

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE

My good man is a clever man,
Which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan
Against lions in the way.
While I, without a thought of ill,
Sleep sound enough for three;
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix
But he is sure 'twill rain;
And when the sky is clear at six
He knows it won't remain.
He is always prophesying ill,
To which I won't agree,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show atop—
But soon how green the field!
We will not harvest half a crop—
Yet have a famous yield!
It will not sell, it never will!
But I will wait and see,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

We have a good share of worldly gear,
And fortune seems secure,
Yet my good man is full of fear—
Misfortune's coming sure!
He points me out the alms-house hill,
But cannot make me see,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight,
And when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right,
The evil and the wrong.
Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill,
Unless I with him be,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me!

LET HER GO, GALLAGHER.

Tread softly. Do not breathe too hard. Call in the children. Strew bark on the street. Muzzle the dog, and keep everything perfectly quiet. Speak in whisper, please. One loud, harsh word, and all is lost. One abrupt, jarring, discordant note, and the whole score will have to be played over. A single mistake now, and everything will have to be done again from the beginning. May all the gods that meddle with the affairs of men be propitious this time, and utter the well-laid plans of mice and men so that this thing may go through without a shock. The country cannot stand many shocks unless the weather changes. The President of this United States—we like to consider this nation in the singular number—is going to St. Louis. He is going. The 60 days of agony, suspense, uncertainty, imposed upon, coy reluctance and timid dedication are over, and the president, double-shotted with a sense of the Presidential dignity, is going to St. Louis, just as everybody, including the President, knew he would 60 days ago. The country is not startled at the announcement; it is relieved, perhaps, because the force of "Ought We to Visit Them?" is nothing new, and in this presentation was a bit tiresome. The President is going to St. Louis.

Last week Charley Pearlglow, with Starob & Fixem, white goods, went to St. Louis. The firm told him to go Monday morning. And Monday night found Mr. Pearlglow in the sleeper snoring his way toward St. Louis, with checks in his pocket for more and bigger trunks than the President of the United States will carry. His wife and the house knew he was going. Nobody else said anything about it. And yet Charley Pearlglow will make more out of his St. Louis trip than the President will.

Why, there is nothing in going to St. Louis to make such a fuss about. Anybody can go to St. Louis who can raise \$22. 'Tisn't much of a place to go to. The President of the United States won't stay there, after he gets there. Nobody ever does. A thousand dollars to one, the President of the United States won't stay in St. Louis 10 days after he sees what kind of a place it is. The President of the United States has never been there, or he wouldn't go now. Why didn't he go to St. Louis long ago, when fares were down, if he has been waiting to go so long and so badly as he professes? There was nothing to hinder.

There is nothing to hinder anybody going to St. Louis. It isn't much of a feat. If the entire Grand Army of the Republic, the Knights Pythias and the Ancient Order of Benighted Workmen should lift their voices in chorus and shriek that they didn't want Charley Pearl-

gloss to come to St. Louis, Charley would go all the same. If they said they would stay away if he came, he would tell them to stay away, and he would sell more white goods. Why, every week there are people who go to St. Louis who are not wanted there. People go there who are dreaded by their own relatives. People go there without invitations even, and stay for weeks. With the invitation he has, the President of the United States could stay all winter, and go to Shaw's gardens every day. Why, dearest beloved, the dying thief went to heaven and didn't make half so much fuss about it as the President of the United States does about going to St. Louis, which is only a way station on the line.

We are, however, really glad the President of the United States is going to St. Louis. That repetition, is a little tiresome, and if we were writing about the first President of the United States we would simply say Washington. But the present President of the United States is very sensitive, and complains that he is not treated as the President of the United States should be, and we are anxious to humor him lest he should once more take offense and say that he wouldn't go to St. Louis. We want the President of the United States to go to St. Louis that he may see how low many other people go there. We hope he will stand around down at the Union depot—we assure him the depot was not named in honor of the G. A. R.; he may stand there all day and not lose a pound of Presidential dignity—and see the people come in, without invitations. We hope, for the sake of rewarding the Jeffersonian simplicity of the hand-painted invitation that comes on special train, the President of the United States will go clear on to Kansas City and see the cable cars run up hill. If he could go to Knob Knoster, so that he could see which was the Knob and which was the Knoster, it would be great medicine for the President of the United States. He would then have traveled and would know more than the President of the United States does now. Not much more, perhaps, but some. Travel, even though one only goes to St. Louis and Knob Knoster, broadens one. Time, the President of the United States has traveled some, but then Holland Patent and Syracuse Lakes are not so remote, unfrequented, solitary, slow as Goldsmith, who evidently knew what he was writing about, says St. Louis is.

