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Copper-plate Engraving
Wedding Cards,
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notice and at best prices, at this office.

Bee

EARLINGTON, JOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1896.

NO. 1.

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A varied assortment of reasonable articles in this line. Latest styles always on hand.

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What will the New Year bring?

BY FRANK B. WELCH.
The old year fades into the past
With all its joys and sorrows,
And all its bright to-morrows,
Some hearts regret its hasty flight,
Some gladly speed the parting
Which banishes the sad old year,
So focus at its starting.

We bid the dying year good-by
And turn, with hope and sorrow,
To greet the New Year coming in
With promises enticing:
And as we lay aside the past
In gladness or in sorrow,
We reach out to the time to come
And bid the future borrow.

What will the New Year bring to us
Is weal or woe awaiting?
Will fortune smile in kindly way
Or wile us up to sorrow?
Could we but read the veil of time
And see beyond the present,
What weasels lurk in every path,
A prospect dark or pleasant?

Ah, it were well would we but take
The days as they are given,
And make such one a stepping stone
To raise us up to heaven!
Instead we waste the precious hours
In blind and fruitless groping,
The while we in an aimless way
For selfish gain are groping.

The coming year will surely bring
Is what we'er we merit,
So if we fail to reap success
We've got to grin and bear it.
For what we sow that shall we reap,
Such is the law unending,
Which rules our lives from day to day—
Beginning unto ending.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.
Emily Marshmallow was spending
the holidays with her dearest friend,
the first morning of the new
year they were discussing their families
and turning over enough fresh leaves to
fill a book. From this they fell upon
the failings of their mutual friends.

"If I were as jealous as Jesse,"
observed the blonde Emily, "I should turn
over a new leaf in regard to that to-day."
"In regard to that," returned the brun-
nette Lucy, "she has decided not to
taste candy for a whole year."

"It always did ruin her complexion."
"Yes, jealousy is so foolish, isn't it?"
Charlie always says I have none."
"No, I. Jack thinks it wonderful."
Just then the maid appeared, bearing
a box.

"Miss Lucy, here is a box of flowers
for—"
"For me?"
"For Miss Emily."
When it was opened, on top of the
roses was a card, bearing the name of
"Charles Marshmallow," and
"Oh, how lovely of him!"
"Who, Jack?"
"No, Charlie."
"Very nice, indeed, to pay my guest
some attention. Of course, I don't care,
but I think it unnecessary for him—"
"You surely are not jealous, dear?"
For my part, I think an engaged man
has a perfect right to send flowers to
any girl whom he admires."

Another knock and another box of
flowers. This time the roses were for
Lucy, with the card of "Jack Vanstyle,"
and "Best wishes for a Happy New Year."
"How kind of Jack! Do look, dear
Emily."
"Very nice, of course, he only wished
to please me, but—"
"Why, you know, dear, you just said
you thought an engaged man had a per-

fect right to send flowers to any girl
whom he admired."
"Whom he admired, yes, but—"
"Don't be jealous, dear; it is silly."
"Then I'm not surprised that you—"
"You are horrid, Emily Marshmallow—"
and if I was not in my own house—"
"I shall not stay here to be insulted!"
"Please, miss," said a voice at the
door, "I knocked, but you didn't hear."
The forlorn boy is downstairs, and he
says that by mistake he exchanged the
cards in those boxes of flowers he just
sent."

"THE FLORENCE'S BOY IS DOWNSTAIRS,
MISS."

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whom he admired."
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"Of course, I know that all the time."
"So did I, dear. What a funny joke;
looky we are not jealous, like Jesse!"

A Hiss.
Witherby-I have invited Castleton
around to New Year's dinner.
Mrs. Witherby-But he was here
Christmas to dinner.
Witherby-What if I?
Mrs. Witherby-I am afraid he will
recognize that turkey—Life.

A New Application.
Cunso-The phrase "The good thing
does not refer to people."
Fungie-I thought it did.
Cunso-No; it refers to good New
Year resolutions—Judge.

Watkins (who has fallen for the 20th
time)-I am (ah) blank girl I bor-
rowed Javins' dress suit—Judge.
They're still on track.
She-The fashion of making New
Year's calls is dying out.
He-Not among creditors—Life.

Best Self-Healed.
New Bride-I have taken my first
step. Won't you have lunching it with
our New Year's dinner, tomorrow?
Maud-I am sorry, darling, but I
can't. I am a busy girl.

