

HARK!

Something Fell!

YES, FURNITURE, CARPETS, CROCKERY and FANCY GOODS, have all dropped lower in prices.

Do not purchase your Christmas presents too soon. We have \$1,000 worth of Fancy and Useful articles to open for Christmas trade. Do not be deceived by travelling pedlars and send away for Furniture when you can buy it cheaper at home and get satisfaction.

READ SOME SAMPLE PRICES.

Walnut Parlor Suits, \$35 00
Marble Top Chamber Suits, 33 25
Woven Wire Mattresses, 3 00
Brussels Carpets, 95 cents per yard, cut to match and made up free of charge.
Dinner Sets from \$7.50 up.
Ivoryware Tea Sets, \$2 75
All Brass Library Lamps, 2 75
Parlor Lamps with Argand Burners and Etched Globes—a real beauty, 1 50
White Granite Cups and Saucers, 50 cts. and 70 cts. per dozen.
Best Rockingham Teapots, 15 cts., 20 cts., 25 cts.
Best Crimped Chimneys, 4, 5 and 6 cents.

Our Bargain Counter for Christmas has become an established rule. Our customers ask for it. It will be on a larger scale than usual this season and genuine bargains may be expected.

(Do not pay high prices when there is near you a cheap place to buy.)

JAS G McNALLY,

October 9th, 1888.

JEWELRY,

Silverware, &c,

A choice and well selected stock of
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Wiley's.

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FOR

Neuralgia, Sciatica,
NERVOUS HEADACHE, etc.

Persons who have been troubled with the above distressing complaint have been relieved and cured by Tapley's Remedy.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN M. WILEY.

196 Queen Street, F'ton.

The New Line Fence.

Continued.

Mr. Long turned his eyes upon his irate countenance. He was slower to anger than his neighbor. About them hens, he said, I ruther guess this line fence better be fixed up; needs it. They couldn't get in then unless they should go round by the orchard, and that ain't likely.

I hain't been calculating to lay out anything on fences just at present, said Mr. Talcott, bracing himself on his short leg defiantly.

Mr. Long's thin face grew grim. You better just think over about this here fence, said he, as he turned stiffly away.

Mrs. Talcott had come out of the house with a little bowl in her hands; a pleasing remains of sandy-haired prettiness.

I want you to take some of my rising to Hannah, she said. They had known each other by their first names some fifty years.

When Mrs. Long opened the kitchen door at 6 o'clock the next morning, and stood looking out at the early August day in the moment before the fried pork had sizzled itself quite brown, and the coffee come to a boil—her faculties concentrated themselves upon an unexpected circumstance just beneath her eyes.

Elias, she said, he's tearing down the line fence. He's got Job Dyer helping him. She was devoid of suspicions concerning the fact; her voice was merely inquiring.

Mr. Long was tipped back against the wall studying the city paper to which he subscribed. He brought the front legs of his chair to the floor at his wife's announcement, and came to the door rather slowly. He stood there rubbing his chin doubtfully; and then went down the steps and towards his neighbor's yard. Some inner consciousness prompted him to make a careless and indirect approach—to pause and inspect the garden, and stop to tighten the empty clothesline, and to bring up to the fence in an incidental and unpremeditated way.

Mr. Talcott was working energetically. A pile of worm eaten posts, pulled up by the roots, and broken pickets, lay down before him. A little further down Job Dyer was amassing a similar heap.

I thought likely you'd think better of it, Mr. Long observed with his eyes fixed warily on the other. This fence has been wanting fixing for quite a spell. I don't know as it's worth while tearing it down; but I thought mebbe, a little fixing up'd do it. But I'm willing to do my share, if you be calculating to build a new one. After an unresponsive pause, You're calculating to build a new one, I s'pose?

Yes, I be, Mr. Talcott rejoined, with acrimonious promptness.

Something in his voice shook his neighbor's composure. But he carried off his discomfiture creditably.

Well, he said; it'll be a good thing, I s'pose it ought to be done before. He pulled a grass and chewed it undauntedly for two or three minutes before he went into the house.

Well, said his wife, as she set the dish of pork on the table.

He's set out to build a new line fence, said Mr. Long, taking his seat and shoving his knife up and down between the tines of his fork.

His wife turned to look at him. Her sharp intuition rooted out the dark side of the statement.

You hain't had words with him, Elias? she said, a quick alarm in her pleasant face. Now you didn't have no trouble with him yesterday about them hens?

I told him, said Mr. Long, reaching for the coffee-pot, his hens had been making to'able free in my garden, and the fence better be fixed up. If he's a mind to flare up like a fool, I don't know as it's any of my concern.

He took a swallow from his cup. His wife watched him wistfully. She looked dazed.

She went about the house that day with an uneasy apprehension in her face. I don't know what to make of it, she kept thinking, in a troubled way.

She knew by the next night. The new line fence was done. It was seven feet high. There was nothing to be seen across it except the upper half of Mr. Talcott's house, the tops of the trees and the barn roof. It rose tall and stern and forbidding. And there was no gate. It was a hostile, uncompromising barrier.

It was an effective monument to Mr. Talcott's wrath and resentment.

The Summer passed on into the Fall, and the Fall became raw and windy, and eventually snowy. Mr. Long's tomatoes had not suffered again from Mr. Talcott's hens. They had been eaten raw and stewed; they had been made up in catsup, and they had been pulled quite green to be sliced and pickled.

Mr. Talcott's fence had accomplished this, and a great deal more. It had stood there like an evil monster, and had never been crossed. It had come down like a curse from the skies, and shut off all the old communication, and turned the old

friendship into a hard enmity, and the old trust into a fixed rancor.

It became rapidly known that the two old neighbors were not on speaking terms; and the causes and circumstances were not a mystery. It was known, too, that Mrs. Long and Mrs. Talcott were not active participants in the quarrel. Their old pleasant companionship seemed virtually ended because, in their timid womanly submissiveness, they obeyed the unspoken commands of their husbands rather than face the displeasure which would have followed a defiance of them. But they smiled when they met each other; they lingered in the church vestibule to exchange good morning.

The autumn day filled the air with the dim-blue vapor and not unpleasant odor of bonfire smoke. Mr. Talcott was late with his. He had put it off till fall clearing was done—the garden freed of dried and empty bean-vines, and raked off, the weeds pulled up which had flourished powerless for harm during the last month or two, and which now stood black and frozen, a few dead bushes cut down, and the fruit trees trimmed here and there. It was late in November when the pile lay ready, low down in a corner of the plundered potato-patch. In some of the rough hollows lay the remains of a thin snow.

Mr. Talcott lighted it directly after supper. Now and then he replenished it; at 8 o'clock it was still burning. He sat down on a stump to look at it as it leaped and flickered itself out, lighting up a broad space around it and shining on the fence.

Mr. Talcott sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. There was a sort of peace in the clear night, and in the early quiet which had settled down upon it. He looked around at the still, bare scene and the pale gray sky, and felt something of the tranquillity.

A spark from the subsiding fire snapped into a little pile of dry stalks half a rod distant and they flamed up. A twig took fire from them and burned to its end, and a loose splinter blazed in its turn. He watched the curious line of light as it ate its flickering way along. There was a deep deposit of leaves drifted up against the tall fence; they took the alarm and glowed and crackled smartly. And then the flames mounted up and grew broader and redder—the fence had caught fire.

Mr. Talcott got up and walked over to it. Then he returned, with scarcely the haste that might be looked for, and started for the pump. He seemed rather to linger on the way; when he reached it, he stood a moment without doing anything in particular before he filled a wooden pail, which lay near, and went back with it. The fence was flaming brightly; but he stopped to pick out a chip which had got stuck in the sole of his boot, and tied the woolen muffler he wore around his neck with hands that were not quite steady. Then he peered all about him, in an oddly guilty way, emptied his pail of water on the ground, and went and sat down on the stump again. He looked cold and cross and uneasy, and anything but heroic; but there was a new-found warmth within him.

There was quite a crowd about the place half an hour later, looking at the blackened remains of the line fence—several men attracted by the flames, and a few women hastily wrapped up. Mr. Long had come out and watched the conflagration from a discreet distance. But he had drawn gradually closer, till he finally stood poking over the warm cinders with one foot. Mr. Talcott stood near by. They did not look at each other for a moment. Then the latter spoke in a voice made high and sharp by the greatness of the effort.

Went down jest like paper, he said. I guess there couldn't anybody a-stopped it. I couldn't do anything against it—nothing at all! He felt that he had regained by this some of the dignity he had lost by his own conception; he looked relieved.

His neighbor did not reply directly. The darkness hid his softened, perturbed expression, and he was not the person to make it manifest. His tone, when he spoke, was composed and even condescending.

According to law, he said, I suppose I'm called on to put up the next one, seeing you put up this here one. I s'pose I might do it at any time. I ain't so terrible busy just at present.

Well, said Mr. Talcott looking down the garden, I rather guess you better build a picket. I guess picket'd do full as well. You hain't heard how old Lem Panson is, have ye?—Frank Leslie's.

These are my friends, says Panin: He that loves me, he that bates me, and he that is indifferent to me. Who loves me, teaches me tenderness; who hates me, teaches me caution; who is indifferent to me, teaches me self-reliance.

Be careful to be just what you would like to appear to be. We often think too much of appearing to be a worthy character rather than being one.

212.

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BEDROOM SETTS,

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