THEIR LUNCH PARTY.

"Lou," said pretty little Mrs Walton, to her young guest and sister-in-law, "I believe I'll give a lunch party."

"Do," assented Lou, promptly.

"Everybody has been so very polite to you," went on Mrs Walton, "I would like to do something in return, and—"

"A lunch is the very easiest thing, you indolent female,' finished Lou. "I kown your tricks and your manners, and now when shall it be?"

"Let me see," began Mrs Walton. "Tomorrow will be Saturday, and in next week Tuesday is the church festival, Wednesday that pic nic—"

"And Thursday Mrs Doctor Appleton goes back to Boston. She has said it, and the laws of the Medes and Persians are brittle compared to her word," interpolated Lou.

"How about her son? There, don't blush, my dear. Of course we must have Mrs Appleton, and there is no alternative but to set our luncheon for Monday. It is a poor day for such an undertaking, for everything will have to be done the same day, but it's Hobson's choice. You write the notes, like a good soul, and we'll have Tom send up his office boy at noon to deliver them"

So that Friday afternoon thirty-two of the elite of Brockton's permanent and summer adult female residents were duly informed that Mrs Thomas Walton would be happy to see them at luncheon Monday, at one o'clock, to meet Miss Walton.

"We'll just have one extravagance," said Mrs Tom, coaxingly, to her big, handsome husband, the same evening. "You must write down to Keppler's for three dozen of his chicken pates, to come up on the 9.05 train, Monday. Be sure it's the 9.05. That'll be such a relief, Lou, one thing to depend upon made out of the house."

"Yes, indeed," acquiesced Lou, "and your Aunt Helen said to me a little while ago she would get up early Monday morning, and make two large loaves of her famous White Mountain cake; send it over fresh and frosted by eleven o'clock."

"She a darling," said Mrs Tom, enthusiastically. "Now I feel as if we should distinguish ourselves. I'm counting on you for your unapproachable peach ice cream and shrimp salad, and I'll manage to worry through the wine jelly. Sarah must outdo herself on the raised buscuit, small and fresh, but not warm, you know."

"Yes," said Lou, "and I've got a new idea about the salad—that clever Mrs Ellis gave it to me. Take perfect, firm tomatoes, not too ripe, scald and peel them and shce off the tops; then scoop out the inside and mix it with the shrimps and chopped hard boiled eggs. Pour over the filling a mayonnaise dressing and return to the tomato shells. It makes such a pretty looking dish, and the salad is easily eaten out of its red cup."

"Lou, you are an inspiration," cried Kate "the fame of this luncheon will go thundering down the ages. Brockton has never eaten salad from a tomato. Tom, I'm glad I married into the family. Your sister's intellect makes up for your—" but Tom had fled.

The first set-back occurred Sunday morning, and it came double. The milkman who had been spoken to on Saturday, to bring cream, announced when he came Sunday morning that he couldn't promise it, and Mrs Tom, who had made her wine jelly Saturday evening, when she slipped down cellar after breakfast just to take a peep at the condition, felt her heart drop away down into her little bronze slippers as she confronted the rows of watery-looking moulds.

She flew up stairs and beckoned Lou from the dining room.

"It won't harden!" she whispered hoarsely

"What?" demanded Lou, startled by her tragic manner.

"The jelly," and then two pair of slipper heels clicked down the wooden stairway.

Lou looked and shook her head.

"It must be taken out and melted up, and more gelatine added, and more wine."

"It ought to be done today," suggested Mrs Tom.

"Now," said Lou, laconically. "You go and get the wine, and I'll put the gelatine to soften. Then just before church I'll slip out and put it together again. Yes, I know it's Sunday, but it's got to be done, and I'll go straight to church from the cellar."

Kate laughed, and the programme was duly carried out.

In the afternoon Mrs Tom and her sister-in-law were obliged to discuss the cream question.

"We must have it tonight, or very early in the morning," said Kate. "The only place I know of is down at Sammy Dunn's, over the creek. He keeps cows and sells cream."

"Oh, yes, I know the place," said Lou. "beyond the old mill. I'll take the children and walk down there now. Don't frown, we always go for a walk, you know, and I'll tell them Sunday school stories all the way."

And this irrepressible young woman picked up her hat, calling to the three young Waltons as she ran down the steps.

In about an hour the party returned. They brought some, with promise of more in the morning, and they also brought young Doctor Appleton. The former was put on the ice, and the latter on the piazza with Lou to entertain him, while Mrs Tom gave the children their early supper of bread and milk.

The shadows were lengthening when Tom Walton came up the walk.

"Kate," he said to his wife when the presently appeared, "I've been over to your Aunt Helen's. She's in bed, trying to fight off one of her nervous headaches."

A simultaneous exclamation of dismay burst from the lips of the two ladies.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Tom, surprised. "Aunt Helen's nervous headaches are not alarming."

"I must go right over there," said his wife, jumping up. "Doctor,"—a sudden thought striking her—"don't you know of any remedy that will ward off a regulation nervous headache for a day? It is positively necessary that Aunt Helen does not succumb for another twenty-four hours."

"Oh, positively," broke in Lou, who saw visions in a cakeless lunch, "There will be no reward too great for you, Dr Appleton, if you can delay this attack."

"Will there not?" asked the young man, quietly looking down at Lou in a way that made the treacherous color show in her cheeks. If my compensation is to be so unlimited,' he went on, taking his hat and facing Mrs Tom at the foot of the steps, "I shall certainly try for it"

He did not come back, but sent a goodnight by Kate, who reported Aunt Helen sleeping quietly from the Doctor's potion.

By ten o'clock Tom yawned and believed he would go up stairs, and when he had fairly gone Lou unfolded a startling scheme

"Kate, we can't depend on your aunt," she began. "We may have the cake to make in the morning. At any rate there's the house to put in order, the flowers to arrange, the table to lay, the salad to make—and noon comes soon. If you'll help me a little I'll make the ice cream tonight, and then in the morning it will only be a question of twenty minutes to re-pack it. Sunday really ends at sundown, you know, and besides, we've been so wicked all day about this dreadful luncheon, a little extra backsliding won't make much difference."

Two hours later Tom Walton, aroused by a heavy thud-thud! opened his eyes. His wife was not at his side, and the thud thud! came now plainly from some where at the back of the house. Thoughts of burglars, midnight assassins and what not, flitted through his brain as hurried into some clothers and, taking his pistol, he stole softly down the stairs.

The sitting and dining rooms were dark; the kitchen, also, had no light, but from the wood-shed beyond came a little glimmer, and he caught the subdued murmur of voices and the regular thud-thud! that had awaked him.

He crossed the kitchen and gently pushed the door ajar to see—the lovely wife of his bosom, with skirts kilted above her ankles, and rubbers on over her slippers, lading broken ice and salt into a patent ice cream freezer, while his stylish young sister, equally kilted and rubbered, was swinging an axe with all her force, broadside upon an old canvas bag, filled with ice.

"There," said Kate, "You've got enough, Lou—and now we're through."

And then they both turned and saw Tom standing in the doorway, pistol in hand.

Tableau.

"Kate," whispered Lou, tapping at her door by six o'clock the next morning, "it has poured all night—is raining now; hot water, too; a nasty, sultry, August day, and the vegetable man has just come, with no tomatoes."

That was the way the morning began, and the plot thickened as it progressed. There was so much to be done and so little time to do it in; the rain kept the children indoors and under foot at every turn; the 9.05 train came in without the pates; every store in the village was ransacked in vain for tomatoes, Monday being a poor day for vegetables; and at eleven o'clock Ben, Aunt Helen's gardener, came over with only a handful of flowers—"for you see, Miss Walton," he explained to Kate, "the rain has beat down everything, all the jerayniums and the verbeanyas and roses and everythin'."

But he brought the cake, tempting and delicious, and Lou's heart beat with a sudden thick throb, as she saw this fruit of Dr. Appleton's skill, and her cheeks flushed, then paled, as she recalled his meaning look of the night before, when he had started out to try his remedy!

And whether there was a secret magic in the snowy loaves or not, from the moment they arrived things bettered.

Ben solved the tomato problem and made the new salad possible, by trudging back to Aunt Helen's vines and gleaning sufficient for their use; a friend who had a greenhouse thoughtfully sent down a great box of lovely flowers, and Tom came in with a despatch that the pates would come at 12.-15, and also a basket of choice fruits, which was that gentleman's contribution to the entertainment.

And the jelly hardened beautifully, the ice cream was smooth and solid, the yellow salad in its ruby nests would have tempted a king, and the first guest did not suspect that the tall, dignified young woman in a cool looking, lavender muslin, with a bunch of scarlet flowers in her belt, had left the kitchen, after a long morning of unremitting toil, only fifteen minutes before, to rush up stairs and don the furbelows.

"A most charming lunch-party," said Mrs Dr. Appleton to her son that evening, "and Miss Walton is really a very well-bred young person. I like dignity and self-possession, and she has both, and I believe she made the peach ice cream, which was simply worthy of a cordon bleu."

