Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, \$2.50 per Annum.

Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

The mark denotes expiration of subscription.

# Poetry.

### GROWING OLD.

Softly, O, softly the years have swept by Touching thee lightly with tenderest care; Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear Growing old gracefully,

Gracefully fair. Far from the storms that are lashing the

Nearer each day to the pleasant home light; Far from the waves that are big with commotion.

Under full sail and the harbor in sight. Growing old cheerfully, Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that are adverse and Past all the islands that lured thee to rest, Past all the currents that wooed thee un-

Far from the port and the land of the blest. Growing old peacefully, Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow When the bright faces of children are seen Never a year from their youth wouldst thou

Thou dest remember which lieth between. Growing old willingly, Gladie, I ween.

Rich in experience that angels might covet, Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy

Rich in the love that grew from and above it, Soothing thy sorrow and hushing thy fears. Growing old wealthily, Loving and dear.

wound of thy coming are Hearts at the lightened. Ready and willing thy hand to relieve:

Many a face at thy kind words are bright-It is more blessed to give than receive, Growing old happily Blest, we believe.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its

Ears that are dull to the world and its story Drink in the songs that from paradise

> All their sweet recompense Youth cannot know.

Fourscore! But softly the years have swept by thee,

Touching thee lightly with tenderest care; Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear

Growing old gracefully, Graceful and fair.

## Selected Story.

## SOLD.

"It is too bad!" said Clara Morton, "How happy we should be if nobody but Lewis Harding -merely because he is rich."

"Which would never influence Clara," returned Will Jordan.

"You are right. I would not marry Lewis Harding, if all his houses and lands would turn into pure gold."

"But you'd marry me with no house at all?"

"I would!" and Clara blushed. It was a summer day, and the were walking in a shady Their rambles had brought them to the banks of a little brook, and here they sat down to rest on

the trunk of a fallen tree. "Well, dear Clara," said Will Jordan, "I see no reason for further delay. Your father has already threatened to compel you to marry Lewis Harding, and you conincur his displeasure by refusing. Now, were you once my wife, he would know that his plans never could be carried out, and so where Clara was. cease to persecute you. He may never be reconciled to us, but we will be all to each other and can get along without his friendshipalthough I would much rather have his esteem than not. Now, present of a twenty dollar bill." I'll tell you what I propose."

"What?" asked Clara, fr intly. "There is but one way-don't

start—we must elope." Clara was silent.

"And this very night," Will added.

"Oh, so soon?"

"Yes, delays are dangerous. The sooner you are relieved from your present unpleasant situation the better. Lewis Harding calls daily, you say, and thrusts himself into your society, while you endure him rather than your father's anger. Let us put an end to it."

"I believe you are right." "Then you will go with me tonight?" "Yes."

# SEMPRE 1



A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

# WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1876.

No. 36.

was six years old, when he was

## Vol. XII.

"Good!" he said kissing her. "As a matter of form. I will make all arrangements for our marriage, and will be at the edge of the wood in rear of your father's house, at exactly eight o'clock this evening. and will have a buggy not far off. As a signal, I will imitate the cry of a whip poor-will, which I can do with great exactness. On hearing that, you come out at the rear door, run across the lawn and join me. Then, very quietly-without ever speaking-we will hurry away to

our conveyance." They supposed that only the innocent little birds heard this very confidential dialogue, and there was no fear that they would reveal the plot. Alas! how the lovers must have trembled had they caught a glimps of the angry face that frowned upon them from behind a house, muttering: great tree a few yards distant.

An hour later, old Jacob Morton entered the village, which was only | L. H., Esq. Ha! ha! The old a half mile distant, and walked into the real estate office of Lewis Hard- for William Jordan, and Clara ing, finding that gentleman in.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

"I don't know. What has happened?" asked Harding. "Why; they've met again-had a

confab in the wood." "Ah! How did you find it out?" "I was there."

