THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., JULY 12, 181.



week I'm off to the mountains. May and June are so delightful, you know, and I'm over to sister's or up to mother's about every day, and so much shop-And they smiled and said good-bye three

attached to the family carriage of a rich Galveston family ran away a few days ago. The lady and her daughter were in the carriage and thestreet was full of vehicles. She asked the coachman if he could stop the team. He said he could not, but he thought he could steer it .-"Then," said she, leaning back with composure, " run us into some fashionable turnout. I want to be thrown into

as it was about to demolish a swill cart.

Mrs. Browyer ran into the house today quite excited and red in the face, and her husband asked what was wrong. "I am a christian," she replied, "and I don't like to quarrel, but that Mrs.

"Did she? And what did you say

a mean, tattling, good for nothing, doless, lazy, slouchy, slovenly, careless, giddy, silly, gabbling, gossiping thing, and all the neighbors knew it, and nobody liked her, and I wouldn't speak to her if she didn't belong to our church. and then I came away. I know if I had not controlled my temper I'd have said something to make her mad, and I

Then she flopped down into a chair, and her husband smiled in a queer sort of way, and her face got redder than ever, and only her Christian patience