THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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> T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. WOODSFIELD, OHIO. Office and residence in the Hollister property, west side of town, near Union School House The roses were red on the rugged hill—

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Chronic Diseases will receive specia

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THN undersigned, having been appointed Notary Public, would inform his ister Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing. JOHN JEFFERS. apr18, 76r. Beallsville. Monroe Co., Ohio.

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WOODSFIELD, OHIO FAIR DEALING. with ALL, I solicit a share of the public pat-

ap 281y.

Doetry.

"GOD KNOWS."

storm, and of the 220 who went down, bettered herself." only one-a little child-drifted ashore When the waif was laid at rest from her troubled baptism, the question was ask ed by somebody, "What name?" and the reply was, "God knows." A gentle-When the waif was laid at rest from her man present, touched by the words, caused a headstone to be erected, bearing only this: "God knows!"

An emigrant ship with a world aboard Went down by the head on the Kentish To tatter of bunting at half-mast lowered, No cannon to toll for the creatures lost. Two hundred and twenty their souls let slip,

Two hundred and twenty with speechless lip Went staggering down in the foundered ship! Nobody can tell it-not you nor I, The frenzy of fright when lightning thought Wove like a shuttle the far and the nigh,

Shot quivering gleams through the long for-And lighted the years with a ghastly glare, A second a year, and a second to spare

'Mid surges of water and gasps of prayer. The heavens were doom, and the Lord was

The cloud and the breaker were bent in one No angel in sight—not any to come! God pardon their sins for the Christ His Sonl The tempest died down, as the tempest will, The sea in a rivulet drowse lay still, The roses that blow in the early light And die into gray with the mists of night.

A waif of a girl with her sanded hair, And hands like a prayer on her cold blue

And a smile on her mouth that was not de-No stitch on the garment even to tell Who bore her, who lost her, who loved her

A ripple of sod just covered her over. Nobody to bid her "good-night, my bird!" friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill Pensioners' Blanks, admin. Nobody slive had her pet name heard! 'What name?" asked the preacher. "God

knows!" they said, Nor waited nor wept as they made her bed, But sculptured "God knows" on the slate at

Lost hope or lost heart, lost Pleiad or child, Remember the words at the drowned girl's Bewildered and blind the soul has repose

Whether cypress or laurel blossoms and blows, Whatever betides for the good "God knows!" God knows all the while-our blindness His Our darkness His day, our weakness His might.

-BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, in Examiner.

Select Story.

BY S ANNIE FROST.

less from long custom of the solemn sig- for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead nificance of the letters he was cutting in years ago.' the white marble. The June sun was "It looks so." BANK.
OHIO

State white marble. The sum was nearly at the end of the day's journey, sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, whose waves washed the shores of the little sea port town of Monkton. A stranger, handsomely knows But even that didn't make Pearly at the white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the covening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone and ended by smashing it to atoms.

"Eou as so.

"Course it does. Nobody else doubts the white cottage at Monkton, and have always to listen to Davy's tale of the covening when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone and ended by smashing it to atoms.

"For "is the invariable ending of the dressed, middle-aged or more, with dark think so. She wore mourning for her hair thickly streaked with gray, and large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the ed of, but not weeds. Weeds was for fence that was around the yard where the widows, she said, and she wasn't a wid-seq, sure enough, but he was not dead, and he came back to her feithful love as stone-cutter worked, and read the letter- ow.' WM BEARDMORE. ing, almost completed, upon the tomb-

HIRAM GOLDBY, Aged 35,

Lost at SEA, January, 1866. The last 6 was nearly completed. A strange pallor gathered for a moment jest fainted like a woman' upon the stranger's face, then he drew a

and Hiram Goldby must have been ten years under the waves." "Well, sir, that's the question-is he

there?" "Is he there Your stone tells us he is and has been for years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And was old Mrs. Goldby's, and bless you, by the often difficult path of daily duty is not the man to give up. I'll have you yet she as ordered it don't believe it.— Pearl don't eat much more than a bird, —of daily duty always cheerfully per- yet, girl—if I go through fire and water She came over here a week or so back, and her dresses cost next to nothing - formed. with a worried look on her sweet face, that I never seen any but patient in ten long years, an' she says to me: 'You the big fortune never tempted her. So may cut a stone. Davy,' says she, 'an' have it put up in the churchyard, an' I don't want to see it. I'll pay whatever you choose to ask, Davy,' says she, 'but he's not dead an' don't want a tomb he's not dead an' don't want a tomb.