So young Dr. Appleton had his august mamma's approval when he asked Lou that same evening, a little later on the moonlighted piazza of her brother's home, if he might name the reward he claimed for the restoration of Aunt Helen.

You can guess what it was, but not everyone knows that a wedding before next Christmas was the outcome of "their lunch party."

Don't Do It.

Don't rack and ruin your lungs with a tight, harrowing, distressing cough, when a few doses of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will loosen the phlegm, soothe the irritation, and heal the sore throat and bronchial pipes, and may avert that destructive disease, consumption. 2

Opprobrious Epithets.

Strikes bring out the technical slang of the trades, and particularly the opprobrious epithets by which the different classes of workmen distinguish the unskilled men who labor at the same trade. In most cases it will be found that these slang terms originate in some technicality of the trade. Thus the telegraphers call a poor operator a plug, after the little metal plug or pin in the switchboard, good only to open and shut the circuit. They are also called "chair-warmers," the meaning of which is apparent to everybody.

Printers designate an unskilled typesetter a 'shoemaker' or 'blacksmith.' The derivation of the former appellation is from the fact that a compositor who makes errors is obliged to correct them after the type is set up by taking out the misplaced letters and "pegging" the proper ones into their places. Tailors also use the word "shoemaker" to distinguish a poor hand, as an unskilled workman makes his stitches too far apart, and is therefore better adapted to sew leather, where he can punch the holes with an awl before pulling his needle through. The appellation "blacksmith" is applied to a printer whose fingers are clumsy, and a jeweller also terms an unskilled worker at his trade a "blacksmith" for the same reason.

A term of opprobrium which was used by old New York printers to denote an unskilled compositor was the word "boarder," from the fact that a poor hand was generally a drinking man and spent his time loafing or "boarding" in liquor saloons. All striking workmen in common use the generic word "scab" to distinguish those who take the place of strikers. The derivation of this word is obviously from the fact that the scab is a morbid growth, and lives only at the expense of the general well-being of the rest of the body.

Shakespear uses the word scab as a term of opprobrium, and Webster defines scab as a "mean, paltry fellow" which have suggested the application of the word to its present use. Different occupations have, however, special names to particularize the scabs of their respective callings. Thus compositors call a scab a "rat." in contemptuous allusion to the rodents that infest printing-offices.

The telegraphers have only recently invented a term for scab operators. They call them "contumists," though the term is not of technical derivation, but is probably an attempt to manufacture a word from the Latin *contumæ*, the root of contumacious, to describe a stubborn and obstinate person. There is, however, a strong current among some of the operators that there was a noted scab in the big strike in 1883 by the name of Con Toomey, and hence one who follows in his footsteps is called a "contumist," which is certainly a more humorous derivation than the former.

The iron-workers, especially the nailers, term a scab a "black sheep," while the hatters say he is "foul." This custom of designating those who work contrary to the rules and wishes of their fellows by some uncomplimentary name is not confined to those who are wage workers. The lawyers term the one who works contrary to the ethics of the profession a shyster, while the doctors expressively call one who pretends to be a healer, without belonging to their medical society or union a quack. The same idea runs through all classes of society.

Something About Washing.

A very good washing fluid may be made by bringing to a boil one pound salsodo, half a pound unslacked lime, a small lump of borax and five quarts of water. When cool, pour off and bottle. Use one tea-cupful to a boiler of clothes. This will not injure the clothes. To wash blankets, put boiling hot suds into the washer with a tablespoonful of borax to each gallon of suds. Put in the blankets, one at a time, and wash each five minutes, adding more liquid soap (that is, soap dissolved in hot water) as is needed. Wring from the suds and put into a tub of scalding water. Rinse thoroughly in this, sousing the goods up and down with the clothes-stick. Pass through the wringer and hang upon the line. Quilts can be washed in the same way easily. The soap in which flannels are washed should contain no resin, as resin hardens the fibre. If this precaution is used and bluing put in the scalding rinse-water, blankets may be washed a great many times, and still retain the original softness and whiteness. The nap on them may be raised, as it wears off, with a pair of fuller's cards. These are excellent to raise nap on the inside of woolen hose, thus adding greatly to their softness and warmth.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face, or sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at Geo. Rhynas' Drug Store. (3)

Worry.

