To clasp my neck with kisses sweet. The laggard hours I measure by The stations where they stop her train. As stroke by stroke it brings per nigh, My darling, home to me again. I buy and sell, and shyly hold. My secret safe where none may see, The stock unprized in worthess gold. That means far more than gold to me.

The cat curls up against the pane,
The flowers shake out their odors sweet,
For wee Priscilla comes ugain,
Small princess whom her vassals greet.
The house was very still last week,
With wife and baby both away;
The very walls are fain to speak.
And shout their welcome home to-day.

Pwoscore am I, and growing baid:
Hor life has scarce three winters known,
And she by my plain hame is called,
And I, than monarch on a throne
Am prouter far, and enzy none,
Am prouter far, and enzy none,
My little maid Priscilla comes,
My little maid Priscilla comes,
Margaret E, Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.



[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

The way wound through a long lane of pink chestnuts, the spikes of which were just bursting into bloom. Beyond the lane was a leafy avenue of trees bordered on each side by green fields, through which sparkled a little river, blue with the sapphire tint of the spring sky. Along the road came many men, of all kinds and degrees; also women in strange costumes and



benches for the ministers, male and female, the women sitting to the left, and the men to the right. As the various families of Friends entered, the women and girls turned to the right, the men and boys to the left. All the seats were of plain deal, the grain of the wood showing darkly. In the wood itself were quaint shapes, huge lizards, lakes and mountains, and gruesome animals grievous to behold. In front of the benches, at a green-covered table, sat some one appointed to read a chapter of Holy Writ if the meeting were "silent." The walls were panneled and of varnished deal. Stray beams of sunlight came through the windows, which were five feet from the ground, and danced across it in fantastic motes. Even the little children sat quietly there to worship God "in spirit and in truth." They did not shuffle their feet about or cough or play like other little children, but sat, with solemnly sweet eyes, holding their arrants' hands. One little child, the shuffle their feet about or cough or play like other little children, but sat, with solemnly sweet eyes, holding their parents' hands. One little child, the youngest of the flock, slumbered in its mother's arms. Presently the woman, still holding the child, rose up, and, in tones of silver sweetness, uttered her Heaven-born message. A stray child from the village looked in at the open porch, and, frightened at the universal quietude, ran softly away. Silence brooded over the little gathering, a silence which was only broken by the rustling of the houghs against the leaded windows. One of the ministers sat with closed eyes, his fine, serious face upturned to Heaven.

At half-past twelve, there was a soft rustling of gray robes as of angels speeding upward. The male minister on the right hand shook hands with the female minister on his left. Then the women, the light falling on their rapt shining faces, moved slowly away down the path, lingering here and



THE YOUTH WAS BESIDE HER.

there to exchange a few gentle words

there to exchange a few gentle words with each other. The men followed, nost of them clad in somber black or frab, but with very few outward marks of distinction from their fellow-beings save thick, soft, snowy crawts wound closely round about their throats. Ten minutes after, the meeting house was empty.

For a few minutes, Grissel's mother sat in the porch, thinking, as her custom was, of all the dead Friends buried around. The aunshine fell so lovingly on their graves, their peace was so eternal, that the sindow of death appalled her not. Grissel moved from ne grave to another, her dovelike eyes full of broading peace. And ever a she walked the youth was beside her. Where she stayed he lingered also. When she moved on his stardy steps kept pace with hers. He said nothing, but his eyes were ever on the maiden's face. Insensibly they came back to the porch and stood hand in hand before Grissel's mother, the maiden's eyes filled with happy tears. "Mother, said the youth, gently. "Mother, lean on me, and we will journey together always."

Then Grissel's mother arose and

said the youth, gendy. "Another, lead on me, and we will journey together always."

Then Grissel's mother arose and blessed them: "My children! 'May the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

The youth and maiden bowed their heads to receive the blessing. A nuckoo's wandering voice wooed them woodwards, tall trees nodded and bent to them, a butterfly hovered over Grissel's mother. Grissel way into the blue.

The youth gave his arm to Grissel's mother. Grissel way into the blue.

