SOME DAY.

MANDYJANE PENSTOCK

To Get Married There Is Not So Easy as It Looks. To get married seems an easy thing to the young man whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But when it comes to the actual ceremony there are a thousand and one terrors which surround e time when I was up in Pennsyl-ficultoch belt I was going from man's Hook to the Barley Run Forks when I heard some one de off to one side of the road-ing in that direction I saw a man, ag cautiously from behind a big ook tree. He motioned for me to and I did. and threaten to overcome him. Mar-riage in some states is easy; in others it is as difficult as obtaining a divorce. A wellknown Philadelphian was about to be married to a beautiful young wo-man who lived in the state of Delaware. He had no idea that the marriage laws of that state were of an appalling na-ture. He had secured his license and thought that was all that was neces-

ove's "some day, somehow!" hope 'twill be, some time; after life

oad was straight behind me for and I could see that far, I told tigh as ye kin make out, tha'
tothin' that looks like a tall wored calliker dress an's green sunnowheres betwirt you an' as fur
is see, is that' asked the man,
"said I, there isn't."
hain't color blind, be yet'

ann's, hen a woman in a red calliker dress green sun bounet wouldn't be li-to look to you like one in a yaller and a blue sun bonnet, would

hain't no raisin' o' dust no-that looks as if it mowt be ris man to a red calliker dress an' sun bonnet comin' this way set, is tha?" n't noways nigh-eighted, be

the the contrary.

In if the was a raisin' o' dust
as that, not more'n a hundred
down the road, ye wouldn't be lito take it for a haystack a mile ould yet"
aly out of the question.

an came out from behind the
ad with a big sign of relief sat

"Not yit, I says, 'but she's goin' ter,
"se powdered a hoot own's giszard,' I
ga. Jis shoot yer eye down the road
gm. Cap. If tha's anything mussin'
it up that mowt put ye in mind o' the
alkin' I've giv ye o' 'Mandy Jane, gimse the wink an I'll scoot."
The road was still clear.

"Sam hooked sprised a little when I
old him bout havin' the owl's gizzard
ove powder, an' pooty soon he says:

"Yel, he says, I'm goin' ter take
salle to the picule to morrow, an' I
pose that'll be the last time I kin galtant her anywheres, 'cordin' to that,'
"The's what it will."

says. "That's what it will, Sammy!' I

'An' the dust hain't actin' in a way hat mowt fool ye into thinkin' it was my a hurricane a comin'?"

"None that I care to ask to bind it up that way. I can't ask my bride's rela-tives, you know."

His friend looked at him pityingly.

"You can't postpone the wedding, can you?" "What?" fairly shricked the unforand with a big sign of relief sat on a stump. Cause, ye see I'm a leetle anxious," and "fee, if ye'd seen a woman with calliker dress and a green sunbon-omin, or a raisin, o' dust that look-if it mowt be ris by a woman with calliker dress and a green sunbon-that'd a ben 'Mandy Jane Penstock, d a had to take to the woods." What's the matter with 'Mandy "' I asked." "Of course not, of course not," said the legal light, soothingly. But the poor bridegroom looked stricken.
"I'll tell you what I'll do, old man. I'll tend to the matter for you. Don't give yourself any more concern about it."

it."

The young man-about-to-be married then grasped his hand. He could not speak for a moment, and then he poured forth his thanks. He picked up his hat in a relieved sort of way and walked to the door. Then he turned.

"By the way, I forgot to ask you how large is the amount of the bond required?"

"Fifty cents," said the lawyer.—New York Recorder. "Dail ye ever have a hrakerin' ra girl that didn't seem to keer to alor fer ye?"
Iddin't know that I ever had.
"Jis' keep yer eye on the road, Cap," id the man, "an' if ye see any of them rans o' Mandy Jane jis whistle, will y?"

I said I would.

"Then I'll tell ye sumpin'. If ever ye take a shine to a gal an' she won't nanker, takes a hoot owl's gizzard, dry it, an grind it inter a powder. Then, unbanceman to the gal, git some of it in her lemonade or sumpin' 'foreshe drinks it, an' ye've jist as good as made four shillin' for the squire, for she can't never asy No' agin when ye sat her if she'll be yourn. The' hain't no red an' green loomin' up yit twixt yon an' the horizon, nor no ahakin' o' dust that mowt have red an' green inside of it, is tha?"

"Roo yet." Where Pineapples Grow. Where Pineapples Grow.

Even the dispensers of drinks behind drug store bars are inclined to take advantage of the strike scare to raise prices on their soft and other drinks. A young woman called for a pineapple squash the other day, and when she had tasted, sipped and devoured it, was charged ten cents by the young man with bangs who manipulated the faucet. She raised a mildly reproving eye to him, when he glibly remarked: "You know since the strike all the pineapples grown near Chicago are being held back. We are actually making the squashes at a loss." She inquired if he had ever taken an elementary course in geography.—Buf. elementary course in geography.—Buffalo Express.

"Not yet."
"If ye'd ever know'd Sallie Magompera, ever to the Hook, ye'd a hankered, I'll bet ye; I took to hankerin' for Sallie more'n a year ago, but tha didn't seem to he no use. Sallie's jest turning twenty, now, and mebbe she hain't a caution for pootiness! Piotur's hain't nowhere longside o' her. But somehow she fit shy o' me. So one day I says to myself: 'All right, my lady! If it's got to be left to the hoot-owis,' I says, hoot-owis it'llbe,' an' I went a gunnin' fer hoot-owis. But hoot-owis, an' I gunned, an' I gunned far pooty nigh a year fore I draw'd bead on one, an' you het I was more'n tickled when I tumbled him often his roost!

"Gala that kin hanker an' won't hanker must be made to hanker!' I says, an' I hung the hoot owl's gizzard up to day. Young Rulers in Old Europe. Europe is ruled by comparatively young people now. Casimir Perier is still in his prime; Lord Rosebery is hardly at the height of life; Emperor William is 35; King Humbert is about 60; the Czar is about 49; the Sultan is 52; the Queen of Holland is 14; the King of Spain 10. Queen Victoria and the Empress of Austria are old people. - THE HONEY BEE,

Now the honey bee is flying
Where the daisy blows.
And he's murmurously prying
In the wayside rose. Happy little golden rover,
Busy all the day
In the aromatic clover,
Billowy and gay.

dry.

'One o' these days, when I hear that 'Mandy Jane Penstock has passed over Jurian, I'm goin' back to the Hook an' jest as like as not thump the lile outen Sam Brazse. Sam an' me worked on the same loggin' job, an' after I bagged the owl I says to him one day:

"Sam, I says, 'me an' you won't hunk in together much longer,' I says.

"Thow's that't says Sam.

"The goin'ter marry Sallie Magompers next week,' I says.

"Mo! says Sam, 'Sallie's give in, has she?" That we may, when through these bowers Fly the silver flakes, Four the dainty souls of flowers On our buokwheat cakes.

A RAINMAKING RUSE.

There had been no rain on Dancing Branch for nearly two months.

Capt. Twitchell was greatly concerned about his corn and also his cotton. The corn would not ear well nor the cotton make good bolls, unless water were forthcoming in some shape before many days. He was likewise at this time greatly troubled about his only daughter. He hardly knew which of his worries was the greater. Yet there was a difference. He knew just then of no way by which he could control Jupiter Pluvius, yet he could—or thought he could—control his daughter, Nisby. Nisby, it may be said, was the local—interpretation of Sophonisba.

"If the cussed crops do go up," he soliloquized, "I reckon we'll have to stand the racket somehow. But, by mighty!"—this was the captain's favorite oath—"by mighty, sir! If John Henry Padget marries Nisby Twitchell 'thout my consent he'll get up airlier and stay up longer than most, fools of his heft usually do."