Let us all then, citizens of the great Republic of which Grover W. Cleveland is President, in the absence of Daniel Lamont, let us all, Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Baptists, Col. Ingorsoll, Knights of Labor, G. A. R. men; all citizens, in view of the great rest which the country and its Pres-beg pardon—the President and his country may obtain by this visit to St. Louis resolve that we will not hinder him. Say not a word that might pain his sensitive nature to the point of refusing to go. He doesn't want to go to St. Louis; that is evident from the amount of time and urging and coaxing it has taken to get him to go, or rather promise to go; because the President of the United States may yet change his mind, and yielding to the influence of early habit send a substitute. But since he has been persuaded against his own judgment and inclination, to go to St. Louis, let us stand aside, give him room according to his strength, and see him go. Above all if you cannot encourage him, don't discourage him. Remember that a thoughtless word uttered by some one in Iowa, who is not a citizen of St. Louis at all, might cause the President of the United States to declare that unless the invitation is made unanimous he won't go a step. Such things have happened. Let him go.

In these days of general travel, in these days when everybody goes to St. Louis once or twice a year; in these days of railways, when there are more lines of railway from New York to San Francisco than there are from New York to Washin ton; in these days when more people go to St. Louis than to Washington; in these days when clerks and hired girls go to Europe and do the continent on a Cook ticket, it is hard for the Nation to grow very wildly enthusiastic over the prospect of a

ABOUT BOILS.

That which in every-day talk is called a boil, sometimes "bile" or "beel," technical writers call a furuncle. This word is of Latin derivation, the original signifying a petty thief, and in view of the fact that few trifles can so effectually rob a man of his peace of mind it would appear as though furuncle were the better name for the trouble in question, which is a circumscribed inflammation occurring in the skin and tissues immediately thereunder.

Boils, like death, claim all seasons for their own, and may come singly or in groups. The coincidence of boils and general systemic diseases is common. When or however boils appear the victim should regard them much the same as a railroad man regards a danger signal and call a halt. Inquiry into the condition of ferocious patient will, as a rule, reveal two facts—a vitiated condition of the blood and local violence, frequently in the way of chaffing by close fitting neckwear or other clothing.

What has just been said makes it tolerably clear what those suffering from boils want to do. All sources of local irritation should be removed and tonics, good food, rest, change of air, etc., made use of. Heat and moisture are remedies the local use of which is very useful. A small bag of thin, old muslin does well to hold the time-honored poultice with which it is well to incorporate a tepid poultice of lard or some other nutritious substance.

The simplest and best local application for boils is the pouring thereon of water as hot as can be borne. This gives much relief and no doubt hastens the formation of pus in the boil, an event whose occurrence is signified by the cessation of the throbbing pain so familiar to those who have suffered from furuncle. Boils may at times be stopped in the bud, so to speak, by painting around them very early with a mixture of iodine.

LOVESICK GIRLS.

The sooner tender-hearted, pink-cheeked girls find out that life is not all sentiment, and that unrequited love is not half as bad an evil as nothing to eat, the better it will be for the world at large and for the sweet girls in particular. The case of Emma Stackhouse, the highly-strung miss who lately took morphine at the West End on account of a little jealous pique, is but a glimpse into a morbid, unreal existence that is led by too many estimable young women, who might be of use to the world and an ornament to their sex, if they were not so foolish. Only a few months ago two young women at the South End took poison under almost similar circumstances, and brought themselves to the grave in darkness and despair.

It is about time to have this kind of business stopped. People can argue about the sin and sorrow and trouble of existence as much as they please, it still remains a fact that, to a majority of the race, life is a good thing, and people who have never lived do not know what fun they have missed. The world is not a reeking charnel house, nor a den of thieves. It is bright and pleasant and glorious, teeming with happy faces, filled with noble endeavors and bubbling over with so many good and perfect things that all the conception we can form of the prominent joys of the hereafter is by comparing them to the delights here. When a young girl gets lovesick and "spoons" and dependent, let her go to work and forget her troubles in the duty of everyday life. If she cannot be a music teacher, or a cashier, or an author, let her do chamberwork or cook in the kitchen, if she cannot dress in satins and find a cure in one as the other, diamonds, let her wear calico. She will find either infinitely superior to suicide. Then, again, if she thinks it the first and only duty of a young woman to get married, she will learn that a young man of brain and mettle, a man who worth the catching, will like her just as well in a calico wrapper as he will in silks. Marriage is an not undesirable thing, but there is no sadder or more miserable lot in this world than that of a fond, trusting young woman wedded to a coarse brute of a husband. Half of the girls who contemplate suicide because their swains are cold and careless, wish they had taken the fatal step, when, after the marriage, the dream is broken and they find out what fools they have made of themselves. Husbands will not come for the asking. In order to get them they must not be sought.