The youth gave his arm to Grissel's mother. Grissel walked beside them down the hill until they came to the "Poor Cottages." The mother went upstairs, leaving Grissel and her lover together. He opened his arms, and she luttered softly to his breast.

The Transom Did It.

The Transom Did It.

"What is the matter with you?" said the Pickings man to an acquaintance he met the other day, who was looking a little down in the mouth.

"Well, said he, "I'll tell you: I am knocked clean out. You know I have always tried to be an honorable and apright man, a good citizen, in fact, a perfect gentleman so far as general deportment and good morals were conperfect gentleman so far as general deportment and good morals were concerned. But I find that I am just the
reverse in those qualities, and only
think of it, learned it, too, from some
ladies that I thought were my best
friends. You think they had a good
leal of courage to tell me of my faults,
do you? Oh, no, it didn't come to me
in that way. I was out in the hall and
they were on the other side of the door,
and, you see—well, to make a long
wory short, the transom was open."
'udis napolis Sentinel.

Erete the Bank with a Bible.

Broke the Bank with a Bible.

"God's dove," he mumumed.

hands of welcome and tender care
There entered the little wicket leading
to the meeting house and placed fresh
flowers upon the quiet graves of loved
ones gone upon their journey of all
algys. The old bell of the church in
the village below gave forth its clangfing sune-ms to prayer; the cuckoo
called from a neighboring copse; and
the tall elm by the meeting house
she wered down a benison of blossom
on the folk below as they entered the
rustic porch and sat within the ripororously plain and simple building. At
the end opposite the door were crossthe samk with a Bible.

"The most peculiar use I ever saw
mas in Cincinnati. Agambling house
there was conducted by a man named
be Bardielban. One night an agent
who sold Bibles for a living sat deven
the samk with a Bible.

"The most peculiar use I ever saw
mas in Cincinnati. Agambling house
there was conducted by a man named
be Bardielban. One night an agent
who sold Bibles or a living sat deven
in the table and lost steadily nutil he
was broke. The only thing pawnable
in the relative to the table and lost steadily nutil he
was broke.

The most peculiar use I ever saw
man in Cincinnati. Agambling house
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who sold Bibles or a living sat deven
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be Bardielban. One night an agent
who sold Bibles or a living in the table of the thin have one doilar
o

"A soft Answer," Etc.
Young Wife (pettishly)—You always
seemed to have plenty of money before
we were married.
Loving Husband—It was only seeming, my dear. I had very little.
"And you told me you expected to be
rich."

ich."
"So I am rich, darling; I've got you."
She could not help kissing him.—
ondon Tid-Bits.

London Tid-Bits.

Expelling a Refractory Scholar.

"You boys are very quiet out there in that barn," called out Willie's mother, suspiciously.

"Yes'm," responded Willie, opening the back door and gently urging out into the alley a large yellow dog with a tin can tied to its tail. "We're play in Sunday-school."—Chicago Tribune.

He Knew His Business.

McFingle—Now that you're drawing such good pictures for the magazines, why don't you sign your name to your

work?
Del Ineator—Not much! My creditors would know I was working, and swoop down on me!—Truth.

By the Month. Scrappie (meeting a friend)—Hello,

Scrappie (meeting a friend)—feas. February. Crappie (indignant)—What do you call me that for? Scrappie—Oh, that's all right. It's because you are always a little short. —Detroit Free Press.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Poor Moon.

Staggs—I surely would hate to be the moon. Takes it two weeks to get full.

Jaggers—And that isn't the worst of it, either. After it is full it needs two more weeks to get over it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Likety.

Mrs. Whackburton—Is your mother

Not Likely.

Mrs. Whackburton—Is your mother at home. Clifford?

Clifford—I don't think she is. She was looking out of the front window when you came down the street.—

Brooklyn Life.

ooklyn Life.
Couldn't Look at It That Way. Couldn't Look at It That Way.
Tramers—I regard my wife's pianoplaying fad as a joke. You ought to
do the same with your wife's.
Frames—Tramers, you have never
heard my wife play.—Chicago Record.

The Real Estate of Affairs.

Hobbs—That fellow Dalton seems to be gaining ground in his affair with Miss Clay.

Nobbs—Then he must have a mort gare on her years — Indeed.

"I do not think you beautiful,"
The baboon rudely cried:
"The baboon rudely cried:
"The courily ape repiled.
The courily ape repiled.
—Harper's Young People

Mean, Hateful Thing. "Fred is in an aful fix. He propo to me last night, you know, and—" "And you accepted him?"—Life.

ON A SOUTHERN RAILROAD.



-Adapted from Fliegende Blaetter.

The Hello Cirl. He courted a girl by telephone, He called her "his darling," "his pet," "his

-Washington Star

A frogress Club.

Philosopher-And so you belong to a society called the Progress club? Ah, this is a grand, a glorious age! By the way, what do you do at your Progress club?

Sweet Girl--- We play progressive euchre.--Good News.

The Seasons.
Teacher—What season follows win-

Jack-Spring. Jack-Spring.
Teacher-Correct; and now, Tommy,
you may say what comes after spring.
Tommy (wildly) - Vacation!-Harper's Young People.

A Modern Recluse.
Friend—I haven't seen you for some

Friend—I haven't seen you for some time.

Poet—No; fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately.

Friend—I feared as much. How much do you owe?—N. Y. Weekly.

Not in Love with Her.

"How do you know that De Vere is not in love with Mabel Sweetbriar?"

"Because I heard him tell her the other evening when they came from church that he knew of a short cut home."—Washington Post.

Hat I asked her to-day, But she gave me no answer, Netther word would she say,

The First Thing.

Briggs—Well, old man, I've been down to the academy all the morning hanging pictures.

Palette—Did you hang up mine?

Briggs—Oh, yes. We began at the top.—Brooklyn Life.

"How is Gullem getting along now?"
"Splendidly, for him."
"How do you know?"
"He has just succeeded in borrowing ten dollars from me."—Washington Star.

An Angel in Disguise.

Quericus-So the doctor saved his Cynicus — His poverty, rather, I should say. He was too poor to have the prescriptions filled.—Judge. 7. C. LUL I C. VERSE.

Ly 1 for.

It a mind construes was relicines to sp.
L. sourcery floor with relicing plant. He scale brave salps in chitchis play. To Crylon's isle and fair Cathay:
Les midden from his witings est;
No castle tower can eleven with standing in the construe of the construence of the

ing bugle call!
—Providence Journal

Life's a lesson all must git.

Never was a feller yit
Shirked the task and got along—
Got to study. hard an' strong.
Bout sixteen we think we know
'Nough to last where'er we got
Then we're sure at twenty-one,
We know all beneath the sun.
Thirty comes, an' then we fel,
But at forty we cry: "Darn!
Now, I gross the."

Don't Be Too Sure of Her.

Don't he Too Sure of Her.
When you see the sap a-flowin'
From the winter's withered trees,
And an early biossom goin'
On a raciet with the breeze;
When you hear a birl a singin'
And the lark is in the loam,
It's a joke that they are springin';
Keep your fires up at home:

When a violet is peoplia!
With its blue eyes at the sun,
And honersuckless creepta!
When the rivers love to run:
When the vines commence their clingin'
And the doves begin to roam,
It as pole that they are springin;
Keep your lives up at home!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Awful the shock when the engines met: All was terror, confusion. din: None who saw it will e'er forget The picture that daylight ushered in.

Shattered fragments of fron and steel, Splintered wood and battered brass Mingled with broken rod and wheel— And some one's blood stained the wayside grass

Some one's body, all crushed and torn, Covered with wounds, bereft of breath, Was found 'neath the wreck; the jacket worn Told how a brakeman had met his death. Some one wept when the news was borne: Some one mourned o'er the mangled dead, In line of duty from some one torn— Yet "only a brakeman," the papers said.

Sadly they buried him 'neath the sod,
Then took the crape from the cottage door;
Over a grave the roses nod—
The grave of a brakeman whose run is o'en.
—Chicago Dispatch.

When Mothing the shadows is When morning breaks—the shadows is Before the mighty king of day, Who comes in majesty arrayed; And Earth, exulting, seems to say:

"Lo, darkness flies—her prey forsakes.

