THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

wifty years of life together! Dearest, | y your hand in mine; List, this is our Golden Wedding

With its radiance divine.

Fity years of storm and sunshine—
Fity years of faith and love—
Fity years of life together. Thanks to Him who reigns above. When I wooed you in your beauty

And our lives were in their Spring, When we pledged our love in union And I solled it with this ring, Seeven itself was dimmed in vision By the capture in my breast: But to-day my love is stronger-Fifty years has been its test:

When upon your brow descended— From God's hand the gift came down-Waman's regal right of mother, Royally you were the crown. Scarcut, how I loved you loved you With a strength I scarce dared own, boots with a strong man's passion-Wife, that love has greater grown!

Midst your hair the threads of silver Pame as years they slipped away, but our lives were bound more close. By the love-links forged each day. Entwert some and gracious daughters Were the giffs you gave to me. 2 and but my love to offer— Star the marnes circles thee!

Fifty or ex of life together! Close, who close the shadows steal, Three with mine this glad to-day-Fifty years of his together! Storm of sunshine, Love held sway! A. J. M. Deugall, in Canadian Magazine.

Left on Ship Island

BY MARGARET A. LOGAN. ************************

VOUNG MRS. BIRDLING always re-Fion to the island to-morrow," he said garded her husband with ap- at parting. "Mr. Birdling, will you proval, save in the light of a country allow me to secure seats for your editor. His store, she would argue, party on the Coquette? The captain did Mr. Brevard remain so long? sizew more custom than any other in the little town of Upton, and it and more comfortable than her name afforded him a steady, though modest, income; while this publishing business brought much labor and four schooners were attached steamannoyance with very small recom-Dense.

Rural subscribers seemed to con- merry excursionists and their friends. sider firewood and vegetables suffirient compensation for such litera- had the liveliest crowd on her deck. bure, and the editor frequently found. Once beyond the channel, narrow Miniself involved in difficulties; Mr. wharves and funsightly bathhouses Imith taking offense at some political effusion, and Mr. Jones feeling injured broke into larger waves, and the because his friend, Mrs. Bland, was coast villages looked yet more pictur- too rough for the last rowboat to not mentioned among the personals, esque against their background of "The society notes are written up woods,

by Mrs. Nobling, who generally contrives to get names wrong and said Bessie, "I feel very ignorant, Mr. Brevard, among all you wise men and costumes impossible. Jim gave her the job, because he felt sorry for her. women." Mer husband is perfectly worthless and out of work half the time. That's Jim's way, you know. pays Mrs. Dreamy for the stuff she and poor dow, and supports herself and chil- islands : rejoiced to find it in a deepe dren by teaching and sewing."

While his wife thus unburdened her now safely repose, after their long mind to confidential friends, Mr. conflict with the ocean and British Birdling, a man of Sterary to be and vessels. That was in 1699," benevolent disposition, enjoyed his peculiar management of the lipton think that such a distinguished party, the swift current below. Strong arms ner at dog shows. A few weeks ago Chronicle, and a day came when the as ours would some day be visiting fittle aroman was not so blind to the bis readstead." produces of being an estimate wife. "From Ship and Cat Island some of was soon standing on the bench with This was when the Brane to the Frast bese French crossed to the opposite to injury but a few bruises and a Section to hold its burns meeting Billoxi, now known as Ocean Springs." at the sport, on the Meshalppi

That novelamous obliming point torest, which served Lafitte and his and already become a town of ones band as launting ground and hiding nomena laterest, and most of those place. May I read you the Legend of Buckeyous editors had never beheld the Passagoulas?" He took from his the practical waters of the Gulf. Ex- pocket a small volume, Mrs. Hindale's mission rates were cheap and an inrangion from Mrs. Hearty, her old beautiful version of the tale, school mate, living at Configure, settled Meanwhile the waters took a the question of botel bills very com- greener lose, snowy sand drifts on the

"And she says Little Sis must the lighthouse and walls of Fort come with us. I will run over at once. Massachusetts. The scaguills ceased and make your mother's consent. The rocking to and fro and some, spreadshild grows shy and reserved, never ling their white wings, seemed to give going a bywhere or seeing anyone but a welcome to the visitors.

Sessie Birdling, known as Little Sis, boats. But for that storm we might night seem shy and quiet beside a have landed at the pier." certain set in Upton; but she was sprightly enough in the home circle do not mention storms while we are and among congenial friends. Gladly here," did her young heart beat that April morning as they bearded the train, formed them that a storm was con-There came no presentment of evil, fidently predicted for this month, as no thought of any change of destiny the usual equinoctial had not yet availing her. Beautiful were the arrived. The same harbinger of evil some a hadding woods, the orchards found Bessie lunching with a merry T. glad and white bloom, the waving crowd under the silent guns of Fort wedle of corn and cane, and, full of Massachusetts, and volunteered accrest, the other editorial parties further information. "This fort was among passengers taken on at differ-

Surely, we are not required to were those things, Mr. Birdling?" My "those things" she meant fra- are full of soldiers' bones, I am told,"

security budges, prepared for the oc- etc. exsion; which some excursionists sported with as much pride as if it ful man, with his talk of storms and and been a Victoria cross. This badge dead men's bones, and Mr. Brevard was an orange-colored ribbon with came to the rescue. scarlet lettering, from which depended a deep and very brassy fringe. "I should as willingly deck myself ashore by the waves. Shall we see with a red peony or a big sunflower. what treasure trove awaits us?"

It is well brother did not get them Bot three have been given me,

Sess, and we must wear them at the meetings, or brethren will think us mo proud. Here we are in New Or- husband came up with an anxious

After a day and night in the Cressent City, full of novel experiences, are bringing out the boats. Our sailthey took the early morning train ors fear a storm, for the wind has for Gulfport. Then came a succession at delights. The shining river of black cloud!" pearls, Lake Catherine and the wild dacks, marshes glowing with flowers of every hue and nonds covered with pure white chalices of delicious per-

"The water lilies," cried Bessie, "I have seen them at last. If I could a dark-haired man." Others con-

omiv get one." When they left the next station, her brother appeared with one of

the coveted blossoms. "A gentleman handed me this, saying it was for the young lady in the sailor hat. There are other sailors, here, Bess, but yours is the most fetching."

At the appointed hour the fra-

ternity assembled to hear the address

of welcome from a leading citizen. In

the Birdlings, at once, recognized Mr.

fing. "Bessie, I will never give my

"An editor," whispered Mrs. Bird-

Next on their programme came the

that it was a genuine inspiration of

the muse. So, in pleasing tones, she

We surely must unto The Press Give warmest thanks. We see it pour Wisdom on thirsty souls, secure To women, Polities and Church,

Their dearest rights, and duly search-

"Is there much more of this, "I

"You need not sigh, Mr. Birdling,

"Happily, the hotel reception is at

"I suppose you will join the excur-

is a friend of mine, and she is safer

This offer was gladly accepted. At

an early hour a small tug to which

ed away for Ship island, bearing the

The Coquette, finest craft of them all,

disappeared, the smooth, sunlit water

"Tell me something of Ship Island,"

"I sur mose you remember that it

"Yes, . . | when his fleet sailed into

was discovered by Iberville, a French

that hand passage between two

water harbor. His ships might now

"Well recited! Little did Iberville

"Why, you know it all, That wood-

land to the ourth was once a dense

island became distinctly visible, then

"They are bringing up the row-

"I shall enjoy the row, but please

Whereupon an old inhabitant in-

built before the war in the sixties,

and between the two armies and the

frequent storms it has had a hard

fight for existence. These sand dunes

Bessie turned away from this dread-

"The surf is much finer on the

She gladly assented, and they

gradually strayed far away. An hour

passed and Mrs. Birdling, surrounded

by new friends and old acquaintances,

was chatting pleasantly, when her

"Pack your baskets, ladies, they

"Where is Bessie? She was walk-

"I will inquire about her and meet

"Bessie? Girl in white sailor hat?

I saw her go on the first boat with

firming this statement, the Birdlings

countenance.

ing with Mr. Brevard"

you at the landing."

other side, and rare shells are thrown

It is better than any of Mrs. Dreamy's sentimental trash."

four and even poetry must give place

duction to Mr. Hearty's guests.

For many gifts our land that bless,

pecurate."

to-morrow."

Brevard.

consent."

wonder?"

to dinner"

would indicate."

Canadiar

delay. But another white sauor has had been seen and the girl who wore it was Jessie. Our Bessie was care fully putting some shells in a wrist-"I know," said his wife, "he was bag she carried when Mr. Brevard, peeping over his paper at Bessie. Black eyes and hair?" whose attention had at last been drawn from her to the cloud, began "And moustache, too, to be strictly

to realize their danger. "The wind has changed, and these "It is that Mr. Brevard, the girls breakers are much larger than when are all wild about," Mrs. Hearty we left the fort, but with haste, we afterwards informed them. "My hus may reach the lighthouse before a may reach the lighthouse before a band shall invite him to dine with us storm."

The distance was greater than he imagined, and they faced a wind that soon blew a perfect gale. When the breaking waves forced a channel a young man who rose to respond, through the beach and thus separated them from their starting point she sank weary and disheartened to the ground.

"Miss Birdling, I shall never forgive myself for this."

"It was I who insisted on gatherpoem. This had been prepared by a ing more shells."

youthful maiden of Cockleboro, who, "Would you be afraid, if I left you after reading her effusion to a circle alone to search a crossing? First let

of admiring friends, felt convinced me make you more comfortable." He scooped out a nest in the wet sand and surrounded it with brush gathered near, but, although thus protected, the 15 minutes Bessie spent there alone seemed to her almost an eternity. Gazing over the dreary sand dunes, she thought of the bones of soldiers left to bleach among them. and almost expected to see a skeleton arm or a grinning skull uncovered by the gaie. Overhead, the black mass had broken into tattered fragments of cloud like huge vultures fluttering above. Then the wind's mournful monotone would sometimes rise into a shrick.

"The creeping tide crept up along the Mr. Brevard had a previous invitasand— And o'er and o'er the sand; tion to dine, but requested an intro-And round and round the sand-And never home came she."

Why did Kingsley's lines come to her like a foreboding strain? Would the fate of his heroine be hers? Why

Mr. Brevard, by devious ways had reached a point much nearer the lighthouse, and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket to wave from a pole, also drew out a box of matches. This suggested a bonfire. With the dry driftwood around he kindled a blaze which managed to maintain itself in spite of wind and rain. Then taking a torch from the pile he waved it aloft, and was rejoiced to see an answering signal.

Other excursionists had remained on the island, for the water became venture out to the fleet. These were enjoying the hospitality of the lighthouse keeper's wife; some examining marine curiosities, and some admiring in safety, the sublimity of the storm, when one of them exclaimed:

"That must be a signal of distress!" The keeper's long spyglass soon discovered Mr. Brevard, with Bessle in the distance; then every man volunteered for rescue. The cut off was narrow, but dangerous, and the bridge they succeeded in making, rather unsteady, though Bessie crossed it without accident. Under Mr. Brevard's greater weight and firmer step some logs gave way and bore him into then laid hold of the rope which he his master perceived that he was allhad secured about his waist and he ing, and his spirits lagged. A vet-

"I saved a few of those dearly bought shells," said Bessie, as they lingly, but the dog died in spite of all, were enjoying the nice hot supper prepared for them.

"You may add my book as a son-

She displayed the little bag which bung on her arm through all the ad-"Legends and Lyries," and read her venture, and he handed her his copy of "Legends and Lyries," much the worse for contact with sait water, that he was born under to sign of Mrs. Brevard still preserves that wristbag and bluebound book in remembrance of the most eventful day in a remarkably placid life-N. O. Times-Democrat.

MIXING UP MATERIAL.

An Author's Method of Fixing Up His Characters So as to Offend

"There's a good many queer things in this world," said Miss Jowders, meditatively, to her friend, Miss Barnes, "but the queerest of all is folks. Now did you ever take notice of that young man that spent the fore part of August here, a friend of the Samson family?"

"I did," said Miss Barnes, "but he knew how to eat; he was the heartiest boarder I ever had. But it's his trade that's so queer-he's a storywriter, and he's always looking for what he calls 'material.' He seemed to think everything and everybody here was material, and I said to him outright one day, 'You may get into trouble if you take Branbury folks and put 'em right in a book, faults,

failings and all." "But he laughed and said 'twould be all safe the way he did it, and then be explained his method. 'I take the old men's traits and give 'em to old ladies,' he said, 'and if there's a naughty girl I turn her into a little boy, and any middle-aged folks I make into young ones. Then I lay the scene in Canada, where I've never been,' he says, 'and set the time back 50 years, and there you are!' Now did you ever hear such talk as that in all your days? But they tell me his books sell just like hot cakes."-

changed suddenly, and-see that Youth's Companion. Who Esnu Was.

Dr. Van Dyke was one day examining a class of boys on their acquaintance with Bible characters, "And who was Esau?" he asked. For a moment there was silence, then the youngest son of Mrs. Malaprop piped out: "Esau wrote a book of fables and were satisfied and embarked without sold the copyright to Messrs. Pot-

was all was to be

tage."

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The POST, Middleburg, Pa.

Accomplished dogs are dying fast these days. The other day it was a An Accomplished tree-climbing dog of this vicinity, Dog's Appetite. now it is a coaleating dog of Philadelphia who leaves behind him a perplexing controversy. He was a Scotch poodle, and a prize winerinary surgeon was sent for and announced that the dog had been poisoned. Treatment was given accord-The owner feared that the diagnosis had been faulty and took the dog to ing he folded his balloon and departed the University of Pennsylvania, where a post-mortem disclosed the fact that the dog's stomach was filled with coal. His perverted appetite for strange and indigestible things makes it probable Capricornus. The owner, i cling that the veterinary should have known what was the trouble, has brought suit for \$1,000 damages. The legal rights and privileges of carbonivorous dogs (if such a word exists) have not hitherto been defined, for the reason that there are probably very few such dogs. For the same reason the doctors do not know how to treat them. But the responsibility for their existence is easy to locate, according to the New York Post. A dog naturally eats meat. In domesticity the owner begins perverting his appetite by giving him dog biscuit instead, which are supposed to be more soothing to his nerves. Then, if the dog is a family pet, he gets farther and farther from the diet of his ancestors. He eats cake, candy, olives, all manner of tid-bits unheard of by the natural dog. Who but the owner is responsible if, after fattening on all the most costly luxuries of the table, the dog takes one step farther on his own account and makes a meal of the most expensive tuxury of all-anthracite coal?

Seventy-five years ago the government advertised for a mail carrier who Before the Rail-could take the mail once a week beways Came. tween Vandalia and Paris, Ill., a distance of 105 miles. The time allowed was three days. Comparshows more progress than the improve-

ing that period with this, nothing ment in the mail facilities. Now the distance is covered in about two hours, and the hundreds of farmers scattered along the way are supplied with their letters and papers daily. Of course there is not much room for improvement during the next century, but that there will be some is certain. Even the daily mail may be too slow after awhile and the farmer who is up to date may want it every hour.

An aeropaut came into Bartlesville, Ind. T., on Tuesday and without any

The Inflated 101th Bl announce-· ment prepared to Aeronaut. make a balloon ascension. The ascension, the professor stated, would be made at six o'clock in the evening, when he would float off into space and sip the honeydew from the sun-kissed clouds that festooned the blue empyrean-or words to that effect. But he didn't. Evidently, says the Examiner, he sipped the honeydew nearer to terra firma, and when it was time to inflate the big balloon the "intrepid aeronaut" was himself so fully inflated that the evening zephyrs were rolling him around as they listed. The professor didn't go up, but the next morn-

How to be popular though frank is a conundrum not yet answered. A young man who got out of a street car in an eastern city recently had not answered it. As he disappeared a young woman in the car said to her companion: "I just hate that man! He says we have the homeliest crowd of girls in our office he ever saw in his life!"

The following "card" appeared in the Atchison Globe: "The Atchison man and his wife who have parted and made up so often that the public has lost interest in them wish to extend thanks to the public for having lost interest. They think perhaps they may now get along."

Let the farmer for evermore be honored in his calling, for, said Thomas Jefferson, they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God.

Fate performed 50 per cent. of a good job in Chicago recently. Four men were "rocking the boat," and two of them were drowned.

There can be no American duke, but the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, and these hands seem likely to be mostly American.

The curious discovery that telephones talk French plainer than English was naturally "made in France."

Few men are voluntarily nuisences, but most of them become so from force of habit.

About half the ills that come with age are merely a matter of habit or imagina-

Farmers should club together and demand a late frost.

One of the worst slanders on the heman race is that all the good die young. The Nightly Parewell.

Father-Mary, 11 o'clock is altogether too late for that young man to teenth day of October, 1903. stay; he ought to start for home at

Daughter-But he does, pape.-W. Y. Herald.



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No. 7003.

Treasury Department Office of in

troller of the Currency. WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 161

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evile presented to the undersigned, it been made to appear that "The B National Bank of Swineford," let in the Village of Swineford, in County of Snyder, and State of R sylvania, has complied with all provisions of the Statutes of the li States, required to be complied to before an association shall be suited ed to commence the business of B

Now, therefore I, Thomas P. B Deputy and Acting Comptrollerd Currency, do hereby certify that First National Bank of Swine located in the valinge of Swineton the County of Sayder, State of B sylvania, is authorized to come the business of Banking as provide Section Fifty Or e Hundred and S Nine of the Revised Statutes United states.

1: testimony whereof witness hand and seal of this office, this T. P. KAN [SEAL.]

Deputy and Acting Comptroller Currency.