It the prospect to flashed through Lucia's mind. She remembered the little revolver, her father's somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame to resist, he was bound and borne away, and before the astonished villian had time to resist, he was bound and borne away, the Indians, meanwhile, scattering like a flock of sheep in every direction. A minister going to visit one of his her bosom, and before the astonished villian had time to resist, he was bound and borne away, the Indians, meanwhile, scattering like a flock of sheep in every direction. A witty Frenchman writes in a Paris fian could move, turned it full upon him.

A witty Frenchman writes in a Paris fian could move, turned it full upon him. ronage. Particular attention paid to the restone. 'Lor', mum,' says I, 'he'd a turn never come.' stone.' 'Lor', mum,' says I, 'he'd a turn never come.'
ed up in all these years if he wasn't The stranger lifted his face that had man who has three decorations. The "Plucky, now, isn't she?" he cried, in "How did you come here?" she fall

[An emigrant ship foundered in a and misery, her full share, an' might o' that, he gave him choice spices and

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stran of a man cutting his tombstone."

"What did you say, sir ?" "Nothing—nothing; what answer did the widow make Mr. Miles?"

"If Hiram's dead,' says she, 'I'm his fragments Then, panting with exertaithful widow while I live; if Hiram's tion, he held out his brawny hand to the iving, I'm his faithful wife.' Maybe, stranger-a stranger no longer. sir, you're from the city, and have heard

the story of our Pearl?'

"What story is that?" "Well, sir, it's been told many times, man, and make Pearl's heart glad." more particular in the last year, but you're welcome to hear what I know of you; that is, if you care to hear.'

was a wreck off Monkton rocks, that you can see from here, now that the tide's low. Cruel rocks they are, and a many a wreck they've seen, the more's the Hiram Goldby took the path to the lit-

pity; you see them, sir?"

"I see them."

"Well, sir, of this one wreck, thirty-three years ago, there was nothing washed ashore but a bit of a girl baby, three or four years old, with a skin like a lily leaf, and great black eyes; Hiram Gold by found her down there in the rocks; he was a boy of twelve years strong and little great black eyes; and standing upon the seat in the porch looked over the half curtain into the neat but poor sitting-room.

Hiram Goldby took the path to the little white cottage where he was born forty five years before. The sun had stately, with a good sensible face, and a profusion of brown hair.

There was a look of annoyance upon her face; she clenched her hands, and set her small teeth together.

Litter was not the was born forty five years before. The sun had stately, with a good sensible face, and a profusion of brown hair.

There was a look of annoyance upon her face; she clenched her hands, and set her small teeth together.

"And so the gossips are up in arms her memory her m

it, for she'd a bit of temper in her, though window sill, and a low voice answered nothing to harm. "When Hiram made his first voyage, for they are all seafaring men hereabout, and there was nothing for a lad to do only empty air were filled then, as Hiram but ship, the Pearl was just a little wash. stood under the low window. ed out lily a fretting till be came again.

And it was so whenever he went, for they were sweethearts from the time she nestled her baby face on his breast, when he picked her up from the wreck; she was sixteen when they were married, as near sixteen when they were married to his; "I always which soon bore her away from her childhood's home. It was early the following morning, when the train, and turned ner norses head. She had about three miles to travel, and vexed at her own forgetfulness of the hour, Lucia hurried the horse forward.

Her way lay along the bank of a win-The legend be ours when the night runs wild,

Sixteen when they were married, as near fond, true husband, little one, who will nearly twenty-four. She prayed him to never leave you again!" stay at home then, and he stayed a year; but he fretted for the sea, and went he stepped over the low window sash again and again, thinking, I s'pose, his wife'd get used to it, as all the wives hereabouts must do; but she never did—never. It was just pitiful to see her going about white as a corpse, when Hi ram was away, never looking at the sea without a shudder like a death chill. All through the way it was interested as stepped over the low window sash and gathered her in his arms, raining kisses upon her sweet, patient lips.

"It is true! You have come!" she cried at last, bursting into a passion of happy tears. "I knew you were not dead. You could not be dead and my heart not tell me!"

through the war it was just awful, for It was long before they could think of Hiram 'listed board a man of-war, and Pearl was a shadow when he come home the last time.' be last time.' "After the war?"

"Yes, sir; but he never made no money of any account, and so he went again, enormously hungry." after staying at home a long spell.— And Pearl's merry laugh chased the The Stone Cutter's Story. Well, he never come back; twasn't no last of the shadows from her happy face, manner of use telling Pearl he was lost; and she bustled about the room preparshe'd just shake her pretty head and say, ing supper.
'He'll come back.' Not a mite of mourn "Supper He was whistling over his work, care | mother gave bim up and put on black,

"But the stone." "Well, sir, I'm a coming to that. A year ago, sir, a fine gentleman from

child to go, but she would not. 'Hiram Graphic. will come here for me,' she said, 'and he must find me where he left me.'

FRITZ REEP My heart never told me he was dead, Ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and first because he had none."

Davy, an' I shall never believe it till my one man only was saved; saved, Davy. eart tells me!" by savages, who made him a slave, the "His sweetheart?" questioned the worst of slaves! But one day this sui-"His wife, sir-his loving, faithful who was in the coils of a huge snake, wife, that's had poverty, an' loneliness, and the chief released him. More than woods, and sent him aboard the first "How was that?"

passing ship So the sailor landed in a "Mr. Miles, sir, the richest ship-owner great city, sold his presents and put the

Not a word spoke Dayy; standing erect he seized an immense sledge-ham

"I've done no better work in my life than I've done in the last five minutes, Hiram,' he said heartily. "Go home,

"You will prepare her, Davy?"
"She don't need it, Hiram. She don't it. There! that 6 is done, and I'll leave need it! You asked me about the stone the Scripture text till morning. If you The neighbors drove her to ordering it, will come to the gateway, sir, and take twitting her that now she was rich she a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell grudged the stone to her husband's memory. So she told me to cut it, but "I do care,' was the grave reply; "I she says: 'Don't you put dead upon it, ant very much to hear the story.' Davy. Put, lost at sen, for Hiram's lost, "Maybe you're some kin to the Pearl but he'll be found and come back to me.' f Monkton-that's what they call Mrs. She never looked at it, Hiram, never; Goldby hereabout. It's a matter of and there's not an hour, nor hasn't been thirty-three years back, sir, that there in ten years, that she's not looking for

by found her down there in the rocks; the neat but poor sitting-room.

"And so the gossips are up in arms at last!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "I had been placed at her service, she here or elsewhere, made the statement at mother. You may see the cottage, the last woman with a statement at her memory, until one day, returning from school, on the little mustang which here or elsewhere, made the statement at had been placed at her service, she here or elsewhere, made the statement at had been placed at her service, she had been placed at her service at mother. You may see the cottage, the second white one on the side of the hill.' pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothing banded and gathered into rich braids "Weil Hiram took the baby there, and white one on the side of the shapely head. Here was not one to show the same as a mother of could see that she was not one to show the same as a mot

Mrs Goldby was the same as a mother to her—a good woman, the Widow Goldby—God rest her soul! dress was a plain one, with white ruffles, cuffs and apron. She had been sewing, but her work was put aside, and presently she came to the open window and should attempt to deceive me. At all

clench her mite of a hand and strike at | She stretched her arms over the low "Pearl-Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped "Do not move, love," she whispered

from view. "I walked from J-, love, and I am

'Supper for two!" she cried gleeful-

the'll come back.' Not a mite of mourn ing would she wear, even after his own mother gave him up and put on black, for, sir, it stands to reason he's dead years ago.'

"It looks so.'.

"Course it does. Nobody else doubts it excepting Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs. Goldby's last words were: 'I'm going to meet Hiram,' and they say the dying when he was cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone and ended by knows. But even that didn't make Pear!

"Supper for two!" she cried gleeful"Supper for two!" she cried gleefulher brain. Could it be possible?

Just then the strange solved the paper, and turned his face full upon her own; a handsome, dark face, with deep-set, black eyes, and the mouth, which was a like were: 'I'm going to come for a quiet month to books before the year 1200.

