A FARM TO LET.

Characters.—Miss Cecilia Preston (20), Miss Cecelia Langdon (21), twins, an absolutely identical handsome native. Miss Preston acting by instinct rather than art.

Miss Preston (glancing at the grandfather's clock in the corner)—Oh, dear! Dolly will be back directly, and then I shall have to finish the story. What will she say? But, on second thought, I think she may be tired after her journey, and she'll want to know why I didn't tell her in my letters. And, of course, she'll be sorry Mr. Twain's not in town. Tomorrow, perhaps.

(Enter Miss Langdon, in traveling dress.)

Miss Langdon (after embracing Cis, it's so delightful to be back in the old farm again! What a shame it was of me to take such a long holiday! Haven't you been dreadfully dull? Now, I'll give some tea, and you will tell me all the news. How are those poor dreadfully ailing, and what have you got for lunch (gaily)?

Miss Preston (hesitatingly)—Don't let's talk about the farm tonight, Dolly. I'd give so much rather hear you talk about everything yourself. Was there any people staying at the hall?

Miss Langdon—Yes, very. Both wings! Lots of new chum visitors.

Miss Preston—Did they laugh at our starting a farm together?

Miss Langdon—Some of them (with the usual rude jokes, pretending that I couldn't tell corn from mangold, you know). As if we didn't know nothing the farm Kate and I inherited from our uncle. And then they said that our legal friends would advise us to sell the place and invest the money in something, and that the farm venture would come to no good. Such an absurd idea!

Miss Preston (falling straight in their trap)—Perhaps professionals. What did you say when they said that?

Miss Langdon (gaily)—Then Sir A. Ashbrooke, who is an outspoken and rude man, said that I was a little fool for attempting to live. How could you call him fool?

Miss Preston—Not I! That's a Mr. Pickering whom you have told many times that you hate. Did you tell him so to-morrow?

Miss Langdon—Yes, to great joy. How have you been spending your days?

Miss Preston (with an inward jump. In Cockaigne gloss is everything, and I'm in for it now)—Oh, I've been very busy. Tell me about Sir Ashbrooke.

Miss Langdon—Not really busy. Just simply gave up your account of your holiday to the farm. Now, Cis, I'm in the best humor.

(A long silence. Miss Preston gazing anywhere rather than at the speaker. Miss Langdon looking and listening the moment she was spoken.)

Miss Preston (in a tragic voice—Dolly, I've got something very miserable to say to you.

Miss Langdon (contrite)—You!

Miss Preston—You remember when we agreed to share and share alike, and we promised each other mutually never to give it to anyone to marry?

Miss Langdon (mentally becoming nervous)—Yes, yes, of course. What about it?

Miss Preston (slowly and tragically)—Dolly, you'd be horrified if I told you I'd broken our compact and—

Miss Langdon (in terrible—This is awful! How did she manage to find out? (Aloud)—Oh, Cis, I know it's wrong and wicked of me, but I really can't help it. Sir Ashbrooke came down one day, and I did tell him I couldn't possibly marry him and hated you, but he was so miserable, and—whatever are you looking at me like for?

Miss Preston (gasping)—Do you mean to say that you are engaged?

Miss Langdon—I really couldn't help it (Tearfully). Don't be let look on me like that, Cis, dear!

Miss Preston (hysterically)—But—but I didn't come for—I came to tell! Dolly, I love you more than Mr. Sir Ashbrooke—engaged, and I've spoiled your!

Miss Langdon (—)—Are after your account were at home one more, dear—

Miss Preston—Do you mean to say that which I'm so glad you've spoiled that thing! (Flag and tears.) Now let me all about your life, and I'll tell you about mine.

(As before, they all become tiny.)

Miss Langdon—But what will your friends say? Your father's curates, and mine's a curate, so we can't be alike in every of the lots. Who would have thought that the curatesses would have come to me on—not—(Miss Preston—Hush! Not a word of the wrong tea! Dolly, I'm sure it would have been a good success if only—What are you winking about? A letter to-day?

Miss Preston—No, Dolly. If you like—

Miss Langdon (coaxing)—Unless there should be nothing in it. Shall we read and learn to be fit—(Dolly and White.

Barber's Methods.

Barber has a method. He does it good within till book. At noon no he enters his study he locks the door and is disturbed by nobody except the barber, who comes every day to shave him. He then takes a bath in his well-set clothes and eats the accompanied. After breakfast a stroll, a cigar and the daily papers. At 3 o'clock—Mr. Barber's—the barber engages—are—assembly to come and shave him. They come from all quarters of the compass, chiefly London and New York. They be either for letters, dines at 6 o'clock, another stroll and a cigar, and then to bed. He also is king in his own world. He "poses" for his own pleasure and won't stir anything he has written. "Not a line—not a word, not a syllable!" said author when it was suggested that he "polish his sister." He rarely decides on the fate of the actresses' dresses. "If I don't like" he says, "they would not wear and to attract attention to themselves, and the actually happened once in the theatre."—New York Tribune.

Best Material for Shoulding.

Silk lapped shoulding boards are good for use when shoulding or line of a piece by reason of not having to be turned over as they stay in either way—but though both edges allow for chamfer, were wind flaid—and are much better than the ordinary tongue and groved method where they can be got. The ordinary pick up and ask for all one is shoulding are preferable.

What Is Fatigue?

Fatigue is the natural result of labor, and as such is a periodic symptom with which every healthy person is familiar.

It is one of the laws of organic life that periods of relaxation shall succeed periods of activity. The heart itself is normally so spare for about one third of the time consumed by each beat—a fact in which there is something particularly suggestive and interesting, since physiologists agree that about one-third of the 24 hours should be devoted to sleep.

Life is made up of a series of vibrations in which tension and rest succeed each other. The heart vibrates about 70 times a minute; the vibrations of the respiratory organs occur about 16 times in the same period, while the vibrations of the whole organism may be said to complete their cycle once in 24 hours.

Abnormal fatigue is then accordingly

Obstetrics, recites when one attempts to alter nature's rhythm, when the hours of labor are made to encroach upon those which should be devoted to rest, when vessels and nerve already fatigued are driven to further exertion. Fatigue of a kind healthy, so overtaxing so—when, in the case of the aborigines, in hour weakness and shortness of breath—"Loss of wind," as it is called—a loss so long continued fatigue occasioned by excessive application to professional or business pursuits results in nervous prostration, which ends in paralysis.

When excessive fatigue is in itself an evil, one of the worst dangers which it entails is it is that unknowingly induced by the time "settling with." Time for change of strong, or a drain on the nerve power is in many cases doubled after prostration. The application of heat to the surface is a most valuable adjunct with extreme fatigue.

Some of the symptoms of the first symptoms of excessive fatigue. Habitual to persons from this cause is a to control only to be met by Hostetter Stomach Bitters.

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Lone	Hugh Cox, P.C.

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Geneva	Hyrum Rich
Geneva	Hyrum Rich
Geneva	Joseph Rich
Geneva	Joseph Rich
Geneva	Alma Rich
Geneva	Wm. Rich
Geneva	Wm. Rich
Geneva	Wm.