OLD FRIENDS.

There are no friends like old friends, And none so good and true. We greet them when we meet them As roses greet the dew. No other friends are dearer, Though born of kindred mold, and though we prize the new ones. We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends, Where'er we dwell or roam, In lands beyond the ocean Or near the bounds of home. And when they smile to gladden Or sometimes frown to guide, We fondly wish those old friends

Were always by our side

There are no friends like old friends To help us with the load That all must bear who journey O'er life's uneven road And when unconquered sorrows The weary hours invest,

The kindly words of old friends Are always found the best. There are no friends like old friends To calm our frequent fears When shadows fall and deepen Through life's declining years. And when our faltering footsteps

Approach the great divide, We'll long to meet the old friends Who wait the other side.
--David Banks Sickle in New York Ledger.

THE ONE GIRL.

They were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing, and the hot, crowded ballroom? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hands clasped in his, her brown head resting on his shoulder, lost in a happy dream.

"You won't forget me, darling," he whispered, "when I am thousands of miles away, at the other side of the world, and letters are long in coming? You'll remember that I am coming back in two years, at the latest, to claim my little wife.'

"Oh, it can't really be true, Geoffrey, that you are going tomorrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget. I shall think of you night and day till you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl-all American women are levely, you know-and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysic Trafford, who is waiting for you in England.

"When I am out on the great lonely prairies," he said dreamily, "I shall just shot my oves and think myself back to this night. I shall hear the band in the distance, I shall feel you once more in my arms, and I shall smell the faint smell of that heliotrope you are wear-

For answer she took a piece of the heliotrope from the bosom of her dress. "Here's a little bit of it," she said. "And when you meet that lovely American, and you wish that you were free and that this evening had never been, then you can put that little flower in an envelope, and you needn't write a word to put in with it, but just address it to

me, and when I get it I shall know

what it means, and you will be free." "What nonsense, Mysie!" he said angrily. "Why do you talk like that? You know-

"Oh, here you are!" cried a shrill voice. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Castleford is as cross as ever he can be, Mysic. He says you promised him the last two dances, and then you disappeared and no one could find you; while as for you, Mr. Hamilton, I think you had better keep out of the way altogether, after disappointing Lady May and goodness knows who besides

And Gertrude, Mysie's sister, chattered on, totally unconscious that she was a most unwelcome intruder.

She and Mysic had always been taught that it was their duty to make a good match, and Geoffrey Hamilton, with no money, and just off to America, was so entirely ineligible that she suspected nothing, and ruthlessly insisted on their immediate return to the ball-

And she looked often at the little hoop of pearls-the pledge of her betrothal-but never put it on, except in her own room just for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed a harder matter to speak of that evening to her mother, the more so that her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort And so a month

Then one evening Mysic returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. One glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York" -and she snatched up the letter, wondering if any one had noticed it, then ran upstairs to her own room, and locked the door to enjoy it in peace.

The fire burned brightly and looked inviting, and she drew up a low easy chair, and seated herself comfortably as she broke the seal of the envelope. What was the faint perfume as she did so? She drew out a piece of blank notepaper from the folds of which a little bit of dead heliotrope slipped and fell to the ground.

"Mysic, you must come down," said Gertrude. "Mr. Castleford is down stairs, and mother says you are to come" -as Mysie looked rebellions. "But you must change your dress; you can't come down in that. Has anything happened? You look very queer."

"No," said Mysie, with a strange little laugh; "at least, nothing of importance. I will come down in a few min-

And in a very short time she was in

the drawing room, and Herbert Castleford, as he looked at her, thought he had never seen hereo beautiful. He had loved her for years, but had received so little encouragement from Mysic that he had never spoken, but tonight he had determined to put his fate to the test. while Mysie, with a pain at her heart that seemed almost physical in its intensity, was saying to herself that if Geoffrey could forget so easily why so could she.

And so it came about that a few hours later she returned to her room baving pledged herself to Herbert Castleford. Instead of the little hoop of pearls she had never worn she possessed a handsome diamond ring, and the dead flower and the pearls were put far away out of sight to be forgotten-if possible.

Six months had passed and Herbert Castleford was pressing for an early marriage. Mysie and her mother had gone away from home immediately after her becoming engaged. Mysic complained of the cold and looked so pale, sallow cheeks and a figure as fragile know yer think I orter, but I can't, Joe delicate that her mother took her away to the south of France, where, soon after, Herbert followed them.

