Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. March 22, 1890.

Weissport Business Directory

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VOL. XVIII., No 19

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is

Is a blood discase. Only the posson as a expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all

blood parifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

the better; delay is dangerous.

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Frien \$1; sir bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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Colic, Flatulence, etc.

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MIROTIONS—For a horse, I table spood fit, or three times it week; when sick, 2 to appointful a day. For a Cow, 1 tenspood twice a week; when sick, twice a day, same for Hogs. For Poultry into with Lee

Turs powder is prepared after the red the late Dr. H. O. Wilson, and is the gewirther. Owners I above named animals of

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olf and stores generally.

Easos Pain Instantly. Strengthens Weak Parts. Quiets Nervousness.

be fixed off to go, child. I expect be'n out a dress for Sally. Then there was plowed land, though he went on with his THE FORGER'S BRIDE. growl some, but the terbacker did 'real her white cambric dress and her old conversation; Catarrh

By ROSE TERRY.

VERY soft April day, now and then chilled by the wind of snow drifts that spotted the hills even after a rainy morning, was as Sally Tyler came up from the village street to where she lived he was extreme ly pretty; her features delicate and straight, her dark eyes sweet her blue black

hair glossy; and now a little wild rose bloom on her cheek and a deeper crimson than usual on her lips made her look like a flower with a white hood on. She was evidently much engrossed by some new thought or plan, for she did not stoop to pat the old yellow dog who raised himself on his fore legs and slob bered a welcome as he lay in the sun-shine; nor did she notice the threatening scream of a hen hawk that circle high in air above her tiny brood of early chickens; or even look at the golden crocus that had sprung from the black nold of her posy bed, a cup of sudden sunlight since last night; but took her way round to the back door, for nobody New England country villages us the front door, except for weddings and funerals. Many a house have I seen whose entire front half, with its darkened and musty parlors, and its "spare cham bers" smelling of ill dried feathers, fennel and green mold, might have been sliced away and carried off, nowise to the detriment, and perhaps even without

the knowledge of the inhabitants behind So Sally followed the worn foot track, past scraggy lilacs and sprawling cin-namon rose busies, round the house, and went in to the door of the buck kitchen, where at the sink her mother stood chopping some cold potatoes. Sally was an only child, but her mother was so haunted by the one fear of spoiling her that she sometimes went too far the other way. The poor little girl was "tutored," as she said, till she was weary and aching-aching for a little of the deep, real love that lay hidden away in her mother's heart, very much as the best parlor and bedroom were shut up; there, no doubt, but useless and unseen. Today, as usual, the first words were re

"I told you there was too many pertaters biled yesterday, Sally, 'n now I've got to chop 'em for dinner, and chopped pertater ain't real good 'long o' salt beef; you'd ought to be more considerin'. Supposin' you was to git married, and hev to see to the work yourself, I guess your iusband 'd come to woeful want pretty urprisin' quick."

Sally sighed a little but said nothing. she had learned how to hold her tongue at least - perhaps a better preparation for marriage than the economizing of potatoes. Nor did she blush at her moher's illustration of her discourse, for in Wingfield there was nobody who could se called a beau for her; all the well to lo farmers' sons had emigrated from its barren hillsides, and the hired men were more often Irish than any other, or, if Yankees, of the very lowest class. She waited a minute till the noise of

the chopping knife ceased and the potaoes were turned into the spider, and then said, shyly; "Mother, I went to the postoffice after I'd carried the eggs, and I got a letter

rom Cousin Jerushy. "Do tell!" said Mrs. Tyler, for a moment holding the big iron spoon sus-pended from her hand. "Why, we nain't heerd from Jerushy quite a spell.

