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VOLUME XXX.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

P. WILLISTON,
Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
Broad streets, second floor.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY
at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
Broad streets, second floor.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT
Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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EDWARD OVERTON, JR., ATTORNEY
at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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GEORGE D. MONTAGNE, ATTORNEY
at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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W. PECK, ATTORNEY AT
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Office at the corner of Main and
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W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY
at Law, Towanda, Pa.
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at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS
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JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT
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H. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY
at Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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W. T. DAVIES, ATTORNEY AT
Law, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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W. B. KELLY, DENTIST, OF
Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
Broad streets, second floor.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST—
Office at the corner of Main and
Broad streets, second floor.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN
at Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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D. A. BARTLETT, Physician
at Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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DR. STEVENSON, OF BROWN (late
of Towanda, Pa.)
Office at the corner of Main and
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L. U. BEACH, M.D., Physician
at Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE
of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,
at Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE
Agent, Towanda, Pa.
Office at the corner of Main and
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at Towanda, Pa.
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Original Poetry.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO!

My friends, you are pledged to be temperate
Thro' all the long journey of life.
You will meet with a thousand temptations,
Each day with the evil is rife.

This world is a stage of temptation,
There is danger wherever you go.
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my friends, to say—no.

Your old companions may tempt you;
Beware of their cunning and art;
Whenever you see them approaching,
Be guarded and have to depart.

The drinking saloons are inviting,
Decked up with their tinsel and show,
You may be invited to enter,
But have courage enough to say—no.

The bright ruby wine may be offered,
Your light heart may be lulled to sleep;
From the poison that stings like a soldier,
My friend, have courage to flee.

The bar-room songs are sung before you,
Their light heart may be lulled to sleep;
From the poison that stings like a soldier,
My friend, have courage to flee.

Think twice—often thrice—ere you go.
In courage alone is true safety.
When the journey begins,
And trust in a Heavenly Father.

Who will keep his children from sin;
Temptations with life are increasing,
As streams from a rhyet flow;
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage enough to say—no.

Smithtown, N.Y.

THE ANTHEM.

Our footsteps up to the portal,
Their light heart may be lulled to sleep;
From the poison that stings like a soldier,
My friend, have courage to flee.

Whirl'd down in odorous showers
From the stately eastern trees.
A tall and stately figure,
Lacking but sword and armor.

For knightliness in the prime,
A library dim and fire-lighted,
A wait from the sunny southland,
Too frail for our northern air.

A shadow on the heartstrings,
For the wife and mother gone,
A heavier one on the brow of him,
Who walks the path alone.

On again in the twilight,
Hearts aching with vague pain,
The rustle and whirr of the steam-fog,
Did we take up our burdens again.

Miscellaneous.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

An address delivered by J. S. Thompson,
No. 565, 10th St., Saturday evening,
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N. G. Brothers and Sisters:
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In discussing Odd Fellowship, in
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Man, in his composition, bears some
comparison to the steam engine.
Both have a physical organism and a
motive power.

The locomotive, with its massive
wheels, its polished cylinder, its piston,
its valves, its connecting rods, its
huge furnaces, is a superstructure
of inert matter, as is incapable of
motion as the rocks imbedded in
our everlasting hills. But put water
into its boiler, fire into its furnaces,
and lo! it moves, it glides, it races,
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Man, also, has a physical
superstructure, a mechanical body, here
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Next matter, or solid earth, comes
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like a thing of life, on their inclined
beds to the ocean. They rise in va-
pors, are condensed in clouds, descend
in rain, and perform an im-
portant part in the building up of
earth's productions.

And as we take another step, and
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tant. The wind blows where it listeth,
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The air encircles our earth, and is
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And trust in a Heavenly Father.

Who will keep his children from sin;
Temptations with life are increasing,
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Whirl'd down in odorous showers
From the stately eastern trees.
A tall and stately figure,
Lacking but sword and armor.

For knightliness in the prime,
A library dim and fire-lighted,
A wait from the sunny southland,
Too frail for our northern air.

A shadow on the heartstrings,
For the wife and mother gone,
A heavier one on the brow of him,
Who walks the path alone.

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