Rev. A. J. Bennett, who
at this place, but is now
at Dexterville, Butler
Ky., was in Earlington
Sunday with his bride. Mr.
Bennett married Miss Hancock,
of Webster County. The wedding
took place in Evansville because
of opposition of the young ladies
parents. Miss Hancock was 18
years of age. It is supposed that
the pair will be as sweethearts
as they picked
off in a
dignified
manner.



Truth crushed to earth shall rise again The eternal years of God are hers.

The front door was completely
buried under a 20-foot drift, and
Gregory told me it was a lucky thing,
for if it had not been and anyone
should have opened the front and rear doors
at the same time the whole unlucky
house would have been blown down
to Toronto. That lake breeze was what
they called "braising weather" up there.
Down in Iowa we would have locked
ourselves indoors and said: "What a
fearful blizzard!"

And they seemed to enjoy it. The girl
cousin, Maud Gregory, did not mind it
in the least, and would take her skates
and sail out for a little spin on the ice
on days when I was wondering whether
we had not better tie the house to the
ice, in order to keep it from blowing
away.

But then she was accustomed to it.
She had never been farther south than
Toronto, and frequently spent her win-
ters there on Lake Simcoe.

She was a beautiful girl, too. I saw
her the first time I met her, and I saw
her more plainly every day. The
time I had grown a little ac-
tively to the beautiful climate we
wood fires, and as Greg-
ory, practically confined
to her room, the pleasure
Gap. Geo. numerous skat-
ing parties, and I
STORE HO.

W. R. Coyle, the
Saturday night, bur-
ied the dry goods store.



NEW YEAR'S DAY

As the noon-bell ushers in records
the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, so
the sun-chronograph writes down the
days and seasons and determines the
time of their recurrence. Man has given
names to the latter and set apart cer-
tain of the days as commemorative of
events that are dead, or as suggestive
of a sentiment that may be valuable,
or otherwise, as it is taken. The Fourth
of July teaches of patriotism, Christ-
mas of the blessings of home and the
beauty of the Christ-life, while New
Year's tells of the sepulture of one and
the germination of another cycle of earth.

Celebration of the latter anniversary
is sentimental, but sentiment pierces
the heart that is egotistic to glory. Patriot-
ism is sentimental, but it impels men
to the months of death-defying cannon.
New Year's might have been as appro-
priately on May 1, or any other day,
but the sentiment of the selection, and
there are, besides, no means of fixing
the period when, according to the sub-
lime Mosaic account, "the evening and
the morning were the first day."

This anniversary is suggestive of
things that have been. Memento
of the things that have been, and the
night-of opportunities that come and
were not seized; of follies and sins; of
grief and pain; eyes, and of pleasure,
and joy, and peace. God be blessed for
memory! The saddest recollection,
even, is touched of the gentle hand of
remembrance, the greatest of Gregory
bears a lofty lesson. Who can low-
dearly prize the shadows of the past
that come up out of the night, self-
filled by the deeds of goodness, mercy
and all-kindness that marked them
when in substance they lived and moved
with us? These unwritten books have
the most precious pages, and as we turn
them, one by one, over, we scan the
lines with moistened eyes of tenderness
and with hearts that beat in unison
with the sentiments thereon inscribed.

Cherishing whatever is good of the
past, man stands in the vestibule of the
future, yet, and still its salons and
chambers with cheery furniture and
decor, loving forms. New Year's has,
in fact, been termed a day of resolves that
are broken. But it is better, far, to pur-
pose and not to do than never try the
right at all. The sun of life's duty is
contained in the simple admonition,
"Try and, should failure come, try
again. Not everyone is privileged
to attain all-goodness, and few there
can boast of a record of unbroken
success. The night comes to all, but
star of Hope, like Sirius, never sets.
Fidelity is that man who has the strength
to win the promise of fulfillment is weak.

If the full sunshine may not come, let
the glints find their way through the
dense foliage and tessellate the ground
with their tremulous mosaics of vary-
ing hue. Try for him who cannot see
the dawn of the new year the light of
better things. What hour so glad and
bright as that which paints the eastern
sky in crimson and gold, and that is
filled with songs of birds, inspired of
the pure air and the fresh, sun-flashed
light of the morning of 1896 is come,
and all will say, "The new year's resolu-
tion of Hope whispereth lessons that
shall be inspiration to renewed courage
in the putting aside of things that hin-
der the onward march to better living.

"You are the only one to neglect to
congratulate me, Mr. Butler," she said,
frowning offense.
"But I do congratulate you, Miss
Maud," I said, sincerely, "and I hope
your engagement was not too hasty for
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