

Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr Goods and the following Groceries

Fruits, canned Goods, Tobacco, cigars, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Hats and caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, country Produce of all Kinds,

at prices that cannot be equalled for quality in this place, at least that is what competent judges say of them. We think so from quantity sold during Holidays.

—ALSO—

1 two horse knee Sled, 1 one horse knee Sled, 1 pair of bobsleds, 1 express wagon, with top for peddling; 1 double seated open carriage, 1 double seated covered carriage, 1 top buggy, 1 set express harness, 2 sets single driving harness.

Liberal Discount for Cash.

J. W. DICKIE.

Poetry.

THE EIGHTH LETTER.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth and awaits him at death,
Presides o'er happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heaps of the miser, 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Not 'e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

BY ELLA MARTIN.
On the cliffs that face the sea
Grows a sweet, wild bud so high,
Which to reach I vainly try,
For 'tis far too high for me.
In my garden flowers grow.
Every hue, and sweet and fair;
But for them I do not care,
And no peace my heart can know.
Restlessly I pace the beach,
Listening to the waves low thud;
How I want that one sweet bud,
That is far beyond my reach!
In the crowd I often meet,
One bright face I love so well,
And his careless bow doth tell
I'm no friend he cares to greet.

I have lovers by the score,
Friends who are so true to me,
But their worth I cannot see,
Having these what need I more?
But life incomplete will be,
Poisoned with cold sorrow's dart,
For I want that one dear heart
That will never beat for me.

Could I pluck that bud so sweet,
I would crush it unto death,
To inhale its fragrant breath,
Which would then be more complete.

And that heart for which I sigh,
I would crush in 'neath my feet,
And refuse it mercy sweet,
Just to see it bleed and die.

I, myself a lesson teach;
At my selfishness I start,
And thank God the bud, the heart,
Are so far beyond my reach.
—Chicago Ledger.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

'Tis not a motto, fine as some,
Perhaps in cone high sounding;
But as from coal rare colors come,
Truth richly worth expounding,
Lies in this adage—truth sublime—
And I would here declare it;
And if a bore you deem my rhyme,
Why, simply "grin and bear it."

When cherished projects come to naught,
Or pain embitters pleasure;
When banks and bonds your firmest thought
Bring loss to hoarded treasure;
When friends forsake, and foes increase,
Put on, though hard to wear it,
A sunny smile of perfect peace—
'Twill help—just "grin and bear it."

When woes come thick and still more thick
Disasters gathering daily,
When hope deferred, the heart makes sick;
While round you jesting gaily,
The world knows not how sad your soul,
Dreams not what griefs do tear it,
Keep over self a calm control;
All bravely "grin and bear it."

Ah neath these homely words there lies,
Vast mines of deepest meaning,
Whole tones of sound philosophy,
Well worth most careful gleaning;
Yet not mere stoic's lore I urge—
Forever I forswear it—
Let earth's and heaven's best wisdom merge,
Trust God, then "grin and bear it."

What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?
"An optimist believes in mascots and a pessimist in hoodoos."—Indianapolis Journal.

Humorous.

How Fast.

It was an negligence case, and a good-humored Irishman was a witness. The judge, lawyers and everybody else were trying to extract from him something about the speed of the train. "Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness. "How fast?" "Aw, purty fast, yer honor." "Well, how fast?" "Aw, purty fast." "Was it as fast as a man can run?" "Aw, yis," said the Irishman, glad that the basis for an analogy was supposed, "as fast as two min kin run."

Ways and Means.

First Tramp—It never costs me much to feed.

Second Tramp—Me neither, but what's your game?

First Tramp—I patronize those places where they trust to your honor to pay the right price.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"My friend," said the temperance lecturer solemnly, "you ought to stop drinking."

"Possibly, possibly," returned the other; "but if everybody should take your advice did you ever stop to think what you would do for a living?"

Now and then a good man runs across a problem that just about takes his breath away.

"Dickey doesn't know his letters well," explained his mother to the new teacher, "but he's quick in learning figures."

"What is this, dear?" asked the teacher, pointing to the letter B.

"Dat's a B jammed together," promptly responded Dickey.

"Tell me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily."

"Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the smart ones. All those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones."

Our Unsatisfied Wishes.

"I suppose that all of us," said Mr. Billtops, "have some pet ambition or some wish that we never realize; that we carry through life, perhaps quite unknown to our friends, and down with us to the grave, unsatisfied. Some of these hopes and fancies on the part of our friends would seem strange enough to us if we knew them, but no more strange to us than ours might seem to them. There are plenty of steady going, hardworking people that seem full of business only that really cherish, with all their occupations, the most romantic ideas, though they may be indeed about the simplest things in the world.

"Sometimes we hear of them, something gives occasion for the expression of them, and then they come to us like a revelation. We had never dreamed that So-and-so had that strain of fancy in him. But for the most part these ideas are personal guests which we entertain within our own walls, in whose company we find pleasure, and which we take with us unnoticed when we go.—New York Sun.

A Cleveland preacher was bemoaning to the Rev. Dr. Sprecher the other day, the indigence of the people to the church, complaining bitterly of lack of attendance at nearly all the churches in the city. "I venture to say," he concluded, "if I were to advertise that two monkeys would perform in my pulpit next Sunday evening, the church would be crowded." "Yes," replied Dr. Sprecher, reflectively, "two would be better than one."

Things the Kaiser Does not Like.

The Kaiser is a military man from crown to foot. His numerous wardrobes contain only five suits of mufti, mostly made in Vienna. Like most German officers, he never looks well in them. He never wears an evening dress suit. He has a particular abnegation against the swallowtail, which reminds him of the sombre surroundings of a funeral. This unconquerable objection is accountable for an imperial regulation ordaining that wherever possible courtiers and guests shall wear the frock coat a l'Anglais; otherwise the newly introduced court dress is de rigueur. The black swallowtail is thus fast being forced out of German court circles. Umbrellas are his pet aversion—he never possessed one in his life—and, as to sticks, they are usually the cheapest he can buy. His rifles are under the special care of the leibjager and kept in a special cupboard. A remarkable feature of this collection is the hunting sticks which his majesty has cut with his own hand while out hunting or received as presents during his expeditions from gentry and peasantry alike.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dickens' Copy.

A brief examination of those precious bundles of papers show that even the scrupulous Dickens was not always wont to hark back or to recast his thoughts. Look at the bold, free hand of "Oliver Twist," evidently going at express rate, and compare it with the painfully minute characters of "Edwin Crood." It is open at the last page the great man ever wrote a blue slip almost square, in blue ink, resembling an inky fishing net (to use a graphic expression which he applied to some manuscript of a contributor after he had done with it) rather than a page of a

novel for which all the world was waiting. Nevertheless it is not difficult to read, even under a glass case. He was too old a hand not to sympathize with the much tried compositor, who reads not for pleasure—God help him—but for his daily bread.—London News.

A Hardened Wretch.

"Pooh!" said the scoffer, as the naval reserves marched past. "Those fellows went fight. Look at that officer there in front. Why he'd faint at the sight of blood."

"Don't you fool yourself on that score," replied the enthusiastic citizen. "Blood and human suffering have no terrors for that man. He's a dentist and pulled a tooth for me once."—Chicago News.

They had a war correspondent at court in an eastern city. He said to the judge:

"Do you want me to tell the truth about this matter?"

"No," said the judge, "I don't expect it. Just do the best you can."

Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here today to see sister.

Mr Cudder (interrog.)—Intuition?

Miss Chatter—No; observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.—Tit-bits.

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