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This place continues to be headquarters for Tender Steak, Juicy Roasts, Choice Dressed Poultry, Sausage, Pudding and Fresh Fish in Season.

I aim to serve my patrons with the best in my line that the market affords.

Thanking the public for a liberal patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am

Respectfully yours,
C. WAHL, Salisbury, Pa.

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I have gone to the trouble to add to Salisbury's business interests a well selected and complete stock of FURNITURE.

When in need of anything in this line call and examine my goods and get my prices. See if I can't save you some money.

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SHOP OPPOSITE HAY'S HOTEL.

St. Peter at the Gate.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood

Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Pence to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short, and thick, and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out,
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.

The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke:
"Oh, Thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band,
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt—
There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.
I've been to meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.
I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way;
I have told my neighbors, I have told them all

"Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal fall;
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few:
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career,
I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way—
Aes-mokes and he swears, and grave faults
He's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not—

He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But oh, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go!

I've done enough—a saint I've been,
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
But my grim gospel I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way you can see,
That he may enter who's dear to me?
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the Chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing or fooling, or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by that open there
And never sit down in that easy chair,
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.

They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrower, cut straight across.

Well we must be going our crowns to win,
So open St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"
St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff;
But, spite of his office, he had to laugh;
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gateway—you or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone,
A life long, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down below
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare,
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh)
And then he thoughtfully added "why?"
St. Peter was silent. With head bent down
He raised his hand and scratched his crown;
Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's no good,
He smoked and swore—I should think he would.

Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string,
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel give him a sent alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne!
Call up some angels to play their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest!
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds,
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just, hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and the future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe with a pair of wings,
And he said as he entered the Realm of Day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers any way!"
And so the scriptures had come to pass,
"The last shall be first and the first shall be last."—Notes.

The Old Flag Forever.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped,
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory! How bright the stars stream!
And the stripes, like red signals of liberty, gleam,
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant death scorns,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!
—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Eagle Screams Again.

I.
What's this I hear,
Columbia, dear?
By the top of my bald noddle
This must stop or I'll waddle
Right in,
Pecking like sin,
With an A I scratch
To match!
Look out
When you see me pout!
I'm a bird, I am,
Uncle Sam,
A bad bird,
And I must be heard!
What's the matter with that contrary
Old commissary?

II.
Look out for the gravel
When I travel!
Hardtack, eh!
Feeding 'em hay?
No coffee or tea?
Well, b'gee,
Watch out
What you're about!
My feathers are ruffled,
Fate's cards have been shuffled,
And I'll be onto you,
Whir-r-oo!
With both claws,
With cause;
Yes, you, my huckleberry,
My stinky, dried-up commissary!

III.
The boys are fighting for me,
B'gee!
And when I need 'em,
Somebody ought to feed 'em!
Well, I guess
Yes!
But they can't fight,
Not by a darned sight,
With empty stomachs; no,
Nor stomachs fed on tow!
Now, by the great rubby-dub-dub!
If they do not get grub
Right away,
I say,
I'll drop on the scruff of your collar,
And gee whiz! you will holler,
My fairy,
My bright commissary!
Yes, you!
Whir-r-oo!
—Syracuse Herald.

Some of the Taxes Required by the Revenue Law.

The new revenue law to provide money for carrying on the Spanish-American war, went into effect on July 1st. Following is a list of some of the things taxed and the rates of taxation for the same:

On checks, 2 cents; on telegrams and telephone messages, 1 cent each; on warehouse receipts, 25 cents; power of attorney for real estate deals, 25 cents; mortgages, 25 cents up to \$1500, and 25 cents for each additional \$500; bankers licenses, \$50 a year and an additional tax of \$2 on each \$1,000 of capital exceeding \$25,000. Bonds, debenture or certificates of indebtedness by any association, company or corporation are taxed 5 cents on each \$100 of face value; sales or agreements to sell any products or merchandise at any exchange or board of trade of similar place, either for present or future delivery, 1 cent on each \$100 or fractional part thereof. Dealers in tobacco and manufactures will pay a license ranging from \$6 to \$24 a year.

In regard to the exemption on certain numbers of cigars or cigarettes, it is specified that the exemption is allowable on 20,000 cigars or 20,000 cigarettes, or on 20,000 of each. In computing the yearly sales to determine whether or not a dealer is liable to the special tax of \$12 on sales of 50,000 pounds or over, it is decided that 1,000 cigars shall be estimated to weigh 20 pounds and 1,000 cigarettes 4 pounds.

Each storage warehouse receipt is subject to a tax of 25 cents, except in case of agricultural products stored by the grower, which are exempt. The government will print checks, drafts and similar dutiable papers with the stamp engraved on them, in quantities of not less than \$2,000 worth.

Baptist Young Peoples Union of America, Buffalo, N. Y. July 14-17, 1898, B. & O. R. R.

For the occasion tickets will be sold at the low rate of one fare for the round trip, from points on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Tickets will be good going July 12th to 15th inclusive, with privilege of extension until September 1st inclusive, if ticket is deposited with joint agent at Buffalo on July 17th, 18th or 19th and payment of fee of 50 cents. The Royal Blue Line between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York are the finest and fastest trains in the world. Call on nearest agent B. & O. R. R. for routes and detailed information.

Lafayette's Prayer.

May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind, and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders! Lafayette's farewell speech to the American Congress.

Family Financiering.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day; how is it you clothe six boys on such pay?"
"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.
"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe and William and Ned,
A half dozen boys to be clothed and fed.
"And I buy for them all good plain vituals to eat,
And clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.
"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to go on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives them to John.
"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.
"When for Jim they become ragged to fix she just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six.
"And when little Joseph can't wear 'em no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four,
"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.
"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."
"But when Ned gets through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?"
"Why once more we go around the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Excursion to Chautauqua, New York.

On Friday, July 15, the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Chautauqua, N. Y., and return at following very low rate for the round trip. Tickets good returning leaving Chautauqua not earlier than July 25, nor later than September 3, 1898.

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