

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXIII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1879.

NO. 12.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-and... There sat a pilgrim hand... Telling those that their lives had known...

Washing Day.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?" said Mary Lennox... "I'll just exactly like those working people to goad fall ill just when we need them most..."

"I'll get one for you with pleasure," said Georgie... "And as she turned to the dresser, her eyes answered the puzzled expression of Mr. Abbott's face..."

"I'll just exactly like those working people to goad fall ill just when we need them most..." "I'll just exactly like those working people to goad fall ill just when we need them most..."

A Wonderful Old Ship. The bark Truelove, of Hull, arrived in the docks at Hull, England, from Philadelphia, with a cargo of petroleum, and a flying flag twenty feet long...

Longevity the Result of Care. The fact that the late Richard Henry Dana was regarded as an invalid until he had reached 50, and yet outlived all his contemporaries, is not so uncommon as it appears...

Wise Sayings From Don Quixote. Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither does that one burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them...

Not far from the town of Lerwick, on the Shetland Islands there is a great, black, muddy tract of land called a peat-bog. All about it utter desolation. There are no huts even to be seen...

men, their baskets piled with peat, tramp off to Lerwick two miles away, to sell their loads for a few pennies each. They make many trips a day, always smiling, chatting and apparently contented...

George H. Butler, when very drunk, applied to the genial John Chamberlain for a small loan. This, of course, John refused. "John," said George, solemnly, "I shall, like the government, be driven to a forced loan, and, slipping a small mantle clock in the pocket of his waiter, he added, 'Time's money, John; time's money.'"

Save by Old "Coronation." It was—I do not remember the precise year—but it was when I was about seventeen years old, and when I lived in the New England village where I was born, and from which I had hardly ever been away...

Phantom Parties. Phantom parties afford a great deal of amusement, and are inexpensive affairs. The costumes for the ladies are those usually worn at an evening concert party, and then a white sheet, draped in Greek style, over the figure, under the right arm, and over the left, and ends of it caught at the wrists, quite disguising the figure...

deapest, so deep that no line in the village could reach the bottom, and where the ice must be the thinnest, because it is the last to freeze there. I knew this; but I felt that now we were going with such rapidity, that there was no new danger, so long as there was no break in the song. I singled out a tree upon the shore we were trying to make, and calculated if at the rate they were singling, there were verses enough to last until we reached it. I feared lest the earlier might omit a verse, as was sometimes done in church, and there might be left a space over which they might pass in silence, or rather in a silence made dreadful by the cracking of the ice. I had no cause. There was indeed that awful crack-crack-crack of the ice distinctly heard during the singing of each line in every stanza of the hymn; but it was either that I had become used to it, or that it was indeed more faint than it was before, that it failed to affect me as at first. So, too, there was a little breadth of ice to be passed over, after the singers had closed the verse...

George H. Butler, when very drunk, applied to the genial John Chamberlain for a small loan. This, of course, John refused. "John," said George, solemnly, "I shall, like the government, be driven to a forced loan, and, slipping a small mantle clock in the pocket of his waiter, he added, 'Time's money, John; time's money.'"

Save by Old "Coronation." It was—I do not remember the precise year—but it was when I was about seventeen years old, and when I lived in the New England village where I was born, and from which I had hardly ever been away...

George H. Butler, when very drunk, applied to the genial John Chamberlain for a small loan. This, of course, John refused. "John," said George, solemnly, "I shall, like the government, be driven to a forced loan, and, slipping a small mantle clock in the pocket of his waiter, he added, 'Time's money, John; time's money.'"