But, in the nature of things, there were sundry protests and plottings against the parental fiat.

Mandy Jane Penstock mowt a ben a stunner when ahe was a gal, fer all I know, but I don't jis' recomember when that was. She'll hef to think back a good ways if she recomembers it herself. But leavin out bone an' sinner, an' a pooty sharp nose, 'Mandy Jane don't cut much of a figger nowadays. She's considered to the her ways, though, an' when the has sumpjn' on her mind that the a sump' an early 'ter do she goin'ter do it or

when she has sumpin on her mind that she's goin'ter do it or things il rumble.

"Sam Brasee he took Sallie to the picnic an I was there with my hootowl's gizard all ready. Sallie kittened consid able to Sam, an' it made me aquirm to see her, I tell ye, but I says to myself. 'All right, my lady' I says. But wait till the hoot-owl sings to ye!' I says. But wait till the hoot-owl sings to ye!' I says. Bimeby I says to Sam an' Sallie.

"Come over an' I'll treat ye,' I says.
Come git some lamonade,' I says.
"An' they come along, an' I bought
the lemonade, an' when Sallie was't
tookin' I tumbled the owl's gizzard love
powdar inter her giass.

"On! she says. 'Yonder's 'Mandy
Jame Penstock! she says. 'Mandy
must have a treat, too!' she says.

"So she calls Mandy Jane over, an' I
orders a glass for her. Now see what
Sallie done. She hands the glass that
and the owl's gizzard in it over to
Mandy Jane herself, an' 'fore I could
too her. 'Mandy Jane had gulped it
town, love powder an' all! You're sure
ye hann's color blind, Cap?"
"Positive."

It'll go hard with Sam Brazee if it reis safe for me to go heet to the sayini Soon as I see 'Mandy Jane p that lemonsde an' owl's gizzard I so one cold shake an' started for me to pack my trunk. This was only tenday. When I came out ag'in there 'Mandy Jane,'

MARRIAGE IN THE STATES.

"I'll see a lawyer about it in the mornin see a lawyer about it in the morning." said he. So he went to a friend who was a legal light and said:

"See here. They tell me I have to give a bond to the state when I get married."

"Certainly. Haven't you done so?" in

to the squire's. To-morrow at half past nine!' says she.

"Say, Cap! I tumbled back in the house an slammed the door an' went upstairs an' hid under the bed. Early this mornin' I crawled out an' snuck outen the house an jist laid myself out an' dug fer liberty. As I raised the hill I turned an' looked back. There was 'Mandy Jane comin' on my trail like the woods afre! She's comin' yit! She's only stopped fer wind. Has she hove in sight yit?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet." About that time Nisby received a letter by special messenger and furitively conveyed, that seemed to put her in high good humor. She would explain nothing to anybody, but went about the house as chirripy and frisky as a squirrel in nutting time. Previously she had been rather moody and preoccupied. "Can't see what's come over the girl," said her father. "If that John Henry was about, I should say he was responsible."

But though Mr. Pudget had not been "Not yet."
"Then I'll take to the woods an'
mebbe won't see no t'backer for a
month, Cap, unless you gimme that
plug o' your'n; and when 'Mandy Jane
ketches up with ye if ye'll only jist tell
her—""

was about, I should say he was responsible."

But, though Mr. Pudget had not been seen on Dancing Branch for, as some expressed it, "a month of Sundays," his absence was more than replaced to the captain's mind by an agent of the great Drydapper. By the time the latter had finished explaining and persuading, Capt. Twitchell had agreed to give up his big barn down in the Branch bottom for the purpose of furthering the professor's cloud-compelling operations.

"Mind you. though," stipulated the prudent captain, "if the rain don't come, that feller has got to pay me for the use of my barn." her—"
But I hadn't time to wait to hear
what I was to tell 'Mandy Jane and
drove on toward Barley Run Cross
Forks.—N. Y. Sun.

that feller has got to pay me for the use of my barn."

Late one afternoon the great Drydapper arrived with a negro, a mule, a covered wagon tightly closed and a tremendous air of mystery and importance. He drove straight to the big barn in the bottom and instructed his darky to close the doors. Shortly he came out and took a sage survey of the heavens, with the air of a Solomon who held the clerk of the weather continually at his beck and call. He was small of stature, yet of great—not to say terrible—dignity. In fact his dignity was so overpowering that Capt. Twitchell completely neglected to let the professor know of his intentions regarding the rent.

rent.
His professional preparations were to be made in secret down at the big barn that night. All that he could be got to say was: what? gasped he.
"Your bond," repeated the questioner.
"You know every man who is married in this state has to file a bond for the protection of the state."
The bridegroom was rather dubious, but was finally persuaded that this was a fact. say was:

"By morning look out for signs of rain. You had all better go to bed; but if you will hang around that barn it might be safer to bring your umbrellas.

There is no knowing what may happen

And he withdrew, magnificent in his And he withdraw, magnincent in his impenetrability. But, when relieved of the oppressiveness of the professor's presence, the captain's natural skepti-cism asserted itself for a moment. "I half believe he is a large sized hum-brg" said be. bug," said he.
But later on, when they told him that half the population of Dancing Branch was squatting, sitting and standing around his barn, curiosity got the better

"Certainly. Haven't you done so?" in a surprised way.
"No; I never heard of such a thing before. What kind of bond is it?"
"Oh, any real estate will do."
"But I haven't any real estate."
The lawyer looked at him a moment.
Then he solemnly said:
"Haven't you any friends who own property?" of prudence.
"Old woman," he said, "you keep an eye on Nisby here, and I'll just run down there and see what that fool is up to, anyhow." So the captain disappeared, but did not return. Mrs. Twitchell, feeling likewise the itch of an unsatisfied de-

likewise the itch of an unsatisfied desire, finally grew ungovernably restless.

Dear suzz!' she complained. "What can be a-keepin' the captain so? In generally, he never stays out later than eight o'clock. Put on your bonnet and shaw!, Nisby, and we'll jest step down there and fetch your paw back."

The girl obeyed and the two hurried toward the bottom. On the way Nisby complained that her head was hurting her worse. She had invented a prudent headache previously. She was allowed to return on condition of her going immediately to bed. Sundry blue and red flashes through the cracks in the barn completely conquered the old lady. She completely conquered the old lady. She determined to witness Drydapper's combat with nature if she sat up all This she did; while, unconscious o

This she did; while, unconscious of the vicinity of his wife, the captainwatched and nodled at a little distance amid the crowd. The hours passed slowly, yet the people remained.

The professor had forbidden lights or fires, as being inimical to his success. The captain and his wife stayed on, however, risking rheumatism, and whetting their tempers with delay.

When morning at last peeped over the eastern hills upon this sleepy and peevish audience, there was neither any sign of rain in the sky nor life inside the barn.

"I said he was a humbug," exclaimed the captain, as he wrathfully burst open the barn doors.

The crowd poured in, to find only the mule and wagon. Inside the last were some empty boxes. But there was no Drydapper and likewise no negro.

'I believe that's Bras Newman's mule and wagin," said one man from over about Three Forks.

about Three Forks.

"Bras is own cousin to John Henry," thought the captain, growing sus picious at once. "hello, old woman he added, noticing his wife at last." Where's Nisby?"

But the old lady was making double quick tracks for the house. The captain followed. A couple met them smilingly at the door. It was Sophon isba and John Henry.

"Nisby Twitchell?" cried the mother. "If you don't—" "Egscuso me, marm," interrupted

"If you don't—"
"Egscuso me, marm," interrupted
John Henry, "Sophonisby Padget is
her name now. Parson Green, he married us long about three hour and a
half ago."
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs.
Twitchell, but he was too overcome to
say more just then.
"Swindled out'n rain and daughter,
too," groaued the captain, while the
neighbors behind him began to grin and
chuckle.

'Well," argued John Henry, "yo

PRIOES AND TERMS
TO BUT
THE HARD TERMS
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TO BUT
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THE HAR

food not appetizing. These two experiments then further confirm the opinion that exercise is dispensable in obtaining proper growth.

Probably Man's Breath. An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that it can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards. INTERESTING LINES.

Porcelain is to be substituted for gold filling in teeth. Phoenicians invented the first alphabet about 1500 B. C. Over-crowding of street cars is forbidden in England. The majority of self-taught congressmen are farmer Lettuce was deemed by the ancients the The Mississippi delta is settling six

nches per century. Japanese bamboo has been profitably grown in Louisiana. Diamonds are sometimes smuggled in ho ow-heeled shoes. In 1893 Parisians consumed 21, 291 horses 229 donkeys and 40 mules. In Poland it is penal offence to speak Polish in any public resort. WELL-KNOWN HYMNS.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven" was the work of Richard Mant. It was translated from a hymn in the Roman brevi-"Blow yet the trumpet, blow," was one of the sever I hymns written by Charles Wesley for New Year's day. It was first

"Come Saviour, Jesus," is a translation of a French hymn by the pious mystic Antoinette Bourignon. The translator is unknown.

"Come, O my soul in sacred lays" written by Thomas Blacklock, a blind man. It contains a pathetic allusion to the poet's condition "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" was written by Reginald Heber and first published in the "Christian Observer" in 1811.

PROVERBS. One hand opened in charity may be worth one hundred folded in prayer. Mere oddity is often mistaken for wit and oftener for wisdom. A liberal supply of ear trumpets should go with all great truths. Special legislation may produce eclipses, but can't make sunlight. Wedding presents have much to do with making married life a failure. There are times when a weak ruler is ore dangerous than a strong enemy. There are emergencies in which an ounce

that love them best. RECENT PROVERBS. Soft snaps help to make hard times. In diplomacy lying becomes a fine art. Value depends upon quality, not price.

of powder is worth a ton of proclamation. In order to be called good fellows some folks are the meanest kind of ones to those

Truth and falsehood often seem twins. Study does not necessarily imply obser Theory without practice is always let than yearn Men will abandon a principle to die for a sentiment. The biggest fools do not commit the

The premature is always in danger of

being frostbitten. A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Laddes. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we willsend, sealed, by return mail. Fullsealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address The Cook Company,

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Crawfordsylle. I. I. I. Aug. 20, '86.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

Dean Germs:— desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the s. omach and nerves. Tirled every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom chan and general nervoirs aystem. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. Hander, Extfrom. Mortgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a dicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana.

State of Indiana,

Montgomery County, \} 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publications of the county of t INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and enly one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. WONDERFUL CUTATIVE POWERS Of the South American Nervine Tonic.

II ARRIET E. HALL. of Waynetown, Ind., says:
"I owe my life to the Great South American
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestine,
Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered
condition of my whole system. Had given up
all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctora, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to
walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely.
I believe it is the best medicine in the world.
I can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with Sourn American Nervine Tonic.

Ms. Ellla A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana,

Hs. I cannot express how much I owe to the
Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting
the first tages
of consumption, an inheritance handed down
through several generations. I began taking
the Nervine Tonic.

Has. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana,

Hs. Ella A. Bratton, of Ross, Indiana,

Hs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross,

Hs. Ella A. Bratton, of Ross, Indiana,

Hs. Ella A. Bratton, of N

cau not recommend it too highly."

I lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a serie for the Nerves. No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a serie for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with SOUTH American Nervine as a cure for all forms of falling health. It never issis to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dane. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious been if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly aske, and very pleasant to the taxe. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use the great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your leps and in your cheels and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesser.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON

CHATHAM, N. B.