Eggs are kept fresh for years in Scotland, by rubbing them with oil or butter when newly laid, so as to stop the pores.

The grand house in New York is tenstrange speculation entered her brain. Could it be possible?

Just then the strange solved the problem. He dropped the paper, and turned his face full upon her own; a handsome, dark face, with deep-set, black eyes, and the mouth, which was a like were it is ensual, half concealed by a heavy mustache.

Lucia started in surprise, and an unlarge for two!" she cried gleeful.

"Supper for two!" she cried gleeful.

A strange speculation entered her brain. Could it be possible?

Just then the strange solved the turned his as he again approached her, she struck her brain. Could it be possible?

Just then the strange solved the paper, and turned his face, with deep-set, black eyes, and the mouth, which was a laways to listen to Davy's tale of the very delirium of rage.

The yeal looks of the eyest 1200.

Eggs are kept fresh for years in Scotland, by rubbing them with oil or butter when he was to stop the pores.

The coasts of the grand house in newley.

Lucia started in surprise, and an unlarge for two!" she can be a should in the turned his she again approached her he as the day in the turned to hi

"For," is the invariable ending of the and he came back to her faithful love, as she always said he would."

France came here hunting for a child dispatch: "Rondour, N. Y., June 27.— the while oppressed with an intuition did the same, and together they plung. Three tramps, tinkers, were caught leaved of something wrong-some threatening ed into the water. Lucia heard the Shakspeare's Romeo was Romeo Monby a happenstance, if there is such, and came here. When he saw the clothes he jest fainted like a woman'

"She was related, then?"

Three tramps, tinkers, were caught leaved a by something wrong—some threatening ed into the water. Lucia heard the splash, and gave herself up for lost.

"I did not expect to go," replied her companion, suavely, "until I found that you were intending to take the trip. So, states their tomb was shown at Verona.

Sir Walter Scott's Meg Merrillies was they were actually leaving the burning I arranged business, and took passage scrambles up the opposite bank. In the stranger's face, then he drew a long deep breath and said:

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stranger's voice was husky, but they were actually leaving the burning building. Their escape is unjustifiable If they cannot get an hon-line bis eyes with his brown hand as he turned to face the setting sun.

"Is not ten years a long time to be cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"He took her away?"

The stranger's voice was husky, but they were actually leaving the burning building. Their escape is unjustifiable If they cannot get an hon-line bending forward and seizing her hands "He tried to. He told her of a splendid his eyes with his brown hand as he turned to face the setting sun.

"Is not ten years a long time to be shown that you were intending to take the trip. So, they were actually leaving the burning building. Tramps have no right to leave a burning building. Their escape is unjustifiable If they cannot get an hon-line in his own, "I have followed you to tell they cannot get an hon-line was pringing from his saddle, and seizing her hands in his own, "I have followed you to tell they cannot get an hon-line was pringing from his saddle, and seizing her hands in his own, "I have followed you to tell you how miserable I am. I have loved a fine example of an honorable dying.—

The Hawkeye man makes this humil-line was readed. He was right to leave a burning building. Tramps have no right to leave a the same time. And," he continued, bending forward and seizing from his saddle, and seizing from his saddle, and seizing in his own, "I have followed you to tell you how miserable I am. I have loved a fine example of an honorable dying.—

"He tried to. He told her of a splending forward and seizing from his saddle, and frantically the little mustang the burning building. Tramps have no right to leave a burning building. Their escape is uninhing from his saddle, and frantically the little mustang the burning is the same time. And," he continued, " "This is 1876," was the grave reply, city they'd never reached. He was rich that it cannot be shown that these tramps man to give up easy. Will you marry It was a deep, clear voice, and as Lu- lating confession: "Bogus ten cent -very rich and lonely; he begged his ever left the building .- New York me, Lucia?"

> An elevated purpose is a good and "Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage the top of it. We must work up to it ed. "And I swear that you will!" he hissBehing
> on what had she lived?"
>
> "And I swear that you will!" he hissthe top of it. We must work up to it ed. "As I said before—Jack Brabason coats.

may cut a stone. Davy, says she, an her father came off and on to see her, till ton is omnipotent. If the prospect be flashed through Lucia's mind. She re- before the astonished villian had time talk with his sweetheart as the sits in

LUCIA'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS E BURKE COLLINS.