How is all her folka?" "They're all well, she says; onl Grandmother Dyke has had a long spell of rhoumatiz. They've got a bigger tenecome and stay with her for a while." Mrs. Tyler stirred the potatoes so vigorously that Sally hardly dared to venture farther, but she did whisper, half

Mrs. Tyler was what the transcender talists call "antagonistic," and her neighbors "dreadful arbitrary;" her first im pulse was to contradict every assertion and refuse every request. Of course convenience and policy, and various other motives, better or worse, obliged her to come round to assertions and requests full half the time, but it was a eary and delayed victory that the opposite side gained-one of those conquests almost as undesirable as a defeat. Her husband, with a shrewdness men do not often arrive at in dealing with this most uncommon type of women, always took care to say and ask nothing impor-tant if it could be helped, or otherwise to offer her the exact converse of his wishes. True, like all maneuvers, this sometimes worked its own defeat, from the squire shook his grizzled head and of that sort, was soon over, and nothing muttered to himself, winding up with a was said between the parents of Sally's was said between the parents of Sally's

hough of course she put out a sharp I know. I don't know but what I'd like to have ye go to see Jerushy; she's a smart woman, and a pretty a woman as ever I see." (Mrs. Jerusha Phelps had about as much beauty as a chimpanzee, but "pretty" means only pleasant and well mannered in our vernacular.) "I

guess you might go of you had two new gowns. You hain't got really nothing fit to stay a spell, and I expect he won't want to give you no money. Well, it's nigh about dinner time, and you might ep out to the barn and call him-it'll save me a blowin' the horn-and you can ettle it, maybe, fore you come in. don't want to have to jaw to the table;

like to eat and be done with it." In her secret heart Mrs. Tyler know that she didn't want to nome into col-ision with the squire if he assented, pr

"Don't furme to tell him you've got to

well last year, and he's a packin'Pon't now."

There was a world of policy in this last

to Middletown to sell off some of his

"Left your words behind, buin't ye?"

"Left your words behind, buin't ye?"

"Left your words behind, buin't ye?"

Jerush' allers was a master hand to talk, in I expect you've larnt how to keep stools, pitchforks, wisps of hay, and all red skin, but I guess you'd ruther put it cretur, be ye glad to get home? the nameless litter of an Ill kept barn, to
the wide hay floor, where her father and
Peter, the hired Irishman, and packing

on your back, so I swapped."

Eager hands unrolled the parcel, and over look and smile.

"Oh, yes, father," with a very genuine look and smile.

"Oh, yes, father," with a very genuine look and smile.

"No desprit harm done, I guess." tobacco. Squire Tyler wassa good speci-men of an elderly Yankee farmer; his fine green and shades of aster color, with one head was covered with iron gray hair, trail of scarlet flashing through all. Sally curling all over it in spite of him; his face was wrinkled, but sagacious and kindly, while all the shrewdness ascribed to his race twinkled in the deep set eyes, half lest under their big, shaggy brows. He was a quaint old creature, as far as his domestical life went, but nobody made more they not at sixteen.

At last the old cowskin trunk was packed and Sally scated in the stage that the sta tuating prices and come off with flying colors just before his delaying neighbors lost all their ventures. He loved Sally better than anything else, and his Devon cows next; his wife came somewhere squire, muttering as he turned away, "I lower down in the scale, it is true, but shall kind o' hanker arter her, I swow! will somewhat stunt the growth even of

ped a minute to take breath. "Well, that ain't no great thing to hev,

is it? I thought mother was kind o' down on Jerushy, or you was, or some thin' or 'nother. "Oh, not me! And, father, she wants me to come to Westboro and see her a

spell; and say, father, can't I go?" Sally gave these last words in the true coaxing whine, and the squire looked up and laughed,

"You hain't set your mind on't none, nev you, Sal?" "I kind o' have, father."

"What does mother say to 't, eh?"
"Well, she said I couldn't, an' then he said maybe I could if I had some new things, but I can't go unless I do." The squire was purse bearer evidently, many an admiring eye followed her prog-and he began to tease Sally a bit. "Well, ress among the forges; and that very here 't you can hev if you won't spile 'm; there's a new halter in that stall, and a but not usually so attentive—called at

