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#### IVY ROSE.

The setting sun gleamed through the dark green foliage of the apple trees, and tinged with a shining glory the golden brown hair of Ivy Rose, as she stood thoughtfully filling her willow basket with the ri-GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK pest and mellowest fruit of the grand old orchard. Her beautiful face wore a grave expression, and QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS that ever and anon she had to stoop and rescue from the ground some golden apple which had slipped from her, and fallen ere it reached the basket. Neither did she notice, in her absorbing reverie, the approach of a male figure through the orchard, until she was suddenly startled by a light touch upon her shoulder, and a voice, sweet and clear as liquid music, softly said :

"Why, my little Ivy, how absentminded you must be this evening, not to hear footsteps of your true Our Motto-Good stock, excellent lover until he stands beside you!" The deep brown eyes of the girl lit up gloriously through their shad-

ows, as she replied: "Yes, Harry, I believe I was; just then I was thinking so hard that I was perfectly unconscious of any one being near. You will forgive me, Harry, for you know what I was thinking of."

"Yes, darling," he answered, folding the slender, graceful form close DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, presence."

Then there was a minute or two of delicious silence, in which the girl's bright head rested upon his bosom, and his lips were bent until MR. SMITH will still be found at the old stand, and will make prescripthey touched the gold brown curls, and both hearts throbbed so tumultuously that they could not have spoken had they wished. At length the young girl gave a frightened start, and tremblingly exclaimed:

"Oh! Harry I must surely go. It is getting late, and mother will be looking for me. Please let me." With a passionate kiss he released

her, saying tenderly : "Go, then, little Ivy, since you Fine Soaps, Brushes, must, but it will not be for long.

You will not fail me, dearest?" "No, Harry," she answered, firmly then, half-sadly : "But do you know, And all articles usually kept on hand by the hardest trial of all is leaving Fred-poor Fred, who loves me so. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully It seems harder even than leaving

my dear parents." One door East of Galley's, on "And why such an amount of solicitude for poor Fred?" asked Harry, with a gay smile, for he could afford to smile at her mention of Fred Grace, now that he was so

secure in her love. "Because you know, dear Harry, how much he loves me, and in fact he almost considers me as engaged to him. I have not treated him that instant he divided the cause Daniel Faucette, right, poor fellow!"

"Well, never mind that now, my pet; you are not engaged to him. you know, and you love me bestdon't you?"

The adoring look she gave was sufficient answer, and bidding her an affectionate adien, he turned to leave her, with these last entreating words:

"You will surely be at the gate at midnight, Ivy? Remember."

"At midnight-I will not forget. Ivy Rose walked slowly to the rambling old farmhouse turning now and then to glance at the graceful form of her bold, blue-eyed young lover, sauntering through the orchard in the direction from which he had come.

At the gate which divided the orchard from the garden-grounds she paused to take a last, parting look at the golden sun-set light just fading away from the dear old spot which she had known and loved from infancy.

"I may, perhaps, never see it again, she sighed. "Oh, how I wish papa would consent to my marriage with Harry, then all this trouble and parting would be saved us."

Ah! Ivy Rose, your wiser parents see not with your love-blinded vision, and they have heard enough about your beloved Harry to fear to entrust their daughter's future to his

After tea Ivy's old time friend and and lover, Fred Grace, dropped in to spend the evening, and despite all her efforts to appear her natural self, she could not control her throbing heart nor keep her agitation from showing a little in her manner.

When she went to the door to say good-night Fred took her feverish hand in his and said, in a low, pained voice:

"lvy, darling, you are not like yourself to-night. It is that city admirer of yours that has changed you so, I know. When he is gone you will care for me again, won't you, little Ivy Rose?"

#### You know I have always cared for you. There, Fred, don't feel badly It seemed as though I had been

I never meant to be unkind to you. Good night, you dear old boy!" Fred pressed a passionate kiss on the little hand he held, and went away with a strange pain in his heart; while the girl, for whose sake her own room, and spent the remainshe was so deeply lost in thought | flight with her favored lover. which saw Ivy Rose a timid bride in a strange city, brought consternation

> roofed old farm-house. A note was found, telling them that she was going to marry Harry Lane, and begging them all to forblotted with her tears, and they knew how hard the parting from her old home must have been for her. When Fred learned of his loss, his first thought, in his great agony.

of life bravely and resignedly. Three years passed on, and no word of lvy ever reached them. They wuld gladly have forgiven her, but they knew not whether she were living or dead.

together, he tried to bear the burden

Again it was an Autumn afternoon in the orchard of the old Rose farm. Seated high up among the golden to him, and gazing down into the fruit of one of the oldest and largest troubled, beautiful brown eyes with apple trees was Fred Grace, estensi- The gay throng who were around a look almost of idolatry,"but Harry | bly reading Owen Meredith, but, in could never be unconscious of your reality, lulled by the passionate, a day-dream of his lost love, Ivy.

> Fred had tried to forget her-tried faithfully. He had sought forgetfulness, when his work and his duties at home had failed to secure it, in foreign travel and in study; but nothing sufficed to drive her image from his heart.

