronning the dalry business for?"

"To earn money, to be sure," said Naomi. "I'm to marry a rich man, and I don't choose to go to him emptyhanded, or without a decent wardrobe, such as other women have." "Who is it?" still further domanded

poor, solitary, friendless creetur!" "Well," said he, heavily rising, "I pose I'd better go. "I don't know as you'll gain any

marked. The squire was driven to hire a stout Vermont woman at eleven dollars a mouth. Mrs. Searsby still continged to do her own housework. In

THE LITTLE SISTER. Marriageable Young Ladie Little sisters are a great trial to the

young lasty with her first beau-They have such a deadly habit of telling just the secrets that their big sister wouldn't have known for the world, and telling them at just the worst time they emid possibly select. And, what is more, they seem to take

a multicious pleasure in telling thous. If Mary Jane has kept her hair rolled up for two days, to be wellfrizzed when Augustus calls, her little sister will note the proceeding, and just as Mary Jane has assured her admiring swain that her hair curls naturally, and that it is almost impossible to make it stay anywhere, up will pop the small sister, and tell the whole story of the curl-papers, and in all probability she will add the information that Mary Jane puts red lak on

her cheeks to make her "pritty." Little sisters are always cropping out at the wrong time. They never want to go to bed the nights when the big sister's bean is expected, and no amount of coaxing and enody can con-

They have eyes for every thing and ears that would detect the slightest whisper, and next day, at the dinnertable, the big sister will be mornified to death and the whole family will be thrown into convulsions by the piping announcement from the small sisters "Gus Jones bit our Mary Jane last night, right into the mouth! I seen

some rich young fool who will keep her without work."

Little sisters will put molasses candy in the chair and see you sit down on it without a word of warning; they will wipe their bread and butter hands on your pantaloons; they will cradle their kittens in your six-do lar hatthey will pin you and your inamorata to the chairs; they will put burrs in your bair; they will sift sawdust from the cracked bodies of their dolls down the back of your neck; and they will make faces at you, and yell like little demons if you attempt to delend your-

Therefore, we say to you: If possible, avoid going courting in families where there are little sisters unless you are so deeply in love as to be perfeetly indifferent and reckless as to consequences. - N. Y. Weekly.

-We should be mindful that no hour of life returns to be lived over better; therefore, each hour should be so filled as to stand the test of eternity. from the moral vineyard He bas put us into-an opportunity is his command

Jos. Horne & Co. PENN AVE STORES. ner Fall Importations of New Goods in Silks, Velvets, Plushes, and Dress Goods. TRE COMING IN EVERY DAY

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for Travelers and Tourists. I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was Rheumatism that I was mable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis. "Ayer's Pills have been in use in my

family upwards of twenty years and bays completely verified all that is ed for them. In attacks of piles, which I suffered many years, they greater relief than any other ne I ever tried."-T. F. Adams, I have used Aver's Pills for a num. years, and have never found anyequal to them for giving me the and imparting energy and ageth to the system. I always keep a in the house."—R. D. Jackson, sington, Del.

Two boxes of Ayer's Pills curad me Headache, from which I was long a sufferer." "Whenever I am troubled with con-mignification or suffer from loss of appetite, Avera Pills set me right again." — A. J. Rise, Jr., block House, Va. "Ayer's Pills are in general demand.

continued those of all other pills com-We have never known them Wright & Maunelly, San Diego, Texas. Ayer's Pills, TREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine. NOT DEAD YET VALLIE LUTTRINGER, MATURACTURES OF

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LUTTRINGER. 1889. Politics written at short notice in the

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And a lone bee, with muffied croop No silver ripple stirs the brook Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly: There seems no life where eyes may look; The clouds and ships becalmed at sea. The songlies hushed in panting throat

The farm-house panes flash ruby-clear; And knty-dids again we hear. The fire-files gem the gathering shade;

The swallows cheep, in circl ne play: And weary flowers, in field and glade, Seem whispering to say: "It was a drowsy, drowsy day." George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent

ionable Physician.

