

WOODRUFFE.

Home's sacred nook, love's hallowed ground,
Where sweetest sight and softest sound
Meet watching eye and ear;
Where footsteps fall with lightest tread
As in the chamber of the dead,
Yet fullest life is here.

She, lying on her couch of pain,
Turns lifeless look to daily gain,
Her heart the alchemist;
From mystic heights by suffering won,
Her salutary eyes looked down upon
Earth's joys that she has missed.

God touched her in her cradle days,
And set her from the world's rude ways
For evermore apart;
The tiny sprays the children pull
Of woodruffe, whiffs the sweetest smell,
Are like her sweet heart.

And well she loves the simple dower,
Though to the neighboring woodland bower,
In depth of summer's grass,
O'erhung by summer's full-leaved trees,
O'erblown by summer's soft breeze,
Her feet may never pass.

And those who love her love to find
A symbol of her saintly mind;
In this white woodland dower;
So frail and small, so fair and pure,
Yet full of courage to endure
The dark and stormy hour.

Far from the highway's dust and glare
The woodruffe scents the forest air,
And lights the tender gloom;
Far from life's whirl of gain and loss,
Beneath the shadow of her cross,
She glads this quiet room.

And to her comes the gay of heart
That she may take with them her part
Of sweet love's corn and wine;
And to her come sad souls oppressed,
For God has filled her gentle breast
With sympathy divine.

Set far apart from common joys,
Yet smiling at earth's idle toys,
She waits her dread release;
The woodruffe with the summer fades,
And through life's gathering twilight shades
Will come Death's whisper "Peace!"

A STORY WITH TWO SIDES.

HER SIDE.

An exhortation from my aunt and a frown from my cousin John; but, unheeding, I continue my remarks: "I never was so disappointed in my life! To think of calling him a hero—that weakly, delicate looking crip!"

"Oh, Midget, hush! He's coming." It is a cold afternoon, and we are all sitting round the fire; my cousin is leaning lazily on the mantel piece, and from his position, he has been able to see through the window the slow approach along the walk by the side of the house of the individual under discussion. Can he have heard?

For once my self-possession entirely deserts me, and I sit with crimson cheeks and down dropped, frightened eyes, ashamed of myself, and deservingly so; for have I not spoken slightly of a guest, and my cousin's dearest friend?

"How warm and comfortable you look!" said a pleasant voice. "I have obeyed your injunction, Mrs. Trevor, and rested for a full hour, and I can assure you I feel greatly refreshed after my long journey."

Involuntarily I drew a sigh of relief. He has not heard—if he had he never could look and speak so unconcernedly. He takes a seat near me, and when at last I ventured to raise my eyes, they met a calm, friendly, answering gaze. No—it is quite evident he has not heard.

Before proceeding I will describe this college friend and bean ideal of all perfection of my cousin John. His name is Dr. Robert St. Clair, and his age I should say is somewhere about thirty; he is not tall, and is very delicate looking, and what detracts still further from his appearance, is very lame.

Now, somewhere in remote ages—very remote, I should say, as I have heard it quoted ever since I knew enough to be proud of a new name—some one remarked that "beauty is but skin deep." However that may be it is just as true that I was born with an eye for comeliness and an aversion to a deformity or blemish of any kind.

A week goes by; seven sabbaths have risen and set since Dr. St. Clair first came to "Scratchhead," by which unromantic name the romantic village is called. The last of these seven days finds my first impression of my visitor decidedly modified.

When he is silent I think him plain and my eyes wander to his crutch; but when he speaks his face brightens till it fairly glows, and I cease to wonder at the charm he exercises over my cousin. Two weeks hasten by.

"I must go at the expiration of another," Dr. St. Clair says decidedly. "Now, John, no urging, my kind friend; I cannot leave my duties any longer."

That night I pushed back my curls and studied my reflection in my glass. I have a reason for so doing. That very afternoon as I sat reading a favorite book, all alone in the parlor I overheard a conversation which effectually kept me where I was.

It was between my cousin John and Dr. St. Clair, who were in the next room.

"I know your admiration for a noble character," John was saying; "but you must not think little Midget is as frivolous as she appears. You haven't seen her best side. She is fidgety and capricious before you, because I think your indifferent manner rather plagues her. The child is very young and has been spoiled by too much admiration; she is accustomed to see every man she meets do homage to her pretty face."

The answer to this came musically and absently.

"Yes, your cousin might be pretty—very beautiful—in some eyes; but to me there is something wanting in her face, perfect in color and outline though it be—the Undine needs a soul."

My glass shows me two dark mischievous eyes, set in a round fair face; a small curved mouth, and a straight nose.

"Undine needs a soul!" What could he mean? But my mirror does not possess a like gift with the ancient oracle,

and I turn away unanswered and dissatisfied.

The last week of our visitor's stay has drawn to a close and he has gone. Ah! truly in three short months of daily companionship I have grown to fully understand John's admiration for Dr. St. Clair—Never before had such a mine of varied and entertaining knowledge been unlocked before me.

Of things above the sky, reverently touched upon; of things below; of the marvels of foreign countries, and of the interesting objects of our own—upon each and every topic he has been equally at home; and though he has paid but little attention to me I have quietly listened, and then benefited by what I have heard. Now that he has gone I wake to find that, like John, I have allowed a hero worship to spring up in my heart, that I miss his quiet foot fall, and that, though I feel he doesn't like me, deems me doll-like and frivolous, I have grown to care less for the shallow youths of whom I met a plenty in society.

When I ask John he readily tells me all about his friend, and I learn how it was he came to be lame. How, when a mere youth, he had been present at a large fire, and how, when no one else had dared, when even the brave firemen had feared to risk their lives, he had climbed a ladder in the face of the fierce, blazing flames to save a little child. The ladder had broken before his descent had been completed, and he had fallen with the little one in his arms. The child had been unharmed, but then it was that he had received the injury that made him a cripple.

As I listened to John's enthusiastic description of his friend's brave act my heart ached and throbs within me. This is the man of whom, in my girlish thoughtlessness, I spoke slightly, contemptuously!

HIS SIDE.

There is at least three days I have not been called to any new cases. The German army is lying around Pelletz. I write hopefully, and well I may; for together with the joy of knowing that the war about me must soon be abated, into my own life has dawned an overwhelming and entirely unlooked-for radiance. I will tell you how it has come about.

As one morning, a month ago, I went my rounds, in one of the hospital wards, bending over a patient, I saw a new nurse.

I watched her a moment, unseen, when suddenly, as she slightly turned her head, I recognized one whom I had not seen for five years. Notwithstanding the stiff regulation dress and the close cap which confined the hair, I knew her—for was it not a face which the more I had tried to forget, the more it had remained engraved on the inmost tablets of my heart? I had seen it first when a friend had persuaded me to give myself a short rest to recruit at his country home the health which my arduous duties had impaired. I went, promising to remain a month, if nothing urgent recalled me. I found an ideal home, such as one reads of in books, situated in a spot nature must have created with a smile upon her face.