"Goin' to teach school, is she? Where Old Mr. King took off his steel bowed spectacles, put down his newspaper, and glanced inquiringly at his interloc-

"There where Lucia's going to teach," oursued the other. "It's a no account place, anyway, I reckon, or they'd had school afore now. Where is it?" "Oh, on the Texas border."

Purty fur off, ain't it?" "Right smart. But, then, Lucia don't

"All right. But, wait a minute; I'll go a bit with you. I want to show you his salutation, the girl turned her face my new piece of cotton."

that the time would never arrive; but like all things on earth, her probation came to an end at last. So, one morning, she kissed her father and mother good-by, and with many promises to write often, stepped on board the train, which soon here here are feet to the school-room, and closing the door behind her, sprang lightly into the saddle, and turned her horse's head. She had shout these miles to the president how is best explained from the fact that he is willing to take the Post-office at Troy if offered to him. Either Norton lied last Friday night to your correspondent or now he does to the President had been appeared to he is willing to take the Post-office at Troy if offered to him. Either Norton lied last Friday night to your correspondent or now he does to the President had a last.

gathering up her wraps, Lucia followed

Her baggage was soon transferred, they were Indians, and among them and stepping into the stage, Lucia seated herself in a corner. There was no stood still with terror. He rode up to The earliest Chinese histories claim other occupant save one man, who sat quietly reading a newspaper, which he held before his face, which concealed it meet again."

But as the driver cracked his whip and the stage rolled slowly off, Lucia's eyes fell upon the hand which held the ruffian dashed it from her hand. It fell Ennius and Terentius, 200 B. C. paper—a small, ungloved hand, white and shapely—wearing a diamond of wonderful brilliancy. Something familiar about the ring kept her gaze riveted saddle, Lucia raised her horsewhip, and rustled at their feet. Wheeling suddenly in the Raymond Tully, in 1272, spoke of the

asy feeling smote her.

"Captain Brabason!" she faltered. "At your service, Miss King!" as he spoke.

"Delighted to bear you company," he

continued. "Why, I did not know that you were The Tribune has the following going to Texas!' murmured Lucia, all spurred his horse forward; the Indians in '1665, 68,596 deaths were recorded,

her hands away from his grasp. An evil light shot into his black eyes

reckless familiarity, and attempted to Men, do your duty!" take her hand. A sudden recollection The soldiers advanced quickly, and gaged, sit outside on his donkey and

saw you look so pretty!"

the driver, pusing open the door. With answer. a feeling of thankfulness, Lucia sprang "Lucia, confess now; aren't you a

"Right smart. But, then, Lucia don't mind that; she wants a change, she says. I expect it is dull here, and lonesome for a young thing like her. And Texas is pretty lively sometimes, you know, with Indians and Mexican raids, and so forth."

"Humph! I should think so. But what's become of John Randall?"

"Humph! I should think so. But what's become of John Randall?"

"Had she been quite wise in listening to Captain Brabason's story about John Randall's marriage? A long turn in durance vile ucw, for his wretch who would insult an unprotected." heerd some talk of a match between him and Lucia. Hain't quarreled, have wretch who would insult an unprotected crimes and misdemeanors are legion.—
woman, as he had done, would surely But, Lucia, you have not consented to woman, as he had done, would surely be equal to any meanness or falsehood. The girl bowed her head in acquies when he'll be back."

"Well, I reckon I'll be goin' home, now, neighbor King. Tell Lucia to come over and see the girls before she leaves."

"Well, I woman, as he had done, would surely be equal to any meanness or falsehood. With these feelings rife in her heart.—
Lucia clambered into the high old wagon, and was driven rapidly away. But not before she caught sight of Captain Brabason leaning negligently against the door of a corner grocery, and puffing away at a large grocery, and puffing away at a large grocery, and puffing away at a large grocery. He howed ing away at a huge cigar. He bowed

continued, "and I do not see why he ter that, she carried it continually with may be, was entirely mistaken with refershould attempt to deceive me. At all her. It was autumn now, and Lucia had ence to the matter. I now and here again

and the conductor approached Lucia:

"This is Bordertown," said he; "you leave the train here, and finish the journey to Punchonville by stage."

Her way lay along the bank of a winding stream, very deep, and dark, and dismal. The sun was getting low; she could scarcely get home before dusk.

With a keen feeling of alarm, she has to it singly and alone, but will swell up to quite an army under vice rough leadership. He politely assisted her to alight, and, tened on, when the clatter of horses' quite an army under vigorous leadership. hoofs fell upon her startled ears. She him a short distance, to where a lum. turned in the saddle, and beheld a large bering old vehicle stood awaiting pas-number of horsemen galloping towards Brazil is sengers.

Brazil is sengers.

He attempted to seize her bridle, but

With a wild determination to die be-

waters as the stream at her feet. "Follow her!" shouted Brabason.— mode of speech, about 1650. "You shall be well paid for your work!" In the year 1603, 36,269 of the inhab-He gathered up his own reins, and itants of London died of the plague, and

from a neighboring thicket dashed a tions is noticed." horseman, young, lithe and handsome

"John-oh, John!" cried Lucie. "Just in time, I see," was the cool re- Fort Leavenworth. sponse. "Captain Brabason, be kind He threw himself at her side, with enough to release that lady's bridle.-

"Well, I am."

he girl arose to her feet. At that mo- cool rejoinder . "And now, are you ment the stage came to a halt.

"This here's Punchonville!" growled ready to go home with me?"

Her head dropped, but she made no

out, and away from the presence of her little ashamed and sorry for the injustraveling companion. "Is dis here de school-marm?" asked a voice at her elbow; and Lucia's gaze met the ebony visage of a dilapidated deal, and that scoundrel, for his own purposes, invented the story of my in-tended marriage. This is the real truth. "Yes," she replied, hastily.
"Den dis here's de way! Dere's de I, with some others, have been playing detective; tracing up this fellow Brabadetective; tracing up this fellow wagon over yonder!"

It was a huge green cart, with a span of mules attached, and Lucia followed by arranged, too, ready for his arrest, her conductor in its direction. Her when he suddenly disappeared. We

with exaggerated gallantry; but noticing Mr. Norton Dentes the Soft Int-

away. Lucia's boarding place was at the pslatial log residence of Mr. Johnson; here she found comparative comfort, and straightway made up her mind to President Hayes. The occasion which Hardly had they gone, when out upon the porch, which they had just vacated, came a girl, tall, and slender and stately, with a good sensible face, and a mingly.

fort, and straightway made up her mind to President Hayes. The occasion that he called it forth was the publication that he (Norton) had made a statement that he had the authority under the signature of Roscoe Conkling that he (Conkling) Days passed, and Lucia became quite would refuse to support the administra-reconciled to her new lot. Her unfortunate adventure was growing fainter in ter says: "I am so ignorant about this Arrived at home, she carefully exam-ined the barrels of her revolver, and af-say to you that the author, whoever he ture were pushed speedily forward. To the restless heart of the girl it seemed that the time would never arrive; but like all things on earth, her probation

Facts. Brazil is 2300 miles long and 1100

the year 2200 B. C. An acre of good land should produce The first Greek writers were Homer

extent; Scotland 1100 and Ireland 1300.

The thee and thou used by the Quafore she surrendered, Lucia urged her kers, originated with George Fox, who horse onward, and dashed into the dark published a battledore for teachers and professors, in which he adopted that

cia heard it, she shrieked aloud in won- pieces have been put in circulation, and "Oh, no-no!" she cried, wrenching der and amaze. At that moment, forth a gratifying increase in church collec-

Gen. Custer's remains, in accordance "And I swear that you will!" he hiss- Behind him rode a score or so of blue with his wishes, will be borne to West Point, while those who tell with him will be buried in the National cemetery at

Courting etiquette at Caracas, Venezuala, makes the fellow, if he is not en-

drously ill," he replied, for mine eves pairing of

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, ed up in all these years if he wasn't been half hidden in his hand and said:

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale on rest dead! But she shook her pretty head, been half hidden in his hand and said:

"How und you come note. Sau the process of the wasn't been half hidden in his hand and said: unfeigned admiration. "You're a trump, tered. "I am so astonished to see you!" nights." 'What is the reason of that?" said the other. 'Alas! sir," said he, said the other. 'Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

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