

THE SINGER.

In the church I stood in silence, Not a footfall, not a sound...

And I wondered if the people Gathered there, his name to praise...

So I turned unto the organ, And began to play the air Of the tender, sacred opera...

Then the heavenly spell was broken, For, beside the great staircase Stood a little ragged maiden...

"Child," I cried, "what is your business?" And I paused, with meek sublimity...

"You were singing 'bout the angels, So I came to look at you, And I kind of thought you was one...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

"Oh, don't, Ad! I'll fall off! I'm falling—indeed, I am!" Then Ad would bring the horse to a walk...

Once, on a pleasant piece of road, Ad pulled the horse into a lope, notwithstanding Liz's pleadings and assertions...

The tighter she held him by his coat, the better pleased he was. It was while thus entering along, Jake Pottoff made his appearance...

Arriving at the schoolhouse, Liz slid off the horse. Ad tied his horse and joined the boys on the outside of the building...

The slinging was half over when Ad noticed Jake slip out of the room. Jake had come alone and taken a back seat...

It was dark when the meeting was over, with the exception of the dim light of a small crescent. The boys rushed out of the schoolhouse...

Ad succeeded in catching Liz, and hurried her off toward his horse. The animal was restless, and pawed the ground...

Ad first tried to ride up to the fence. As often as he did so and Liz made any attempt to mount, the horse shied off or jumped away...

There was no other alternative. It was three miles to her home. So Ad led the horse, throwing the bridle rein over one arm...

"I tell you what, Liz, the night is boss. I believe I would like to walk the rest of my life on a night like this."

"Oh, you would get tired." "No, I wouldn't; not with you."

After another silence, Ad said: "Liz, I heard that old Bosserman's farm was for rent. What would you think if I took a notion to rent it?"

Another pause. Again: "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bosserman's place?"

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIED in haste, we repeat at leisure.—Congreve. HUMBLE wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—Augustine.

A HUSBAND is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.—Moliere. MEN marry to make an end, women to make a beginning.—A. Dupuy.

A MAN finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon. NO MAN can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—Richter.

TAKE not too short a time to make a world-wide bargain in.—Shakespeare. NEVER marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—Penn.

For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty.—Massinger. A PERSON'S character is but his formed till after wedlock.—C. Simmons.

WEDLOCK'S like wine, not properly judged of till the second glass.—Jerrold. IT is in vain that a man is born fortunate if he be unfortunate in his marriage.—Daicler.

MEN should keep their eyes wide open before marriage and half shut afterward.—Mme. Sauter. FATHERS their children and themselves abuse, that wealth a husband for the daughters choose.—Shirley.

MARRIAGE with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest of life; with a bad woman it is a tempest in a harbor.—J. P. Senn.

As the husband is, the wife is; if mated with a clown, the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.—Tennyson.

The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear, and something every day they live to pity and perhaps forgive.—Cowper.

ELECTRIC SPARKS. INCANDESCENT lamps now sell for twenty-five cents apiece. MAGNETO and automatic telephones are now coming to the front.

ITALIAN fire engines are supplied with hose fitted with electric wires, so that the firemen handling the hose can communicate with those at the engine.

On January 20, we are told, the Heilmann electric locomotive was tried between Havre and Paris, drawing thirteen cars at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

ELECTRIC headlights for railway locomotives are coming into general use. The Southern Pacific railroad has already equipped many of its engines with the new headlights.

It is reported that the Thomson-Houston company is in negotiations with the Belgian inventors (Messrs. Lagrange and Hoho) of an electric welding process for the purchase of the patent rights of France.

THERE are now in the United States more than three hundred mining companies making use of electricity for light and power.

ST. MARY'S falls, Michigan, is now being utilized for electric power production, the power being transferred to the Sault by wire.

THEY were passing a fruit store on Jefferson avenue. "Oh, my," she exclaimed, "look at those strawberries. Aren't they a lovely red?"

"Of course they are," he replied; "that's the way they blush at the price asked for them."—Detroit Free Press.

CONSOLATION. Doctor—How is your appetite? Sick Man—Good. Doctor—And your sleep? Sick Man—Good.