Mysic seemed willing for the wedding to take place whenever they liked room where Mysie and Herbert were

beauties! Only smell them. Oh, I am so pleased! Look! Here are a bit of heliotrope and some maidenhair that will just do for you.

To her surprise Mysie turned as pale as death, and shrank back, looking almost appealingly at her lover, who was

As their eyes met there was some thing in his-an expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysic did not know, but the foot of the column and prepare for a great trembling came over her.

A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment, but of Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.

Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to one another:

"How did you send it from New York?"

"I-that is-what do you mean, Mysie? I never sent it!"

Seeing that Mysie's clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but caught her hands in his and implored her to forgive him.

"I came out to look for you that night," he said, "and I heard what you custom to walk together down Queen darkened, sparks from the nether fires were saying just as Gertrude came upon you from the other side, and it was such a temptation, for I loved you dearlymuch better than he did. It was all done for love of you, Mysic."

And she tried to wave him away, but instead fell fainting to the ground.

When she recovered, Herbert Castleford had gone. A few hasty lines from him besought her forgiveness and told her that Geoffrey was now on his way back to England to find out why she had not written to him; that he hoped they would have been married before Geofgo away and never trouble her again.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you," she said, "for doubting you like that? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here are the envelope and flower.

"And here is the flower you gave me," said Geoffrey. "There's not much difference certainly between them, but yer?" as for the envelope-well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again so that you may

not be taken in so easily.' "But I shall never let you go away again," said Mysie.

And that was how they arranged it. -Forget-Me-Not.

American Lamps In Paris.

The terrible use made by the Communards of 1871 of petroleum for couflagration purposes produced such an impression on the French mind that people recoiled even at the mention of kerosene. So the American kerosene lamps, which were then just beginning to get a foothold in France, were relegated to the limbo of dangerous innovations. Then came the exhibitions of 1878 and 1889, with our particularly good show of new, improved and artistic lamps. The memories of 1871 were quickly forgotten, and today the use of candles and the old "pump lamps"gas has never been a general means of domestic lighting in France-has gone down before the American substitute, which has not only invaded the Parisian bedroom and parlor, but has even found favor in the chateaux along the Loire and has worked its way into the plain homes of the remotest villages. One of the American lamp exhibitors received so many orders during the exhibition of 1889 that he established a branch store in the best part of commercial Paris, where he has been doing a thriving business ever since.-Lippincott's Magazine.

Cigarette Smoking.

Cigarette smoking in England dates back to 1844. The great impetus to their increased use was caused by the Crimean war of 1854-6, when numbers of military and naval officers adopted this method of smoking from the inhabitants of Russia, Turkey, Malta, the Levant and other parts of Europe.

THE SPELLING CLASS.

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell, Since spelling matches are the rage. Spell phenaktstoscope and knell, Diphtheria, syrygy and gauge, Or take some simple word, as chilly Or Willie or the garden filly. To spell such words as syllogism And lachrymose and synchronism And pentateuch and saccharine, Apocrypha and calendine, Lactiferous and escity, Jejune and homeopathy, Paralysis and chlo oform, Rhinoceres and pachydern, Faralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Mctempsychosis, gherkins, basque,
It is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamchatka and dispensary
Would make some spellers colicky.
Diphthong and erysipelas
And etimette and assessing. And etiquette and sassafras, Infallible and ptyalism, Allopathy and rheumatism And cataclysm and belonguer, Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer And hosts of other words are found. On English and on classic ground. Thus Bering strait and Michaelmas, Thermopylis, cordilleras, Suite, jalap, hemorrhage and Havans, Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha And Rappahannock, Shenandoah And Schuylkill and a thousand more Are words some first rate spellers miss In dictionary lands like this. Nor need one think himself a scroyle some of these his efforts foil, Nor deem himself undone forever

LIZA—A SKETCH.

To miss the name of either river— The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquiver, —E. P. Dyer in Good Housekeeping.

She was a thin slip of a girl, with as the flowers she carried in her basket.

It was her eyes and her hands which marked her off from the common herd. Had these been of regulation pattern, there would have been nothing to disto arrange it. So matters were being tinguish her from any dozen of her comhurried on to suit the impatient lever panions. But her eyes, which were brown when one day Gertrude ran into the in color, were large and lustrous and had a provoking habit of drooping the lashes when she looked at one. Whether "Look, Mysie!" she cried. "Here is calculated coquetry or native born mana lovely bunch of flowers from that dear ner chiefly concerned would have puzcount! Isn't he silly? And they are such | zled an expert to decide. That it was "fetching" few men would have ventured to deny. Her hand, small and well shaped, boasted the taper fingers by passion he refused to see. and filbert nails generally associated with birth and breeding.

She sold flowers in Cheapside. Her station was the steps of the Peel statue, and every morning, week in and week ing 10 she would deposit her basket at the business of the day.

From 10 to 6 she plied her wares diligently, pushing the sale with all the one thing she was certain-Herbert tact which a life's experience had taught her and all the wiles which a woman's wit could suggest. But each evening, when the weary city was fast emptying and the bell of the great cathedral was sweep the long length of crowded asphalt with searching glances, and as she scanned the teeming multitude pouring westward a spot of crimson would suddenly show in the wan, white cheeks and the dark brown orbs would

He always contrived to be in Cheap- brow. side between 6 and 6:30. It was their The man's countenance had suddenly Victoria street to Blackfriars bridge. At this point they separated-she crossing to the Surrey side, he taking a "turn' through Fleet street and the Strand before following in the same direction. They had commenced the practice in midwinter, had continued it throughout the spring, and now they had reached midsummer.

From afar she could distinguish his barrow among the throng of vehicles him. A nod that was almost impercepti- sarily vigorous shove. ble, answered by a smile that was bright passed between them.

array of empty baskets.

"Been 'avin a good day, Joe, nin't

"Middlin like,"

"W'y y'ain't on'y one 'molly' left," "P'raps I been givin 'em away." The her. "I'll look roun after I clear out." tone was unmistakably surly.

For the next 30 yards they walked on furtively, the man pushing the barrow

"Ha' yet thert on wot I tole yer?" he said presently, as the girl stepped off the pavement to avoid collision with a parcels boy. The light that had lightened them died out of her eyes, the color which had come into her cheeks had fallen on the floor. On the bed lay forsook them, her mouth grew hard, and the body of a man. The room recked her face lost at once its youth and ani-

The man continued to stare into va-

"I can't do ut, Joe. I can't do ut. I I can't do ut."

The words came with difficulty and the voice palpitated with emotion. The man shrugged his shoulders im-

patiently. "Wot's the good uv 'im, eh? A dod'rin ole lunatic. Wot's the use uv 'im ter anybody? He orter been dead

"He's me father, Joe," she murmur-

ed reproachfully. "Father be blowed! He's dun a lot fer yer, ain't he? Y'ort ter feel proud uv 'im, didn't yer? Pinchin his gal's money-drinkin till he's got the 'devils' elman an the son uv a genelman. W'y When he can't gorge hisself no longer, a pig 'ill lie in the swill trough, an when your genelman father's had a skinful he'll snore by the hour 'longside a quart pot."

He stole a glance at the girl out of course, the corner of his eye. The busy, bustling life of London eddied round them; the roar of the great Babylan was in their New York Times.

ears; but not Strephon and Chloris in the sweet seclusion of idyllic lanes could have been more oblivious to the passing moment than this pair of city lovers in the hot and crowded streets.

"P'raps he ain't as good as he might be. But there's wuss about, an-he warn't always so, Joe."

"Oh, if you likes to put up wiv' 'im, 'Liza, so do! 'Tain't no concern o' mine -is it?" he added moodily.

"I can't sen' 'im to the workns, Joe." "But yer can sen' me to the devil!" he snapped sharply, and an ugly look leaped out of his eyes.

They passed under the railway bridge which spans the lower end of Queen Victoria street and reached the point where they usually parted. The girl stopped, but the man went on.

"Aren't yer goin ter sell out, Joe?"
she queried timidly as he turned in the direction of the river.

Wot for?" The tone and the manner puzzled her more than the words.

For a moment they stood confronting each other, the face of the man working convulsively and the girl's features contracted with pain.

Blackfriars bridge was crossed in silence. Turning into Stamford street she whispered hoarsely: "I'm sorry for yer, Joe; but if it's hard on yer it's rough on me. Anything as yer ars'd me to do, Joe-anything as I cud do o' meself like -I'd do ut, mate, without sayin why or wherefore. But sen' the ole man to the workus-I can't do that, lad. I -I can't do ut."

"A pretty fool yer made o' me now, ain't yer? I giv' up the booze an cut tommies w'en I tuk up wiv yer, 'Liza, but ye'd see me at blazes suner 'an giv' up that drucken ole wagabone wot lives on yer, an perwents yer havin a man as ud be good to yer.

"It ud break me heart, Joe, ter 'ave im die in the workus." "Yer thinks a bloomin sight more uv a wrong un than yer does uv a right

un," said the man savagely. She gave him a look which must have convinced him of his error, but blinded

"Well," he snarled, "one of uz 'as got ter secot-him or me. There ain't room fer two. " The girl made no reply and they went

on. But silence was too oppressive and out, as the clocks of the city were strik- stifling. Near Waterloo station the man spoke again.

"How much yer tuk, 'Liza?" The question was abrupt, but the tone was friendly. It indicated a change of feeling.

"Seving an three." He extended his hand. She put the money into it without a word,

"Meet me at the Garding in the mornin, 'Liza, and I'll stock the baskit still echoing overhead, her eye would for yer," said he, returning her nine-It was a curious transaction, but the

explanation was probably to be found in the despairing atterance of the woman. "He's 'ad 'em awful bad agen, Joe. Lars night it wur that dreadful"flash and kindle with a curious mystic She stopped, warned by the cloud that was sweeping up over her companion's

> danced in his eyes, the old, hard, vindictive look had returned.

"I wish he may die. I wish he wur dead!" he muttered fiercely. "Oh, Joe, Joe, if yer love me, dun say

thim words," entreated the girl. "I says 'em cos I loves yer; cos it's on'y 'im wot's a keepin yer frum a man as wants ter make a 'appy woman uv yer. I says 'em cos I means 'em. No

'fense ter yer, 'Liza.'' frey could arrive, but that now he would churchyard, she crossed over and joined man." He gave the barrow an unneces-

"I'm goin inter the 'Cut,' 'Liza, ter and sunny, was all the recognition that finish. No. I ain't dun so dusty"-answering the question the girl had put The girl's glance wandered involun- to him half an hour before, "I started tarily to the barrow. It was the season out wiv a dozen, an this yere's th' on'y for cherries, and she noticed the long one leff." He emptied the contents of the basket on the board. "I shall knock 'em in the 'Cut' at freppence. 'Tain't orien they see cherries like them in New Cut. They're city fruit, they are. Try 'em." He filled a bag and gave it to

As he walked away his eyes followed her. "She thinks a bloomin sight too in silence, the girl watching the man much, she do, o' that drucken ole scamp, her father," he growled, staring after languishy and coming strennously at the retreating figure, "but I ain't all a fool, mate. Grit's wuth gold."

In the third pair back of a tenement house in Lambeth a girl was kneeling by the side of a bed. A paper bag was lying on the coverlet, and some cherries the body of a man. The room recked with the fumes of whisky. The long, lithe fingers of the girl's right hand were clasped convulsively round the cancy and walk mechanically after his hand of the motionless figure extended on the bed.

"Joe!" she moaned. "Joe, lad, ye've ain't got no rest these two nights-but got yer wish. The ole man'll never rile yer any more. I love yer, mate, dearer than life, but it's thim words o' yourn as I shall hear, an not parson's, on the day yer takes me inter church."-St. James Budget.

Spoiled In Transmission.

This is the way the railway man heard the conundrum: "At what time shortly before noon is

it 3 o'clock? At a quarter of 12, because a quarter of 12 is 3."

And this the way he worked it off on his friends:

"At what time shortly before noon an talkin 'tommy rot' 'bout bein a gen- is it 3 o'clock? At 11:45, because 11:45 is 3. It doesn't sound right either, he ain't got no more decency 'an a pig. blame it, but that's the way I heard it." -Chicago Tribune.

> This Was Where They Grow. Mrs. Newly Rich (shopping in Paris) -Show us some wraps-imported, of

French Saleswoman-Imported, madame? From where, s'il vous plait?-

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> -:0:-Yours Respectfully,

W. H. FELIX, Lewiston

which filled the thoroughfare. When he had "doubled" the corner and got into the comparative "slack water" of the churchyard, she crossed over and joined him. A ned that was almost innerceptic. Sarily vigorousshove.

On above terms we will offer during the month August, the following reductions on goods in

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