Harding turned pale. "What! you don't mean-" "Without their knowledge," ex-

plained Mr. Morton. "I stood behind a large tree and heard themwill you believe it ?-planned a deliberate elopement. Oh, the aufacity of-" "An elopement! When?"

"This very evening." "What! And did you-"

"I felt like rushing forth and striking him, but a better plan occurred to me. Let the elopement go on, but you be the party instead of Jordan." (Here Mr. Morton detailed minutely the plan of the lovers as he overheard it.) "Now, you go to the appointed place in the edge of the wood, and there conceal yourself. Go a little ahead of time. Then he will come and give the signal at the proper time. It will take her about two minutes to reach the place, because she will move slowly in order to make no noise. Meantime there shall be father would give his consent; but another person in the lawn-whom he still declares that I shall marry I shall bribe for the purpose-who will step out and join him before Clara has time to get out of the house; and he thinking it is my daughter will hasten away with her. Soon after, Clara will join you, thinking that you are Jordan.

Then take her to where you have a buggy waiting, and drive to the church, which you can to day arrange to have open and lighted up. She will not discover her mistake till she is standing at the altar by your side. I will be there, and I believe she will marry you without

without a word." "Capital! capital! my dear father-in-law-for I think I may now safely call you so. What a dear, shrewd father-in-law it is!" said

Harding, foppishly. Mr. Morton placed his index finger by the side of his nose and looked very knowing after which he bade his intended son-in-law a glorious good-afternoon and left.

On reaching home he asked from bashfulness.

the servant girl, Mary Malone. "Well, Mary," said he, I want

you to do me a great favor, and if you succeed I will make you He then confided to her that he

had overheard Clara and Will Jordan planning an elopement, gave the details, revealed his plan for checkmating them, and informed her of the part he wished her to play. "Very well, sir; I'll do it," said

"Thank you; and you shall have your money to-morrow." Mary went about her work, mut-

tering to herself:

"Twenty dollars! oh! I wouldn't betray Clara for twenty hundred. I'll tell her every word, you hard- lo! Will Jordan and Clara sat hearted old sinner, if I lose my calmly. place by it."

Ten minutes later Clara returned, ing, addressing his companion, and promptly she told her the "What does this mean? Who are whole story.

"Oh, dear! that will deteat us for the present," said Clara.

"No, it will only assist you," replied Mary.

"How ?" "I will tell you."

And Mary lowered her voice, lest the very wall should hear, and told what her plan was.

"Oh, Mary, you dear girl!" Clara exclaimed, "You'll lose your place by it, but you shall have a better one." Mary's plan-whatever it was-

seemed to please Clara, and as the dan.' afternoon wore away, five persons waited anxiously for eight o'clock. The shadows of night were gathcrouched among some bushes op-

"She's getting ready. She little said: imagines she is going to elope with buffer an 1 Lare just six too many Harding that is to be.

About the same time, a sly old man quietly seated himself by a back window of the lower floor, and watched.

across the lawn and hid in the shrubbery near the wood.

About this time female figurenumber two, let us call her--took a seat at a window of Clara Morton's room, and gazed anxiously towards the gloomy wood.

of the wood, where a gate led into the lawn, and the cry of a whippor-will was heard upon the stillness of the night. Instantly female figure number one passed quietly out through the gate, seizing the arm of male figure number two, and hurried away into the gloom.

"Good!" chuckled the sly old man at the window.

"Good!" said male figure number one, who lurked in the bushes. A quarter of a minute—a half

-three-quarters-a minute - two "Why doesn't she come?"

"Why doesn't she come?" also muttered the sly old man at the lower window. "Oh, there she goes, at last! Probably forgot something. Nervous, no doubt. Now for the village !"

A female figure-number twoemerged from the rear door of the building, stepped out a few paces vously, then walked stealthily to-

forth from his place of concealment, night. and they hurried through the wood toward a lane not far off. A buggy was waiting there, and they got in and drove toward the village.

They stopped at the church and went in. The interior was lighted up, and a score or more of people sat in the front pews. The newly arrived pair walked straight up the aisle and stood in front of the altar. A moment later the sly old man came in and complacently took a seat.

The lady was closely veiled, and her male companion - who, course, was Mr. Harding-kept his own face somewhat averted, as if

"She may say the word that "Out walking yet, sir," replied makes her my wife before she discovers that I am not Jordan, muttered; and he trembled a little.

The minister proceeded with his usual solemnity, and was just uttering the words. "If any man can show just cause why they may not be joined," etc., when the sly old man started from his seat and velled:

"Look here! what's all this? That isn't my daughter!" "What!" exclaimed Harding. Everybody started.

"Why you haven't got her, you blundering donkey!" exclaimed the plain spoken old man. "There she

And he pointed excitedly to a pew at the right of the altar, where, "Why-why," stammered Hard-

which does not shape itself into whereas hers generally takes effect good. Life, with this subject, was obedience. you ?"

She removed her veil, and stood revealed-Mary Malone.

"How's this?" demanded Mr. Morton, no longer sly. "Don't know," replied Mary. "Guess we must have got mixed up.

somehow.' "Then the mistake shall be corrected!" said Mr. Morton, angrily. "Clara, step right up and marry

Mr. Harding! Do you hear?" "Mr. Morton," interposed the minister, "that cannot be. has just been married to Mr. Jor-

The recently sly old man had ta- day, and Scudder said he would ken a step towards Clara, as though try. The next morning the sketch he would have dragged her to the appeared in the paper and at ering, when a male figure crept altar; but he soon paused, feeling tracted much attention. When along the edge of the wood, and very much like uttering a few im- Bangs saw it he called Scudder in precations; but remembering where and said: "Mr. Scudder, didn't posite the rear of Mr. Morton's he was, he summoned his reason you tell me that you were familiar and better nature to his aid, and

> "Sold !" an accent of despair.

"Sold!" echoed Mary Malone, rogueishly. "Sold!"

and bride. "Sold!" rang through the holy his trusty sword and said, 'Soldiers! edifice, accar panied by a loud and | twenty centuries look down upon "It's working nicely," he mut- merry laugh; and even the minis- you! tered, as a female figure glided ter, before he knew it, found himself smiling, and muttering the

word, "sold!" Old Jacob Morton, though obstinate and self-willed, was not a vindictive man, and realizing that what was done could not be undone, and that it could do no good to rave Finally, another male figure rand howl, he walked over to Will. number two-appeared at the edge and Clara, and shook hands with them, saving:

"Yes-sold! Now I'll freely forgive both of you, and all concerned" -here he glanced at Mary Malone -"if you will tell me how it was

"I'll tell you then," said Clara, "for I know you will keep your word. Mary divulged to me what you and Mr. Harding had put up on Will and me, and suggested a of a tree, and as she hung there plan to baffle you. Instead of going out into the lawn to personate me and deceive Will, she remained in my room, while I went forth and personated her to deceive you. I therefore joined Will as soon as I heard the whip-poor-will, and we left. Mary then came down and

eloped with Mr. Harding." "Such perfidy! I-well. I promised to forgive all, and I'll do it!" "Well, I wouldn't, if I were you!" said Lewis Harding; and pale with anger and disappointment he strode into the lawn, looked around ner- from the Church. "It's an out-

"Sue him for breach of promise! At the gate she met male figure were the words that followed him number one, who had now come as he went out into the dreary

It was Mary Malone who spoke

ing to introduce the American caoutchouc tree into India, where india rubber is obtained, but mostly from a creeping plant. Already any one asks you why you left the the cinchona tree has been so successfully introduced that \$70,000 worth of bark was exported last proprietor was afraid he'd murder

Mr. Singleman, of Greenville, N. .. forced a quid of tobacco into his it there until she became sick. becoming a Singleman.

"Mamma," asked a precocious youngster at the tea-table the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, Mamma, do you think I could stand another of those fried holes." She thought he could.

The abdication of the Sultan gave sembling an egg in its shape. three thousand American newspapers an opportunity to remark that the Sultan Abdul Aziz is the Sultan Abdul as was.' And yet some persons declare that American humor is dving.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe. Nothing can be love to God will has no operation till he is dead,

Miscellaneous.

WHY HE LEFT.

Some months ago Colonel Bangs engaged a young fellow named Scudder as sub-editor of the Morning Argus. On the day before the anniversary of Bunker Hill, Bangs asked Scudder if he was familiar with that battle, and Scudder said he was. So Bangs told Scudder he would like him to write up a little sketch of it for the anniversary with the battle of Bunker Hill?" "Yes sir." "Well, if that is the case, I will be obliged if you will tell "Sold!" repeated Harding, with me what you mean when you say: By 4 o'clock the Confederate troops were ready for the attack. Gen. Washington had the catapults put reiterated Will Jordan in line to await their coming; and when Napoleon saw them he drew

"No sooner were the batteringrams leveled against the wall of the eastle than the Duke of Wellington sent word to his mother, by Gen. Builer, that he would either win or be brought back on his shield. Then ordering his men to fire at the white of the enemy's eyes, he waited the onset with all that majestic calmness which ever distinguished the great hero of Buena Vista. This was the very crisis of the battle. Joan of Arc spying Gen, Jackson behind the cotton bales, dashed at him upon her snow white charger, swinging her ponderous battle axe over her head, her fair hair streaming behind her in the wind. As her steed rushed forward her hair caught in the bough Sergeant Bates shot her through the heart with a bolt from an arquebus. Her last words were, Don't give up the ship!' The Duke could stand it no longer The Mamelukes had slain all the vanguard-Gen. Sickles had lost his leg and retired on a pension, and the enemy's skirmishers, lodged in the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, were pouring boiling oil on those who attempted to scale it. Leaping from his horse, he shouted. 'Up, guards, and at them !' and the next moment, with the glorious flag of truce in one hand and his sword in the other, he hurled his legions upon the lava beds, crush ing the savage foe to the earth, and killing, among others, the well known General Harrison, afterwards the President of the United States.' I think we shall i e to The English government is try- part, Mr. Scudder. It seem to me that your career as a journalist ought to end right here. I will accept your resignation. And if Argus, point out this paragraph, and say that it was because the that, at the Battle of Bunker Hill the Confederates lost 80,000, and the Carthagenians only 600; and

> A Lancaster hen has won notoriety by laying an egg which closely resembles a pear in its shape But this is not as remarkable as if the fowl had laid a pear closely re

Farvey discovered the circula

tion of the blood before he was

thirty-four. Yet some editors get

of Roger Williams.' Point to that

language, Mr. Scudder, and your

friends will understand the situa-

to be over a hundred before they can discover the exact circulation of their own newspapers. Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is that his

in her life-time.

TIM THE FISHERMAN.

I knew a tinker once-Tinker trade, though there was still a strangest of fellows-a most enthusiastic fisherman; he knew every round London, and a good many the tinker, who was to be trusted, and was no poacher.

Sometimes Tim was mighty shorter by three inches than the quiet and self-contained. He had other, and one ankle jointless and little beyond the time of day and a stiff, this man follows chopping as good word or two for a stranger; a business, and can put up a cord but for the old acquaintance and and a half of wood a day. gossip whom he knew and liked he [Berkshire County (Pa.) Eagle. could be blithe as a bird and communicative as you please.

Iim was one of those free and happy souls who haven't a spark of tion; who would tell a disconsofly, and show a fishless banker the any other kindly office in his power. He was a first-rate fisherman himself, and with a rod made of old stallion's tail, he often produced forward. marvelous results. Everything, even his reel, was home-made, and, rough as it all looked, he had sundry ingenious appliances of his own which were by no means unworthy of notice. Tim was a wonderful hand at baits. He always had baits of one kind or another, or knew where to get them at short notice. which would catch fish, and the ever he could get-grasshoppers, me with, "Show this gentleman up with a mixture of rotten cheese, fat | the bell-boy and look round for his a color), all mashed together, made | No. 993 to show him to. such a take of chub as I have seldom seen; and once, when no worms could be got, he made a swinging take of barbel by baiting another. His great point was his I shall address myself for a correct man to pitch his dwelling away knowledge of the state of water, tion of the fault; he must sling from their habitations. One inand how it affected the various more style into my clothes, so to direct consequence of this mode of

## THE MAN OF MANY MISFOR-TUNES.

To begin with, he was born of poor parents-which first misfortune was enough to make him wish he had never been born-and his you when he read your statement troubles commenced very soon after that event. At six weeks of age the whooping cough seized him, and after days of pain and sorrow. wife's mouth the other day and kept | that there is no spot in Virginia | he apparently died. His mother "laid him out," and told her neighthat the people hold more sa-Now his wife wishes she had re- cred than that bloody hill where bors he was dead. They all wept mained a single woman instead of the bones of Cromwell lie with those over the pretty little corpse, when one of them, of a meddlesome dis position, thought from his looks. that there might be life in him, and commenced blowing breath into his lungs, and tossing him in her arms. He came back to life again. When he was six months old his sister rocked him out of the cradle into an old fashioned fire-place, and left him lying under the "forestick," in a hot bed of coals, while she went out to call her mother, who was picking up chips in the door vard. He was so badly burned that all the flesh came off his arms. leaving the bone bare. One side of his head was full of live coals when he was picked up, and his evelids were so burned that when they healed they grew together, closing the eyes. A year later the doctor severed the lids, found the

eyes all right, and the eyesight was

seized with rheumatic fever, and it ended in a fever sore on his right Tim I have called him, though it leg. The bone decayed and passed was not his name; but that was away from the knee to the ankle, when days begun to turn upon the and a consultation of physicians was held on the subject of amputaliving to be had by walking and tion. It was decided that he was working for it. Tim was the too weak to stand it, and so the limb remained upon the trunk. Months afterward it began to heal bit of open fishing for twenty miles and after three years of crutch gymnastics he was well again. Hardly that were not open, too, to some of had he thrown aside the crutches which he was not always unwel- when he fell from a tree, breaking come; for Tim knew many rare his right arm. It began to heal secrets of the art not chronicled promptly, but one night he thrashed by Dennys, and could impart them it over the head of his bed, made a judiciously when he chose; and, if new break, inflammation got into it, a fervent angler had such a thing ulceration followed it, and after six as a particularly large and wary months lying in bed he had it amtrout who had resisted all the al- putated at the shoulder. After lurements he was master of, he was that he had the measles and tynot now and then above consulting | phoid fever, which caused an eighteen months' illness-but after all, with only one arm, with one leg

## HOTEL CLERK AND TAIL

The hotel clerk I venerate in the envy or jealousy in their composi- abstract, but I am rather afraid to approach him in the concrete. My but your possessions. late fly-fisher which was the killing experience is that when he does not snub you he patronizes you. killing swim and bait, or perform and I'd about as lief be killed one way as another. Where moral character and that sort of thing tells, I feel particularly at home; his own skill, and with a few fine by his clothes, confidence fails me. sorrel hairs pulled out of some and I am backward about coming 'Can I have a room?' I modestly ask after registering my name.

Clerk looks at me a moment takes in the general unostentatiousness of my apparel at a glance turns away and attends to the swells who get credit of Bell instead of buying for cash of Porter, chats with the young men whom he knows for a few minutes, and

speak, tighten up my trousers' legs education is that the children in a trifle, roll the collar of my coat | the East are remarkably observant. down lower, and add a foot or two | As they are not occupied in jabto its skirt. Otherwise I shall bering they observe, and their have to wear a placard on my naturally remarkable gifts in this breast stating exactly how much respect are allowed full play. It is these clothes do cost, for if you suppose that my tailor doesn't charge as much as any other one, just try him on once !- John Paul, in the New York Tribune.

