## Immitthutro Cliomide.

## SAMUEL MOTYTER. EALior and Publisher


DIRECTORY, DR.J.H

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| ts haik |  |  |  |
| touched our owa to the clay cold | wrote the titles in a clear, bold band, | s | $11 .$ |
| And among the blossoms, white sseet, We noted a bunch of golden wheat, Clasped qlose to the silent breast | of the books, which feat I pertormed by moistening the parer of the cover with a wet sponge and then apply. ing thereon the adhesive side of the | $\begin{aligned} & \text { "I bud a large pocket-book in in } \\ & \text { that drawer," he sadid, "in which } \\ & \text { were ten thoneand dollare in bank } \\ & \text { notes besides certificates of stock and } \end{aligned}$ | smoker, and I, though I did not smoke, thought I would keep him company. We had been friends |
| The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom Of a land where fall no tears, <br> The ripe wheat told of toil and care, The patient waiting, the trusting prayer, The garnered good of the rears. | writtea slip. Our hands were soon broken into the work, and we went on swimmingly. <br> "I wonder," said Ewily, looking up from her work with one of her | railway bouds to the amount of twenty fige thousand more. Some of that stock might be sold. In the name of wouder, how did it happeu? Was that window left unfastened? | The smoking car was about half filled. Tom and I took a stat near the rear, on the right-band side The two ceats nezt ahend of us were |
| We knew not what work her hauds had fonk d, <br> What rugged places her feet, |  |  | er |
| What cross was hers what blackness of night ; | books: 'Robinson Criboe' ard 'The Swiss Fami y Robinson? Really, I |  |  |
| We saw but the peace, the blossoms bright, <br> And the bunch of ripened wheat. | think we ought to have 'Baron Munchauseu' to fill out the list. And | glected | seat of the two, facing us, is feet upon the seat next f us. He was a middle aged |
| As each goes up from the fiekls of earth, Bearing the treasures of life. |  |  | ressed, with a neatly |
| Gud looks tor some gathered grais of good, <br> From the ripe harvest that thinting stood, But waiting the reaper's knife. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | who might have passed for a gue, a broker, a book agent |
| Then labor well, that in denth you go, Not only with blossoms sweet- | bungry encugh to ieave our work | y's father told her she need |  |
| Not bent with doubt and burlewed with fears, <br> And dead, dry husks of the wasted years- <br> But laden will gollen whent. |  | $d$ have easily opened the win- | ain bad started Tom pinched my $m$ and whispered to te that the |
|  |  |  | an ahend of us was one of the most |
| But laden with gol:len whent. |  | ore had baen taken. How. | complished rogues in New York. At that instant I sava a most won- |
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