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[illegible]

In his annual report to the President, Secretary of the Treasury Folger reviews the country's revenues and the estimates for 1885; recommends that trade dollars be received by the Government at their nominal value in exchange for standard dollars at their nominal value and be then received; recommends that the internal revenue tax on national banks be taken off in whole or in part, and says on the surplus distribution idea that the payable debt of the Union can take all surplus likely to arise for years to come.

ELZA STOKES, Agent.
Dated Oct. 24, 1883.

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The Institution Bakery.
Where the usual variety of choice bread,
rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well
attested to, in quantity and quality,
by a critical and a discriminating
New England public. Also for
this special occasion may be
found a full, complete and
varied assortment of choice
confections. Comprising
mixtures, caramels,
chocolate creams,
bon bons, lozenges, etc. Also a great
variety of penny goods for the little
folks.

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figs gold and common,
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AN APPLE GATHERING.

Just another blowy day,
With grand capricious sky,
In the orchard, where the apples
Were coming down like rain,
Both in the orchard and in the
apple tree,
My feet the top, her dainty feet upon a
lower rung.

And Oh, how sweet the hazel eyes
That looked out from the apple tree,
The cheeks, the soft, downy cheeks,
That ever I shall see.
Then what a perfect bliss, I thought it
would be simple bliss
If from those rosy lips I might but steal one
little kiss.

But I was not her count, too
And half I hid my head,
Not the dreadful thing to do—
No, no, I've never seen,
But she, perchance, had fancied so, and
aside, sideways bent,
And, from that moment, to the ground the
ladder stairing went.

My grateful darling lovely Joan,
For slightly without harm;
And I, as she arose alone,
Scarce felt her broken arm,
But when without a glance, and looking
scornful, cold and proud,
She turned away, then, with the two-fold
she groaned aloud.

She started, and her face grew white;
But then fell to my share
Such gentle ministrations that light
Seemed all the pain to bear.
O fingers daint and tender, once in mine I
held you fast,
And, hush, hush, hush, not the kiss I longed
for at last.

HOW HE WAS THWARTED.

It was not a novel position by any
means. In romances I had read of many
such, and had perhaps enjoyed the reading.
But things change when you are an actor
in the drama, instead of a mere spectator.

Here were two young men in the
same office in love with the same girl,
and that girl, the master's daughter,
Amice Brindley, was worth winning.
She was nineteen, slight but graceful of
figure, open and charming of countenance,
and with eyes that were there any
dreamy grey eyes like Amice's else-
where in creation? Moreover, she was
the old ship-owner's only child and
heir.

Everybody in Stowport knew
that Amice Brindley's nest was softly
feathered. It was the latter fact, I
used to fancy, that gave me my angry
jealousy of Frank Solar.

I believed him to be a mere ad-
venturer, wooing Amice for her money.
For myself it is true to say that I
should have sought her with as much
earnestness and devotion as I could
have done, if she had been penniless. But
it was likely to prove a vain chase for
both of us. We had little besides
prospects to offer to any maiden.

The prospects even were extremely vague
and unsatisfactory.

Frank Solar professed himself the
heir to the Cornish estate long in Chancery
as a reference.

I remember I would undoubtedly have
sneered. I had a rich uncle who had
assisted large in my education. But I
had offended him by a refusal to read
for the bar, and he had more obliging
nephews.

My outlook was equally unpro-
mising.

I often met Amice.
Amice Brindley was an unpretending,
old-fashioned merchant, whose house
of business was still his home.

He might have built a villa, like
other Stowport magnates, on Camp
Hill, overlooking both sea and land.
But he preferred the gloomy quietude
of North Nelson street, and Amice
frequently in and out of No. 80
by the private entrance.

Occasionally she would call upon her
father, or leave some message in our
office. One or the other of us, if the
coast was clear, would then detain
my smile and half a dozen words of
decorous commonplace. In addressness,
as well as in personal appearance, Frank
Solar had by far the advantage of me.
His address was easy, and his happy
mean between politeness and servility.

He certainly improved his position
month by month with Mr. Brindley,
and I began to feel with Amice also.
What if after all he should carry off
the prize?

It was not simply that I loved Amice,
and recoiled at the idea of another's
victory.

My fellow clerk had been despatched
to the South Wharf, and on his way
had fallen in with Amice.

Having come at stake than an out-
sider dreamed of, and believing that his
time his manifold excellences had
made their due impression, he seized
the opportunity of proposing, and to
his intense chagrin Amice rejected him.

He came back with a look upon his
face that was really terrible in its sug-
gestiveness of wrath, and baffled greed,
and impudent despair.

I noticed it and was very much
what had happened. At that moment I had
no interpretations ready. Frank Solar
detected my place of inquiry, and when
we were alone gave me an outline
of what had happened.

He wished me to suppose that the
pangs of wounded love constituted all
his woe.

"I am not good enough for her, I
suppose," he said. "As it is she had not
wealth enough to do that. Probably she
knew her father would object. He'd
have come round if she had been deter-
mined."

Words of comfort on my part would
have been hypocritical, so I remained
perfectly silent.

"Now, sooner or later, I shall have
to leave," he continued, with a sharp
side-flash of his steely eyes.

"It must be uncomfortable else?"
"Exactly. But I've a plan. I've a
plan. Amice had promised not to say
anything for, at any rate, for a few
weeks."

Again I held my peace, and if Frank
Solar had been less absorbed in his
own anxieties he would have observed
a hot flush on my cheeks.

His free use of that Christian name
amused me exceedingly. A second
time a ring came at the bell, and our
conversation was of course broken off.

I went home in wonderfully blithe
spirits that evening. A great load was
lifted from my mind. That fate might
ultimately write failure on my own
adventure, (that is, if I ever dared to test
it) I knew surely enough. But, at all
events, one haunting fear had been re-
moved, one danger avenue had been
quickly closed.

The morrow was destined to be a busy day.
One of Mr. Brindley's largest vessels
had arrived in port from a lengthened
voyage. The crew of the vessel had
to be paid off. This was a task invari-
ably fulfilled by the old merchant in
person. I think he liked to see the
gleam of satisfaction on the faces of
those whom he had employed, and the
amount of good sent for from the
Stowport bank was abnormally large.

It was Frank Solar's duty, as senior
clerk, to go for this punctually at the
stroke of nine.

The messenger had been despatched
about half an hour, and I was sitting at
my desk, awaiting, both with return
and the entry of Mr. Brindley from
the rear, when a town acquaintance
sighted me. He crossed the street and
stepped in.

"All alone, Johnny Ryle, and chew-
ing the sweet cud of reflection?" he
said.

"Alone certainly, just now, Mars!"
I answered. "But—very little time
for meditating on much, except
figurs."

"And if they are of good round
thousands, what could be better?"
"That they should be honest?"
"Honest? Why, yes, of course. But
they should be honest."

He laughed merrily, and went on
with his light-hearted banter.

Suddenly the vision of Frank's vacant
desk seemed to give him an idea—as it
chanced, an important one.

"Anything special about your work
office chum, this morning?" he asked.
"I met him tearing down Bridge
street in a tremendous hurry."

deceased wroth knew that the game
was up.

He had made an attempt at disguise
even in the few minutes that had been
at his disposal, but the false moustache
and the buttoned close up to the chin,
were ineffectual.

Had he been suffered to reach Liver-
pool, he would, no doubt, have gone on
to Liverpool, but the false moustache
and the buttoned close up to the chin,
were ineffectual.

"I told Mr. Solar, I believe?" said
the inspector calmly.

"Sorry to trouble you to put off your
journey for a few hours, Mr. Solar,"
he said.

Frank's teeth chattered in his head.
He stepped out in blank silence, and
his hopes disappeared with the released
tongue. These were very clear against
him, and a committal followed.

He had become heavily involved in so-called
"debts of honor," some of them madly
incurred on the representation that he
was about to marry the shipowner's
daughter.

After Amice had refused him, every
honorable avenue of escape seemed cut
off.

He decided for theft—and a prison.
Mr. Brindley warmly thanked me
when the whole story had been made
plain.

"And my daughter tells me that,
actually, the villain dared to make her
an offer of marriage, a few days before,"
said Mr. Brindley. "His insolence
must have been wonderful."

"I don't wonder that one should fall
in love with Miss Brindley, sir,"
gasped I.

"I myself have done it." The
merchant was not taken back
nearly so much as I had feared.

"Eh? Another of them?" he said
dryly.

"Well, John Ryle, you've served me
honestly enough."

"I know nothing against you. Try
your chance."

That evening I had a lengthy con-
sultation with Amice, and, if I had
never before known the height of earthly
happiness, it seemed to me that she
taught it to me.

"I feel as if I had a lengthy con-
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Love is blind, but love is not deaf.
So don't move.

Do not be in a hurry to buy all the
new fabrics you see. A richly dressed
man is always at the risk of being mistaken
for a servant girl.

Do not threaten to go home to your
mother often than five times a week.
As you don't go home, you don't see
her, and she doesn't know you're not.

Do not get angry when your husband
smiles sweetly and suggests that it would
be cheaper to buy new ones.

Have a house with a furnace in
keep both it and the range going over
night. That will improve your chances
for happiness when the winter comes.

Your husband's wardrobe will fre-
quently require repairs in the way of
buttons. Always leave the needle,
thread and button bag where he can
reach them.

If your husband complains that you
cannot cook as his mother does, com-
fort him with the reflection that you
probably will by the time you are as
old as she is.

Many women make a practice of pro-
testing against the word "obey" in the
marriage service after the marriage has
taken place. This is a mistake. Do
not protest against it. Quietly ignore it.

If you told him you loved the odor
of tobacco while he was coughing, you
would not begin to speak of smoking as
horrid, disgusting, beastly habit" right
after you are married. Wait at least a
week.

If you need a pair of new shoes say
nothing about them, but get the money
for something else, and then while he
is away slip out and select the shoes
yourself. Even a pair of seven look
new, and long as he does not know
the number.

If you have a pet dog always keep
him around, and then when your hus-
band releases his attention to the dog
for comfort, hugging and kissing him
right before your husband. If he gets
mad and kicks the dog, it will be a
sure sign that he still loves you.

Keep your husband's head in no
reason why you should shut yourself up
in the house. Accept all invitations
just the same as before, and have a
good time. Just as before, and have a
good time. Just as before, and have a
good time.

In the course of a month your hus-
band will be glad to see you near
the piano any more. All men do.
An effective reply is to hunt up
an old book of exercises and practice
them every evening for a week.

While he is at home. He will attend
to his own affairs after that.

The Utilization of Castles.

It is a difficult question, what should
be done with the ancient keeps and
"chiefly castles" that are scattered
over the length and breadth of England.

In the course of the last few years
so dilapidated that nothing can be done
with them beyond keeping the ruins in
tolerable repair as historical landmarks
and picturesque curiosities.

In some cases where the donjon
keep remains in tolerable preservation,
they are seldom left "all tenantsless";
save to the crannying wind, and they
have been put to various uses. York
Castle has been converted into a gail.
Castles have been converted into gail.
Castles have been converted into gail.

It is still used for military purposes.
The old castle which in its younger days
used to be a fortress, and which the
castle has been converted into a gail.
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work was continued and completed by
William de Carboyl, Archbishop of
Canterbury, in the reign of Henry II.
During his reign the castle was enlarged
and many vicissitudes. In the reign
of King Stephen its possession was con-
tested by rival parties, and in 1210 it
was destroyed by the king's forces.

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Home racing on the campos of prairies
of Rio Grande, the southernmost pro-
vince of Brazil, are important affairs.
Not only do they afford to the southern
inhabitants of the campos a good oppor-
tunity for indulging in the favorite
game of gambling, under the form of betting,
but also an opportunity—about the only
one they have, in fact—for social in-
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