Williamsport Transcript.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And Solicitor in Chancery. Collections made and all business promptly attended to.
OFFICE—No. 1 Court Place, Hagerstown, Md
May 9-'91.

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We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of **cheap** material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For ei[illegible]on; this offer is open until January [illegible], 1893.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint *can* do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS
will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

Your Attention!

You hav'nt the time we know, to wade through a lot of useless reading matter, so we simply ask you to call at our store and be convinced that we are selling the finest line of

FALL & WINTER
BOOTS & SHOES,
-ALSO-
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &C

To be found in the town, or elsewhere.

OUR PRICES, AS EVER, WILL CONTINUE TO BE AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

We invite our old friends and the public generally, to come and look at our stock, and bring your money with you, for we feel satisfied that we can please you both in quality and price.

Very respectfully,
TEMPLETON BROS.

A WORD
—TO—
THE LADIES!

We will now sell you all of our
FAMOUS ELSIE SHOES,
FOR $1.25 Per PAIR. $1.25.

Come now and get a pair before your size is sold.

OXFORD TIES and OPERA TOE SLIPPERS, for 50 cts. per pair, better ones for 75, $1.00 and $1.25.

FINE FRENCH PROCESS SHOES, pattened flexible soles, the only shoe for tender feet.

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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK

Poetry.

I'M THINKING.

PAPA says I must go to school,
To read and spell and write,
And then, maybe, to college, too.
If I study with all my might;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I never can learn it all!

Aunt Nell says I must learn to sew,
To overcast, stitch and fell,
And learn to play the piano, too,
And the violin, as well;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I *never* can learn it all!

Grandma says I must learn to knit,
And to crochet beautiful lace,
Aunt Nan says she shall teach me to draw,
And to copy the baby's face;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!

Mamma says I must learn to cook.
And to make nice bread and cake,
And puddings and salads and jellies, too,
And to broil and steam and bake;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!

Miscellaneous.

JACK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

TWO new engagements, announced young Glitterby of the Diamond Club.

'What is the first one?' asked somebody.

'Fannie Firefly and Flapwings.'

Everybody laughed.

'What is the second?'

'Jack St. Jonh and Mary Breton.'

Before any one had time to reply, the door swung on its hinges and a fine-looking young man entered.

'Why is everybody looking at me?' he demanded, smiling, his sparkling eyes taking in the situation, as he settled amongst them. What am I suspected of, stealing spoons?'

'No use, Jack,' said Glitterby, 'it's all out!'

'What?'

'Your engagement to Miss Breton.'

'You don't say so!'

'What? You don't deny it?'

'No, I don't deny it,' he said. 'I am a little taken by surprise, that is all. I did not know that it was out.'

'We're all saying it's a very nice thing you know,' said Glitterby.

'Yes,' and 'Yes, we were' continued McAllister and Van Tevis.

'Well, I think so,' answered Jack, contentedly.

No one, of course, supposed that he would have the bad taste to comment further on the matter. He certainly did not. Some of the younger ones looked at him a little enviously when he went early, for Mary Breton was the most beautiful girl of their set.

As they supposed, he went straight to the Breton mansion, and was ushered into the parlor. Mary entered the room with an exclamation of pleasure.

'I didn't know you were coming up to night, Jack,' she said. 'What do you think? Mother has come home! and you know we did not expect her for another month.'

The two pairs of bright eyes met inquiringly.

'Yes, Jack,' smiled Mary, 'she knows.'

'What did she say?'

'She has said nothing yet. Mother is so—so—well, moderate you know.'

'Perhaps she will think you too young. But it is only an engagement as yet. How is your father?'

'Very much better.'

Mrs. Breton had returned from a winter in the south of France, with her invalid husband, and found her only child engaged. The young girl had thoupht she was right, otherwise she would have waited; but since his coming of age Jack St. John had been generally pronounced the most eligible parts of her set. Many of her girl friends would have accepted him to the delight of the parents.

Mrs. Breton was too fatigued to be seen that night' but the next morning Jack went up to pay his respects.

A little woman in black, with a a sweet wise face, came forward to greet Jack, saying, 'I can give you half an hour, Mr. St. John; my husband is still very weak and needs me.'

Something in her tone troubled Jack a little as they went into the library.

It troubled him still more when she had seated herself and turned her face silently upon him.

'Mary—she has told you that I have offered myself to her and that she has accepted me,' he began.

'Yes, Mary has told me. But my daughter is not of age,' she said, at length.

'I do not urge marriage immediately, Mrs Breton,' began Jack.

'I cannot consider marriage at all Mr St John,' said Mrs. Breton, to Jack's unbounded astonishment. 'My only child is all I have. The physician assures me that my husband's life hangs by a thread; any hour may sever it. I have spent many toilsome years in rearing my daughter from a delicate infant. On her hangs some purpose in life beyond the mere pleasure of living.

'There is always danger in an idle life, no matter how well principled a man may be. If you were already in business, or proposed to give yourself to any [illegible] business, or to a profession, I might have viewed the matter differently. No, Mr. St. John, I cannot give you my daughter.'

Her edict had gone forth. The engagement between Jack St, John and Mary Breton was at an end.

There was no doubt that Mrs. Breton's all my future happiness.'

'You disgust me!' exclaimed Jack.

'Not in [illegible] least. But in giving my daughter into the care of another, in providing for her future welfare, in determining what must be for the happiness of her life, I cannot [illegible] for her a man all untried as you [illegible] Mr. St. John.

'You are too young, and with an abundant fortune, too unoccupied to make of life what ought to be made of it. It seems to me that a man should have occupation, should have ton was a very singular woman. Just what had passed people did not know, but the fact that she had refused Jack St. John for her daughter leaked out and made much comment. Mary was a beautiful girl of course, no one denied that, but what more could Mrs Breton ask? Was not young St. John unexceptible? Did she want her daughter for herself alone?

The men of the Diamond Club declared Jack showed plainly that he was knocked up about it. As for the young gentleman himself, he never referred to the matter, and soon after Mary went South with her parents. Mary's bloom [illegible] paled; but though he [illegible] her saw [illegible] her was unrelentingly [illegible] was a wonder to the [illegible] how one [illegible] and gentle could be so firm, but her mother's kindness and her wisdom she never thought of doubting. When they returned, Jack was not in Boston.

'Heard the news?' said young Glitterby; 'Jack St. John has turned saw-bones and gone to Paris to study.'

A little older, a little graver, a little wiser, Jack had enteree upon hospital practice. In his secret trouble he had made a confidant of an uncle who was a well-known physician.

'Get to work, get to work, Jack!' said the old man. 'It's the best thing in the world in a dissapointment.'

'Come into the office here with me and peg at the books for six months. Then I will tell you what to do next.'

The old doctor was very much in earnest. Jack laughed a little unbelievingly. But to work he went, promptly enough, and was very glad of the distraction. He did not long any the less for Mary, but he had the comfort of feeling that he was taking a sensible course.

His uncle had been a little afraid that Jack, like some indulged young men, might rush off into dissipation, and it pleased him to see how the boy stuck to the study of medicine, so much so that he boasted to his colleagues. 'If he holds out as well as he has begun I shall be glad to make him my successor.

Mary came from Florida and Jack was in Paris. She went into society as usual, but she was not eminently a fashionable girl. She continued her studies, enriched her mind, was a comfort to her invalid father and her mother's confidential friend. Mary never forgot Jack, and her mother knew this.

But bravely as Jack done his part, he did not pecuniarily prosper. His uncle, Dr. Paul Golding, was accidentally killed, and his lucrative practice scattered. Jack's father was no longer a rich man, and when in six years he returned to his native city, he was a skilful but poor physician, seeking practice.

Mary met him in society. Her grandfather had died and left her a large property, but she was the same Mary. As Jack looked at the fair face he recalled the memories of the pleasant past. She thought he had forgotten all, that he was so changed, so bearded, so grave! Only the genial blue eyes were the same, and the pleasant manner.

Oh, that pleasant manner! It was not only sunshine, it was life itself to Dr. St. John's poor patients, and they were far greater in numbers than his rich ones. Mary heard often how his patients loved him, and he heard, also, of her many benevolent deeds, and that, it seemed to him, was the only tie between them now, and to Mary there seemed no tie at all.

She was glad he had not seemed to see the color that hurried into her face at sight of him,—Jack, nobler and stronger, but Jack still.

Jack did not see Mary again for weeks. Her father's life still spun out, but that winter he had paroxysms of terrible suffering. He had endured much, been very patient, and it broke Mary's heart as she bent over him and wiped the pain wrung sweat from his face. It could not possibly be borne long, and the doctors proposed consulting with a physician fresh from the hospitals of Paris, Dr. St. John.

The consultation took place, another remedy was tried with good effect, and Mary and her mother were tearfully grateful.

'Pray, Dr. St. John, come and see us as friends,' said Mrs. Breton.

'Thank you,' he said, with a joy in his face that he could not conceal from her searching eyes, 'I am getting busier now, but I will come.'

He made two social calls and felt satisfied that Mary was the same Mary. Yes, the same, in spite of her forbidding fortune.

He was sadly thinking that he had best not go to the pleasant home again, he, useful, but so poor, when the little figure of Mrs. Breton crossed the threshold of his office.

'You must not think me bold, Dr. Jt. John, because I come to you today. I have watched your career with interest, and am much pleased with it. I have seen the love that you have tried in vain to conceal, and knowing that you hesitate to seek my daughter as your wife, because of the change in her fortune and your own, I wish to say that the objections I made six years ago to my daughter's accepting you no longer exist.'

'Well, to be sure,' said Mrs. Grundy. 'What a strange woman Mrs. Breton was!' Nevertheless, there is one mother-in-law in this world who is not only accepted but beloved,—Dr. Jack's.

He Didn't Get the Better of Pat.

'Sometime ago I was trading in a village store,' writes a correspondent, when one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who chanced to be waiting on me, and said: 'Won't you please step to the desk a moment? Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and insists on having a receipt.'

The merchant was evidently annoyed. Why, what does he want of a receipt? he said; 'we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough.'

'So I told him,' answered the clerk, 'but he is not satisfied. You had better see him.

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a 'good morning' said, 'You wished to settle your bill, did you?' to which Pat replied in the affirmative.

'Well,' said the merchant, 'there is no need of giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book,' and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the account. That is as good as a receipt.

And do ye mane that that settles it? asked Pat.

'That settles it,' said the merchant.

And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin' me fur it again?

'We'll never ask you for it again,' said the merchant decidedly.

'Faith, then,' said Pat, 'and I'll be afther kapin me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet.'

The merchant's face flushed angrily, as he replied, 'Oh, well, I can rub that out.'

'Faith, now, and I thought that same,' said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat obtained his receipt.

A Safe Investment

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at C. D. Downs' Drugstore.

Why We Laugh.

It is a mistake about it being unhealthy to sleep in feathers. Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

She seems a very clever woman.

Oh, she is! I had an hour's conversation with her yesterday, and didn't have a chauce to say a word.

Miss Spruggins made a sad failure of her song last night, didn't she?

Yes, 'it was so unfortunate that her voice should get stuck in the pitch.

'You oughtn't to feel badly,' said the ace to the altered three spot. It isn't your fault you've changed.'

'But I look so like the deuce,' retorted the tray.

Dr. Pundit—What do you think of education as a promoter of morality?

Mr. O. B. Server—Well, it turns out some very intelligent criminals.

"I can wait for your answer," he suggested timidly, "if you wish to think it over."

"Thanks," she answered, "that is a good idea. Call aronnd, say, ten years from now."

Hired Boy (on a farm)—Kin I go fishin' this afternoon?

Farmer—No, but be a good boy and work hard, 'n' mebbe next week you kin go to a funeral.

Hired Boy—Kin I go to your'n.

I see, said the physician, as he turned from the bed side, you are hurt in the lumbar regions. Go along wid yez, docther, said Terence with some show of indignation, is it meself yez take for a wooden man?

He was a buyer in a large wholesale house, and he was in love. One night he snatched a kiss.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am so well pleased with this sample that I would like to negotiate for all you have."

He was accepted on the spot.

"Why have you given up your beau?"

"He tried to kiss me at the gate the other night."

"That's no great crime."

"No, isn't, but when I resisted he desisted."

Wool—What is the trouble between you and Miss Fipps?

Van Pelt—I spoke to her without an introduction and she told me I was no gentleman. I told her she was no judge

Wool—What did she say to that?

Van Pelt—She said it did not take one to tell.

Mrs. Phelin—Is it well ye 're falin' to day, Mrs. Clanty?

Mrs. Clanty—Yis; thank ye, very well.

Mrs Phelin—And shtrong.

Mrs. Clanty—Yis; quoit shtrong.

Mrs. Phelin—Thin perhaps, mam, ye'd be able to brin' back the two washtubs yez borrid lasht Monday.

Cassidy (to his brother Tim, just landed)—That's the court house. We'll dhrop in and yez can take out yure first citizen's paper.

Tim—An' is there anything to pay?

Cassidy—A thrifle—about twinty one cints: but sure, tis a good investment. In foive years it'll pay two dollars annu'lly at iv'ry eliction.

'Will you take something to drink?

'With pleasure.'

'The photo was taken and the sitter said:

'But what about that little invitation?'

'Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse of mine to get a natural and interested expression to the face."

Ragged Robbin—Well, dis is what I calls a streak o' luck!

Tired Tim—Wot's dat?

Ragged Robbin—Fifteen dollar suits reduced to $7.98.

Tired Tim—Humph! I can't see how dat effects you.

Ragged Robbin—I've got 8 cents here, an' now I'm only $7.90 short instead of $14.92.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

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