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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Bus to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
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PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Storage respectfully solicited.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS.
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Good sample rooms for commercial Trav. sters on first floor.

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.
It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.
If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, listless and nervous. To prevent more serious conditions, take at once Simmons' LIVER REGULATOR. If you lead a sedentary life, or suffer with Stomachic Kidney Affections, avoid stimulants and take Simmons' Liver Regulator. Sure to relieve.
If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep pleasantly.
If you are a miserable sufferer with Constipation, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, seek relief at once in Simmons' Liver Regulator. It does not require continual dosing, and costs but a trifle. It will cure you.
If you wake up in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth,
TAKE Simmons' Liver Regulator. It corrects the Bilious Stomach, sweetens the Breath, and cleanses the Portal Vein. Children often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons' Liver Regulator will relieve Colds, Headache, Sick Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, and the Complaints incident to Childhood.
At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, taking Simmons' Liver Regulator, purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take
Simmons' Liver Regulator.
PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE OLD HOUSE.
It was snowing! And nobody who has not had personal experience on the subject, knows what a regular New Hampshire snow-storm means.
A cloud of flying needles sharply puncturing your face, a wind keen as the edge of any cinnetar, a white, blinding veil separating you from the rest of the world—these are some of the signs and symptoms.
And Edgar Evely felt them in their most merciless mood, as he stood helplessly on the edge of a mountain cliff, staring around him in vain search of some familiar landmark.
"I am lost!" said he. "Exactly—and it serves me right. It strikes me that I had better have staid at home and faced Kathleen's Valentine party, after all."
For, to be frank with the reader, Mr. Evely had ignominiously retreated before his sister's gay Valentine reception, to the great grief of the half dozen pretty young girls who were sojourning in the house.
"Do stay, Ned!" pleaded Kathleen Evely, almost with tears in her eyes.
"Stuff and nonsense," the young man had returned, "a man is always at a disadvantage on such occasions as this. And I never was a worshiper of old St. Valentine. Besides, I have often wondered what those Signal Service fellows did with themselves up on the top of the mountain in winter time. They say they're an awfully jolly set of chaps if once you get at 'em."
"Oh, Edgar, you will certainly be lost," said his mother, in a panic.
"I! Lost on Silver Peak! That is a good one!" cried out Evely. "Wasn't I born and bred under its very shadow? I wonder what you will be saying next, you females!"
But the unconsciously uttered prediction had come true.
He was, truly and actually, lost on Silver Peak. No one was altogether safe in such a bewildering snow-storm as this. It was not such an extraordinary circumstance, if only he had made allowance for it.
But as he groped blindly with his stick, vaguely fearing lest he should be precipitated into some unfathomable abyss below, the ferule came in contact with a rude stone wall; the beating of young calves reached his ear.
"Aha!" he cried, exultingly; "now I know where I am. It is the Old House where Farmer Eastwood keeps his calves!"
The "Old House" was a ruined farm dwelling, built long ago, for the temporary accommodation of some old settler, who had abandoned it as soon as possible for more commodious quarters. It stood on the edge of a scrubby thicket of pines and cedars, and no one ever came near it who could help themselves.
But the owner—one Mr. Eastwood, a prosperous farmer, who lived on a sunny plateau half way down the mountain—frequently used it for the accommodation of his flock and herds when the home barnyards were full.
"My bovine friends," said Evely, regaining his spirits at once, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I am as great a calf as yourselves on this unfortunate occasion, and a shelter of any sort is as important to me as it is to you."
And feeling his way to the low doorway, from which the porch had long since mouldered away, he entered the Old House.
Originally it had consisted of two rooms, in the smaller of which three or four speckled calves were shut, and Evely looked disconsolately around him, standing in the larger apartment.