"What'n thunder do you want a hat for? Can't you wear a decent bunnet, 'n not put a tin pan with streamers a-top of your head, like them darned fools of self as a wild rose might, transmigrated Ruckers

to see how popular Mrs. Phelps grew-

in the woods by the river side, so shaded

It was rather odd that this was Joe

Dyer's favorite walk also-that he own-

ed that gray horse and made that birch

a real, honest love, Jerushy knew that

good character, earning high wages, and

considered it a happy ordination of Providence that brought him and Sally

o go, and Joe appeared at the cars

Jerushy discreetly turned her head and

appeared not to hear that perfectly audi

ble whisper: "Dearest Sally, may I write

But I am afraid she heard, neverthe

less, from the very significant speech that followed her good-by kiss on Saily's

"I expect you won't stay away i

dreadful long while from Westboro', Sally; and you'll be just as welcome as

To which Sally only returned as an

swer a deeper blush and a dimpling

It would be impertment to inquire

cars; they are open to conjecture; but when she arrived at the station where

welcome, according to his own chestnut

bur fashion, of a growl and a kiss, was

safely set beside him in the wagon, the

squire looked round at her with a pierc-

what were Sally's meditations in th

er time when you do come back.

you a letter?

ensive blushing face:

into a young woman.

"Why I don't mean such a hat as that:

A great many drives and walks Sally
I mean a big one to keep the sun out of had, but after a while one gray horse my eyes. I've just got a new bunnet."
"Sun won't hurt your eyes none—they guess you can hev 'things,' as you call trailing arbutus surpassed all others. 'em, 'nough to go to Westboro. An' There were pinker clusters and larger seein' you can't get 'em without money, flowers and bigger bunches, but the birch why I expect I'll hev to give ye some. I'm a dreadful near old critter or narily. bark basket with its mossy covering was ye know, but this here terbacker crop so deftly arranged; and then they were has kinder drawed out my heart, 'n 1 all gathered in her favorite walk, a path won't grudge you some on't."

With which speech the squire un- and fresh, and sweet with such vernal latched his pocketbook and fingered out odors as were never known to the bare from its capacious depths dirty bills to hills of Wingfield. the amount of twenty dollars, which he handed to Sally, now drawn near enough to look over his shoulder: and was himself more astonished in his turn than she basket. Perhaps it would have been by the hearty hug she gave bim.

"Good land! what's that for, you even better than his girts and become young critter? Hain't been hugged so ings, for he was a good tempered, handyoung critter? Had to pay for't, some, gay young fellow, with overflowthis forty year. Had to pay for't, some, gay young fellow, with overflow-though, didn't 1? Well! well! go long, ing spirits, a quick temper and a kind gal, when you git ready, and hev a first heart; as lovable and honest as a child, rate time; but don't you go to fetchin' yet with all a man's resolute will any o' them young fellers out of the iron strength and fidelity. And Joe liked works home arter ye. I don't believe in Sally; he had flirted with a dozen of the luggin's gal through teethin', 'n measles, village girls and loved none of them. n all sorts o' knotholes, 'n hevin' the first This shy, simple, sweet little country sassy chap't comes along go'n and take maiden was altogether different from her off, 'fore you've had a speck of comfort out on her."

Luckily the horn blew at this moment and for a wonder her voice too was both loud and long—irate signal of a sweet and low—a thing rare enough domestic tempest brewing in the house among New England girls.

—and drove her father's caution quite Under the circumstances it was hardly —and drove her father's caution quite out of Sally's head—innocent little head that had not even remembered before with no intrusive elements about them, that there were fron works or workers in and the kindliest encouragement on Westboro, much less young men.

"Whew!" involuntarily sputtered the squire as "the sound of that dread horn" Joe was a young fellow of thoroughly fell upon his preternaturally sensitive

Sally ran faster than his walk, but she stopped to wait for him behind the great water butt, and smiled to herself as she heard him whistling "Dundee" with great earnestness. She was so happy she could afford to smile, even at the objurgations that met them both, little calculated as those sonorous remarks her habit of giving in at last; and then the meal, like all New England penance were to sweeten the dinner. However, whistled psalm tune, generally his best expression of doubt or consternation.

But today Mrs. Tyler was somewhat

Tyler widenly capitalized, Mrs. Tyler was somewhat Tyler suddenly came down upon him. ftened by Sally's shy look and tone,

"So you went and let Sally go to Westcan think on't; jest layin' time, 'n all them hens to look after, 'n set, 'n feed; 'n two calves in the barn. Well, I s'pose I might see to them things process."

Soro, arter all, husband?" in a tone of mingled remonstrance and surprise.