When morning breaks!"

When morning break:—then error flees
Before the sun of righteousness
Who heals the blinded eyes, and frees
The capityo in his helplesaness;
From sin and doubt the soul awakes
When morning breaks!

When morning breaks—the shades of deat Before the King shall disappear, For "night shall be no more," He saith. Himself—the light—shall bands fear, And joy the placer for sorrow takes, When morning breaks? "Van morning breaks?"

Mr. Peters of Schoharle on Woman's Sense

Mr. Peters of Schoharle on Woman's Sens.
of Humor.
Women's got no sense o' fin: the's as true as
true kin be.
Don't know nothin' tall 'bout wit, 's anybody
well kin sen.
Take a joke like them o' mine—finest jokes I
I can't make no woman laugh: jokes is things
they can't see through.

I upsot a pail o' soap-softest soap man eve seen—
Over old Bill Tompkins' head, two years gone
last Balloween.
Marthy never seen the fun; said 'twan't nothin'
but a trick
I should be ashamed on. Bah! Folks like that—
they makes me sick!

HE.
I asked her to-day,
But she gave me no answer,
Neither word would she say,
Though I asked her to-day
In the most approved way
Of the modern romancer. I asked her to-day, But she gave me no answer.

SHE.

He has spoken at last—
Shall I take him or leave him i
At my feet he is cast;
He has spoken at last.
It is hope I should blast
Would it really grieve him
He has spoken at last—
Shall I take him or leave him!

Shail Take him or leave him!

If the MAMMA.

Is he rich, as they say,
Or a penniless masker?

I must find out to-day
I he's rich, as they say,
For she's not said him nay,
And again he may sak her.
Is he rich, as they say,
Or a penniless masker?

—Yankee Blade.

REPORT OF AUDITORS OF FOSTER township on roads for years 1893 and 1894.

Daniel Boner, Treasurer. DR, To cash rec'd from Wm. Jenkins.....\$ 3,811 52 " J. S. McGroarty, license 2,069 50 To cash ree'd from J. S. McGroarty, land taxes 1140 To cash ree'd from Patk Givens, spec. 151 43

By am't paid John Schnee, personal orders \$
Bersonal orders \$
Bersonal orders \$
Bersonal order F. McFadden, personal order F. McFadden, \$
By am't paid John Schnee, general \$
Beneral F. McFadden, \$
Beneral By am't paid Wilson \$
By am't paid John Schnee, \$
By am't paid Wilson \$ oy am't paid P. McFadden, general 54 01 By am't paid Wilson and Mc-Laughlin, Joint orders 200 By am't paid Condy Mc-By am't paid Condy Mc-By am't paid Jarres Wilson 189 am't paid Jarres Wilson 189 am't paid orders, worked out taxes 200 78 By am't 3 per cent. com. on \$5,80,07 176 70 176 70 8 6,066 77

Condy McLaughlin, Supervisor. CR.

By 307 days work on roads, at \$1.50...\$

439.50

ty Peter Timony, horse, 239 days, at \$2

By John McLaughlin, horse, 49 days, at \$2

at \$2...\$ at \$2. 98 00
By sundry parties, work on roads. 1,159 77
By general expenses, supplies, etc. 205 02 James Wilson, Supervisor. \$ 2,401 29

OUTSTANDING ORDERS. \$ 2,563 26 RECAPITULATION.

6 02 1,694 40 . James Wilson, Supervisor.

Condy McLaughlin, Supervisor.

RESOURCES As Per Audit 1892-93

46 25 32 33 34 \$ 1,707 99 ASSETS. 125 00 road machine .. Unsated land, 1801-92, Lewis
Beehloft, collector,
Seated land, 1801-92, Lewis
Beehloft, collector,
Unseated land, 1802-93, Pat'ls
Givens, collector,
Seated land, 1822-93, Patrick
Givens, collector,
Seated land, 1829-93, Patrick
Givens, collector,
Seated land, special,
Unseated, special 98 60 450 08

120 04 206 78 109 76 8 1,319 44 71 40 Less received from treasurer. \$ 1,319 44

W. B. Koons, A. Rudewick, Frank Solomon, Sworn and subscribed before me this 17th ay of March, 1894. [SEAL]

s Marthy never seen the fun; said 'twan't nothin'
but a trick
I should be aslamed on. Bah: Folks like that—
they makes me sick!