"One would freeze to death here!" said he, "Once more I will seek the help of the bovines."
And opening the rude pine door, he snuggled himself down among the calves, thankful to share in their warmth, as he wrapped his cape close about his shoulders.
"Hail fellows well met," thought he, "if they were gipsies or brigands now, there might be something sentimental in the whole affair. But—calves! Well, I may as well go to sleep. The danger of freezing is over now."
When he roused up from the death-like slumber of thorough fatigue, the partition door stood open, the calves were munching sweet hay, and wonder of wonders, a ruddy fire of brush-wood and pine-cones were casting its reflection on the stone walls behind him; and two plump, cherry-cheeked girls sat on the floor, in front of the blaze, talking to each other.
"I'm asleep!" thought Edgar Evely, staring at the pretty transformation-scene which had sprung up so suddenly in the midst of the snowy darkness. "Dreaming! I shall wake up presently with my toes and finger ends frozen stiff! But it's an uncommonly jolly dream, anyhow, and I'll enjoy it while I can. What is this delicious smell? It can't be coffee and toasted johnny-cake, can it? People don't smell johnny-cake in dreams, that ever I heard of."
Just then a voice broke the thread of his reflections.
"How nice the coffee was! It was just like you, Rhoda, to think of bringing it."
"Oh, well," another sweet voice responded, "I've been out here before in a snow-storm. Somebody must go, you know, and Ateek is in Concord, and father's rheumatism is worse than usual to-night. And Ted, the farm-boy, is always afraid of Silver Peak, when it snows. Nothing would induce him to come."
"But weren't you afraid, Rhoda?"
"I?" echoed the lark-sweet tone, "Wasn't I born here?"
"My words exactly," thought our hero. "I should like to come out upon the scene and ask for a taste of that Arabian draught, but I might frighten these mountain fairies away if I were to be too precipitate. I'll be patient and bide my time."
"And," went on pretty Rhoda Eastwood, "I knew it was possible we might be detained here all night. So I brought the matches along, and the candles and the pail of coffee."
"Hello!" thought Mr. Evely. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I must come out sooner or later. They're going to stay here all night!"
"Rhoda?" whispered a soft little voice.
"Well, Nannie?" was the sweet answer.
"Aren't you afraid now?"
"Afraid?—you goose! What should I be afraid of?" merrily retorted the farmer's daughter.
"I—don't—know," slowly answered Nannie. "Only it's so lonesome."
"There are the calves, you know," laughed Rhoda.
"Humph!" said Mr. Evely to himself, "And it's St. Valentine's Eve," added Nannie.
"Well," said Rhoda, "what of that?"
"They're going to have a dance up at Squire Evely's," said Nannie.
"Well, and how does that concern us?"
"I should like to have gone," said Nannie, clasping her knees after a meditative fashion. "I never was at a Valentine party. What does it mean, Rhoda, anyway?"
"Oh, I don't know!" said Rhoda, flinging fresh pine cones on the fire. "There's an old saying, I believe, that the first man you see on St. Valentine's morning is your true love for the rest of the year."
"And no longer?" in accents of disappointment.
"How do I know?" laughed Rhoda. "I never was at a Valentine's party, either!"
"I wonder whom we shall meet going down the mountain to-morrow?" said Nannie, after a brief silence.
"As if it wasn't all nonsense!" said Rhoda.
How pretty she looked as she sat there, with the flashing red reflections dancing on her raven hair and mirrored in her liquid brown eyes!
"But one must talk nonsense sometimes," pleaded Nannie. "We have got to pass away the time somehow. If we go to sleep, and let the fire go down, we shall be frozen to death. Oh, good gracious! what's that?"
Some slight, unconscious movement on the part of their hidden auditor had frightened the calves; there was a sudden plunge and outcry in their midst. Edgar perceived that his ambuscade was no longer possible; he emerged boldly into the light.
Ladies—said he.
"It's a man!" screamed Nannie. "Oh, oh, we shall be robbed and murdered! Oh, oh!"

And she clung desperately to Rhoda Eastwood.
"I beg a thousand pardons, I am sure," pleaded Evely. "It isn't my fault. I'm not responsible. I couldn't help it, indeed. I am Squire Evely's son—from Harvard, you know—and I somehow lost my way on the mountain. And hearing the calves, it was the most natural thing in the world to come here for shelter—and I dropped asleep, and when I woke up, you were talking here. I hope I haven't frightened you very much; but I'm almost frozen, and half-famished into the bargain; and if there should happen to be a few drops of coffee left in the bottom of that tin pail—"
"How stupid we are!" cried Rhoda Eastwood, blushing beautifully, as she poured out a gourd-shell of the fragrant coffee, and presented it, together with a yellow slice of johnny cake, to their guest. "You are very welcome at the Old House, Mr. Evely. Sit down by the fire. Oh, there's no fear of the supply of pine-cones giving out! We always fill a bin full here every fall for just such emergencies as this."
"This is delightful!" said our hero, thawing himself out, as it were, by the fire. A sort of winter picture, eh? But, I can tell you, it came very near being something serious with me. I wanted to get away from my sister's merry-making, don't you see? He added, frankly, "and this is the sort of doom I've brought upon myself!"
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"He's a good sort of a saint," says Mr. Evely, who is falling deeper and deeper in love with the farmer's daughter with every day. "I'm quite willing to leave it to old St. Valentine!"—Helen Forrest Graves.