"She ain't gone yit," growled the squire, "'n I don't care a darn if she goes or stays. I kind o' like to have the might see to them things myself' (she round sometimes, but if she's a mind to always would); "but he won't hear to't, go, why I don't care, only I ain't a-goin' her father was to meet her, and, after a to have no young fellars a-follerin' on her home; 'n you kin jest drop a line to

much purer or simpler kind of happi-ness extant than danced in this sweet

little girl's eyes and shone on her fair

"I sha'n't do no such thing."

Jerushy and say so."

So the squire went to sleep, discreetly, Sally was what some wise people would call foolishly happy for the next week. I don't know how much folly there was in her pleasure. I have seen rapture that was ingrain foolishness; I have "Oh, father, perfectly splendid!" seen despair quite as senseless; and I have my doubts, after all, if there is a

pure skin showed the heart beats un- didn't, meath with a lovely but annoying fa-"Any on 'em ask ve to marry 'em?"

face in prospect of this first vicit and her wonderful preparations for it; for she not only had a new gray mousseline "No, sir." wipe up them tears. I didn't eat ye, 'n maybe Miss Tyler won't, but there's de latne and delicate lilac calico, but ber racther actually presented her with the spirit of truth? Perhaps, after all, is small chances but what she'll try to."

the dark green allk that had been her was both, for she felt the sudden scarlet. The squire turned down a lane was to give up her reluctans willingness to flight it out strenuously if he said no; but as Sally replaced her hood and shawl and opened the outer door, her mother called the goodly preparations of Mrs. Tyler now white throat below. requiring even every somp of the long Happily the squire's critical eye sur- remember the sinking heart with which

remark, quite lost on simple Selly recoshe trudged out to the big barn on the hillside, and, stepping in at the light side door, threaded her way over milking

Tain't half so good lookin' as her shiny

"No desp'rit harm done, I guess." "How's mother, father, and the chick-

"Mother's real well, 'n spry as ever.

was to take her over the hills to the rail-gin ye up—thought you didn't mean to way station. "Good-by, mother! Good-by, father!" "Why, mother! I'm sure you said I

Mrs. Tyler only nodded.
"Good-by, little gall" shouted the squire, muttering as he turned away, "I might stay till this week."
"Well, if I did, I didn't lot on your stayin' till Wednesday. Come, child, take off your things and stir round; it's that was her own fault; twenty years of persistent nagging and contradicting heifer."

I guess I'll go 'n look arter that new 'most tea time;" and with a cold kiss, that agreed well with her welcome, Mrs. So Sally went safely off, and after a Tyler returned to her rag piecing as if a real affection, and whatever of love short drive and a long car ride found life and breath depended on it, though still lingered in this matrimonial tie had herself at Westboro' and Cousin Jerusha her heart really glowed within her at the

its balance altogether on the wife's side.

Now, as he looked up and saw Sally leaning against the door, her white hood fallen off, and her face glowing with her as this wife was gay. As soon its strength even on an occasion of special to we stood and cousting fallen off, and her face glowing with her at the station, as well as her husband, whom Sally had she had held the mother love in fetters so long that it was too cramped to assert fallen off, and her face glowing with her at the station, as well as her husband, whom Sally had she had held the mother love in fetters so long that it was too cramped to assert its strength even on an occasion of special to the station. fallen off, and her face glowing with her walk and her errand, all his wrinkies and puckers vanished into a smile of welcome, and the sharp eyes softened at once.

"Hullo, Sally!" shouted he, "what be you after?"

as quiet as his wife was gay. As soon is strength even on an occasion of special demand like this.

Sally went up stairs with a wistful knowing, a social success; she was so pretty, and delicate, and fresh, and Cousin Jerusha always so popular, that a round of tea parties and picnies and countries.

And then, there was that letter—a bright and then the sold of the parties and picnies and the state of the properties of the state of "Oh, father, please! I had a letter drives set in directly, till Sally thought spot of sunshine in the chilly duliness of from Cousin Jerushy"— Here she stop- she had never been in so delightful a bome. Oh, when would it come? The weapons Mrs. Tyler had so long been

Westboro' is a pretty village on a hill side, beneath which runs a bright river, all its shores below the dam, on the village side, guarded by a huge rampart of to hunger after love, and bitterly are workshops, where the trip hammers those to blame—more bitter is their pun-clanged all day, and swarthy men with shiment—who starve it at home and strong arms worked wonderful results drive it out to wander after food. out of the dull masses of iron before If the postmaster at Wingfield had not been a deaf and gruff old man, who had These "shops," as they called them, were a dreadful institution to Sally; she no curiosity left in his wilted soul he could not have failed to wonder at Sally's was taken through them as the proper persistent haunting of the "store" where

thing to do, but the furnaces and the his pigeon holes were fixed; and Sally's haramers and the noise so confounded ingenuity was taxed for a week to find and frightened her that she was glad to daily pretexts for her stroll toward the get away to the cool green hillside again few clustered houses that were the nuand play with Jerusha's children. But cleus of the village; but at last she was rewarded. If Joe had been delayed by and he began to tease Sally a bit. "Well, ress among the forges; and that very there's more'n four new things around evening no less than three spruce young press orders of his foreman, the letter do you know but what he's a real level press orders of his foreman, the letter was at least worth waiting for; it was short, strong and carnest-a true man's new corn basket; 'n I've got a fire new ax to the house, 'f that'll help ye any"—
"Why, father! 'taint those kind of things I want; it's new gowns and a hat, sun bonnet shading her face, utterly absorbed in reading and rereading the blessed epistle, not having the prudence or worldly wisdom to hide it in her pocket and read it at some other and more fit time, she felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and there was her father.

Goodness! how she colored! seemed to her quite the best and gentlest "What ye got there, so all fired interestin', Sally? Jerushy ben a-writin' on inquiry into Joe Dyer's morals, means she had ever known; and of all the wild wers given and sent her, one basket of "No father." What he you a-colorin' up for so,

est like our old turkey? Tain't none them Westboro' chaps ben a-sendin' so graceful, and the flowers so fresh and ve love letters, be 112" The squire spoke in jest, but his word

ens true

"Oh, father!" "The Lord above! Ef I hain't hit the all smack on the head this time! Come Sally, let your old father see it. I don't allow no fellers to go a writin' to my girl 'thout I know somethin' who they

There was no place for Sally to escape; isobey she dare not. Her hand shook with apprehension as well as emotion when she put the fair sheet in the squire's hand, and her eyelids quivered with half shed tears as she watched his

"Darn it all! he's got bram enough for a meetin' house bell! Wants to marry ye a'ready, 'n hain't known ye but about three weeks; shows he's a fool on the face on't. Now I s'pose you think he's a real smart chap. Why, Sally! a-cryin', my little gal? Don't mean to tell me are the growth of a manufacturing town; you like the critter so much? Well, well, well. I'll see about it. But I swan to man! there's your mother, 'n I don't know no more than Pharaoh which road she'll turn up. Whe-wi' and he took to whistling "China" five degrees worse strange that Joe's liking and Sally's, Jerushy's part, should have ripened into

sank

What ye got there so oll fired interestin', Sally ?" "Stop a miunit!" said the squire, after

he quavers of the last bar subsided. 'Let's whittle it a bit. I guess you'd ing stare, and expressed his opinion in better show this here letter to her right away, 'n not say nothin' about me. She "Well, seems as if you'd growed kind won't never surmise that I've come o' good lookin', child. Had a good acrost ye; and then you'll know which way she' goin' to take, 'n let me know accordin'. Or I don't know's I will; I "I want to know! Any young fellers | don't keer to be manoyverin' round. It's sure as moonshine she'll set her face "Yes, sir," with a fresh blush, for her against it, jest as I'd oughter hev, 'n

Sally turned a face full of dew and bloom on her father for reply.
"Come, take your handkercher and

The equire turned down a lane with a grin at his daughter, thrown after her did you ever go to a deptist! Do you cardinal" she had worn with it to cke voyed at that moment a mione of newly you forced reunals ever the threshold

Single Copies 5 Cents while every liber of your flesh recoiled? I think it requires less courage to face the flashing front of a battery, for there is a chance about bullets. Much like this felt Sally as she quickened her steps almost to a run to have this matter

over with. Pale enough she was as she gasped rather than spoke:

"Mother, I've just got a letter from Westboro'. Mrs. Tyler turned her cool gray eyes from the ironing board and surveyed Sally, whose face certainly accorded

"You hev?" "Yes'm; here it is." Her mother took the letter between

her thumb and finger and deliberately read it. "Of all things! Here's a pretty piece of business! I told yer father 't I was clear against your goin' to Westboro', and now he'll see what comes on 't. I guess he'll hark to me next time. Mar-

ry you, indeed! 'n talks as though he was pretty consider'ble sure you'd hev Harmless fell this acute arrow. Sally did love Joe, and knew he knew it. "You kin jest answer that letter, Sal-

ly, 'n tell him we don't want nobody round after you; me 'n your father can't spare ye. I ain't a-goin' to have no sech talk, not this ten year yet, 'n mebbe not then. Ef you know'd es much bout the troubles o' matrimony's I do, I guess ye'd ruther live single, a sight."
"But, mother, I—I—I don't want to

write such a letter!" Sally burst into tears just as her father

"Well, now, what is't, wife? What's roke loose now?" "Nothin' great, only Sally's a fool; and another one o' the same sort, only a young feller, has been a comin' round 'n

askin' her to marry him." "You don't say so!" ejaculated the squire, as naturally as possible. "That does beat all! I never did hear such

brass! One o' them Westboro' chaps, I "Now, there you go, right off the handle, slap! I should like to know who gev her things 'n money 'n all to go to Westboro? And hevin' flung her at the poor young man's head, so to speak, lo

you now! he turns around and jaws at him for pickin' on her up! That's real man fashion, I do declare!" "Goodness gracious! of that ain't jumpin' the fence! Anyhow, Sally, you've got to give him the mitten quick

step. I sha'n't hev it, 'n I won't, 'n I ain't a-goin' to!" "There you be agin, husband! How young man? An' Sally seems to kind o' set her heart on't; 'n I s'pose she'll be agettin' married some time, anybow."

"Thought you set your face agin mat-rimony, Miss Tyler?" "Well, I can't fix the world over et a want to, and folks will do so, whether or no. And ef he's got means, and is pretty respectable, n goes to meetin', why, in five or six years or so I might be brought to be brought to the five or six years or so I might be brought to the five or six years or

"Well what!" After that the battle raged, the squire opposing, Mrs. Tyler consenting, till at last, after myriads of words, Mrs. Tyler sat down to write Mrs. Phelps a letter of nanners, etc.; and in due time got this hardly satisfactory letter from Cousin

Jerushy: "WESTBORO', June 8, 18-"DEAR AUNT HULDAH—I got your let-er two days days ago, but Sophrony

and Mary Jane are both down with measles and I don't have much time. don't know anything about Joe Dyer but what's good. He hasn't lived here a great while; he come from Springfield where he worked a good spell in the armory. He makes good wages here, and we think to our house he's a real pretty young man, and I guess a good one. Anyway, Uncle Tyler could write to the head man up to the armory and find out all he wants to know. I can't write much more, for the children have 'most got through their nap. Give my love to uncle and Sally.

"Your affectionate niece, "JEEUSHA PHELPS." "Well!" groaned the squire, from the side of the room behind his wife, giving Sally a look as full of mischief as a boy's, 'I wash my hands o' the hull busine You've took it up, Miss Tyler, ag'inst my

feelin's, 'n you can kerry it out. "Jest as ef I should go 'n write a letter to that man up to Springfield, hus-band! Tain't my business; men folks never want women a-writin' to them about sech things. I should make a messon't; and reelly, ef you do care about Sally's feelin's, you'd oughter do it righ

"Well, well!" groaned and grinned the squire, "it's no use talkin' no more. Fetch me the paper, Sally; "I'll go 'n do it now, if I've got ter."

So the squire indicted the following epistle, peculiar in more than its brevity:
"June 4, 18—,

"Mr. Adkins, Esq.:
"Sm—I have heerd that a young man alled Joseph Dyer worked to your shops Inst year. What did he do and how did he do it? Leastways, what kind of a feller is he? I put in a stamp for answer which will oble

"Yours to command, "PAPERO TYLER." Nobody saw the letter before it went. Joe's heart accorded with the season and it beat harder than was pleasant a he knocked at Squire Tyler's front door standing open for once in its hife, and letting in to the usually musty parlor the whole breath of June and the delicate odor of two great white rose bushes that guarded the portal on either hand and

lintel overhead Sometimes all powers are propi to lovers, true though they be, and tonight the hour and the pair might have appeared the Eumenides themselves. Mrs. Tyler, dreaming of nothing le than Joe Dyer's vicinity, was in the far ther barn coercing a refractory hen, that had a will of her own and declined to accept the situation; the squire was a the postoffice waiting anxiously for the mail. So Sally herself appeared through the soft dusk like a glimmering blosson and was stunned, perhaps not disagree

trailed their wreaths of sunny blossoms

whose hearts glowed with the saffron

tints of dawn, even across the quaint old

ably, by finding herself in Joe's arms.
"Oh, Sally!" "Oh, Joef"

And then the parlor sank into a mo ment's quiet as they looked at each other and-said no more. If speech was given us to conceal our feelings, they had very few to conceal, certainly; and I am is elined to think it was so.

Concluded on fourth page.

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rately to the next soroer and buy a battle of r. Bull's Cough Syrup, is you want to care your

Salvation Oil a most excellent liniment among horses, and I take pleasure in indersing it as a certain remedy for scratches. James Thomas, Franklin Road, near Haltimore.

-A tea set-The Chinese. -Cut rates-The barber's fee.

-Lawyers are like lvy: the greater the nin, the more they eling. 100 Ladies Wanted. And 100 men to call at druggists, for a Free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Pr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mans tanins. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipa-

ton and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Ersryone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists' -A good fit-A fit of laughter. -Bars of matrimony-The frort gate.

-A tight shoel on a deaf-mute's foot auses untold suffering. The Doctor and Postmaster."

The Doctor and Postmaster.

Were talking about a case of serious filness, one to a neglectic cold and rapidity going into Consumption, which was promptly cured by Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 20 cents.

Experience has shown suffereramith Dyspepsia Billiousness and Liver Complaint, in fact all diseases, arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulater for for these troubles. Try it, Trial bottles free at Thomas' drug store.

-The oldest settler in the west-The

-There is no politics in morality and ittle morality in politics-The Jury,

Some Foolish People Allow a cough to run nutll it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Baisam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

At all druggists. -The race question-"Which horse is

abead?" -It seems to be a divine right of woman to have a man all to herself to boss and tantalize at her own sweet but Illogical

REMARKABLE NERVE.

Parents too frequently permit their chil-fren to suffer from headache, fits, St. Vitus Dance, nervousness, etc., when they can be sured. Mrs. P. was cured of sick headache, cured. Mrs. P. was cured of sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsin, nervous prostration of eighteen years standing, after failure of sixteen physicians; Mrs. K. of sick headache for 35 years; Mrs. P. of twenty to fifty fits a night; others from this vicinity could be mentioned who have been cured by that wonderful nerve food and medicine—Dr.

-Men who usually have deep views-The divers. -Truly the ways of women are past

finding out, but they are dear delightful creotures for all their lack of continuity. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to tree yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shitoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing.

Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store. -It is the guilty man who makes ex-

-It's a pity, girls, that this year isn't leap year. The prevailing influence has brought[many a hardened old; batchelor to

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Care will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It releves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it, For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' rug store.

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To the purification of your blood, for at no season is the body so susceptible to the bandis to be derived from a good medicine, as in March, April and May. Hood's Sassa parilla is the people's favorite spring medicine. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, curing scrofula, salt rheum, etc., regulating the kidneys and liver, repairing merve tissues, strengthening and invigorating the whole body, as well as checking the progress of acute and chronic disease, and restoring the afflicted parts to a natural, herity condition. If you have never tried Hood's Sassaparilla, for your "spring medicine do so this season.

-Faith, like any virtue, must have its est, and probably the reason for inexplica-

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you oust have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are carching for it daily, and mearaning because hey find it not. Thousands upon thousands not others are being apent administy by our people there are being spent anomally by our proper the boye that they may attain this book, and if may be had by all. We guarantee that extre Bitters, if used according to directions at the use hersteted in, will bring you good di-stion and out the denon dyspepts and in-stal instead Empeny. We recommend Encetri-tices for dyspeptia and all dismans of Liver, caused and Ridneys. Sold at No., and it per title by REBER druggist.

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tacif with special force to the great middle
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said "100 Deses One Pollar," and a bottle
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