'Py Schiminy, how dot poy studies de languages!' is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a blear-eyed son of a saw-horse.

The exhibition is closed on Sun days on religious grounds. Twenty thousand people hang around the fences all day on secular grounds.

In a French translation of Shak-

spere, the passage, Frailty, thy

name is woman, is translated,

'Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady.' A great many of our exchanges indulge in cutting satire; that is, they cut it from other papers and

pass it off as their own. A shirt dealer advertises a bosom warranted to wear longer than the shirt. But who wants a bosom longer than his shirt?

not unusually rough again until he porting the greenback ticket.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements tenper cent on above

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinaly

Special notices in local column 15 cents

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large adver-tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Terms Cash.

TRUTHS.

Idle people have the most labor. Judge not of men and things at

first sight. Misfortunes are the discipline of

Slander always leaves a slur. Education makes or mars us.

Seek till you find and you will not lose your labor. Envy is honor's most secret ene-

Mean men admire wealth; great men seek true glory. Lose no opportunity of doing a

good action. Give your friend counsel with Industry is never unfruitful.

Sobriety is the strength of the .That is well spoken that is well

Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood. Business makes a man as well as

Be not a figure among ciphers.

Modesty has more claims than A passionate man rides a horse

that runs away with him. Most men are slaves because they annot say 'No.' Silence is the sanctuary of truth.

Live not up to your expectations.

Labor brings pleasure, idleness TURKISH CHILDREN .- During all their tender years the children are brought up entirely in the harem. umbrella-sticks, etc., contrived by but where a man is judged only and their education is entrusted to the mother. A marked distinction is observable between Turkish children and European children The boisterous, rowdy, self-asserting child is absolutely unknown in the East, He would be considered a lusus naturos. In Europe children are often told that they ought to be seen but not heard, but it is only in the East that this phenomenon is realized. Respect for his elders and a behavior compatible with this respect-which, in fact, old formula of worms, gentles and when everybody else is roomed and is the only form in which that regreaves, the usual bait of the punt | he has settled the pen right behind | spect can be inculcated are the fisher, he utterly abjured and scorn- his ear, then he calls the smallest one first great lesson which a ed as a formula. He just used what- bell-boy in the office and turns to Turkish child has to learn. He soon learns it, for everything around bumble-bees, wasp grubs, anything to 993!' And by this time I feel him is in harmony with this inhe could easiest come by. He once, so humble about it that I bow to junction; respect is in the very air he breathes, and, unlesst here are rusty bacon and buttercups (to give bag and wonder how I'm to find European children in the neighborhood, there is no fear of the oppo-I narrate now no particular site contagion. A fear of having grievance consider this as the their children corrupted by the statement merely of a great gen- evil communication of Christian (but eral fact. Nor think that I blame not because they are Christian; rawith some chopped up butcher's the hotel clerk of the period. On ther because they are not Christian) craps. He was never at a loss; if the contrary, I am convinced that children is not the least powerful he could not get one thing he used the fault lies with my tailor, to him motive which prompts the Mussul-

> nurses, and blowing their trumpets in perambulators. "Miss Smith, does a cormorant eat strawberries?" "Law me! no, child. What put that into your head?" "Cause ma told Sarah not to bring out the strawberries and cream until that old cormorant. Miss Smith, had left." About ten minutes afterward that child and his mother went up into the attic and played "peas hot and

for this reason that you see little

urchins in the East helping their.

parents in complicated domestic

duties at an age when their com-

peers in Europe are kicking their

Hartford fishermen have discovered that the potato bug is good bait for trout. It has always been known that the trout is more greedy than discriminating in his

peas cold" for nearly an hour.

In 1860 the wool clip of the country was only 65,000,000 pounds; in 1875 it was nearly 200,-000,000 pounds.

A modern essayist defines 'gossip' to be the 'putting of two and Fourteen newspapers are sup- two together and making five of them.'. ...