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Select Miscellaneous. JENNY IRVING; OR THE LITTLE MILLINER.

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Some distance from George's place of employment, away down street—a quarter of a mile perhaps—and nearly opposite his boarding place, was a milliner's shop.

Were not these attractions? Yes, George never passed the door of Madame Josephine Lavelle, from Paris, without casting a glance into the windows or through those beautiful glass doors, the nearest in the city.

Yes, Jenny Irving, the orphan, or the "poor orphan" as she was sometimes called, was Madame Lavelle's favorite apprentice.

In our hero's estimation she was the most bewitching of maidens. Her stay, but faultless form, golden hair, bright blue eyes, dimpled cheeks and dainty mouth offered attractions he could not resist.

After having secretly admired Jenny for months, George became acquainted with her—no matter how—though, of course, in the same way that all other people get acquainted.

George continued to attend to his business closely, but his evenings were generally his own, and then, when Jenny was not busy, of course they had the most delightful times.

Many a young man in the neighborhood would discommodate himself much to recommend her, and consider himself well paid if he could thus win a smile or a thank you from her sweet lips.

But George was the favorite lover, and he sedulously improved his opportunities, until finally it was whispered around, and pretty freely, too, that he and Jenny were engaged.

Such reports always spread like wild-fire, and this time was no long in reaching the ears of Mr. Moore, one of his employers.

Now Mr. Moore had a daughter who took quite a fancy to our young friend, and he was aware of it, but could not appreciate the compliment.

Her father also knew it, and he knew that George was a smart fellow, and would as he often said, "make a star in the world."

The old man's proposal took George somewhat by surprise, but he was a young man of principle, he felt out of his element, and he gave an immediate and decisive answer.

COBB, STURROCK & CO. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1886.

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A Good Deed in Season.

Get away with you, you dirty little beggar-boy!

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city, and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, over this the little beggar-boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning.

He was looking, with all his soul, in his eyes, at the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed to his eyes.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach, quivering through the sweetness of her voice.

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly mollified and slightly ashamed.

"Now that's all a notion of yours, Hinton, I am sure, if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad."

"Little Boy"—and the child addressed the beggar-boy as courteously as if he had been a prince—"I'll pick you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and then after years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck him some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them, and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling, saying—and the smile around her lips was very like the old, child-like one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face.

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there.

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ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Discovery in Electricity.—Prof. Henry has made an interesting series of experiments with electricity, and states that he has discovered conclusively that there are not two kinds of electricity, according to DuFay, but that it is an identity—rather a force, or an ether.

At the lower part of such trunk or holder there is a slide, with an opening in its end suitable for receiving the outer end of a signal, which by sliding, moves the signal over the rail and retains it properly in position to be run on and exploded by the passing wheels.

THE CENTRAL SUN.—All scientific men have maintained that there must be a central point in a central sun, around which the whole universe revolves.

Pressure of Fired Gunpowder.—It is well understood that the pressure of the explosion is greater at the beginning, and gradually dies away as the ball moves forward.

With a ball weighing about 6½ pounds, and a charge of 1½ pounds of Dupont's cannon powder, the greatest pressure at any instance on the interior of the gun at one inch from the breech, varied between 18,000 and 21,000 pounds per square inch.

TO INDUSTRY, MARBLE OR STONE.—Melt pure wax in a clean ladle, and with a soft brush, cover the marble with two, or more coats.

Don't live here," says P., who was not living in a very important paper.

Pray, pray, can you tell me, has the doctor really passed?

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THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must."

"No, look over my Book of Thanks," said Cecilia, "and you will see how much I have to thank you for."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, "as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writings, in a round text-hand."

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed."

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings."

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put father and mother at the top of every page?" asked Cecilia.

"Oh, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I can never pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book, 'Every good gift is from above'; this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have been given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to Him."

"I think that such of my readers as have ability and time would find it a capital plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down yet, keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts!"

WOMAN.—Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not, there is a desert.

COLD REGIONS EXTENDING.—It is well known as a matter of history, that when Greenland was discovered, it possessed a much warmer climate than it does at present.

A DISCOVERY IN HAIN.—It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and evil, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and the prostitute, swear as well as the best dressed and educated gentleman.

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