> He sighed deeply, and looked dreamily down upon the soft, fruitscented turf below. Good Heaven! his eyes met those of which he had been dreaming-the dark brown eyes he had thought he should never see again.

How he found his way to the ground he never knew, but in an instant he had the soft white hand in his own, and was calling her Ivy." then asking her pardon for the liberty almost before he knew it. "No, call me Ivy, as of old," she

said, with a weary smile; "I have come back to live at home, if father and mother will forgive their disobedient girl."

"They forgave you long ago. But -pardon me-I had forgotten your

Fred now noticed the deep mourning which she wore, and his heart gave a great bound as he thought of the possibilities of the future, for in

"Harry is dead," said Ivy, quietly,

but in a low, hushed voice; and then a silence fell between them, in which they turned and walked together to the dear, familiar old home, where Ivy was received with open arms; say it, but they understood it from they?" her delicate allusions-excessive dissipation; and finally, her supshe saved up sufficient to enable her

to return to her parents. It was easy for those who loved kind to her-that hers had, indeed,

undotiful.

Need we tell how, as the months wore on, bringing the long, cosy winter evenings, she and Fred spent them together, reading, singing, and they had never done before? And one soft evening in February, as they sat alone in the warm, crimsontinted parlor, with only the mingled light of the glowing fire and the full moon whose softened brilliance flooded the room, Fred suddenly took her in his arms and passionately told the story of his love again-a love which was never again to be refused, for Ivy clung to his manly breast, as her name-sake clings to the oak which Heaven sends for its

and showed it to her aunt. "See, support. auntie," said she, "what I found Nor need we more than add that in the sweet rose month of June Ivy Lane bade good-bye to the sorrows of the past, and, as Ivy Grace, passed out of the little village church, leaning upon the arm of the proudest man in Christendom-our dear old patient Fred.

Something more than the bare goods, a fellow feels as though he necessities are necessary to make could give Methuselah a hundred "Nonsense, Fred; don't be a baby. | life very agreeable.

#### A Drunkard's Dream.

suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around and found myself the center of a gay crowd The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with he would have died, ran hurriedly to a peculiar, gentle motion. I looked around, and found I was in a long ing hours until midnight in getting train of cars, which were gliding her little possessions together for a over a railway many miles in length. It was composed of many cars The glorious morning sunrise Every car opened at the top, wa filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, all happy, all laughing, and grief to the inmates of the low- talking and singing. The peculiar gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we hear on a railroad. This, I say interested me. I looked over the give her. That was all, but it was side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rail without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion

Christian to destroy life and soul if everything was at rest withinwas full of peace. While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, on either side, within a foot of the track were laid long lines of coffins, and every one contained a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. The eight filled me with horror; I velled in agony, but could make no sound, me, only redoubled their songs and laughter at the sight of my agony; throbbing measures of his verse into and we swept on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment nearer to the bend of the road, far, far in the distance.

produced a feeling of exquisite hap-

was of suicide; but, too much of a piness. I was happy. It seemed as

"Who are these?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins. "These are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of the gayest person near me.

"What trip?" I asked. "Why, the trip we are now taking -the trip on the glass railway," was "Why do they lie along the road

each one in his coffin?" I was answered by a whisper and half laugh which froze my blood: "They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person

whom I addressed. "You know the railroad terminates at an abyss, which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are then brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers, but no one minds it, we are so happy on the

glass railroad." I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me "What is the name of the glass railread?" I asked.

The person whom I addressed re-

plied in the same strain: "It is very easy to get into th cars, but very bard to get out; for once in these cars everyone is delighted with the soft gliding motion. and when all were quietly settled, The cars move so gently! Yes, this with Fred in their midst, she gave is the railroad of habit, and with the them a brief account of her experi- glass wheels we are whirled over a ence since leaving the home of her glass railroad to a fathomless abyss. childhood. In it there was but little In a few moments we'll be there, and that was bright, sickness, poverty, then they'll bring our bodies and put wanderings from city to city, and at them in coffins as a warning to othlast Harry's death from-she did not ers, but nobody will mind it, will

I was shocked with horror. struggled to breathe, and made porting herself by her needle until frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was all a dream, and yet, whenever I think of it I can see the long her to see that Harry had not been train of cars move gently over the glass railroad. I can see the dead in been the hard and thorny path of the their coffins, clear and distinct on each side of the road. While the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes upgrowing into each other's hearts as lifted, and their frozen hands upon their white shrouds.

> It was indeed a horrible dream A long train of glass cars gliding over a glass railroad, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand stretched the victims of yesterday-gliding over the fathomless abyss .- Delaware Signal.

under the current bushes! And I know the old hen that laid it. I am going to put her back on the nest and make her finish it." After spending a day tacking down carpets, and another one in moving and setting up household

points and then beat him on age.

