

### ONLY A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

I met her at a country place, Where she was spending her vacation, And much admired her form and face, Likewise her sparkling conversation.

She was a Boston girl, but wore Nor spectacles nor goggles, glasses, Though she of learning had a store As rich as other Boston lasses.

The maiden was of beauty rare, (Tis that, not learning, that doth sway us) As Aphrodite she was fair, Or Helen, spouse of Menelaus, But colder than Diana far, Who made a stag of poor Acteon, And distant as the farthest star That glitters in the empyrean.

I loved her, and I think she knew That much from my admiring glances. For she was acquainted grew, Somewhat ungent to my advances. But when my love I would have told, I felt a dread, a terror seize me; I feared if I became so bold, The maiden with a look would freeze me.

At length a firm resolve I made— For I was bordering on distraction, That the proposal, long delayed, I'd make, whatever might be her action. And having thus made up my mind, That evening when alone I found her, Before she my intent divulged, I boldly threw my arms around her.

I felt her tresses brush my face, Their faint, sweet perfume thrilled my senses, I clasped her in a fond embrace, Regardless of the consequences; I kissed her lips—oh, honeyed bliss! I gave her hand a thousand squeezes, And all she said to me was this: "John, are you sure that no one sees us?"

Boston Courier.

### A KISS IN THE DARK.

"Is that you, my dear?" and two little feminine feet pattered swiftly down the stairs, and two soft arms clasped a masculine neck, while an audible exultation echoed through the dark hall. "I am so glad! I was afraid you were not coming to-night. Did you get wet, dearie? Let me help—O—h!" And the two feet fairly flew up the stairs again and an upper door closed emphatically, just as the hall one opened to let a tall man dash out and almost pitch in the middle of an excited crowd, that was gathered on the sidewalk. The man stood for a moment, as if trying to collect himself and then tried to work his way out of the mass; but a hand suddenly clutched his collar and his owner cried:

"Here he is! I've caught the rascal! Come police and take him!"

The man turned indignantly, and tried to throw off his captor, but the grip was like iron, and before he could lift his arm to strike at him a policeman appeared and he was given over to him.

He now ceased his resistance and tried to explain to the officer, but a threatened flourish of the ever-ready club cut him short, and recognizing "discretion" as "the better part of valor," he sank into acquiescence and was led away to the station house.

Mr. Lawrence Garnet and his pretty wife, Annie, sat at the dinner table in their cozy rooms a week after the episode told above. The dinner had been good and well served, but neither had enjoyed it much; in fact they had scarcely tasted it, for a disappointment had come to them that day, which was yet too heavy and fresh for them to face philosophically. Lawrence, a promising young lawyer, (as all young lawyers are) had been engaged on an important case, which he had considered so surely that he had made partial arrangements for the investment of the fees that he would earn in a little cottage home of their own. But, unfortunately for him, justice was on his side, and as justice and law seldom agree, he lost the case. It was a hard blow to both of them, and Annie had spent most of the day in tears. But as usual she rallied first and when the coffee came in she forced up a smile, and said: "Come, Lawrence, cheer up. Don't fret any more over the old case. Something will turn up for us yet. Who knows! Uncle Joe may come home and make us all rich. You will get plenty more cases any way."

Lawrence had been tapping his cup reflectively with his spoon, a bad habit of his, but as Annie spoke he looked up.

"Cases, yes, plenty of them, such as they are. By the way, I came across one to-day that I don't exactly know what to think of."

"What is it?" asked Annie, curiously at once coming to the front, with the hope of a romance and big fees "Is it about a woman?"

"Oh, no! Only a man; a grumpy old fellow, and poor too, I take it."

"Umph, in a tone of injured disgust intended to 'squash' both talker and subject. But Lawrence was so absorbed in the mental contemplation of his client, that he did not notice it, and continued half to himself.

"Yes, he is grumpy and plucky, too, but I'm afraid he is in a bad box."

Annie's interest revived, but she remembered the snub, and merely uttered a discreet "Oh," while Lawrence kept on:

"Yes, a bad, tight box. I declare I can't see the slightest show for him, but he stands to it like a Roman."

"This was too much for Annie, and she burst out with:

"Why can't you tell your story out Lawrence, and not keep tantalizing one by your wandering suggestions?"

"I beg pardon; but I have neither wanted nor suggested. I have made positive statements, and all to the point. If any one—"

"Oh, please—Stop your nonsense, and tell your story! I'm getting interested. Next to a mysterious woman, I think a stern, grumpy old man has the most possibilities about him. What's his crime?"

"A plain, simple, and, I must confess, very vulgar one—pocket picking."

"The horrid wretch! I don't want to hear another word. Nothing new or interesting to be found in that line."

"I beg pardon again, but something both new and interesting has developed in this case. A minute's patience, and I will tell the whole thing. The man calls himself Peter Perkins, which I know is not his name. He was arrested a week ago, right opposite this house, for picking a pocket in a Sixth avenue car; said to have been clearly tracked here. He resisted the arrest violently, and, at the station-house, protested his innocence, and claimed that he had been looking for rooms here, and had just come out of the house. When asked for proof, he could give none; said he had only seen a servant and that in the dark. Very lame story, of course. Also said he had just arrived from Calcutta and knew no one in the city. This might be true, for he is foreign both in looks and dress. They searched his pockets, and found nothing suspicious—only some foreign money, which was in his favor, and he was about being discharged, when it was suggested to take off his overcoat. It was done, and right under the collar they found a gold bracelet."

"My good gracious! And Lawrence saw his wife's mouth and lips open wide, while her cheeks changed quickly from red to white.

"What on earth is the matter, Annie?"

"Nothing. Yes, something. Oh, Lawrence, this is dreadful!"

"For the man? Yes, it certainly does look serious, but not enough to feel so badly about. At the worst he can only get—'It isn't that! But—oh, Lawrence—that is my bracelet! And Annie burst into tears. Lawrence looked at his wife in amazement. Had she gone crazy?"

"Your bracelet, Annie? You must be dreaming!"

"No, Lawrence, I am not. It is my bracelet, the one that was mamma's. See, holding up her arm, 'I haven't it on,' and then, with many tears, she told the story of the meeting in the hall. Lawrence heard her through and then burst into a hearty laugh, which, of course, restored her composure and aroused her temper.

"I'd like to know what you are laughing at? I'm sure I don't see anything funny!"

"No, I suppose not, and I don't know that it is just the thing for me to see any thing of that color in my wife's shamelessly confessing that she has begged another man."

"Lawrence, I won't stand it!"

"Stand what? I've done nothing, my dear. You managed the whole business."

"I did not!"

"Ah! he blushed back; 'did he!

Really this is beginning to look as if there was a method—

"There, do hush. Be still for pity's sake," and Annie began to cry again. Lawrence's tone changed at once.

"There, little girl, don't take it so to heart. There is no harm done, and ought to feel thankful that you are to clear this poor fellow."

"I clear him! Oh, Lawrence, I never can go to court and tell this!"

"Annie, you would not, knowing this, keep silent and let the poor man go to prison?"

"No, no; of course not. But couldn't you tell it for me? Say I told you, you know. The judge would never doubt you!"

"Oh, no, certainly not; but it would be safer not to give him the chance, all the same. And now, dear, get your hat and cloak, and we will take a little recreation after this ordeal."

"Police courts are not attractive resorts under any circumstances, and the one into which pretty Annie Garnet walked the morning after the above conversation was even below the average. The morning was cold and dark and the place damp and dirty, and a lot of particularly disagreeable prisoners were huddled in the 'dock' waiting the prompt 'justice' that would be meted out to them with generous liberality. Lawrence led his wife to a seat in a retired corner and turned to leave her, but she caught his arm.

"Oh, Lawrence! don't go! Take me out of this dreadful place! I never can do it!"

He sat down beside her.

"Why, Annie! I'm disappointed! My plucky little wife to show the white feather just as the battle begins. Brace up! I know you don't want this poor fellow to go to the penitentiary just because you kissed him."

"It is so awful!"

"Yes, I know it is, very. But it isn't his fault, and you must face the music."

"Oh dear, dear, dear! But I'll try, yes, Lawrence, I'll try. I will!"

"May I see it?"

Annie unclasped it from her arm and handed it to him.

He took it and scrutinized it closely, noted every mark and line upon it, and then asked: "How came you by this? Did you buy it?"

Annie shook her head. "It belonged to my dear mother who valued it very highly as a gift of a favorite but long lost brother."

White, Perkins' bronzed face grew grim, and a mist seemed to gather before his eyes, for he brushed his hands over them, and then suddenly stretching them out to Annie he cried:

"Child! child! Your mother's spirit has led you here! I am that lost brother!"

And so Uncle Joe did come home rich, and Annie and Lawrence have a pretty home of their own, and Lawrence solemnly tells his friends it has all brought for a "Kiss in the Dark."

In a pertinent article on swine feeding the National Live Stock Journal says: "Now the true way to fatten pigs, at any season of the year, is to give a portion of coarse food, such as turnips, beets, carrots, potatoes, cooked clover hay or grass, the last being the natural food of the pig, and in summer always at hand. If we take all the hogs fattened in the United States in a year, and change the time of fattening from cold to warm weather, one-half the grain now fed will make all the pork. This would be a saving of food, at least, to the amount of \$75,000,000 per year."

If country newspaper proprietors were to publish the names of the subscribers who take, read and enjoy and are gratified by, and yet refuse to pay for their home papers, the reputation of most communities for moral honesty would depreciate 20 per cent. An editor's labors are seldom estimated. A lawyer will give you five minutes' advice on a topic and charge you \$5 for it. An editor will give you advice on a hundred topics and charge you three cents a copy back of his paper. And very often five cents given to an editor would save \$5 given to a lawyer. In fact no other business man is so universally robbed and swindled out of their labor and capital as the county newspaper publisher.—New York Sun.

A little more care for the ornamental trees would add greatly to the beauty and value of the farm household.

**A SIREWID PREACHER.**

THE MANNER IN WHICH HE COLLECTED HIS SALARY AND SECURED SHIRTS.

While playing in the role of the melancholy Dane recently, 'Beowulf' wandered off amid the solemn silence of an old cemetery and collided with a marble slab bearing the name of Rev. John Anderson. He began jiggling after history with the following result: 'A few days ago while wandering through Sunbury's old cemetery, I came across a rather unpretentious slab near one corner of the sacred city on which was cut the name, birth and death of Rev. John Anderson. Twenty odd years ago Anderson preached for the Methodists of Sunbury, Snydertown and other neighboring charges. He was a short, thick-set man, well advanced in years, and was liked by everybody. His common ways—fondness of joke, good nature and laborer desire to make everyone around him happy, rendered him very popular with both saint and sinner, wherever he was known. Toward the close of his official term his Snydertown flock was found to be considerably depleted to him, and modest hints for liquidation went comparatively unheeded. Time was drawing near for his departure to other fields of usefulness and still the deficit stood on Snydertown's page of the ledger. The crisis finally came. At the close of one of his last sermons he took occasion to refer to the matter in rather strong terms. 'Brethren and sisters,' said he, 'I am poor in person and depressed in spirit; the fact is, as I stand before you to-day I have but half a shirt on my back!'