After my connection at Mount Aureo had continued, to the seeming satisfaction of all concerned, for some two years, I began to receive more frequent summonses thitherward. The only daughter of the Contangos, Miss Muriel, a fine, tall, gracefully-formed damsel of seventeen, who might have stood for a sculptor's model, so perfect was her physique, had returned home for her Christmas vacation from her fashionable Brighton boardingschool troubled with a slight cough. In all respects save this trifling laryngoal affection, she enjoyed the excelent health of which both her parents had had possession in their earlier days, before the indulgences which follow in wealth's wake had made

Contangos was: "Ah! doctor, if we did not take this care of Muriel, how long would she be with us?-the dear child is so delicate." And nothing I could say would alter their opinion. One day in the April succeeding, when Miss Muriel had been coddled up at home for four months instead of being sent to Brighton to continue her studies, Mrs. Contango was more than usually concerned about her daughter's condition. The stockbroker and his good lady had over night held an anxious discussion. I had made my now usual though quite unnecessary daily visit to Mount Aureo, and Mrs. Midas Contango was, in her patronizing and yet solicitous manner, bowing me out. I had almost reached the door, hat in hand, when Mrs. Contango said, with some effort: "Doctor.

structions to the letter; but our dear "Yes, madam; only you will persist the simile, too much after the manner of a tropical orchid, instead of regarding her as a beautiful plant of English growth."

"Nothing would be better or more

"Oh, very likely; but there, nevertheless, it is. Now come, however; though-having ascertained the truth percussed as equally as possible surprise was changed to admiration it unprofessional-trick was obvious

What could I do? I was mute. The tables had indeed been so completely turned upon me that I had nothing to

ignorance of the deception; "these delicate gradations in tone can only be at once detected after immense pracstream of patients; but there is something on the left side of your daughindeed, that my young friend here has been unable to find it; but there it is. And now, the examination being complete, permit us to consult as to the treatment, and then I must go, or I | wrestling with a severe attack of deshall incur the displeasure of a noble | lirium tremens are not "water" snakes.

And many a biscuit must I bake For Maud and me and Levis. Isweep, I dust, I cook, I rise

I chatter, chatter as I go, Because I rest so rarely; "For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever, ever,

While here the chickens feeding,

For men can't stop, for they must go,

And try to think a little, I throw it down and run and make

# MISS NAOMI NUTTING.

"Me and Squire Bagshot, we're "Eh? What?" cried the Widow Searsby, hastily adjusting her ear-

"Who's talkin' o' gettin' married?" said she. "Not I. Nor, I guess, the squire. We're outen our first childhood, and we ain't got to our second.

"Then," said she, "what do you "Why," explained Miss Naomi, "the squire he's leased the old farm. I'd got to let it to somebody. What between the taxes and the interest the woman whom Mrs. Scarsby aland the repairs and all, it was too much for a woman to look after. But the cows and the poultry and all is to remain, and I'm to run the dairy and the egg business. Ten per cent. commission I'm to have, and the use of the old house. And I've sot out a lot

in' to earn my own livin', if I be a er girl than Naomi Nutting. I've a great mind to go over and see if she "Vi-lets!" repeated Mrs. Scarsby,

faith in that sort of thing."

"Better give up the notion," said Mrs. Searsby, slowly shaking her "Not if I know it," said Naomi, "I'm pretty certain I can make good like to see what I'm doing. You've butter, and I always took natural to come about business, I suppose?" hens and chickens. And I know I can market them strawberries at the sum- Although he had told himself all day

"You're runnin' a great risk!" sighed Mrs. Scarsby, in genuine Job's-

never do." "I never was so flat in all my life,"

> "Well, I don't know why she shouldn't," said Mrs. Plumb. "The squire ain't young, but he's a likely

> partial to her," shrewdly observed Mrs. Plumb. "That's all a mistake," said Mrs. And she took herself and her eartrumpet off to the next house, while Ellie Price, Mrs. Plumb's bound girl. who had been listening through the dumb-waiter, breathlessly scampered

"She ain't thirty yet," said Ellie. "I heard missis tell Mrs. Searsby so." Ill news, they say, spreads fast; so does good news. Which of these heads Squire Bagshot's engagement came under is hard to specity, but but somewhat impatient patient of This is reliable. - Norristown Herald. I certain it is that the morsel of gossip | "It was private," said Naomi, com- I to improve it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Scarsby, a little doubtfully, "but that's what they always do. It would be a great thing for

Naomi Nutting." "I'll never believe it," said John. The old love affair between him and Naomi Nutting was dead and gone long ago, but something in the prevalent atmosphere seemed to fan the faint spark of its ashes into new life. John Scarsby remembered how black and bright her eyes once were, and what a trim little figure she had While the squire, meditating on the perfect, dazzling cleanliness of Naomi's dairy, and the efficiency with which

she had set out the violet roots and

the strawberry creepers, said to him-

"I don't know but that I might do worse. To be sure, she's a poor, solitary, friendless creetur, without any property, except that old mortgageridden farm. But I can't get no hired girl short of eleven dollars a month. and it is sort o' lonesome settin' on the stoop of evenin's all alone. She's been brought up economical, too, and won't want to spend any more money than she can help. That's a great thing,"

hair more carefully than ever over the glossy dome of his bald cranium, and considered seriously the propriety of dying his grizzy beard. "Mother," said John Scarsby, that day, "it isn't right for you to do all the housework by yourself. It's too much for you."

And the squire brushed his lank

"La, John, I do hope you thinkin' of hirin' a help!" exclaimed Mrs. Scarsby, in dismay. "Of all the shiftless, idle, wasteful things" --"We've got to do something, mother," said John. "I can't let you work

yourself out." It was all true. John Scarsby had said the same thing time and again to his mother; but he said it now with genuine earnestness, looking at her as he did so, and secretly wondering how he should break to her the tidings of an impending daughter-in-law. And Naomi Nutting, of all persons.

ways designated as "that poor forlorn \_ maid. John was a brave man, but there are more kinds of courage than one. Mrs. Searsby cried over the butterbeans she was cutting up for dinner. "I won't have a help in the house," of new strawberry roots, and some of thought she. "If John really wants

can't break that 'ere contract with "and strawberries! John hain't no Squire Bagshot. I wish I dared to speak right out to John about it. He "It don't matter to me whether he used to like Naomi, but men are Naomi had just come in from weed-

ing her late-onion patch the next evening, when the squire arrived, all in his best. "Good evening, squire," said Miss Nutting. "Sit down till I light the

"Don't light it," said the squire, sheepishiy. "I'm partial to the twilight. "I ain't," said Naomi. "I mostly "Ahem-yes," admitted the squire. mer hotels on Cherry brook, and En- long that Naomi Nutting would

> the last moment. "Very important Rat-tat-tat-t-t-t! came a knock on the panels of the Illac-shaped front John Scarsby, arriving close on the cels of the squire, had perceived the recessity for immediate action.

He was flushed, and breathed hard with rapid walking, but he had screwed his courage up. "Naomi," said he, "can I speak to you for one minute?" Naomi, holding the lamp in one

hand, stared hard at him.

"Engaged?" "Squire Bagshot is here." "I won't keep you long," said John. "I only want one word." "Any thing happened?" questioned "No, but-" John drew a quick

"I'm engaged just now," said she.

ment. "Will you hear me out, Naomi?" The squire, in the front room, cleared his throat loudly as Naomi conducted John into the back kitchen. "Now, then," said she, "What is

breath of vexation and embarrass-

inder such discouraging circumstances s these? John fixed his eyes on the copper boiler, and blurted out his tender confession at once. It was an awkward proceeding, but it was inevitable.

Did ever lover woo maiden before

John stared at her, and uttered a "What did you say?" stammered he "I said no!" "I'm too late, am 1?" he uttered, lespairingly.

"Naomi," said be, "I want a wife

"No, thankee, John," said Miss

Will you have me?"

"Hadn't you better think it ove-"Well, it wouldn't be no use." John went away completely demfounded, and Naomi went back to the

asked the squire, a little fretfully.

Well, yes, you are."

ing headlong into the subject, "I'm thinking of getting married." like better than you," added Squire Bagshot. "Much obliged to you, I'm sure," "Do you think you could learn to

"Well, I don't mind telling you, since you ask me up and down," said Naonil. "Him that owns the new Mountain iron works, Joseph Alden." The squire made a little gurgling ound, as if he were ineffectually trying to swallow something. Joseph Alden, the handsome, middle-aged Englishman, the best match in Cherry County, engaged to Naomi Nutting, whom he-Squire Bagshothad mentally characterized as "a

thing by staying," Naomi coolly re-

spite of the remonstrances of her son John. Naomi Nutting does as she did before uninds her own business. And the violet and strawberry business has proved a success, and the wedding-day is fixed. - Saturday Night Young Persons Who Are a Great Trial to

vince them that they are sleepy,

him! And she bit him back!" Little sisters always want to know all the whys and the wherefores. One of them is likely to climb on the knee of an aspiring young gentleman suitor and ask him why he doesn't have more hairs in his mustache; she would like to ask him if he doesn't feel bad because his nose is long, and it would delight her dear little heart to impart to him the fact that Mary Brown and Sister Jane both said he was too longlegged for any thing but a greyhound. Small sisters will tell the family secrets with most delightful candor, and while the young gentleman caller is waiting for the young lady of the family to give the final toucher to her toilet before coming down the small sister will confidentially make him acquainted with the fact that "papa swears at mamma right along," and that "we have old hen for dinner and call it chicken pie," and that "Sister Jane wants to get married awfully to

---"What business could that young | God has a right to look for good first man possible have with you, Naomi?"

1794.

by the collections a specialty.