An Exchange of Tresses.
A funny story is being told in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress played in the principal parts. Both of the Russians were suitors for the lady's hand, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It appears that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of tender passion, but few of the French divinites are endowed with profuse chevelures; and, if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply. Mile. Alice glories in the possession of suburban ringlets, and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L— and the Baron de M— both happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual dulcinea. Each begged a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own; to which the charming creature readily assented, and, without touching a single turf of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capillaries. The Count now wears the Baron's hair next his heart, and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scallock under his pillow.—Paris Paper.

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Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work.
This work contains nearly 300 handsome illustrations with instructions for making hundreds of beautiful things, either for adorning your home or presents for your friends, at a most trifling expense, including all kinds of Fancy Work, Artistic Embroideries, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting and Net Work; contains designs for Monograms, Initials, Tieds, Lambrequins, Ottomanes, Counterpanes, Rugs, Carriage Robes, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Waste Work Bags, Pen Wipers, Hanging Baskets, Catchalls, Pin Cushions, Footstools, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Card Baskets, Sofa Pillows, Table Covers, Work Stands, Table Scat Screens, Scrap Bags, Hand Bags, Table Mats, Toilet Mats, Lamp Mats, Lamp Shades, Pillow Shams, Pillow Sham Holders, Curtains, Toilet Stands, Slipper Cases, Letter Cases, Picture Frames, Toilet Sets, Cloths, Brush Holders, Hassocks, Chair Boxes, Sachets, Fancy Purse, Slippers, Dressing Gowns, Music Portfolios, Knife Cases, Fans, Flower Baskets, Plant Stands, Flower Pot Covers, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Window Shades, Feather Work, Spatter Work, Leaf Photographs and many other things.
It is handsomely bound, containing 64 large 3-column pages and will be sent post paid for only 30 cents. It is the best book on fancy work ever published, and every lady interested in household art should secure a copy at once. Address, THE EMPIRE NEWS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Had His Mind Read.
"I suppose I vhas shwindled some more," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder, as he paid a visit to Sergeant Bendall yesterday.
"Not a doubt of it. What's your story?"
"Do you believe dot a man can read somebody's mind?"
"Well, I've heard of mind-readers."
"So has Shake, and he goes crazy about it. He vhas going to be a mind-reader if it takes all winter. He practice a leedle on me, and I vhas astonished."
"But about the swindle?"
"Vhell, two mans comes in my place last night when I vhas alone. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, one of dot pair vhas a mind-reader, and he like so gif me some points. He doan't do it by every body, but I vhas such a friend of Sergeant dot seems all right, and we lock der door and sot down. I vhas plind-folded mit a handkerchief, and der mind-reader says:
"Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so hard as you can, and keep awful still! If you take dot pandage off or shrump around dot preaks me all oop."
"Vhell, Sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my parrn on Hastings shreet, and maype two minutes goes by and nobody speaks to me. Den der oldt woman comes down sbtains and I take off der pandage. Dose mans vhas gone."
"And what else?"
"Two boxes of cigars and five pottles of whiskey. Vhas it a shwindle on me?"
"I should smile! Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."
Sergeant, look in my eyes! I vhas going home. To-night some pody vhill drop in, Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, I like to read—"
"Yes."
"Dot vhas all, Sergeant. If some inquest vhas heldt you remember dot I vhas a shwindled man, and dot I kildt him in self-defense!"—Detroit Free Press.

Budding and Grafting.
Next to planting young trees in the spring, preparations ought to be made for grafting the natural apple trees and other bearers of worthless fruit to be found on almost every farm. The following schedule of the modes of propagation adapted to different trees and fruit bearing shrubs will be found of value by novices:
Apple and pear, budding and grafting.
Cherry, mostly by budding, but succeeds well by grafting, if done very early.
Peach and nectarine, by budding only at the north; often succeeds by grafting at the south.
Plum, by grafting, and also by budding, if the stocks are thrifty.
Apricot, mostly by budding; sometimes by grafting.
Almond, by budding, and sometimes by grafting.
Chestnut, by early grafting.
Walnut, by early grafting and by annual grafting.
Quince, by cutting and grafting.
Filbert, by suckers and layers. The finer sorts may be grafted on the more common, which reduces the size of the bush and makes them more prolific.
Grape, by layers and cuttings, and in rare instances, grafting is advantageously employed for new or rare sorts on old or wild stocks, producing rapid growth and early bearing.
Raspberry and blackberry, by suckers, cutting of roots and layers.
Gooseberry and currant, by cuttings and sometimes by layers.
To insure good work one must have sharp tools and good wax. Ben Perley Poore, in "The American Cultivator," who approves of the above schedule, says to make the grafting wax by heating and mixing equal parts of resin, tallow and yellow beeswax. A coat of this wax, about one-twentieth of an inch thick, spread over muslin, calico or flexible paper, makes an excellent covering for outdoor grafting or spread half as thick, is well adapted to root grafting.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know what to read; read what he says:
TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Gentlemen—
I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my preparation and experience, have never seen a confidence in success as I can Hall's Catarrh cure manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and with effect. Wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.
Yours truly,
L. L. GOLDSCHMIDT, M. D.,
Office, 215 Sumner St.
We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Ta ken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

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This work contains nearly 300 handsome illustrations with instructions for making hundreds of beautiful things, either for adorning your home or presents for your friends, at a most trifling expense, including all kinds of Fancy Work, Artistic Embroideries, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting and Net Work; contains designs for Monograms, Initials, Tieds, Lambrequins, Ottomanes, Counterpanes, Rugs, Carriage Robes, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Waste Work Bags, Pen Wipers, Hanging Baskets, Catchalls, Pin Cushions, Footstools, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Card Baskets, Sofa Pillows, Table Covers, Work Stands, Table Scat Screens, Scrap Bags, Hand Bags, Table Mats, Toilet Mats, Lamp Mats, Lamp Shades, Pillow Shams, Pillow Sham Holders, Curtains, Toilet Stands, Slipper Cases, Letter Cases, Picture Frames, Toilet Sets, Cloths, Brush Holders, Hassocks, Chair Boxes, Sachets, Fancy Purse, Slippers, Dressing Gowns, Music Portfolios, Knife Cases, Fans, Flower Baskets, Plant Stands, Flower Pot Covers, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Window Shades, Feather Work, Spatter Work, Leaf Photographs and many other things.
It is handsomely bound, containing 64 large 3-column pages and will be sent post paid for only 30 cents. It is the best book on fancy work ever published, and every lady interested in household art should secure a copy at once. Address, THE EMPIRE NEWS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Had His Mind Read.
"I suppose I vhas shwindled some more," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder, as he paid a visit to Sergeant Bendall yesterday.
"Not a doubt of it. What's your story?"
"Do you believe dot a man can read somebody's mind?"
"Well, I've heard of mind-readers."
"So has Shake, and he goes crazy about it. He vhas going to be a mind-reader if it takes all winter. He practice a leedle on me, and I vhas astonished."
"But about the swindle?"
"Vhell, two mans comes in my place last night when I vhas alone. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, one of dot pair vhas a mind-reader, and he like so gif me some points. He doan't do it by every body, but I vhas such a friend of Sergeant dot seems all right, and we lock der door and sot down. I vhas plind-folded mit a handkerchief, and der mind-reader says:
"Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so hard as you can, and keep awful still! If you take dot pandage off or shrump around dot preaks me all oop."
"Vhell, Sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my parrn on Hastings shreet, and maype two minutes goes by and nobody speaks to me. Den der oldt woman comes down sbtains and I take off der pandage. Dose mans vhas gone."
"And what else?"
"Two boxes of cigars and five pottles of whiskey. Vhas it a shwindle on me?"
"I should smile! Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."
Sergeant, look in my eyes! I vhas going home. To-night some pody vhill drop in, Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, I like to read—"
"Yes."
"Dot vhas all, Sergeant. If some inquest vhas heldt you remember dot I vhas a shwindled man, and dot I kildt him in self-defense!"—Detroit Free Press.

Budding and Grafting.
Next to planting young trees in the spring, preparations ought to be made for grafting the natural apple trees and other bearers of worthless fruit to be found on almost every farm. The following schedule of the modes of propagation adapted to different trees and fruit bearing shrubs will be found of value by novices:
Apple and pear, budding and grafting.
Cherry, mostly by budding, but succeeds well by grafting, if done very early.
Peach and nectarine, by budding only at the north; often succeeds by grafting at the south.
Plum, by grafting, and also by budding, if the stocks are thrifty.
Apricot, mostly by budding; sometimes by grafting.
Almond, by budding, and sometimes by grafting.
Chestnut, by early grafting.
Walnut, by early grafting and by annual grafting.
Quince, by cutting and grafting.
Filbert, by suckers and layers. The finer sorts may be grafted on the more common, which reduces the size of the bush and makes them more prolific.
Grape, by layers and cuttings, and in rare instances, grafting is advantageously employed for new or rare sorts on old or wild stocks, producing rapid growth and early bearing.
Raspberry and blackberry, by suckers, cutting of roots and layers.
Gooseberry and currant, by cuttings and sometimes by layers.
To insure good work one must have sharp tools and good wax. Ben Perley Poore, in "The American Cultivator," who approves of the above schedule, says to make the grafting wax by heating and mixing equal parts of resin, tallow and yellow beeswax. A coat of this wax, about one-twentieth of an inch thick, spread over muslin, calico or flexible paper, makes an excellent covering for outdoor grafting or spread half as thick, is well adapted to root grafting.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know what to read; read what he says:
TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Gentlemen—
I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my preparation and experience, have never seen a confidence in success as I can Hall's Catarrh cure manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and with effect. Wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.
Yours truly,
L. L. GOLDSCHMIDT, M. D.,
Office, 215 Sumner St.
We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Ta ken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cts.

And she clung desperately to Rhoda Eastwood.
"I beg a thousand pardons, I am sure," pleaded Evely. "It isn't my fault. I'm not responsible. I couldn't help it, indeed. I am Squire Evely's son—from Harvard, you know—and I somehow lost my way on the mountain. And hearing the calves, it was the most natural thing in the world to come here for shelter—and I dropped asleep, and when I woke up, you were talking here. I hope I haven't frightened you very much; but I'm almost frozen, and half-famished into the bargain; and if there should happen to be a few drops of coffee left in the bottom of that tin pail—"
"How stupid we are!" cried Rhoda Eastwood, blushing beautifully, as she poured out a gourd-shell of the fragrant coffee, and presented it, together with a yellow slice of johnny cake, to their guest. "You are very welcome at the Old House, Mr. Evely. Sit down by the fire. Oh, there's no fear of the supply of pine-cones giving out! We always fill a bin full here every fall for just such emergencies as this."
"This is delightful!" said our hero, thawing himself out, as it were, by the fire. A sort of winter picture, eh? But, I can tell you, it came very near being something serious with me. I wanted to get away from my sister's merry-making, don't you see? He added, frankly, "and this is the sort of doom I've brought upon myself!"
"So they sat and talked in the fire-light, quite losing sight of all stiffness and ceremony in the cordial fellowship engendered by their mutual plight.
Evely was surprised at the delicate culture and native refinement evinced in every look and word of Esau Eastwood's daughter.
Rhoda wondered how any one could ever have called Edgar Evely cold or reserved; and little Nannie Voohees, fast asleep, with her head on Rhoda's lap, dreamed—who knew of what?—until the chiming of the far away midnight bells, born up the mountainside by the strong north wind, suddenly broke across the shriek of the tempest.
"The wind has changed. It will stop snowing soon," said Rhoda, quietly.
"Miss Eastwood—?" said Evely.
"Well?"
"Don't think me impertinent, but—"
"No, I don't. Go on."
"But," added Evely, "we are each other's Valentines!"
"Are we?" Rhoda burst out laughing. "So we are—for a whole year."
"And perhaps longer. Who knows?"
His tone was just a little sentimental perhaps—at least it might have been, if Nannie had not waked up just then.
"Where am I?" said she, stretching out her pretty calico-covered arms.
"Oh, I remember now. We are snow-bound; and I was dreaming of St. Valentine's Day!"
With the dawn a faint rose-flush had overspread the sky. Rhoda had proved a true prophet—the storm was over.
And the three merrily descended the mountain side together.
"Remember, Edgar said, as he gave a parting pressure to Rhoda's hand, at the Eastwood farm-gate, 'you are my Valentine!'"
"For a year," corrected Rhoda, calmly.
"But the lease is renewable at the year's end!" urged Evely.
And so the matter is left—to be settled a twelve months hence as old St. Valentine may decide.
"He's a good sort of a saint," says Mr. Evely, who is falling deeper and deeper in love with the farmer's daughter with every day. "I'm quite willing to leave it to old St. Valentine!"—Helen Forrest Graves.

System in Business.
Difference Between the Human Automaton and the Man Ready for Emergencies.
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