## What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother, woman can nake the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact she can secure to her partner and to herself a competency in old age, no matter how small their beginning or By her cheerfulness she can restore | dving lad. her husband's spirit shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to powers. By their counsel and love Baptist Church. As he took the she can win him from bad company if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her examples, her precepts, and her sex's insight into rows of beds that lined the ward on character she can moid her children, into noble men and women. And, tears. by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can retine, clevate and spiritualize all who come within reach; so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do much, alas! perhaps more, to degrade man if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast | dren of one Father, and he was very of a man who might otherwise be- near. come a good member of society She can bring bickerings, strife and in a Pennsylvania coal mine lately discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innoceat babes into vile men and even into hoped to escape. vile women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollnte legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an Catholics, but when death's as close instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirtuality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with lovliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn o evil passions and swept by the bit ter blast of everlasting death. This is what woman can do for the wrong as will as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel but he has none loftier or more in

fluential than woman's. Lecturer Allen, of Harvard, holdthat in many of the topics taught it would be an immense gain If textbooks in common schools were entirely abolished-with the exception of some very brief manual of dates and results as a guide to memory. History, physics and astronomy, for example, should be taught orally and Mr. Allen adds that in the grow ing accumulation and cost of text books, and the crowding of school work, this method will be the only escape from a breakdown of the entire system. Perhaps; but if people are not willing to pay righteon wages to good teachers - and oral instruction requires thoroughly good teachers-such a method cannot possibly be adopted. There is a good deal of suggestion

in this paragraph: "A State superintendent who had made, during long term of office, hundreds of visits to ungraded country schools. declared that he never once saw teacher conducting a recitation with out a text-book in hand; that he seldom saw either teacher or pupils at the black-board; that he never saw a teacher give an object lesson; that he never heard a lesson on morals or manners; that he never saw reading-class trained to stand erect and hold a book properly; that he never heard a teacher give a lesson in local geography; that classes, when asked to point north, uniformthat he never heard a spelling lesson not mispronounce one or more words; and that he never found a school where the pupils had been trained to write a letter, either of business or friendship."

"Throwed up the sponge, did he?" said Mrs. Spilkins, as her husband finished reading an account of a A little girl found a shelless egg | prize fight. "Why, he might a knowunder the currant bushes in the gar- ed he couldn't keep a sponge on his den, and, in high excitement bro't it stomach. What did he swallow it for, anyhow?"

A number of citizens living in the unorganized territory west Wheeler County, in this State, have petitioned Governor Nance for per mission to organize a Military company. Their headquarters will be

It isn't pleasant for a man in delicate kid gloves to grasp a door-knob just after it has been turned by a man in search of a towel.

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ars. Legal advertisements at statute rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local five cents a line each insertion. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent

#### Children of One Father.

A touching incident occurred the other day in one of the great hospitals in New York. A young man was brought into it seriously injured by a fall from a horse. He lingered two or three days, during which time the matron read from the Bible to him, talked to him-in short tried as best she could to fill how adverse a fate may be theirs. the place of his dead mother to the

One day, feeling that he was fast sinking, he asked for a clergymau. One was brought quickly, a young health if disease has overtasked his man, the pastor of a neighboring boy's hands in his, and spoke to him earnestly of Christ's love, several pale faces were raised from the either side, listening attentively, however adverse their dispositions, many of them with eyes wet with

"Lord, I believe!" whispered the dying man. Then the clergyman knelt, praying that God might receive the soul of his departing brother. At the bedside also knelt the Episcopalian matron, two Roman Catholic sisters of Mercy, and from the beds of the patients came hearty Methodist amens!

When the little company rose from their knees and looked down upon the calm dead face, they did not remember that they belonged to different sects. They were all chil-

were rescued after five days' imprisonment, they were asked if they "We prayed for it" was the reverent reply. "We prayed together. Some were Protestants, and some

#### as that, you only think of God."

Is This a Nation. It has always been a mooted question whether the United States is a nation or simply an alliance of States. Not because it makes much real difference but rather to get the truth of the matter. And indeed it is a puzzling question as the subjoin-

It is claimed to be a nation. First. Because as a nation it defared its independence. Second. As a nation its independence was recognized by foreign nations, and international law-no

ed facts will show.

Third. No State ever sent or recived ambassadors; the nation did

State ever had its independence

Fourth. No State ever claimed to act independent during the revolutionary epoch. Fifth. No State was over any-

thing but a Colony or a State and

both are terms of dependence rather

than independence. Sixth. As a nation it took a national name-The United States of

Seventh. As a nation it asserted ts own perpetuity. Eighth. In the organization, pro-

# tion of individual States.

visions were made for the modifica-

Men of Action. Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirits and their frames alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men, but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue. Occasionally they want to quit, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for a renewed exertion, not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not repose. They investigate and reflect; but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertakings ly pointed upward to the zenith; against the cost. They think; they never meditate. Their sole mission, dictated in which the teacher did their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is work; they could not exist without it. They cannot conceive another life as desirable without it; their vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never [ well, hardly ever-comp. ] seen to be doing nothing. When doing nothing else, they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy men at last!

> "There is nothing," "so delightful as the hearing and speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to de-

A boy will occasionally listen patiently to what his mother has to say but it makes him dizzy to hear her talk of cutting down a pair of his father's old trowsers to fit him.

# A Nebraska, N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted