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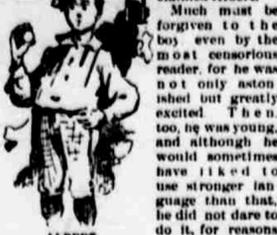
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\$3000 A GREAT I undertake to buy any article... M. C. ALLEN, Box 499, Aug 10th, 1891.

A SILVER DOLLAR.

IT HELPED OUT ON FOURTH OF JULY AND PLAYED A PART IN A LOVE STORY

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OLA whizz! exclaimed Albert. Much must be forgiven to the boy even by the most censorious reader...

He looked out at the front gate instead of going to bed, just as he had done many times before.

Very possibly George Whittaker did not know this. He let go her hand with a little sigh, and slipped the penknife into his vest pocket.

Mr. Wilson did not talk much, but what he did say was generally to the point. Moreover, he was fond of a joke.

George was fully as much embarrassed as Maggie was at this kind of a speech, but these didn't seem to be any way of concealing his confusion.

But Maggie didn't find her thread. If she had, perhaps Albert wouldn't have been found.

"Oh, nothing," said Maggie, "only Albert bought a lot of firecrackers today from old Mrs. Jones.

George laughed. "That's all right," he said. "If anybody found it I hope it was Albert."

"Say, Jim, I'll tell you what," said Albert at length. "We'll tie 'em all together in a big bundle and keep it in your barn till tonight."

"All right," said James, and that was settled. Then it remained to quarrel about whether they had spent the money to the best advantage.

After some hours, however, this subject was forgotten in consideration of the still more exciting question, whether any of the ammunition should be used that night.

It is a most interesting and instructive thing to notice how things that seem to be the most irrelevant and inconsequent sometimes work together toward the most astonishing results.

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called to invite Maggie to a picnic next day, and Albert reflected with much disgust that he and Maggie would stand by the gate for some time, and so keep him waiting...

"Oh!" she said, "I've run a splinter in my finger."

"Oh!" said George Whittaker, very much agitated, "that is too bad. Let me take it out."

Now a very small splinter in a girl's finger may be or may not be a matter of importance. It depends on circumstances.

Just before he did so Albert spoke to himself again. "Gosh!" he said, "what a fool a feller is to kiss a gal's hand!

He looked up inquiringly when they entered the room, and Maggie began with entirely unnecessary confusion to explain what had happened.

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him. It was a fine situation for a boy with a dollar's worth of fun in his room, and an impatient chum whistling outside, of a Fourth of July.

"I understand," said the father, "that you bought some firecrackers yesterday."

"Yes, sir," said Albert. "Let me see them," said Mr. Wilson, and the boy brought out his bundle and opened it.

"Where did you find it?" "By the front gate."

"Didn't you know who it belonged to?" "No, sir," said the boy, hesitating a little.

But after he had escaped from the house and joined Jim, and the two were disturbing the peace to the best of their ability, he saw a well known figure coming down the village street, and ran toward it.

"Well, my son," he said, unkindly, after he had considered a moment, "I am willing to make allowances, but you must remember to be honest above all things.

Whittaker laughed and said, "Why?" "Cos if you are," said Albert, "I don't s'pose I'll have to be in any great hurry about payin' back that dollar o' yours what I found. It'll be all in the family, you know."

And George laughed again, and told him he needn't be in any special hurry.

Of course it was a good joke. Hadn't the boss said that he didn't want everybody in the office running in to see him on every little pretext?

Naturally, in view of this, every one was tickled when the assistant bookkeeper said to the bookkeeper:

"Mr. Smith, will you please ask Mr. Brown to ask Mr. Wilkins to ask Mr. Johnson to ask the boss if I can get off Friday at 4 o'clock?"

"Ah, yes," he said, "the assistant bookkeeper seems to be a great stickler for office etiquette."

"Yes, sir," returned Mr. Johnson. "I was anxious that the request should reach you through the proper channels."

"Quite right," said the boss. "Now, I might call him in and give him my answer in person, but that would hardly be in conformity with his idea of propriety, would it?"

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While presiding over a certain conference in the west a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

Mr. Faux, the manager of Smith's library, has discovered more than one rival among his correspondents to the man who asked for a copy of "Doom's Dante."

Requests for Old Books. Mr. Faux, the manager of Smith's library, has discovered more than one rival among his correspondents to the man who asked for a copy of "Doom's Dante."

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