He then pronounced the benediction and the congregation scattered to their homes among the Shamokin hills. During the week a self-constituted committee went among the faithful and succeeded in collecting enough to square up the salary, and in addition thereto, gave out word as they went along that Brother Anderson would be given a donation at the church on the coming Sabbath. The sisters took hold of the matter, and when the day came there was an outpouring of the country for miles around, each one bearing a bundle or package. These were deposited in one corner of the church, and after the services were over and the good deacons had settled the financial part of their trust, Anderson was led to the huge pile of parcels. A good sister volunteered to undo the collection, and it was soon discovered that the entire lot consisted of muslin—shirt muslin—enough to make a circus tent! The good preacher was equal to the occasion when he said: 'My kind friends, I told you on last Sabbath that I had but half a shirt to my back. It was the truth; the other half I had on in front!'—Sunbury American.

**Brother Gardner's Wisdom.**

"Dar' am sartin things I should like you to remember," said Brother Gardner as State Rights Smith finally got over his fits of coughing and the hall became quiet. "In de fast place de man who lies will knock a man down fur callin' him a liar jis as soon as a man who tells de troof. In de nex' place, if a man says you lie, an' you don't lie, how do you prove you don't by hittin' him?"

"What men lack in argument dey will try to make up either in ridicule or bulldozin'."

"When you har of a pussion wid a confidential friend you hav found somebody to be sorry fur."

"A man may hav your respect an' admiration fur half a century on general principles, an' yet lose all in half a day by refusin' to indorse your bank note."

"Moss' ebry man has his weak side, an' moss' of us, except de drunkard, ar' hypocrites. We hide our weakness, while he exhibits his."

"A religion which can't shet up a church fur six Sundays doorn' de heated term mus' be powerfully afraid of its strength. I like my religion to be tempted now an' den."

"I like to believe all men honest, but I nebbet take de same patent medicine fur liver complaint an' de toothache, no matter how de label reads."

"If I ober open a bank I shan't hunt for a cashier without any small views. I hav seen de time when a chaw of plug tobacco stopped my hunger for my naybur's new partaters."

"It ar' easy 'nuff to make friends in a new nayburhood. All you hav to do is to be a cheerful lender. Your enemies will appear when you stop lendin' an' begin to borrow. Let us now take up de regular proceedin' and proceed to bizness."

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by all the best physicians. It is a safe and pleasant medicine, and its use is recommended by all the best physicians. It is a safe and pleasant medicine, and its use is recommended by all the best physicians.

**DR. MARAND ROTROCK,**  
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.

**DR. E. W. TOOL,**  
Physician and Surgeon.

**B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,**  
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.

**DR. J. W. SEIP,**  
Kremer, Snyder County Pa.

**RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE**

For Neuralgia  
For Rheumatism  
For Lame Back

Doctor Thomas' Electric Oil

**YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY MINNESOTA DAKOTA**

**YOUR LAST CHANCE**

**AFFLICTED OR UNFORTUNATE**

**DR. LOBB**

**FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING!**

**JAMES G. CROUSE,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**JACOB GILBERT,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

**W. M. H. HOUSWERTH,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**H. G. DEITRICH,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**F. E. BOWER,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**CHAS. P. ULRICH,**  
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law.

**T. J. SMITH,**  
Attorney at Law.

**A. W. POTTER,**  
Attorney at Law.

**H. H. GRIMM,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**JOHN H. ARNOLD,**  
Attorney at Law.

**SAMUEL H. ORWIG,**  
Attorney-at-Law.

**JOHN K. HUGHES,**  
Justice of the Peace.

**DR. MARAND ROTROCK,**  
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.

**DR. E. W. TOOL,**  
Physician and Surgeon.

**B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,**  
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.

**DR. J. W. SEIP,**  
Kremer, Snyder County Pa.

**RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE**

For Neuralgia  
For Rheumatism  
For Lame Back

Doctor Thomas' Electric Oil

**YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY MINNESOTA DAKOTA**

**YOUR LAST CHANCE**

**AFFLICTED OR UNFORTUNATE**

**DR. LOBB**

**FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING!**

**DR. SINE'S SYRUP**