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"Our greatest glory is not never falling, but in rising every time we all have seen no note."

Pectry.

A REMARKABLE COUPLE.

Fer fifty years they had been wed, And neighbors do aver In all that time he never gave

No matter how their fortunes were, Or disappointments fell. In all that lengthened spell

If fires went out, stove lids-dropped Or pies were overdone, He doesn't mind of hearing her Speak in an angry tone

If ever he found one boot lost, The other out of place, The wife maintained she never saw A frown upon his face.

Did she desire a new spring silk, With trimmings to accord. Against the proposition he

Although his meals were slim; In all that time she never saw A single fault in him

Thus have they lived-a pair like this The husband he is deaf and dumb-

[New York World.] It was a warm, bright day, and pretty Bessie Willis looked longingly out from her window in the great hotel with a home-sick feeling at her

heart. "I wish I could go out," she said softly to herself. "I wish I dared go out alone, for Herbert never thinks of me any more than he would of a

Herbert was her brother, lodging u some remote room of that same big house, and sometimes she would smiled gladly, not thinking if there

They were alone in the world, this proposal.

them when their parents died, and as sweet breath of flowers filled the air, soon as Herbert was twenty-one years and the deep tones of the organ ceeds, harried away to London with his sister in charge, only too eager to make his fortune in the world.

He thought he could easily obtain some pleasant and lucrative situation-But situations were not so ersily found, and prudent, practical little Bessie knew that their small fors tune was wasting slowly week by

weck. She knew it was useless to talk of this to Herbert. It caiv fretted and annoyed him, and he told her often what a paltry speck it would all be compared with the wealth he was goy

ing to accumulate. So she drew further away from bin

morning, litt'e pigeon," or careless er. "Good night, sis," with a pleading smile or a grateful nod. But this Sanday she was so tired

They did not even sit at the same table in the long dining room, for proud. Herbert had grown intimate with a

boarded there, and there were no ladies at their table. But thinking of the dear old home. talked together, Bessie wrote her brothera little note, and stealing

close beside his plate. As she took her own place beside w."

old Mrs. Vanders, she tailed to notice that some of the people at the other table had changed places, and a strange gentlemen, with a stern, pale face, had taken her note from under the edge of his plate.

He read the name on the outside "Herbert," and looking very much puzzled, put it iuto his vest pock-

While waiting tor the dessert, he ook the little missive out again, and ing?" reening it by an apparently careless neut of his napkin, read-

"DEAR HERBERT -- I would like 10 see some of the churches, if you do not mind taking me in my winter dress. I will wait for you in the parlor. Please come up immediately at ter inner, and I will have my hat or and be all ready to start.

Yours, lovingly. "It is evidently a mistake," the ma said to himself, "but how to rectify it

I do not know." So he went up to the parlor with a

There was the sweet-faced girl he had seen at the table, just fastening

She did not notice him, but presen ly a group of young gentleman came in, and the sweet face brightened vis-ibly, as the girl stepped forward says

"Are you going, Herbere? Did you

find my note?" "Note! one of the young men said.

Herbert Willis, laughingly merrily. "Here, Bessie, you know my two

rightful owner."

young men in a respectful tone.

friends, Wilson and Waters, and this is Mr. Herbert; my sister, Miss Wil-Mr. Heibert bowed, and Bessie

said, as Herhert twirled the note in his fingers-"Can't you go with me, Bert?" "I'm afraid not to night pigeon,"

was the slightly hesitating answer. "Well, never mind," she said dropping her wistru eyes, and loosening denly-

After a few more careless, polite words, the young gentlemen went out together, but Mr. Hurbert linger-

He spoke some pleasant words to Bessie, and she tried to answer him with a steady voice; but she was thinking how long and lonely the ev ening would seem in her little room up stairs.

"You are disappointed," he gently.

"Oh, I am toolish, I know; but my brother is always so busy and happy with his friends, he does not think of me." "There is a church near here," he

said, referring to her note; "only the next corner. Let's take a peep at She drew up her shawl again, and

They went out like two children,

and he offered her his arm. The church was decorated, the seemed to invite them to enter. It was early yet, and few people

They went in quietly, and took a

seat in a vacant pew. Something in the hushed and holy charm touched Bessie's home-sick heart drooping her face upon her hands, she wept quietly.

It was a curious position for a grave and dignified bachelor to find himself Sitting beside a strange young lady

hearing her sob, and yet not knowing what comfort to offer her. Presently she raised her head, and

"Please let's go out," she said.

So they went out again into the cool spring air; and Bessie talked of her old home; of her mother who was by-and-by of Herbert, her handsome

"He ought to be a very happy fela party of young gentlemen who low to have a sister so devoted to ter as the beau went up.

him," said the man. anything about money. He is paying purse in it, crammed the money than I do, sir, and I don't know out all we have, and making no pro- into her pocket and continued. down to the dinning-room just before vision for the future. He pays now it was time for the bell, she laid it more than three pounds every week of me and all get a dead-head tickfor our board, and he ought not et!"

Herbert.

coms unfurnished, and let me keep hands, and remaked: house. It would give me something to do, and be ever so much cheaper

for us." The man smiled at her womanly plans, and sai ..-

You are right, child, very right. Meanwhile, what is your brother do-

"I do not know," she said, in a very low voice. "I am afraid not much of anything,"

"Well, we will see about that," was Fort street, where the people are going abroad on the first of May, and me one must stay there during their feelings." mse. There is a good housekeeper there, and you and your brother can have whatever rooms you please.

"Oh, sir" interrupted Bessie, you in earnest? Can we really have

"Certainly, child; and I do not wonder you long for a home after your isolated life in that great hotel But to tell the truth. I went from the Fact street house down there to board ecanse I was so confoundedly tired of parties and receptions and flummery that I did not care a straw for. I will go back and take my cld room

"Can you? will your friends be The man lavghed.

"My friends never dictate to me,"

stranger taking the note from his he said; "but we are talking too much business for Sunday,

"Mr. Herbert!,' said one of the The girl grew thoughtful again but when they went up the steps to. "I found this letter beside my plate tace was radient with a new light. and as my name is really Herbert, the She was going to have a home, she idea did not occur to me that any one else could bear the same name at the and Herbert.

same table. Allow me now to de-The great house was beautiful to liver the perplexing missive to its look upon, but the upper story had never been furnished.

And that is me. I take it," said Here Bessie set up her houshold shrine, and gathered her heme-like treasurers about her. And her brother and Mr Herbort

came every evening to chat awhile, bid" to propose a ride or plan some pleasast excursion

Herbert had gone to work in earnest his ambition bad taken tangible form and Bessie f retted no more about the future. But one day (the summer had passed away and the autumn was waning late) she said sud- horse?"

"Mr. Herbert, when your friends ome back who formerly lived here, voice. they will want their house of course We ought to be making some preperation to leave, ought we not.

"Oh. no," be answered, "They came home a month ago, and are living somewhere."

But what do they purpose to do with their house?" "Well, they don't own it. To tell the truth, Bessie, I own it, and I purpose to give it to my wite for a bridal

"To your wife!" Bessie's face grew white as she

present?"

p ke. "Yes, if she would like it. "Tell out," mused the owner of twentyme. little woman-it is you I wast nine cents, and he went away feeling she?" for my wife-would you like the that he had not been fairly dealt house?

"I don't-think-I care muchabout the house," said Bessie, her color coming back again. was any lack of conventionality in his "But you would like the owner? Oh! Bessie, Darling, don't flatter me

so much,, say you would like me happy girl, blushing more and more.

I always have. "THE SOLID SOUTH."-She rode into town on a load of hay yesterday, and as she drove up to the eastern

hav market and called out: "Everybody git away, for I'm oming down!"

Down she came off the back end of the load, striking the ground like a load of stone, and when the men around there came to see that she was broad as she was tall, they began to banter her.