A Lost Opportunity.

Mr. George Washington Cole, of Chicago didn't come home one evening at the usual time, nor the next day, and Mrs. Cole, becoming alarmed, began a search for several days, as a last resort, visited the morgue. The keeper listened to her description, then said he thought he had a subject that answered to it. The wife desired to look at the body, and she was shown into the dead house.

After viewing the subject pointed out to her very intently for several minutes, Mrs. Cole burst into tears and declared that the body was that of her late husband. But in order to assure herself that she had made no mistake, she requested the keeper of the morgue to turn the body over, and see if there was a large scar on the back of the neck. As he proceeded to do so, a set of false teeth fell out of the mouth of the corpse upon the marble slab.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, wiping away her tears; "George never wore false teeth."

"You blamed fool!" growled the keeper of the morgue, addressing the corpse, as he roughly threw it back in place and picked up the false teeth; "if you had only kept your mouth shut you might have had a decent burial."

Lucky for the Burglar.

Mr. Poot—"Where is that burglar, Maria? Where is he? Where's the villain gone?"

Mrs. Poots—"Gone to the stationhouse. Oh, dear, I'm so distracted. A policeman came and took him. Oh, John, why did you leave me all alone when the alarm rang and ran into the garret?"

"Why did I run into the garret? I kept my arms in the garret, that's why."

"But you've been gone an hour."

"Took over an hour to oil up my gun and grind my hatchet. But it's lucky for the burglar that my arms were not in order."

It is expected that upwards of two thousand old soldiers and Grand Army men will participate in the grand sham battle, which is to take place September 23d, during Centennial week. There will be artillery, cavalry and infantry take part.

He Didn't Count on the Plaster.

There is a young man living in Columbus, a good-looking fellow, who has a sweetheart out in the country a few miles, and he spends two evenings in every week in her society. A few nights ago he stayed to the usual hour, and as he passed out the front door he discovered that it was cloudy and dark. He did not relish the idea of walking home alone through the gloomy night, and hinted a good deal to get an invitation to remain, but it was not forthcoming. But the young man was equal to the emergency. Going down the steps he artfully contrived to slip and fall gently to the ground, thereupon he quickly set up a tremendous groaning. The nurse worked admirably. The girl screamed and the men came and carried the young man tenderly into the house. Then he was assisted to undress and deposited in the spare room. He had barely begun to chuckle over the success of the stratagem when the girl's mother put in an appearance, armed with a mustard plaster a foot square. This she immediately proceeded to clap on the young man's shoulders, where he incautiously located the damage to his frame. For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied until she beheld a blister an inch deep. The young man is now confined—*Columbus Courier.*

This anecdote is related of Herr Krupp that he was once showing the Emperor William through his works, when the latter displayed great interest in the steam hammer and was told that the workman in charge of it, named Ackermann, was so skilful that a band could be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would step the hammer within a hair's breadth of it. "Let us try it," said the Emperor, "but not with a human hand—try my watch," and he laid it, a splendid specimen of work richly set with diamonds, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackermann, with his hand on the lever, stopped it in just the sixth of an inch from the watch. When he went to hand it back the Emperor replied, "No, Ackermann, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment." The workman, embarrassed, stood with outstretched hand, not knowing what to do. Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying: "I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from His Majesty." A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp said: "Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand," and handed Ackermann the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note.

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SAFE INVESTMENT

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THE FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY ASSOCIATION, will be held at Sunbury, September 23th.

Joseph Hornby, a carpenter, fell 600 feet down the Schuylkill shaft at Wyoming, Friday, and was crushed in a shapeless mass.

Governor Beaver has appointed Dr. George G. Groff, of Lewisburg University, a member of the State Board of Health, vice Dr. Germer, of Erie, deceased.

Daniel Brown, colored, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, writes to Pottstown concerning relatives. He states that he was kidnapped from that place fifty-six years ago, when eight years old, and made a slave in North Carolina.

There are 103 cotton mills in the South. Georgia heads the list with 36, Tennessee comes next with 27, and Alabama 20.

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