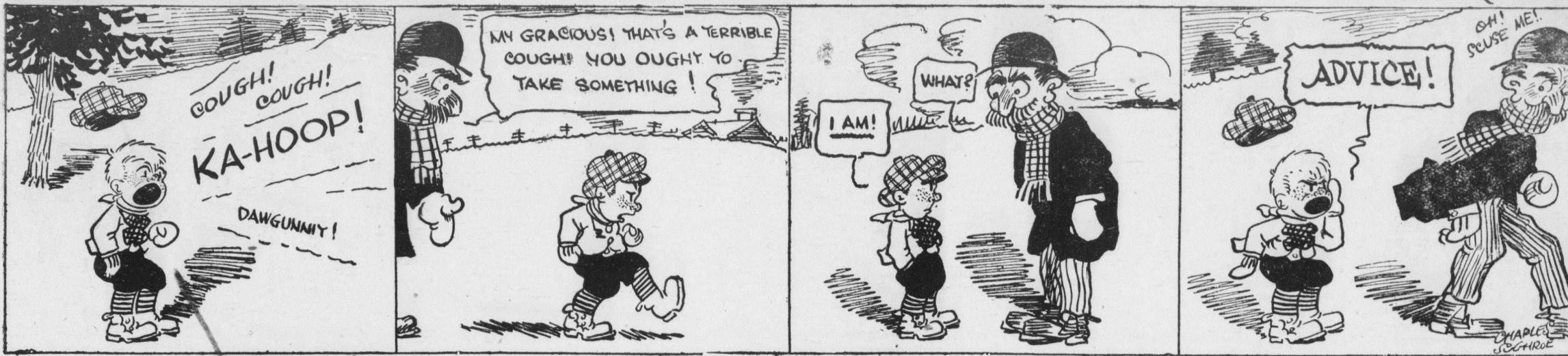


MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

And it Ain't Doim' No Good



ALWAYS TIRED NO AMBITION

Nervous and Dizzy, Everything Seemed to Worry Me. How I Got Well



Larwill, Indiana.—"My back was so bad I could not do my washing. I was always tired out and had no ambition, was nervous and dizzy and everything seemed to worry me and I had awful pains in my right side. I felt badly about four years and could not do my work as it should have been done. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised so much and it did so many people good that I began to take it myself. I am feeling fine now and everything tells me they never saw me looking so well. I live on a farm, do all my work, and have three little girls to take care of. I am recommending this medicine to my friends and know it will help them if they use it like I do." — Mrs. HENRIET LONG, R. R. 3, Box 7, Larwill, Indiana.

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Shaving Hair Cutting Jos. B. Hershey TONSORIAL PARLOR Agent for the Manhattan Laundry Goods called for Monday East Main Street, Mount Joy If you have a news item at any time, please let us have it. We want the news and so do our readers.

THE SEXES AT MIDDLE AGE

Woman Invariably Remains Younger Than the Man, Declares Writer in Eastern Magazine.

"If we consider the average middle-aged woman," writes W. L. George, "her faculty for adopting new ideas, for being converted to new religions, however incredible, for packing her day with occupations such as social intercourse, dress, causes, occupations which may be entirely imbecile, it surely must be agreed that she retains more characteristics of childhood, or, if you like, savagery, than does her solid husband, plodding away at his office, making money with dull enthusiasm, and going to sleep after a day devoid of phantasms. "It is likely that the middle-aged woman is younger than the middle-aged man. She thinks herself very clever, but as a rule she is the baby of the pair, and if it comes to a struggle where one must outwit the other, the man will usually prevail if he puts his mind to anything so futile. If women often beat men at the game of intrigue, it is mainly because men can't be bothered; they're generally thinking of something else. "That is the central point. Most men, when they reach the shadow line, are infinitely more interested in their ambitions, in their career, in the making of money, than in the quest for love. They have passed through all that. If they are lucky, and if they have not passed through it, love encounters formidable rivals. I am sure that this day many lonely women are bitterly saying, 'What's a woman by the side of a career?'" —Harper's Magazine.

BOYS ROUT BEAR WITH COW'S HELP

Animal, Undaunted by Pail of Milk in Face, Runs From Bovine Horns.

DOUBT DAD'S WORD

Had Been Told That Black Bears Were Harmless, but This Night's Experience Makes Them Sceptical on the Subject.

Olean, N. Y.—Joe Bucher, who is four years old, always has been afraid of the black bears that come out of the woods of the mountains near here, and nobody ever has been able to convince him that they are harmless. His father has told him that the black bears come out only to look for things to eat, or for exercise, and that they never were interested in little boys. Last night, however, Joe toddled out into the barn with his older brother, Fred, who is eleven, and for several years has boasted of not being afraid of bears, black or any other color. Joe walked behind his brother and when they got to the barn he sat down on a pile of hay just inside the doorway while his brother began milking the cow. "Fred," said Joe, "it is awful dark outside. Are you afraid of bears?" "Don't be silly," said Fred. "There aren't any bears around here except black bears, and they wouldn't hurt anybody." "But they might," persisted Joe. "And you're not afraid of them, are you? All right, then I won't be afraid either."

Black Bruin Appears.

Fred went on milking by the light of the lantern, until the pail was about full. All at once he heard Joe cry out with a little stifled, sobbing scream. He turned and saw that a big black bear had come through the doorway and was reaching out a hairy paw for the little boy. Fred jumped up and ran to his brother and the bear, forgetting to put down the pail of milk as he ran. But before he reached him the bear's paw had reached Joe's shoulder and the claws had gone into the sweater at the shoulder. The bear looked around just then and pulled away his paw, tearing most of Joe's sweater with it. Joe began to cry, for the claws had cut into his flesh about the shoulder and neck. Fred didn't know what else to do, so he threw the pail of milk into the bear's face. The bear put his paws up to his eyes, trying to brush away the milk as he backed away. The bear inadvertently backed into the cow, which until this time had been standing still wondering why the milking had stopped. But when she

MUST HAVE WORD FOR LOVE

Suggestion That Oldtime "Sweetheart" Be Substituted for "Fiancee" Seems Worth Considering.

The old belief that "love hath no need of words" has proved itself to be wrong, declares London Answers. When you become engaged to be married you cannot introduce the future sharer of your domestic life by taking her up to a friend and saying: "This is my—" and do the rest with a display of eye work. Yet that is what we were told—that "love spoke with the eyes." The poor man would think that love had driven you mad.

We had to find some word to describe our own chosen one of the fair sex, and we selected, of all things—fiancee, a French, and at its best a terribly sounding word.

At last, however, a protest has been made, and "betrothed" has been suggested. The word sounds sweet on a poet's lips.

He is the first flower of my freshest age Betrothed me unto the only happiness "Beloved" has been another suggestion, but the dear old word "sweetheart" requires a lot of beating. But whether it is betrothed, beloved, sweetheart or even a new word—new words are always creeping into the language, so why shouldn't we have a new one for love?—don't please, call her your fiancée.

King of Poets.

If Shakespeare had been a morose man, he might have been a great poet still; but he would not have been the one figure in literary history who today is regarded with as much real and intimate affection as if he were actually with us in the flesh. He is no longer, thank Heaven, so much as a "cult." To read Shakespeare's plays, to see them on the stage, to quote only and with relish the passages you love most is not now to be thought "high-brow" or even odd. What other writer is read so extensively or with such unspoiled pleasure in the homes of the poor, even in the homes of the rich? In this age of a highly self-conscious intellectual pessimism the popularity of Shakespeare—a little phrase of philosophers who looked upon life and found that it was good—is a satisfactory, not to say a sanitary, influence of supreme value and importance.—London Daily News.

Blackbirds' Curious Nesting Place.

After building five nests in a line on the head of a drag rake in a farm building at Devizes, a pair of blackbirds have just reared a brood of four in the fifth nest, the only one actually used. The number of half finished nests may be accounted for by the position of the head of the rake. Leaning against the wall with the nesting material kept slipping off, until, after four failures, the birds at length succeeded in getting the last nest to hold together. A somewhat similar incident was reported some time ago from Cambridgeshire, but in that case the nests were placed between the rungs of a ladder which hung horizontally against a wall.—From the Field.

Two Good Farms

I have two exceptionally good tobacco farms in East Donegal that I can sell right. They contain 81 and 89 acres. The largest can be bought for only \$150 per acre. Three-fourths of the money can remain on mortgage. Both these farms are close to markets and are money makers. E. Schroll, Mt. Joy.

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