The disposition to worry is partly a matter of temperament and partly a matter of habit, often partly of both temperament and habit. Some people seem born to be in a worry all the time, others seem never to take anything seriously to heart; still others worry just enough to escape contingent troubles. Where worrying is a matter of temperament, the cultivation of sound philosphy with regard to the ordinary affairs of life may do much to check it. A firm and abiding sense of the wisdom and goodness of God will serve as an antidote to it, the removal of legitimate causes of worry will not help matters at all. The battle is to be fought in one's own soul, and it matters little how slight the precipitating cause may be. One big worry will cure many little ones, as one big sorrow swallows up all lesser ones. Where worrying is a matter of habit, the only wise thing to do is to break the habit by forming one in the opposite direction.

If we planned our lives ourselves we might have good cause to worry. We try to plan them, but our plans are continually overruled and overborne by a Power above us. We "know not what a day may bring forth," and we know that the days are full of surprise and what we had not expected continually happens. It is right that we should daily take our bearings and see that we are steering in the proper direction, but having done this, keeping ourselves so is enough to occupy us, and we have no time to worry over danger already past or such as may be awaiting us.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Each one of us has just so much capital—intellectual, moral, spiritual, physical—and no more, to operate with in the life given us. So much of this as is needed in each day's work we should invest, and allow the rest to accumulate, wasting none of it, but investing it as it is called for by the exigencies of life.

It is necessary that we should make precautions against evil; that we should look out and provide for contingencies; that we should make the ordinary preparations for what is in the nature of things likely to come to us, and having done this, the next best thing is to await the coming events with serenity and presence of mind. Worrying will only upset us, waste our powers, distort our mental vision and put us in such a state of mind as will effectually prevent the best use of our faculties.

"Reader," in informing you of this wonderful remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs, we feel that we are doing you a great kindness, as if you have any of the above complaints, if you will only try it we will guarantee satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Ask for McGregor's Lung Compound. Price 50c. and $1 per bottle at Rhynas' Drug Store. (3)

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men; and they who invest in it, though they may not become rich in this world's goods, will find their reward in the esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won.

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct cause of seventy-five per cent, of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, sick headache, costiveness, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, palpitations of the heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it. yeow

13 "HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 30 cts. For sale by J. Wilson, druggist.

The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.

10 ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by J. Wilson, druggist.

Neatness.

The following remarks by Emily Hayes in the *Household* are so sensible that they are well worth quoting: A lady's touch is very soon discovered in the arrangement of a dining-room—the appointments of the table, though of the most ordinary kind, the neatness, the spotless purity of the table linen, the polish which the coarsest ware will show if properly washed and wiped, the arrangements of the dishes—all tend to show the deft hands, the fine tastes of the woman whose charge it is And by fine tastes I don't mean acquired ones.

Many a girl or woman who couldn't quote a line of Emerson or use a French phrase, to save her existence, may have a nature refined and beautiful enough to make itself felt in all the drudgery of her daily life. And, in these days, when many women are judged by their outward elegance, it is well to look at their home life. Not that it is necessary that every woman should bake bread and wash dishes, but the lady who can do such things properly should occasion require it, is far more ladylike than she who looks upon it as a menial labor, fit only for servants.

Invisible but Instantaneous.

All pains or aches will instantly removed by drops of Fluid Lightning applied over the affected parts. No time lost; no nauseous medicines needed; no poulticing or using greasy liniments. It will not blister or discolor the skin. Sold at 25c per bottle by Geo. Rhynas, druggist. Sufferers from Neuralgia assure us that they never fear it when their house contains a bottle of Fluid Lightning. (4)

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.

Reasons why you should purchase Fluid Lightning in preference to all other remedies are: Rapid result—cures instantly. It is easily applied—no trouble—no lost time. It does not require constant use—one application is effectual. One bottle will remove more pain than any other remedy in existence Try it for Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Rheumatism. Sold at 25c. a bottle by G. Rhynas, Druggist. (3)

5 For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. price 25 cents. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

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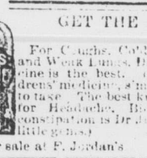

For Coughs, Colds, Sorethroat and Weak Lungs, Dr. Jugs medicine is the best. It is the children's medicine, simple and easy to take. The best known remedy for Headache, Biliousness and constipation is Dr Jugs's Pills, (the little giants.)

For sale at F. Jordan's

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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1 That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

8 Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

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The complexion is often rendered unsightly by Pimples, Liver Spots and Yellowness. These it is well known are caused from an inactive Liver and bad blood. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure purifies the blood and whole system. See Recipe Book for toilet recipes, hints and suggestions on how to preserve the complexion. Sold by J. Wilson, druggist.

1887.

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This lot is situated in a good part of the Town. On it is erected thereon a 1½ story house, with kitchen attached, which has been painted lately, and is in a good state of preservation.

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