"No fooling, now!" she called out. "My name's South, and I've driven "I that load of hay fourteen miles this him into in," she answered. and only answered his merry "Good do not want to stay here any long morning. I know I'm fat, but I've He gloomily replied that the court got business on hand and can't stand here had no jurisdiction in Ssuch a

After the load of hay had been ing. and lonely, she wondered if she could one of the sweetest and kindest of weighed, she was offered 50 cents to not win Herbert's attention for a little women; of her present lonliness, and step on the platform, while a dozen a suit upon him in an hour-I know own, cheery brother, of whom she was so each to give the one who guessed

"290!" called out the weigh mass "Everybody loves him," was the "That's my heft to a pound," held my breath when one passed the where long years ago we knell by enthusiastic reply. "But, oh," and added Mrs. South, and reching out house, but this thing has opened my and of how long it was since they had her voice fell again. "he does not know she seized that hat with the shake eyes. You don't know any more

"You can't make no side show

"But what can be do?" asked Mr There was quite a row over her gobbling the cash, but she backed "I want him to take two or three up to the scales, spreak out her fat

"Gentleman, if anybody thinks he can take the money away from me here I am; I'm very motherly and tender-hearted, but I know my weight and clawing capacity!"-De troit Free Press.

"Do you trust anybody, now-adays?" asked a beautiful young lady of a jeweller, as she toyed with the diamonds in a case before her. "No, thereply; "but there is a house in ma'am," said the jeweler, "I don't, anybody or any thing. In a. lady's case, I shouldnt dare to trust my

> "I'm afloat ! I'm afloat!" screamed young lady of powerful lungs, and lars and a half, and cost fifty cents." fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think "judgidg from the squall you raise."

A young beau, at his sister's evening party, began to sing, "Why am I so weak and weary?" when a little prother brought the performance to sudden close by yelling out, "Aunt woman in the world. Queer claim wish to recali. Mary says it's 'cause you come home for a woman to make, so late and drunk most every night!"

very few beams that are oright all the

HE HAD RIGHTS .- A horse which had not been slipped across the river according to Hoyle and the law of gether, and parted at the door, her custom house, says M. Q.ad, was great star, especially a hapless women

up than a boot-black cried out : "Twee-eny-nine cents!" The auctioneer looked around at

him with contempt in his eyes, and then went on :

"Come, gentlemen, let us h v a "Twee-enty-nine cents!" cried the

boy again. The auctioneer looked at him again. seemed a little astonished, and after a while remarked:

yelled the bootblack at the top his her.

"You want 'o kesp still," warned the seller.

"Hain't this an auction, and hain't got rights?" demanded the boy. Now then," said the auctioneer as he turned to the crowd, 'let's have

a bid to start this horse." "Twee-enty-nine _cents!" the bootblack.

After the laugh there was a long pause, broken at length by a voice bidding ten dollars. "That swamps my pile, and I'm velled:

with. A DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

[Detooit Free Press.] A downsast looking woman, about forty years old, called at a lawyer's office on Griswold street yesterday. 'I do like you now," w haspered the and asked the attorney if he could see to a little business for her. He replied that he could, and she explain

> "My husband went to the Black Hills over four months ago." "Yes, I see. That is desertion, and

good grounds for a divorce" he re pried "I don't want no divorce, sir. What I want is for him to send me

seme money." "And he wont?" "Well, he hasn't sent any vet." "And what can I do?" Asked the

"Put a lawsust on him and scare

"Why, if I was lawyer I could put

He shook his head. "Well, all right," she said. as she rose to go, "I thought lawyers had anything! Good day, sir!"

her faith and prayers, saved us from "You see," said Encle Job, "my wifes a curious woman. She se imped and saved, and almost starved all of us to get the parlor furnished nice and now she wont let one of us go into it and haint even had the vindow blinds of it open for a month She is a curious woman.

"You cannot keep me down." shouled a somewhat windy orator at co much sense to come outer dat a public meeting: "though I may be pressed below the waves, I rise again: you will find that I come to the surface." "Yes," said an old wnaler in the audience, "you come to

least, when the new clerk of a Boston merchant, wao had just been initiated into mysteries of the trade mark, inquired in a loud voice as a customer sell this for? It is marked four dol- stone.

Gathering autumn leaves was forthyou were," growled an old bachelor, erly a fashionable amusement, but for admission to the bar. since the irruption of the pinback dress the gathering has been confined

Good Queen Bess had one hundred The sunshine of life is made up of and fifty wigs when she died, ranging from pale gol! to the deepest red in in adversity, the

color.

Laferniere has been playing "The Poor Idiot in the provideces. At one small town the stock company was , very nervous about playing with the sold at auction in front of the post who was cast for the mother, and office vesterday. The auctioneer had with whom Laferriere has the act at no sooner asked the crewd to speak the moment that the idiots begins to recognize and distinguish the persons hat surround him; then she rushes to him and folding him in her arms

shrieks: "My son! I am your mother!" "At every reheareal Laferriere en couraged her. . Don't be nervous, he would say; "keep cool All you

have to do is to cry, "My son, I am your mother,' and embrace me.' "Oh yes, but, Mr. Laferrier I am so frightened to play with

All went well through the first "Who will give me a bid on this four acts, and in the wart before the fifth Laferriere went to the "I will-tween enty-nine cents!' actress's dressing room to cheer

"Keep up a stiff upper lip," he said cheerfully; "you know what you have to do. The whole play leads up to that scene. I recken on you "My

son, I am your mother !! and embrace "Yes, yes; 'My son, I am your

mother!' I shall not torget." The curtain rose. Laferriere was p laying with even more than his furious vigor, The crises comes and the lady clasps her to her bos-

.. Who is this woman? Who i "My mother! I am your son!" gasped the actress; then she sheriek-

Now then," be whispered encour-

agingly; then, taking up his port,

THE OLD-PASSIONED MOTH.

ed. Laferriere has made his teeth

meet in her arm;

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chi mon, her curls and bustle whose white jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of brbv fingers but a dear old-fashioned sweet-voiced mother with eyes in whose depths the love-light shone, and brown hair threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her taded cheek Those dear hands led our tottering steps in childhood smoothed our pillow in sickness even reaching out to us in yearning tendeness when her sweet spirit was baptized in the

pearly spray of the river. Blessed is the memory of on oldfashioned mother! It floats, to us now like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost but the entrancing memory of her , will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will case, and that he could do noth fade away and be forgotten but here will shipe on until the light from beaven's portais shall glority our For

When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back homestead, and crossing the wellworn theresold stand once more in the mellow sunshine streaming some get-up to 'em, and I always through the western window-just our mothers knee lisping "On Father. How many times, when the tempter lares as or, has the memory of those sacred hours that mother's words,

plunging into the abyss of sin! Years

have filled great rif s between her

and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the bright glory of her pure and unselfish love -- Ex. A dissipated old negra in Montgomery, Alabma, while watching the morkeys in the menagerie in that morkeys in the menagerie in that morkeys in the menagerie in that 200 rolls 4 roll area specified as 2/2 controls 4 roll area of the menagerie in that morkeys in the city, spoke thus; Dem enildren got age; white folke cut dartails off and set 'em to votein' and makein' cons

stitewtions." "They came here," said Artemus Ward of the Puritans, "that they might worship in their own way and preven other people worshipping in

Men of genious are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor when demurred to the price, What shall I it secends to the earth is only a

> student of law, and will soon apply everything. They never make mistakes unless they think."

A young lady of Pittston, Pa., is

There is a woman in California 140 As words can never be recalled, years old, who claims to he the oldest speak only such words as you never

"It is a great evil, not to be able to

bear an evil,' -Bion.

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sition. herefore it neither cracks in Wigter, no on decayed shingles it fills up the holes ad pores, and gives a new substantial roof On decayed shingles it fills up the noise and pores, and gives a new substantial roof that will last for years.

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when first applied, changing in about month to a uniform slate color, and is intents and purposes slave, On

in Roofs our red color is usually preferred, coat is equal to five of any ordinary

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