The hostess, a gentle, gray-haired lady, made me cordially welcome. "A friend of her son was as her own," she said. There was another inmate of my friend's home—his young cousin.

A gray, radiant creature, with a music as of rippling brooklets in her merry voice, and a face full of fun and laughter, but without a particle of earnestness underlying its varied expressions. I could see she shrank from me at our first meeting, and I soon learned the reason. I was a cripple, and she was one to whose exuberant health and hearty-loving nature any deformity or weakness gave a sensation almost of repulsion. But as we grew better acquainted, as the passing days opened to us each other's characters, her manner toward me changed. Though she suspected it, the change was a dangerous one to me. I had thought her incapable of any seriousness of feeling, and now I found my mistake. I had thought her superficially fair, but I soon came to find beauty in her girlish face, surpassing that of any other I had ever seen.

The time flew by until the day came on which I had decided to go, and it was well that it was so; for I knew then that almost unconsciously an all-absorbing love had been growing up in my heart for the beautiful girl who was no more a fitting mate for one like me than a dainty humming bird would be for a grim, sober raven.

Not for such as I, was a work-day life like mine—even had I not been as I was—different from my fellows—a cripple. So I went away, thanking my kind entertainers, and bidding with words of iron my heart, which throbbed like a wild thing when she laid her little hand in mine and said she was sorry I was going.

Sorry—and I, who was more than sorry could only utter the merest commonplace. To return to where I broke away into reminiscences.

As I stood watching her, she turned and came toward me. I was not mistaken, though graver and paler than of old, before me stood she whom John had playfully christened "Midget," but who was also in my thoughts—Margaret. So I addressed her now.

"Miss Margaret, how can it be possible that you are here, risking your life in this fevered atmosphere?"

She gave me her hand quietly, as if it had been but yesterday that we parted.

"I have been in the midst of the worst of it," she said, "for I came to D—" (naming a town a few miles distant) "two months ago. There I have been since, until yesterday. I was sent here to take the place of a nurse who had been taken sick."

"But your aunt, where is she?" I asked, "and my friend, your cousin?"

I have had no word from him for a long time."

An expression of sadness clouded her face.

"Did you not know?" she exclaimed "that both my dear aunt and noble young cousin—all I had in the world to love and be loved by—were taken from me in one short month? Oh, it was hard! I was almost beside myself with grief. Then I read of the suffering in France and the need of nurses. I was all alone in the world—no circle would be broken by my loss—and I thought that perhaps in hard work I could be able to drown my sorrows. So I came."

As she spoke I gazed with amazement at the brave woman before me (for though young in years, girl she could be called no longer).

A month passed. It was cooler now. The time had come when my services were no longer indispensable, and I could return to England. I called to bid Miss Hope good-bye. I found her alone. Although my reason told me it was madness, I told her of the love which had been hidden in my heart all the long years which had passed since we last met.

Then bowing my head I awaited her answer. It came not in words. Soft, round arms clasped my neck. A tender tear-wet face pressed itself to mine, and then, close by my side, with eyes whose joyful light gleamed with a mist of tears, was Margaret.

"Robert, take me," she whispered, "I am yours." Undine has found her soul!

So she heard me say that! Well, I too, had overheard a remark never intended for my ears—a remark which was the means of forcing me to keep silent then and ever since till now. Was ever a man so blest as I?

GETTING EVEN WITH THE CONDUCTOR.

"The last time I went to Boston," confided a thin, consumptive-looking traveler on the Eastern road to a fellow passenger. "The conductor grew monstrous. He insisted on examining my ticket at every station, and grew restless as we passed watering troughs. This time," the traveler continued as he looked anxiously toward the car door, "we play a change of programme and the boxes are all taken."

As the conductor entered with a pompous "tickets, please," the stranger quietly presented a single trip ticket for the next station. The next time he entered, the unknown handed him a mileage ticket, following it later with a sportsman's ticket for Labrador. As the conductor was passing him on the next round, the traveler pressed an emigrant's ticket for Puget Sound into his hands and then tried to get him to take a first class passage to Sing Sing with sleeper check. "Didn't I just punch a Puget Sound ticket for you?" demanded the astonished conductor. "Must have been another party," replied the traveler, buying himself in the last Harper's. Again "tickets, please," echoed through the car, and the stranger confronted the conductor with a "Florida for the winter" excursion via Richmond boat. "See here," said the enraged official. "What does this mean? I have punched tickets for you for all points of the globe. Haven't you got a king's ticket to Patagonia or a Hong Kong card the show excursion, have you? If you give me any more tickets to punch I'll punch your head." "Yes," replied the passenger with painful dignity. "I usually travel on this," presenting a directors pass, "but we understand that passengers on your train get lame in the arms showing their tickets, and have no time to take in the scenery; so I am instructed to notify you that there is a good vacancy on the night freight unless we hear of improvement," and the director returned to his paper, and the frightened conductor, passed two tramps 100 miles, not daring to call for tickets.

CHEERFULNESS.

The cheerfulness which spreads its influence about in spite of circumstances and surroundings is like the grateful south wind which comes to us after the heated day; it is the nectar of life. Without it, trials multiply troubles visibly increase. We cannot live without the cheerful person. We may tire of the gems of the first waters, grow weary when we wear the finest fabrics the looms can furnish, but the cheerful, hopeful individual is the sweet solace of existence. It is contended by some writers that our mental and physical condition are so intimately associated that the reaction of the one on the other is visibly felt. Granted this to be true, should we not teach cheerfulness to our children from their earliest English? Life represents a preparatory school where the soul learns to creep toward a better and higher eternity. The deeds of to-day, the trials of yesterday, are scarce remembered to-morrow, and the future is all our own. Why then fret and fume when the best has been done? We have known an entire well-cooked meal to be spoiled by the sour face of one disagreeable individual. And these cheerful people, how we welcome them! The world seems a garden spot when they are near, and even death is robbed of its terrors if they are to accompany us if only just to the brink. But how, asks some one, can we learn to be cheerful? How can we cultivate what does not come to us by nature? The philosophy is very simple, my friend. Study to accept the inevitable, and recognize in yourself a missionary for lightening man's heavy burden. If you can find a surer way than making yourself acceptable and agreeable we are much mistaken.—Zion's Advocate.

—A young man who advertises for a situation as a soda water clerk mentions among his accomplishments that a wink to him is as good as a nod.—Chicago Herald.

BE CAREFUL!

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rains will come,
And the sunshine warm,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall,
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the seed will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by.

And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.
Be careful what you sow, girls!
For all the seed will grow, girls!
And the girl who now,
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thistles
Over the land,

Must know that, whatever she sows to-day,
She must reap the seed to-morrow.
Then let us sow good seed now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home.

For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.
—Flora McEwen.