Then I bought a punkin ple—scraped the punkin
out of it,
Filled it up with salt—haw! haw!—and of pepper quite a bit.
Sent it round to Wilkins' last Thanksgivin'.
Wilkins knecked my hat off, and Marthy said it
sarved me right.
New Year's eve I stole a hoss, for a joke on
Sinsa Gale.
Merrica of the mon' that—when Si had me
stuck in jail:
But when studied in mo' that—when Si had me
stuck in jail:
But when studied look does things, my! how she
will laugh and baw!

But supplied by the mass asys women's got no
sense o' fun
Hits it right, as sure as wbeat, sure's the moon
is not the sun.
Can't see jokes onless they be flat an' studie.

Can't see jokes onless they be flat an' studie.

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Can't see jokes onless they be flat an' studie.

Can' To the Taxpayers of Foster Township.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.



Supplies for sever— Coxe Bros, & Co., powder, etc Freeland McTile Co., cement Wm. Johnson, hauling pipe-Thomas Birkbeck, tools. Wm., Williamson, supplies... E. U. Turnbach, sharpening tools

By am't paid by treasurer. ...\$ 5,800 08 8,755 39 By am't due from treasurer. ...\$ 5,800 08 8,755 39 By am't due from treasurer. ...\$ 5,807 15 Balance. ...\$ 5,807 15 Balance... 7 US
\$ 5,807 15

Balance... \$ 2,858 24

The auditors make surcharges as follows:
Daniel Bonner. Treasurer.
DR.

To unit of money il'egally
puid out......\$ 1,688 38
3 per cent. com. on tax orders

worked out.....\$ 6 02
1,000 Million A. Hutchins & Co.
Labor on streets—
Frank MeGettrick.
James McDonald.
Condy Boyle.
Robert Dunlap.
Joseph Ashman.
Isaac Davis.
Hugh Boyle. Team on streets William Johnson. David Rickert.... John Fisher..... Frank O'Donnell.

E. P. Gallagher. Repairs on lockup—
William Williamson, supplies
M. Halpin.
Thomas Birkbeck
Daniel Dauber
David C. Rufe.
John M. Powell, rent..... Printing and Publishing Tribune, printing ordinance and books..... Progress, publing ordinance

B. Koous, Rudewick, Auditors, ink Solomon, bed before me this 17th

C. O. Stroh, J. P. Daniel Dauber. Condy Boyle... $^{20\ 25}_{173\ 50}$

Outstanding orders, 1892..... Amount paid treasurer, 1892.

Total expenditure..... Total receipts.....





DUPLEX

SEWING MACHINE. SEWS EITHER CHAIN

OR LOCK STITCH. The lightest running, most durable and most popular machine in the world.

Send for catalogue. Agents wanted. Best goods. Best terms. Address Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.,



C.A.SNOW&CO.



VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as skin purifying Soap, unequaled for the tollet, and without skin purifying Soap, unequaled for the tollet and delibately medi G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.



charged, the auditors consider that an allowance of five hours a day to be sufficient remuneration for services of said horse. We have accordingly made deductions, as per above statement.

W. B. Koons, A. Rudewick, A. Rudewick, Frank Solomon, A. Mildiors.

Frank Solomon, A. Mildiors.

Frank Fairchilds, Collector.

D. B.

To amount of duplicate. \$ 1,625 71
To additional tax. \$ 25 72
To day tax. \$ 180 05
Total. \$ 1,679 43
By amount returned to country type on the strength of the first day of August, A. D. Solomon, T. S. Satedial and returned to compute the first of the strength and alloys within the free land tis beroom of the program of the forecome of the first day of August, A. D. Solomon, S. Solomon, S.

READ THE TRIBUNE-READ THE TRIBUNE—

ROGER MeNclis, John Bell,
John Bell,
I. G. Deppe,
Auditors.

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR.