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BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, EDITOR.

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For Sale Cheap.
HARNESS REPAIRED, AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING DONE CHEAPLY.
☞ Also machine made harness at low figures.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.
apr20-

THE BRICK HOTEL
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THE subscriber adopts this method of informing the public that he has leased the Brick Hotel, in Denton, and furnished the same in a good and substantial manner for the accommodation of guests. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market can afford. His servants are attentive and obliging.
THE STABLES
re supplied with an abundance of feed for horses, and with careful and reliable hostlers. He also keeps horses and carriages for hire; and will send persons to any place in the county or elsewher they may desire to go.
He hopes by a close application to his business to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.
dec23-y. JAMES MELVIN

THE FUTURE.

We are passing, one by one, day by day,
Into a realm where death holds his sway;
Where those we've loved so dear
We can neither see nor hear,
And where all around and near
Will be clay.

And above us on the ground, on a mound,
Our names upon a stone will be found;
And the living passing by
Will read, perhaps, and sigh,
As they cast a saddened eye
All around,

Yet nature will go on just the same,
As when into the world first we came,
With her woodlands and her flowers,
Her sunshine and her showers,
Her bright and gloomy hours
Just the same.

But, will life end so, when to the grave we go,
Of other scenes and worlds we'll never know?
Is the grave the end of bliss,
Of all our happiness,
In a next world an i in this—
Is it so?

Read! thou with tearful eye, "The soul can never die,"
Though Satan to annihilate may try;
When death comes in sight,
The soul will take its flight
From the darkness of death's night
To the sky.

Then, if that soul a title clear can show,
The angels' trumpets loud will blow;
And the ransomed ones they'll bring
Before their Heavenly King,
And all will sweetly sing
Then the promised rest so sweet, it will meet,
And friends will gather 'round to greet.
It shall wear a robe of white
And a crown with jewels bright;
it will never know of night—
Oh, how sweet!

ONLY A FARMER.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Quite an interested and anxious group had gathered in Mrs. Wilson's dressing-room, one pleasant morning in June. It consisted of Mrs. Wilson, and her three unmarried daughters, and the subject under such animated and anxious discussion was how and where they should open their usual summer campaign.

It had always been an interesting subject, and, to the maternal element, attended with considerable anxiety, but never such a matter of perplexity, almost amounting to despair, as now. The contents of the various wardrobes had been laid out and examined; silks and muslins, cambrics and lawns, sufficient, it would seem, for a dozen, and yet the the two elder Misses Wilson declared with tears in their eyes, "that they had nothing, absolutely nothing, fit to wear."

It is noteworthy with what surprising unanimity the two sisters agreed on this point, who so seldom agreed on any other.

Mrs. Wilson looked with dismay on the finery spread out before her, after listening to the above assertion.

"I'm sure, my dears," she ventured to say, "some of them are hardly worn, and with a little alteration—"

"Now, mamma!" interrupted Belle, "why will you talk so ridiculously? When you know that there is not a thing here but what is wretchedly out of style! And as to altering anything, it always gives me a pain in the side to sew, and I'm not going to Saratoga all fagged out, if I never go!"

Of course, this settled that. It is a little curious what a small amount of work will "fag" a girl "all out," who can dance until the break of day without the slightest inconvenience.

"There's one thing certain," said Lucy, the second daughter, "we've got to have at least one new dress."

"I don't know where it's coming from then," responded Mrs. Wilson, sinking down wearily into a chair. "It was as much as I could do to get your pa to consent to your going at all. It was two o'clock last night before he gave in, and then, I verily believe, it was from pure weariness, and inability to keep awake any longer."

Mrs. Wilson said this with the air of a woman determined to perform her duty at all hazards, and anxious to obtain credit for the same.

But it seemed to have quite the contrary effect upon Josie, the youngest daughter, who had not before spoken, but who now bursts forth:

"I declare, if it isn't a sin and a shame, mamma, for you to worry pa so!"

Mrs. Wilson cast a reproachful look upon the speaker.

"I will say, Josie, that you are the most ungrateful child I ever saw! I'd like to know how much money I'd get out of your pa if I didn't worry it out. But that's all the thanks I get for lying awake nights scheming and planning how to get you a chance to get settled in life."

"I'd thank you for not doing so. I'm not going to Saratoga or Long Branch. In the first place, I know that pa can't afford it. And then I promised Mary Crofton that I would visit her this summer."

Though Mrs. Wilson affected to be displeased at this announcement, she was secretly relieved.

Belle and Lucy were very well suited with this arrangement too. Josie was very handy at furbishing up and making over, and if she was determined to bury herself in a country farm house, she would not need to do so much of that for herself, and could, therefore, devote more time to them. And so busy did they keep her during the two weeks that followed, that Josie was glad enough to see the big trunks all packed and waiting in the hall.

To save expense, Mrs. Wilson had arranged to dismiss the servants, and shut up the house, with the exception of one room for her husband, who was to take his meals at his sister's.

"Of course, she won't charge him anything, so that will be one item saved," remarked Mrs. Wilson, as she regarded complacently the effect of Belle's new dress which her management had secured.

"As though pa would board there for nothing," was Josie's indignant rejoinder, "when Uncle William has such a hard time to get along."

"Well, if your pa chooses to pay when he needn't and it isn't expected of him, it's his own loss. For my part I don't see what's the good of having relations if you can't make use of them."

Mrs. Wilson certainly believed in making her relatives useful, carrying out that belief to the fullest extent, whenever it is practicable, as some of them knew to their cost. Even her love for her daughters partook of the selfish nature, her chief anxiety being to get them "off her hands," and in a manner that would be as advantageous and reflect as much credit on herself as possible.

But they were gone at last, and Josie was at liberty to make her own simple preparation, which did not take her long to complete.

The father and daughter had a nice quiet tea together. Josie was going on the morrow, and as, sitting opposite him, pouring out his tea, she saw the hard lines soften in her careworn face, her heart reproached her for leaving him.

"I've half a mind not to go, papa; it seems too bad to leave you here all by yourself."

But Mr. Wilson would not hear to this.

"I insist on your going; you have been working hard, and need a change. My life would be much the same, any way."

"You may expect me in three weeks, papa," smiled Josie, from the car window, the next morning. "You'll want your little housekeeper by that time, I know."

And Mr. Wilson went back to the corroding anxieties which had made him an old man before his time, thanking God for this bit of sunshine, and which left its glow on the hearth long after it had vanished.

There were only a few passengers for Baybridge, a small country town in the interior of the State, though there were the usual loungers upon the platform of the station; as Josie stepped out. But they soon scattered, leaving her to stare blankly around for the conveyance that she supposed would be waiting for her.

She walked clear around the station, looking in every direction, but not a vehicle was in sight, except a rough box wagon, with a board across it, drawn by a pair of spirited black horses, who stamped their feet and tossed their heads as if impatient to be off.

A man stood beside the restive creatures, who yet seemed to be under perfect control.

"There Jenny! Be easy. Kate!" he said, patting the satin-smooth skin and speaking very much as a mother would to a child.

The baggage-master was standing near a pile of trunks and parcels.

"Is this your trunk, Miss?" he said as Josie approached him.

"Yes. I was expecting friends to meet me, but they are not here. There must be some mistake."

"I know most of the people around here. What might their name be?"

"Crofton."

"Why bless me, you've got off at the wrong station. They live at North Baybridge, five miles beyond."

"When does the next train leave?"

"To-morrow morning."

Josie looked the dismay that she certainly felt at this announcement.

"It's too bad, I declare, said the good-natured official, pitying Josie's evident distress."

Then, as his eye fell upon the owner of the team, who was looking towards them, he added:

"If this isnot a streak of good luck! Here's John Manning, their next neighbor. He can take you along just as well as not."

"John, here's a young woman that's got off at the wrong station. She wants to go to Crofton's. I tell her that she can ride with you."

The young man removed his straw hat, revealing a forehead broad and full, and whose whiteness contrasted strongly with the healthful brown of the cheeks below.

'I shall be very happy, if the young lady has no objection to riding with a farmer, and in a farmer's wagon?"

The admiration so clearly visible in the honest blue eyes that met her own, made Josie's cheeks redden.

"If it will not be too much trouble."

As the young man listened to those low, softly-spoken words, he felt that nothing the speaker could ask would be any trouble at all. Springing to work, he soon improvised quite a comfortable seat for Josie by passing a rope from one stake to another, just back of the board in front, throwing a thick, soft blanket over the whole.

Glad to be released, Jenny and Kate bore them swiftly along the winding country road, dotted here and there by farm-houses, nestled down among the trees and shrubbery. As soon as Josie got a little used to it she enjoyed her elevated and novel position, and which gave her a fine view of the beautiful country through which they were passing.

Her companion smiled at her enthusiastic exclamations and comments, seeming to take pleasure in the pleasure so frankly and innocent expressed.

"Do you think you would like to live in the country?" he said, stealing an admiring glance at the glad young face.

"Above all things," responded Josie. "That is," she added, after a moment's pause, "if papa could be here too. I wish he could be, just for a little while; he would enjoy it so. Papa was brought up on a farm, and it would seem like old times to him. I heard him say once that he wished that he had never left it."

"I had a strong desire, when a boy, to go to the city, where I could have a chance to get rich, and not have to work so hard. But I am only son—an only child since last winter—" here the speaker's eyes saddened. "I promised father just before he died, that I wouldn't leave the farm while mother lived, and I don't know that I care to do so now."

"I wouldn't, if I were in your place," said Josie, with a wise shake of her pretty head. 'It's dreadful hard times in the city. Everybody is groaning about them, which makes it dismal enough. And as to working hard, I'd like to know who works any harder than pa does. It's ever so much nicer here."

The honest young fellow, whose heart was in his eyes, inwardly hoped that she would always think so.

"There is where I live," he said, aloud, pointing to a house, with a wide piazza running round two sides, and which looked very pleasant amid the green verdure that surrounded it.

Young Manning drew the reins at the gate, inside of which a pleasant-faced, silver-haired woman was standing.

"Here's the mail mother," he said, tossing down to her some papers and pamphlets. "Been lonely any? I'm going to take this young lady to Mr. Crofton's. My mother, Miss Wilson."

The young man took leave of Josie with a feeling at his heart such as he had never experienced before.

"How pretty she is!" he thought; "and as good as pretty, I am sure."

"What an honest and pleasant face! I wonder if I shall ever see him again!" this was what she thought.

Josie did see him again and quite often. The Mannings and Croftons were not only neighbors, but very intimate. Mary Crofton had been strangely attached to Mrs. Manning's only daughter, who died the preceding winter. She spent a good deal of time at her house, and Josie frequently went with her. Mary was never weary of praising John; "he was such a good son, and so intelligent, steady and industrious."

John soon got over his shyness with the city girl, who took so kindly to country ways that it seemed as if she had always lived there. He used to walk home with her, Mary considerately lingering by the gate to talk with his mother, both well pleased at the teun affairs were taking.

Then there were rides and walks, picnics and social gatherings, at all of which John and Josie had a fashion of getting off by themselves—a fashion that every one seemed to honor and understand.

And so the happy days went on, each day binding those young, loving hearts more closely together.

When Josie returned to the city, which was two weeks later than she intended, she had a pleasant story to whisper in her father's ear.

"If you love him and he is worthy of you," he said, in reply to the query with which it ended.

Josie's quick ear detected the sadness that under ran these words.

"You know you promised to live with me when I was married, papa," she whispered, laying her cheek closely to his. "And on a farm, too! Won't it be delightful?"

Belle and Lucy returned home with that conscious air of subdued triumph and importance peculiar to "engaged young ladies." Having attained the end and aim of their existence there was nothing further for them to hope or expect. From henceforth they were to repose upon their laurels, floating down the stream of life with no thought or care for anything but the present enjoyment.

Belle's captive was a Wall Street broker, owning a fabulous amount—on paper. Lucy's was the son of a millionaire, whose sole ambition seemed to be to spend as quickly as possible the money that his father had labored so hard to acquire.

They made no attempt to disguise their surprise and disdain when they heard of Josie's modest conquest.

"Only a farmer!" sniffled Mrs. Wilson. "Never did I dream that one of my daughters would stoop to that! But I suppose if you have your father's approval you don't care for mine."

"Of course, you can't expect *us* to visit you," said Belle, loftily. "The connections of Charles Agustus are all of the highest and most aristocratic character, and it couldn't be thought of."

"Certainly not;" echoed Lucy. "A wife has to take the position of her husband, which is something that you had better think of."

Josie had thought of it, and very happy thoughts they were too.

The financial disasters of the three years that followed made quite a change in the surroundings of all the above, with the exception of Josie and her husband.

Out of the wreck of Mr. Wilson's business nothing was left but the honor and integrity, which shown all the gloom that shrouded him. His wife took their altered fortunes very hard, fairly fretting and worrying herself into the grave, where she was laid a few months after. Penniless and unfitted for anything higher, the husbands of Belle and Lucy were glad to accept positions, one as conductor on a city car, the other a third-rate clerkship.

Josie does not see much of her sisters, but many a barrel of apples and crock of butter find their way to them from the Manning farm.

Almost every pleasant afternoon a gray-haired, placid looking old man can be seen on the western piazza of the farm house, frequently with a grandchild on either knee. It is Mr. Wilson, who often thanks God that one of his daughters married "only a farmer."

Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by diping them into boiling water for about a minute.

2. That fish may as well be scaled if desired before packing down in salt.

3. Salt fiish are quickest and best freshened by lying in sour milk.

4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

5. That salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, ets., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stain and many fruit stains Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent ist spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

9. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with clothes will aid the whiten-process.

10. That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arrabic dissolved.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the fronts are hot rub them first with a wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprikled with salt.

12. That blue ointment ard kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bed-bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boot or shoe which has been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics,

Every one of these receipts is unfailing. Cut out this slip and place it in a book for reference.

Healthfulness of Sleeping Apartments.

An erroneous idea seems to prevail in regard to the healthfulness of our sleeping apartments; it is often asserted and generally believed that they should be cold in order to be healthy. The berathing of warm air when asleep is an instinct of nature. The dog instinctively sleeps with his nose near the fire, and the hog sleep with his snout buried under another hog in order to breathe the air which is warmed by the heat of the animal body.

In alluding to this subject a Medical Journal says: "A moderate amount heat is needed in a bedroom, but *that* moderate amount is needed in winter time. There is no advantage in going to bed in a cold room, nor in sleeping in acold room, nor in getting up and dressing in a cold room. Persons may survive it, many have lost health by it. To have the chill taken off the air on going to bed and when dressing, is comfortable, and heathful. A room under 45 is a cold room for a sleeping ayartment, and sleeping in an indoors atmosphere lower than that, is always hurtful, if not positivily pernicious, for the simple reason that such a temperature causes the carbonic acid gas of a sleeping appartment to condense and settle in the lower part of the room, where it is breathed into the lungs with all its pernicious results. Sleeping in a room cooler than above named is especially dangerous to feeble, aged, or invalid persons, as it tends to cause inflammation of the lungs. Persons may sleep out of doors with impunity when the thermometer is many degrees lower, because the outdoor air is pure, is full of life, oxygen, without any admixture of indoor poison, and hence gives a vigor ef circulation which keeps the whole body warmed to its natural point, resisting cold and all diseased conditions."

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the schoolmaster. "Now go on, sir. Ten dollars make one—what?" "They make on mighty glad these times," replied the boy, and the teacher who hadn't got his last month's salary yet, concluded that the boy was about right.

A parrot that was always plunged into cold water as a punishment for swearing, happened to see passing his cage one rainy day some dripping drenched chickers, and called out, 'You

How Shall Sunday be Used.

Simply as a day of rest it meets a most imperative want. Our American life is at best too hurried and feverish. We waste our strength by over-exertion We burn the candle at both ends and in the middle, and reap our reward in such a harvest of nervous disorders as perhaps was never known elsewhere. From the too eager strain and stress of the week Sunday offers a blessed relief. Its rest is incomplete unless the wonted current of ideas, as well as occupations is interrupted. A first and obvious principle therefore is to get away from the habitual activities of the other six days, however good they may be in themselves. A teacher, for example, should as a general thing not teach on Sunday, but let the mind relax wholly from the attitude of instruction. So, a man who works his brain all the week can rarely afford to listen on Sunday to a sermon which keenly stimulates though a service of beautiful and hearty worship may rest and refresh him

To say that no general rules can be laid down in such matters is obvious; the harder and more important thing is for each one to recognize that for *him* there is a good rule attainable, dependent on his characted and circumstances, and that it is his business first to find it out and than to be faithful to it.

Most people are very willing to take Sunday as a day of rest, and resent any encroachment on their own rest. But the day has a higher function. It ought to give moral guidance and impulse to the week. It is the time to take a large and calm view of one's life; th see what its real objects are what are its temper and spirit. Much of the time we are so absorbed in the details of living that we forget to ask whither it is all tending. The fault of most lives is not that they ater consciously directed to bad or low ends, but that they have no distincer end in view; they are merely drifting. We do a thing to-day because we did it yesterday. We earn our bread beca- otherwise we should go hangry or starve. We live from hand to mouth. Now, it is good that we should often stop a little while—once in seven days is seldom enough and ask ourselves, "What real gain am I making? Am I growing in true worth in menhood, in sincerity, in sweetness of temper? Am I getting the better of sensuality, of indolence, of surliness of whatever is the worse part of me? What am I adding to the cammunity; what other lives are brighter because of mine?" It is good to look at our own lite in its serious and noble aspect; to be humble before its deficiencies; to set out firmest will toward better living; to take a deep and thankful and trustful sense of a higher power helping us in our infirmities.

Such hours as this, if they are habitual, will shape the course of our lives. True, we constantly fall short of our own aspiration ana purpose. But to have the aspiretion purpose, to hold it, to constantly recur to it—this is everything. What we really want to be, what we seek to be, that we shall be. Jesus said, not only "Blessed are they that do *hunger and thirst* after righteousness"—rightness of life—"for they shall be filled." Paul wrote: "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report—*think on these things.*" To think on them, to long for them, will bring us to seek and find them.—*Springfield Republican.*

Edison at Home.

Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting from the informality of his appearance. The rest are but skillfull assistants to whom, he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. Its a figure perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth, about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair beginning, to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary, "ready made" order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night printer. His features are large; the the brow well shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray; the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying the teeth which are also, not altogether regular. When he looks up his attention comes back fully and cordialy, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in its moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big careless school-boy released from his tasks.

A teacher, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

One man said to another in an argument:—"It's no use talking, you can't make twice three seven." "I can come within one of it," was the resolute answer.

Sure way to turn people's head—Go late into church.

When is a mother a father? When

Plea for Women who are not Handsome.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Poets sing of it, romancers furnish it in abundance to their heroines, dramatists use it to the motives of their most striking plays, painters and sculptors delight to portray it—all the world worships it; and yet there is much to be said about the noble qualities of ugly little women. There is often more charm in the vitality, enegy, usefulness and gayety of an ugly little woman than in half a dozen tall, queenly beauties, who have to be on the watch all the time to pose well and make their points effective. There have been men who thought it a fine thing to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." But if the records of the world were intelligibly written it would be found that ugly women have been the heroines, the helpmeets of the heroes. It is the function of beauty to get men nto trouble. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, and hundreds of othere, wherever they came they brought salamity. Beauty and anguish have walked hand in hand the downward slope of death; and whenever the poet dreams of fair women he is sure to dream something doleful. If he were to dream of ugly little women it would be full of brightness, loyalty, devotion, sincerity, and all the other lovable qualities that make some one happy. Tall Beauty is epic: Little Ugly is lyric, home-like. Just thing what a deep-seated compliment is involved in calling irregularity of featureness. It means that she is not for the ballroom, but for the home, for the friendships that cluster around the hearth, for the merry little sociable, the picnic or off-and game, or for the darkened sick-room where she brings rest and comfort. "Pretty is as pretty does" is an old maxim, whose truth is only half appreciated. For in the plainness of features and insignificance of persons of homely women there is often found an earnestness, a whole-souled sweetness and sympathetic expression that win love far quicker than mere beauty. The world could far more easily afford to lose its supplies of beauty than to give up its precious stores of ugly little women. The beauties wait to be loved; the others delight in loving.

How to Handle a Gun.

As the gunning season has about opened it will be well to follow the directions here given in regard to the proper handling of a gun, which we clip from a leading sporting paper, for the benefit of amateur gunners and sportsmen. By observing these directions carefully, serious accidents may be avoided:

"Guns should always be carried at half-cock as then neither a blow on striker nor a pull at the trigger will bring the former into action. There is no necessity whatever for a gun to be otherwise than at the half cock, unless game is immediately in front, and, further, it may not be out of place to add, that it is dangerous when shooting in company for the gun to be swung round in taking aim with the finger on the trigger. The eye should follow the line of the flight, and the gun be raised at the proper moment. Accidents from guns bursting are rare; but caution is very necessary in getting over fences to see that no earth gets lodged in the muzzle, or in winter time that the latter does not get blocked up by snow dropping from the bushes or otherwise. These obstacles, although they may be easily removed, are quite sufficient, if they remain, to burst the strongest barrels when the piece is fired. This is caused by the wonderful velocity of the expanding gases. This expansion, which is said to be at about the rate of 7,000 feet per second, is the same in all directions, and the least check at the muzzle of the gun causes such a sudden increased pressure on its sides that the latter are unable to resist its effects, and are burst open. No one is more cautious or scrupulously careful in the use of his gun than an old sportsman, and no one more readily than he detects and condemns carelessness in the manipulation of their guns in others.

BOYS.—What is really wanted as regards boys is to light up the spirit that is within them. In some senses and insome degree there is in every boy the material of good work in the world—in every boy—not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are solid and even in those who are or who seem to be dull. If they have only the good will, the dullness will clear away day by day under the influence of the will. If they only exert themselves, they will find that every day's exertion makes the effort easier and more delightful, or at any rate less painful, or will lead to its becoming delightful in due time.

LOOK on the bright side, the right one. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a sad and gloomy countinance. It is the sunshine, and not the clouds that makes the flowers. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles—so have others. None are free from them, Troubles give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailors never get their skill, where there was nothing to disturb its surface. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn and the night will end in broad day.

A favorite age among Congressmen

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