RIDICULING THE UNFORTUNATE.

I shall never forget an incident of my childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among them was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted: "Look at old Hattie Bone!" while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepped up to the stranger, shook hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

How the words cut to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections which will not leave you for a life time.—The Christian.

THE WITS ENDS.

—The English is a queer language. In England a "pony" is a £5 note; in this country, a glass of beer; in the dictionary, a small horse.—Portland Advertiser.

—See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"

"Are you sure it was my dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"

Exchange.

—The other day a visitor surprised a distinguished professor, who was saying to his baby, "On-y, no-y, no-y, nussy tick his little footy tooties." Just then he caught sight of the visitor, blushed and muttered: "No, no, you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the protecting covering of the blanket, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affection.—Chicago Tribune.

—Papa's Home To-night" is the title of a new song. So the old man has yielded at last. Let's see, it must be about fifteen years since they began to coax him with "Father, Dear Father, Come Home."—Hawkeye.

"I think I will go to Ohio to live," said a Massachusetts maiden of uncertain age. "What for?" asked her grandfather. "Because there is one factory there that makes 50,000 matches every day," she replied with a sigh.—Boston Post.

—A German composer was conducting one of his overtures. As the horns played too loud he told them repeatedly to play more softly; and more softly they played each time. At the fourth repetition, with a knowing wink at each other, they put their instruments to their lips but did not blow at all. The conductor nodded approvingly. "Very good indeed. Now one shade softer and you'll have it!"

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LOCAL NEWS:

BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.—Persons who pass through the gates of the Plymouth and Whitehall turnpike are now asked whether they are on business or pleasure. Two dollars a day toll are charged. There is one for pleasure and a lower one for business.

DIED FROM CANCER.—The funeral of Mrs. Simpson, of Spring Mill, took place on Monday. For a long time she had been a sufferer from cancer in the throat. Some time ago an operation was performed and a tube placed in her throat for the passage of nourishment.

OBITUARY.—Godfrey Young, a well known resident of Lower Merion, died at West Spring Mill on Tuesday. He was a resident of the place for about forty years. The deceased was well advanced in years and his death resulted from general debility. Mr. Young was a carpenter by trade and had accumulated considerable property, owning several houses in Conshohocken and Spring Mill.

SEVERELY HURT.—Wm. Hughes, Jr., son of Wm. Hughes, residing near King of Prussia, was returning from Belmont Park on another train run into his carriage. He was thrown out and taken home in an insensible condition. He has since improved and will recover.

A FATAL JUMP.—Joseph Albright, about fifteen years of age, was killed on the Reading Railroad near West Manayunk on Saturday. With a number of other boys he was in the habit of jumping on and off of freight trains. In getting off his clothes caught and he was thrown under the cars. His body was terribly mangled.

ARM HURT.—Morris Mitchell, child of Conshohocken, met with a painful accident on Tuesday. He started to go to Philadelphia and in passing through Manayunk his arm, which extended out of the car window, struck the stone wall near the Reading track. No bones were broken but his arm and hand were badly cut and bruised.

WOODS MEETING.—The woods meeting at Spring Mill last Sunday and the auspicious of the Rev. M. E. Church of Conshohocken was a success so far as numbers were concerned. There were several thousand white people on the grounds last night, and not more than a hundred colored folk. Everything passed peacefully. The meetings will be continued to-morrow.

AN ACCIDENT TO COLONEL SMITH.—Colonel Charles S. Smith, superintendent of the Girard Estate, met with a serious accident on Sunday at the residence of his brother in Jenkintown. He was riding on a horse and made a misstep on the front porch and fell heavily to the ground. He was badly bruised and was prostrated by the shock. He is probably seven years old. His brother is more than ninety.

SONS OF AMERICA.—The report of the Secretary of the State Camp of the Patriotic Order Sons of America which recently met at Harrisburg shows that during the year there were twenty-two new camps instituted with a total membership of 3,000. There are now one hundred and fifty-two camps in active working condition, with a total membership of 105,000. The amount raised in benefits in subordinate camps was \$17,000.

ABOUT A PIG.—A pig got into Patrick Kehoe's cabbage lot on Tuesday and was driven out. The pig liked cabbage and came again. As Patrick was driving out the pig, one of his cows, John Kehoe, remonstrated with him. The remonstrance ended in a fight, during which Patrick was hit on the head with the pig's snout. Kehoe was arrested and held by Squire Kaywood in \$300 bail for his appearance at court.

LIZZIE MAY'S GRAVE.—A neat tombstone was placed at the grave of Lizzie May at Plymouth Meeting on Monday. It was the gift of her friends in Baltimore. The tombstone is erected by her name and the date of her birth and death. At the foot is a smaller stone simply bearing her initials. It was the original intention of the family to erect a stone of small monument and funds were raised by means of a picnic. They were advised that the erection of such a monument would not be permitted in the Friends' burying ground. They then sent an order to have such a stone erected as would be allowed and they would pay all costs.

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—Mr. Hampton, residing on Fayette street, Conshohocken, met with a very painful and singular affliction Monday evening. He began washing his face and noticed a small sore spot on her thumb but it seemed to be of a trifling character no attention was given to it. Before the wash was finished, however, her arm began to swell and the pain was terrible. A physician who was summoned said the sore was a felon and a cold had been contracted in it by plunging her hand in the cold water and in a very short time would have caused lockjaw. The finger was lanced and a large quantity of blood escaped. Mrs. Hampton afterward suffered a great deal of pain.

READING'S GROWING BUSINESS.—The passenger business of the Reading road is reported to be much better than it was last year. During the first six months of the fiscal year beginning December 1, 1897, seventy-one million more passengers were carried than in the corresponding months of the previous fiscal year. The daily increase in the number of passengers was about 8,000, or 100 carsloads. As the average daily travel on the Reading last year was about \$5,000, it has taken the resources of the company to provide cars in which to transport this vast army. Notwithstanding the immense traffic it is rarely that any of the passengers are injured through an accident, which argues well for the efficiency of its service.

DOUBLE AFFLICTION.—While the funeral of Mrs. Mary McCool, daughter of John Rector, of Conshohocken, was in progress on Tuesday word was received that her brother Bernard Rafferty had been killed. He was employed on a farm near Philadelphia and on Tuesday he received word of his sister's death. He hurried with his work in order to go home to his afflicted family. After having attended to the cattle he dressed for the journey, when he remembered that he had not watered a cross bull, which was kept in the stable. Without stopping to resume his working clothes, he went to the stable, led the bull, failing to recognize him in his new attire, made an attack upon him, pushing him against the side of the wall and goring him in the body with a frightful manner. His cries then brought assistance, and with great difficulty he was dragged out of reach of the infuriated animal.

THE GAME LAWS.—The penalties for violating the game laws and also the time when shooting is lawful in this State are as follows: Quail, September 1, \$10; duck, September 1 to January 1, \$10; woodcock, July 4 to January 1, \$10; quail or partridge, October 15 to January 1, \$10; ruffed or plumed grouse, October 1 to January 1, \$10; rail and red birds, September 1 to December 1, \$5; Animals—Elk and deer, October 1 to December 1, \$20; squirrels, September 1 to January 1, \$5; hares and rabbits, November 1 to January 1, \$5; Fish—Salmon or speckled trout, April 1 to August 1, \$20; bass, May 1 to October 1, \$10; bluegill, black bass, pickerel, June 1 to January 1, \$10. The Act of Assembly further provides in the case of deer that at no time is it lawful to kill a deer. The penalty is it is lawful at any time to kill fawns with spotted coats.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S WILL.—The will of the late Bishop Simpson was admitted to probate at the office of the Register of Wills in Philadelphia on Friday. Bishop Simpson died on June 18th, at his residence, No. 1334, Arch street. His will is dated June 10th, 1897, and divides his estate to his widow for the term of her natural life, and at her death to be divided equally among his children. By a codicil which bears date May 20, 1898, he bequeathed the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church chartered in Ohio one-seventh part of his estate in trust for the endowment of an Episcopal church in Philadelphia who shall reside in Philadelphia; provided, however, that, including this bequest, the sum of \$50,000 is subscribed for that object prior to the first meeting of the General Convention after his death. This bequest is made, the will says, "partly in memory of my first-born son, whom God called to himself in infancy, and partly because I consider the endowment of the Bishop's chair one of the most important needs of the church." Mr. S. McCullough and S. M. Stiles are the subscribers named in the will and Mr. S. McCullough and J. M. Runyan to the codicil. Matthew Verner Simpson, the decedent's son, and James Riley Weaver, his son-in-law, are the executors of the estate, which in their petition they value at about \$100,000.

TOWN MEETING.—A town meeting was held in the council chamber on Tuesday evening for the purpose of making some arrangements to fly a flag for Conshohocken in the county centennial. The attendance was very large but nearly all of the prominent business places were represented. Stanley Lees was elected chairman, and George W. Wood, secretary. After Mr. Lees had called the meeting to order, David H. Ross, a member of the executive committee, stated the object of the meeting. He then offered a resolution, that Messrs. Evan D. Jones, George W. Wood, William Haywood and the officers of the meeting be appointed a committee to select the flag and to ascertain the views of the borough to ascertain their views about participating in the centennial parade at Norristown, on Wednesday, September 10th. The committee to report to the meeting on Monday evening. The resolution was adopted after placing Joseph C. Jones in the place of Evan D. Jones. Mr. Jones said that Mr. McDermott said that Mr. Bullock was going to parade his employees and had hired a band for them. The meeting lacked spirit; everybody seemed to want to wait and see what his neighbor was going to do. The committee decided to visit the manufacturing firms on Thursday morning.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—There was a very pleasant family reunion at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ross, of Conshohocken, on Monday evening. It was the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding and their children had arranged a surprise for them. Sixteen guests were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Ross, and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ross and family of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ross, of Chester, Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, and family, of Norristown, Miss Maggie Ross, David H. Ross, Esq., and Miss Ella Lubbe. The marriage certificate was produced. The wedding couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, and J. J. Nichols, were united in marriage at Glasgow, Scotland, August 18, 1843. They have resided in Conshohocken since 1859, Mr. Ross having engaged in business at his present location since 1861. Mr. Ross was presented with a handsome gold headed cane by his daughters. The wedding cake was served by Mr. Ross, who was the recipient of a handsome shawl from her children. Members of the Town Council, in which body Mr. Ross holds a seat, and other prominent citizens were present in respect to the couple during the evening, and congratulated them on having reached the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.—On Thursday evening Mr. John Stewart, gardener for the house of George Bullock, was given a very pleasant surprise. A party of thirty-six friends assembled in a house nearby and James Greaves was elected chairman for the evening. As soon as the guests were seated, the music began and the party were bent on an evening's enjoyment by the way they cleared the room for dancing. At length the music ceased and the dancing and dancing began and the floor was not cleared for three hours. During the whole evening the tables were kept supplied with refreshments. Mr. Stewart and his wife were assisted by Andrew Gray and several ladies. Later ice cream was served and a number of songs were sung. Mr. Stewart entertained the company by dancing the "Highland jig." Dancing was resumed and continued until nearly daylight.

STALE SENSATION.—A Philadelphia paper published a highly sensational article in regard to alleged cruel treatment of George Streper, a lunatic son of an old wealthy citizen of Chestnut Hill, in this county. The *Daily Herald* says the facts of the case had been known in Norristown for some time, but it is not one that they constitute a "horror." The young man is violently insane, and has more than once attempted to kill his father, who is old and infirm. Having ample means, the father kept him at home, placing him under the same restraint to which he would of necessity be subject in an asylum. This course was followed by the father, his friends, some of whom are residents of Norristown. It is stated that the case is to be investigated by the Lunacy Commission of the Board of Public Charities.

AUTUMN LEAF EXCURSION.—Washington Camp, No. 121, P. O. S. of A. of Conshohocken, have completed the arrangements for a grand autumn excursion to Mauch Chunk, Glen Echo, and the famous Switchback, on Tuesday, October 7th. The train will leave Conshohocken at 8 o'clock, arriving at Mauch Chunk at 10:15, leaving there at 5:15 p. m. will reach Glen Echo at 8 o'clock. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad of Philadelphia, will accompany the excursion and concerts will be given at Mauch Chunk, Summit Hill and Glen Echo. The trip offers an opportunity to view the grandest, most sublime, varied and attractive scenery in America. No pains will be spared to render the excursion an enjoyable one.

FORGERY.—For some time Samuel Brooke, living at King of Prussia, had in his employ a man known as Charles Davis. The latter borrowed eighteen dollars from a poor German who worked for Samuel Tyson. When Davis was asked to refund he gave the man a small amount of cash and a note on the First National Bank of Norristown for the balance. The note purported to be signed by Samuel Brooke and Davis told the man that any time he wanted the money he should present it to Mr. Brooke. The victim thought the transaction was all right until a few days ago when he was told by a friend and found that the note was a forgery. Davis it appears has been living under an assumed name and is interested in other irregularities.

CHURCH SERVICE.—The observance of Forty Hours Devotion began at St. Matthews Catholic church, Conshohocken, on Sunday and ended on Tuesday. The altars were beautifully decorated. On Sunday music was furnished by Prof. Knecht's orchestra and on Monday and Tuesday the choir, led by St. Charles Borromeo Seminary in the morning and by Father Daley of Philadelphia in the evening. On Monday an eloquent sermon was preached by Father McElroy of Philadelphia and on Tuesday by Father Kinnahan.

PROHIBITION TICKET.—Eighteen delegates and a couple of reporters met at the residence of Fisher's hall at Norristown on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of nominating a Prohibition county ticket. The delegates were: Thomas Graham, George C. Morgan, W. P. Cuthbertson, Harry C. Bainbridge, Jacob Reyer, John Weaver, Rev. G. W. E. Graf, James Long, Potomac—A. K. Shaner, William Rader, E. B. Freas, Abner Woodward, W. W. Casselberry. North Wales—Dr. W. H. Wampler, Wynne—Seth Lukens. Horsham—Amos Ely. Royersford—H. F. Ayres. Conshohocken—H. W. Eisenberg. Amos Ely was chosen President; Wm. P. Cuthbertson, Vice President; W. W. Casselberry, Secretary. After a prayer by Mr. Rader, of Potomac, Messrs. Cuthbertson, Graham and Shaner were appointed a committee on resolutions. Messrs. Freas, Eisenberg, Cuthbertson and Ayres and the delegates were appointed conferees to meet a similar committee from Bucks county to nominate a candidate for Congress. The following resolutions were adopted:

We declare in favor of the following principles: First—The prohibition, as public crimes, of the importation, exportation, manufacture and supply of all alcoholic beverages. Second—The prohibition of all taxation, license, regulation and legal sale in any form, of these or any other public crimes. Third—The civil and political enfranchisement of woman. Fourth—That we deplore and condemn the existing competition of the Republican and Democratic parties for the liquor vote as dangerous to the purity of the ballot and to public morals. Fifth—That the Republican and Democratic parties being organically disqualified to remedy the terrible evils of the liquor traffic, by reason of drawing their voting strength largely from the liquor elements of their respective parties. Sixth—That our recent experience with reference to the support of the Republican and Democratic representatives at Harrisburg has been unfortunate, and demonstrates that neither of the old parties can be relied on for effective prohibition work. Seventh—Therefore we earnestly invite all patriotic and good citizens, who love their race and country, to unite with the Prohibition party of this State and nation, and help to make the principles of the church of Christ, and earnestly desire that on the day of election we may realize their support at the polls. The following ticket was then nominated: Assembly—W. P. Cuthbertson, Amos Ely, A. K. Shaner, S. A. Freed, H. W. Eisenberg. Register of Wills—W. W. Casselberry. Prothonotary—Thomas Graham. Clerk of the Courts—Gilbert McKinlay. Recorder of Deeds—Howard Leopold. County Commissioners—George C. Morgan, H. W. Nagle. Director of the Poor—Seth Lukens. Assessors—George W. Hoffman, H. F. Ayres.

A collection was taken up for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the campaign. For the State Committee three tickets were collected, giving various sums ranging from \$1 to \$15 each. A second collection was then taken for the county campaign, the same individuals again giving from \$1 to \$15 each.

FUNERAL.—The funeral of Miss Irene Sabege, daughter of Rev. Jos. Sabege, on Monday was largely attended. Services were held in the chapel, with Mr. P. L. Anderson presiding. Addresses were made by Rev. Wm. H. Conshohocken, of Philadelphia, and Rev. S. Shoemaker, of Jenkintown, and Rev. Mr. Jacobs, of Plymouth, also took part in the service. The closing rites of burial were performed at Mount Hope cemetery, Norristown, by Rev. N. B. Randall. Among the floral offerings was a beautiful design from the A. A. of the Conshohocken High School.

A CAT'S MISFORTUNE.—A short time ago a number of bad boys amused themselves by stoning a kitten that had strayed along the railroad tracks. The leg was broken and part of its tail cut off. The cat was taken to the office of Messrs. Bates and Son's machine shops. It is covered and a few days ago began to get on its feet. It is now being nursed by the fly wheel of a jump truck while the engine was going at full speed. It stuck fast and probably made the fastest time in its life. If, however, it accomplished the feat in with out injury.

THE CONFIDENCE GAME.—A Conshohocken young man, whose name we withhold, had a neat little sum of money saved with which to spend the winter in Europe. Apologies were given for the mistake and they went to have a drink together. The young man happened to have an excursion ticket to return, and he has given up his trip to Coney Island.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Samuel Panoast, formerly pastor of the Conshohocken church, is without a charge at present. On leaving here he was sent to a church in Philadelphia. Recently his son-in-law had a paralytic stroke and the physician said he would be helpless for life. Mr. Panoast induced to give up his church in order to nurse his son-in-law. The latter has entirely recovered and Mr. Panoast is spending the summer with him at his cottage at Asbury Park.

NECESSARY TO VOTE.—The attendance of all persons who want to vote at the next election is called to the following:

Last day for being assessed and registered, Thursday, September 8, 1898. Last day for paying taxes—Saturday, October 8, 1898. Last day for being naturalized—Saturday, October 4, 1898. Election—Tuesday, November 4, 1898.

CRICKET.—The following games have been arranged to take place at Ardmore: August 30—Merion vs. Young America second eleven. September 6—Merion vs. University of Pennsylvania. September 12—Merion vs. Pittsburgh. September 19—Merion vs. Oxford (finals).

TO VALLEY FORGE.—A pleasant opportunity to visit Valley Forge will be afforded next Saturday. The Conshohocken Presbyterian Sunday school will picnic there and tickets will be sold for 35 and 15 cents. There will be a special train in the morning and the tickets will be good on several later trains so that people who do not care to spend the whole day there can go in the afternoon.

IMPROVEMENT.—Henry C. Messinger is making a decided improvement in his stove and tin store on Fayette street. An elevator is being constructed to run from the entrance on Elm street to the third story of the building. This will greatly facilitate the handling of goods.

NEW SERIES.—The Spring Mill building association issued a new series of stock on Monday evening. The number of shares already taken is 436 and it is expected this will be increased to between five and six hundred.

SHERIFF STALLNECKER.—The owner of a lot at Fourtown containing only one fifth of an acre, which takes the palm for productiveness. He raised upon it the present season ten bushels of rye and ten bushels of wheat and eight of rye straw which he sold at one dollar a hundred. Four tons per acre is the ordinary yield.

Wm. Haywood, agent of the Queen's In-

TOWN NOTES. J. Wood & Bro.'s are leaving their lower mill painted. A gas main has been laid on Harry street below Hoyer. The Pennsylvania has put a crossing at Cherry street. There is to be a private picnic at Willow Island to-day. W. H. Schaffer has built an addition to his hat factory. James Tracy has put an elevator in his new feed store. Harvey Tronderville has gone to Lancaster on a visit. The Iron Workers excursion goes to Atlantic City to-day. Mrs. William B. Harlan and daughter have gone to Pittsburg. Collins boiler fluid is being extensively sold in Patterson, N. J. George Meyer's new delivery wagon was made by Philip Chislet. The Reading is filling orders for the Spring Mill station with cider. Ben. G. Keyser has secured a position at the Norristown Hospital. A hall in the squeeze shop the Plymouth Rolling Mill on Monday. W. T. Bate and family have been spending the week at Atlantic City. A daughter of Daniel Purcell died suddenly on Wednesday morning. Mr. Michael Wood has been quite sick at his residence on Fifth avenue. W. P. Ely, who is summing in Ocean Grove, spent this week at home. John J. Meyers is repainting his residence and store on Hector street. Rev. Father Kinahan was appointed a delegate to meet the Archbishop. Mrs. Hanna died at her residence at West Spring Mill on Wednesday. Joseph E. Kinderger has gone on a tour to Massachusetts and Connecticut. Fred. Richter has begun two brick dwellings on Hector street near Poplar. Rev. T. J. Slingfield will erect six or eight more houses on Eighth avenue. Richard Bates and family have been spending eight days at Atlantic City. Wm. Meyers and Wm. Dolan have been enjoying the breezes of Atlantic City. Amos L. Evans has purchased Ben. G. Keyser's cigar store on Fayette street. Mr. Wm. F. Farn's dog was killed a long and useful life with an attack of colic. Phil. Bittner has relaid the pavement in front of his residence on Hector street. Philip Sturgis has made four stone cars for Eldridge & Stewart, of Manayunk. Wednesday scored from 95 to 100 in the shade and took the prize of the season. The Albion Print Works this week started up with a full force on full time. John Gray has removed from Philadelphia to his house on Spring Mill avenue. Paul Grimes, of West Conshohocken, caught an eighth round bass on Thursday. Patrick Harkins has been offered a situation on the P. E. R., at Wilmington, Del. The Republicans will this evening elect delegates to the Congressional convention. Thomas Cunningham on Sunday started for Wisconsin where he intends to reside. A. J. Longhery and wife have been spending a week at Bergen Heights, N. Y. Thomas Shanley who has been in South America for some time returned this week. Stephen Montgomery, formerly employed at the Worsted Mills, has gone to Frankfort.

Isaac Roberts of the First National Bank, has returned from a rest at Asbury Park. It is rumored that D. O. Hittner will start up the Spring Mill furnace next month. A burning brush heap caused a rumor on Thursday that the Matsunk mill was on fire. When the work in progress is completed Fifth avenue will be the best paved street in town. The water mill stopped on Wednesday night about eleven o'clock on account of the heat. The freight business is so great that the Reading put on an extra shifting engine Thursday. If you want to vote see that your name is on the registry list before the fifth of September. John Keiser will erect a large store and dwelling on Hector street between Poplar and Cherry. The Pennsylvania's new freight depot was first used as a place to unload freight last Friday. Mrs. Murray, of Edge Hill, will erect a ten-room brick house in the lower part of the borough. Philip Caffery is repainting his stores on Hector street, occupied by Jas. C. Ward and Jas. Baggs. A fine horse hired from Frank Skeen's livery stable died Saturday at Germantown from colic. Mr. Jonathan B. Jones has erected a very pretty stable on Forrest street in the rear of his property.

There is a shortage of ten dollars for not throwing back into the water bass under six inches in length. The first carload of watermelons consigned to Conshohocken on the new railroad arrived on Wednesday. Station Agent Geo. M. Williams and Conductor Johnson Stone are arranging to go to Niagara next month. Quite a number of the employees of Alan Wood & Co., stopped work on Wednesday night on account of the heat. Miss Mary Durham has purchased of Theo. W. Trendel two lots on Fourth avenue below Forrest street. The Bullock Band will play for an outdoor festival to be held by the Oak street M. E. Sunday school to-day. Miss Bertha Fellwell, of Harry street, had her head badly bruised by striking a hanging basket last Saturday. There was a fight at the Asbury battle house were brought home from the campment by members of Company C. The property owners on Elm street between Poplar, obedient to the demands of council, are fixing up their gutters. The Tube Works has purchased from Evan D. Jones and the estate of Elwood Jones a strip of ground adjoining the mill.

After the delegate election this evening a meeting will be held in Wm. Stemple's hall to organize a Blaine and Logan club. Henry O'Brien slipped while coming down a flight of stairs at Stemple's grocery store on Thursday and sprained his ankle. A woman in crossing the bridge a few days ago threw down a \$2.50 gold piece and passed on, but Mr. Gilbert returned it to her. There is a very dangerous piece of pavement on the steepest part of the Harry street hill between Hector street and First avenue.

Joseph Baumeridge, of Philadelphia, and Lizzie Matthews of this borough, were united in the bonds of matrimony on Wednesday night. B. E. Ross, formerly of Conshohocken, has the contract for furnishing 1800 campaign equipments for Philadelphia and 600 for Chester. Mrs. Jennie Farrington, daughter of David and Margaret Smith of this borough, died in Norristown last Saturday, of rheumatism. Benjamin White has rented some of his houses on Sixth avenue. During the past week almost 100 different persons have applied for the houses. Wm. Haywood, agent of the Queen's In-

sure Co., paid Philip Caffery the insurance money of \$750, on his claim which was recently burned. Frank Miller of Bete Hill, while adjusting a belt at Bullock's upper mill on Saturday was carried over the shaft, cutting his head and face. A young girl employed in the Worsted mill was run over by the mill wagon just as she was quitting work on Wednesday evening and badly bruised. A young man from Philadelphia who had attended the woods meeting was seized with a fit at Third avenue and Fayette street on Sunday afternoon. Last Saturday while Norman Hart was leading two horses he fell into the big ditch on Sixth avenue and narrowly escaped being seriously injured. Two Harry street residents had some fire works left from the Fourth of July and on Monday evening they amused themselves and the neighbors by putting them off. At the Spring Mill woods meeting to-morrow Rev. F. H. Johnson will preach at 10.30 a. m.; Rev. L. O. Chambers at 2.30 p. m., and Rev. Mr. Johnson at 3.45 p. m. Company C will have a grand sweep, dress parade and battalion drill next Saturday. The large tent will be erected for the purpose of one of the open lots north of Washita Hall. Rev. Mr. May, of the Methodist church, preached an excellent sermon last Sunday morning urging parents to make their homes more attractive for the young men, by affording them good reading, music, harmless games and pleasant surroundings.

BASE BALL. The Recreation do not play to-day. Conshohocken club are open for challenges. Address box 191. The Young "Washers" defeated the Union by a score of 9 to 0. The Young Ariel play the Young Recreation on the meadow to-day. The Hector street club and the Fayette will play in the meadow next Thursday. Dempsey, of the H. C. Jones, was struck by a ball in Saturday's game in the seventh inning while catching. The friends of McDonald of the Ariel will be pleased to hear that he is recovering from his injury as a pitcher. The Morris club has disbanded for the season on account of no games. Their catcher and pitcher will flush the season with the H. C. Jones, as a change battery. The Ariels speak highly of the reception given them by the Friendship at Phoenixville on Saturday, after the game they gave them a good rest out and entertained them finely.

The Ariels of Conshohocken went to Phoenixville on Saturday and played the Friendship of that place. The Friendship was unable to touch their hits, so made but one run while the Ariels made four. The Conshohocken base ball club visited Potomac Saturday afternoon and defeated the Alet of that place, in a well contested game, there being only one error, made by Darby's overthrow to second base. There were only seven innings played on account of the Conshohocken having to catch the train.

The Union, of Norristown, defeated the H. C. Jones Saturday on the Treemont ground in a poorly contested game. Cooper and W. McManamy being the battery for the Union until the seventh inning when Thomas Blackwell pitched and was hit for nine runs in the eighth inning. Ruth and Fisher, battery for the H. C. Jones did some good playing and proved satisfactory.

There has been considerable trouble between the Conshohocken and Ariel clubs in regard to where the men bring their games are to be played. The arrangement at the opening of the season was to play a series of five games, two out of the five have been played and the homes are so far evenly divided, the Conshohocken having won one and the Ariel the other. The Conshohocken claim that the Ariel should play the next game on their grounds. But the Ariel refuse to play as the grounds are not fit to play a good game of ball on. The Ariel therefore want the Conshohocken to play on the meadows but they refuse to do so. The Ariels are anxious to arrange the three games left to be played, and are willing to hire the ground of the Manayunk club and other grounds, the expense to be borne by the two clubs or the losing club to pay all expense or in fact will agree to any arrangement that can be made.

LARGE TOMATO.—The largest tomato we have heard of this season was raised by John McClain, of Barren Hill. It weighed twenty-nine ounces.

MISCELLANEOUS COUNTY NEWS. A rifle and drum corps is being organized at Ambler. North Wales pays a man \$95 a year to light 25 street lamps. Joshua W. Paxson is erecting a fine large barn in Upper Dublin. Jonathan Tyson, of King of Prussia, has been visiting Niagara Falls. George Murray, of Moreland, lost a valuable cow by eating Paris green. There are quite a number of cases of fever and ague throughout the county. Harry and Horace White, of Norristown, have been arrested for stealing a dog. John Ford, of North Wales, has been appointed watchman of the Ambler bank.

Wm. Shaffer has sold his place in Whitmarsh to Mary A. White, for \$2000. A tub race on Morgan's dam at Willow Grove a few days ago drew a big crowd. Miss Anna Moore, of Horsham, recently won a prize in an archery tournament.

The Republicans of Jenkintown and Abington organized a club on Monday evening. The Sons of Temperance of Bryn Mawr cleared about \$200 by their recent fair. Milton O. Roberts, of Worcester, is erecting a large brick machine shop at Collegeville.

There is an average in this county of a little more than one cow to every four persons. Miss Sue Hughes, of Swedeland, and Miss Annie Leech, of Gulf Mills, are at Niagara Falls.

Wrens have built a nest and raised their young in the chandelier of the Lower Dublin Baptist church. Sindelmeier & Deutch's shirt factory at North Wales has failed with liabilities amounting to about \$2000. Scatter wild mind or pennyroyal about your house if you want to get rid of rats, mice and mosquitoes.

Miss Millicent Rush, of Willow Grove, fell out of a hammock and dislocated her elbow and fractured her arm. The Presbyterian Sunday school of Flourtown held its annual picnic in Cleaver's meadow on Wednesday. Norristown's new electric fire alarm works very satisfactorily. The alarm is rung from the Court House bell.

John Heslin, of Norristown, was struck on the ankle and had a hurt while playing base ball on Saturday. George Glenn, of Lower Merion, has been committed to jail on a charge of

larceny preferred by Charles S. Land. The guests of the Mineral Spring Hotel presented the Willow Grove Sunday school with new hymn books. Stallmeier & Ledy sold twenty-five cows at Flourtown on Monday at an average of \$18. The highest price was \$25. According to the old legend we may now look for cool mornings and evenings, as the wind blows over the cats' stables. Geo. A. Lenzi, of Norristown, proposes to exhibit the photographs of the Montgomery county fair at the county centennial. Miss Emma Spate, of Ardmore, a prominent school teacher of the county, was married to Oscar S. Dillon, on Wednesday. The Republican County Committee met on Tuesday and fixed Tuesday, September 23 as the date of the county convention. From 54 dozen sheaves of wheat Isaac Brooks, of Horsham, threshed 47 bushels of grain. It was the Rodgers improved. Samuel Bell, of Ardmore, had a severe attack of paralysis while arising from bed a few mornings ago, and died on Thursday. Thos. J. White, of Lansdale, who died a few days ago aged ninety-one had always lived on the same place on which he was born. A valuable horse belonging to Patrick Gallagher, of Plymouth, was attacked by a bull on Sunday and so badly gored that it died. After several adjourned meetings a Moderate campaign club has been organized in Norristown with a membership of sixty-four. A colt belonging to Harrison Woodward of Moreland, got into a potato patch that was coated with Parisgreen and died from the effect. Philip Stong, a well known citizen of Worcester, died on Wednesday, at his residence near Centre Point, in the eighty-first year of his age. Reuben Sands, proprietor of the Indian Rock hotel, died on Tuesday. He was sixty-five years of age and for some time has been in ill health. It is rumored that a Hickorytown woman has opened a war on the dogs of the neighborhood which she considers a nuisance. She has had a number shot. Quite a number of seventeen year locusts have been plowed up in this county recently. It is expected the insects will appear in full force next year. It is said that a table from the General Washington estate while encamped at Valley Forge is in possession of the proprietor of the Seven Stars Hotel. John C. Almain, son of George W. Almain, of Springfield township, died on Wednesday from typhoid fever. He was thirty years of age and leaves a wife and three children. The Heebner Agricultural Machinery Works, at Lansdale, has received an order from the Central Provinces, South India, for one of their machines, to be intended as a trial machine. Edward B. Smoyer, of East Whitmarsh, while working on the roads near Fort Washington on Wednesday had a sunstroke. He was taken home and is believed to be out of danger. Philip Mack, of Norristown, disappeared on Sunday, leaving his wife and six children in destitute circumstances. Some of the children are small and the oldest is afflicted with consumption. Neighbors of Richard Doran, living near the Blue Mill, in Norristown, reported to the board of health that his pig pen was a nuisance. The officials did not seem to think so. In a few days all of his pigs were poisoned. On Sunday Miss Annie Rile, of Penlyll, drove to Bohm's church, Blue Bell. During the services her horse broke loose and caused considerable commotion. Freas Styer's carriage was also wrecked by the runaway. The fourth annual reunion of the Fifty-first Regiment was held at Norristown on Thursday. There was a large gathering and the ceremonies were very interesting. It was decided to hold the next reunion at Petersburg, Virginia.

Rev. H. M. Keiffer, of the Reformed Church of the Ascension, Norristown, has received a unanimous call from the Third Street Reformed church of Easton, which is said to be one of the most important in the United States belonging to the Reformed faith. He has not yet given his answer. The pupils of the Penn Square public school gave their teacher, Miss Sadie Yost, a surprise party at the residence of her father, Mr. Amos Yost, in Norristown township, on Tuesday. The visitors, who filled several large wagons, brought with them an abundance of refreshments, and enjoyed a very pleasant time. Merion Square Baptist Mission is about completing a commodious chapel 31 by 50 feet in dimensions, of painted grey stone, surmounted by a neat bell tower, the latter to be occupied by a memorial bell, the gift of Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, in memory of his recently deceased wife. The structure will cost when completed, \$4,500.

On Thursday morning of last week Samuel Thomas, of Norristown, went to market as usual. On returning home he lay down on the lounge and apparently fell asleep. When some members of his family endeavored to awaken him he was found to be in a deep stupor, and on Monday he died. The deceased was a life long and well known resident of the place.

According to the local paper of the town, Mr. and Mrs. John Bollean are said to be the oldest people in Lansdale. They have lived all their lives in that immediate neighborhood, and are now verging close upon one hundred years of age. The old folks are highly respected, and enjoy a circle of friends that includes several generations.

A. W. Corson, Jr., Esq., will exhibit at the county centennial a desk that was originally owned by the Duke of Wellington. It was bought by Mr. Thompson, of England, about fifty years ago from a distant relative of the Duke's. Mr. Thompson gave the desk to N. B. Amerling, of Williamsport, Pa., and the latter has sent it to Mr. Corson. Mr. Corson will also exhibit a work on the doctrine of fluxions printed in London in 1749, which was owned by his great grandfather, Joseph Corson, of Hickorytown.

The Hatters' Selection says there was what might be termed an old fashioned English wedding last week at the house of Lewis Front, of Jenkintown. Miss Anderson who has lately come over the deep blue waters of the Atlantic from her home in England was united in marriage to Robert Kiddle, by the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, at present at the rectory of the Episcopal church. After returning home some of the ladies of the neighborhood collected their bread pans, sauce pans, and whatever else might make a noise, and standing in front of the door seemed for a while to see which one could make the most noise. This of course brought out the bride, who dispensed to them some of the pound cake which she had prepared for this occasion.

CHRONIC CATARRH. Also Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Dyspepsia, cured by Compound Oxygen, Dr. Feltwell. Pure blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

In using Pappion Skin Cure for diseases of the skin and outcures system, you do not use any internal medicine; therefore there is no danger; it is withdrawing the diseased matter from the body. For sale by James W. Harty.

Does your heart seem to stop and you feel a death like sensation, do you have heart disease? Try Dr. Cass's Heart Regulator. \$1 per bottle.

Why such a medicine as Pappion Cough Cure has not been discovered before, is a mystery. It is a delicious syrup, made from simple herbs and pure sugar. In never fails in curing Whooping Cough. For sale by James W. Harty.

AROMATICA, Illinois. A Woodward, Dongola, Ill., writes: "June 28, 1883, Aromatica still gives entire satisfaction. Some wonderful cures have been made here since I came. Many of our leading men and merchants who place little faith in Aromatica at first, are now using it, and highly recommending it to others. It has caused more cures than all the medicines that have ever been sold here. Price, 25 and 75 cents. Sold by all druggists in Conshohocken and country dealers."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. PUBLIC SALE OF FINE COWS. Will be sold at public sale, at STOCKYARD, AUGUST 28, 1898, on THURSDAY, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the public house of Daniel Erb, Blue Bell Village, Montgomery County, Pa., one hundred of fresh cows and springers from Western Maryland, and to be sold as represented in the market, and to be as represented in the market. Also, a lot of fat sheep, hams and stock bolts. Also, 1 dark sorrel horse, 10 to 12 years old, well broken single and double, good style and action. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by W. M. STAMBAUGH, Agent. G. G. McNELL, Auctioneer.

HIS LESSON.

Old Farmer Ray came home one day with a bundle of sticks under his arm. He called out like a stentor: "Ho, there! Bring out the steeple, Ruth! I'm some what interested, I am." Friend Barton's wife, who was in the truth, and I'm going to try 'em."

So then his wife the steeple brought, and Farmer Ray proceeded to weigh each article he'd bought, to see if it was as good as he was told. He started off, as if he were riding for his life. "I'll teach the school to eat me!" he cried. "I'll make him a speech, as sure as my name ain't 'Cesar'!"

Arrived before the center store, he roughly shook the "steeple" out of his hand, and then turned to the door to seek the guilty grocer. There, at his desk, friend Barton stood, so smiling, fat and ruddy. One foot at once he was too good to smile any longer.

"Ho! Back as ye Farmer Ray?" "Pleasantly, you friend Barton."

"Left steeple that you bought here, hey?" "Well, now, I feel right at home."

"But here the steeple is, sir?" "Yes, sir," he cried; "I bought it!" "I did leave something that you've hit!" "And I've come back to get it!"

"I'd like to know," continued he, "how much white sugar, usually, you sell for a dollar?" "Ten pounds, eh? Well, you just weigh that." "Two dollars with complete, it amounts to be; but it is, then I'll agree to eat it!"

With this he threw the sugar down before him, and awaited his answer with a threatening frown. The grocer, thus berated, looked up, amazed, apparently. Although the mouth was working oddly enough, and in his eye a humorous gleam seemed lurking.

"What, neighbor Ray, do you mean to say there's less than twenty pounds there?" "Well, now, that's funny, anyway."

"Why, neighbor, I'll be bound there was twenty when I tied the string. I'll tell you how I know it: You'll grant that this, if anything, is evidence to show it."

"You brought some butter in to-day, all into balls made nicely; just twenty of 'em—well to weigh a pound apiece precisely."

"Well, when I took 'em from the pail (let's see) to save the bother, I put all twenty in one scale, and an' sugar placed in 'other."

"An' so you see it must be right, as you have made an error."

"Mistake. However, if you ain't quite convinced, I'll get that butter."

"Oh, don't do that! I beg ye won't!" "I assure you there ain't no need on't!" "Where! Ain't it growin' warmer?"

He paused, and stood, and wiped his brow, with his immense handkerchief. A very different person now. In look and tone and manner. A sickly smile replaced his frown. And 'twas no voice of thunder in his throat (with eyes that would drop down) he owned he'd made a blunder.

"You're right! you're right!" "This plain as day."

"I was mistaken," he said.

"Well, well, I must be on my way! I've stayed too long already."

So saying, he humbly took once more, from where he'd lately thrown it, the sugar, and went out the door. As if he had been shown it.

"Well," said the grocer, watching this retreat with quiet laughter, "I guess your butter-balls o' his will weigh a pound hereafter."

"Well," said the farmer, in his eye, pondering the case, the fact is, I've had a lesson in weighing to-day. I'm going to put in practice."

—Chas. R. Talbot, In Youth Companion

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