Doctor—And your general health? Sick Man—Also good. Doctor—Well, don't worry; I'll change all that within a week.—Hullo.

HIS DESTRUCTION. First Young Lady—Do you always buy two kinds of paper? Second Young Lady—Always.

THE CAUSE OF THE FEUD. He sat on a bench with her in the room. At eve, in the warmth and light; Then he stood three hours outside in the gloom...

FATHER KINGFISHER.

"It is getting towards spring," says Father Kingfisher. "Time to think of another nest!"

Father Kingfisher is a handsome fellow. He is of dull blue back and breast marked with black.

"I like to live near a quiet mill pond," says Father Kingfisher, "and there I dig a good tunnel, perhaps six or eight feet long, in the side of the sandy bank."

It is on account of meals that Father Kingfisher finds the sand bank a good place for a home.

Father Kingfisher does not look as if he enjoyed his dinner. He swallows it in great gulps, dislocating his neck and jerking his body and wings during the process.

The kingfishers are large, noisy and assertive birds. They dash across the water, looking like a long blue streak in their swift flight.

The little kingfishers lie warm and snug in their dry, sandy hole. No doubt they think it far pleasanter than the most daintily woven nest in the top of the tallest tree.—N. Y. World.

VERY CLEVER TRICK. How to Boil Water with the Heat of One's Hand.

A very clever trick whereby cold water may be made to appear to boil from the heat of the hand is easily managed by the boy magician.

Take a tumbler and fill it three-quarters full of water. Show your audience that is ordinary cold water or ice water, if you choose.

Place the palm of the hand tightly over the top of the tumbler and gently invert it with the right hand, which will hold it in the air after the left hand is removed.

Now with the left hand slowly and firmly draw up the handkerchief ends so as to stretch it tightly over the mouth of the tumbler, when, of course, the water will follow it to the lowest point, leaving a vacuum above it.

This vacuum, being something always abhorrent to nature, as we are taught at school, must be filled at once; hence the outer air will force itself through the handkerchief and up through the water in a rapid succession of bubbles.

Now when the operator will clearly feel the vibrations in his hand, the audience will hear the bubbling as of boiling water, and if the glass be long and the handkerchief properly arranged, so that the glass is exposed to view between the four corners of the handkerchief, the violent disturbance may plainly be seen, an exact counterpart of the steam bubbles in boiling water.

If this trick be introduced by appropriate remarks and with the pantomime of rapidly rubbing the hands together to generate a high degree of animal heat, it is very effective. Of course, it is well to practice a few times over a basin until proficiency is attained.—St. Louis Republic.

PETER MADE A MISTAKE. The schoolmistress was showing off her pupils to some visiting friends.

"Who knows what useful article is furnished to us by the elephant?" she asked.

"Ivory," was the prompt reply of three boys at once.

"Very good. And what do you get from the whale?"

"Whalebone." "Right again. And what from the seal?"

"Sealing-wax," answered Peter Sand, whose inventiveness was better than his memory.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S ADMITTION. "Well, Jimmie," said the visitor to the small son of the entomologist, "are you going to be a lawyer when you grow up, or what?"

"I'm goin' to be a bugwump like papa," said Jimmie.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America...

Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed name as well for \$100 to \$125. Top Buggy, \$37.50, as the one sold for \$65. Photographs, \$6.60 to \$10.00.

Our Harnesses are made by our own Manufacturer's Prices. \$23.50 Single, \$6 to \$10 Double.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO. Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. featuring various carriage models with prices and descriptions.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE borough of Freedland, for the year 1893-94. Table with columns for Debit and Credit, listing various financial items and their amounts.

Wheeler & Wilson NEW HIGH ARM No. 9.

Advertisement for Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, featuring a detailed illustration of the machine and descriptive text.

DUPLIX SEWING MACHINE.

Advertisement for Duplex Sewing Machine, highlighting its features and availability.

PATENTS

Advertisement for C.A. Snow & Co. Patent Office, offering services for patenting inventions.

Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM

Advertisement for Dr. Hebra's Viola Cream, describing its benefits for skin care.

PATENTS

Advertisement for C.A. Snow & Co. Patent Office, including contact information and a list of services.