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ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross: Always an effort to make it more sparkling than to win. And such was the case: Yonder's the best we have. Yonder's the charming scene. But deep and wide with a troubled tide. Is the river that lies between.

For the presence of precious veins— We've patiently dug and dived. For the place we long to fill We must push and struggle and strive. And always and every where We'll find in our onward course. There's for the fast and trials to meet. And a difficult river to cross.

THE SWAMP HORROR.

I spoke in a previous article of the dismal swamp that stood on the eastern limits of the village of Bruceville. Some time or other, probably before the village had been settled, there had come through the forest a tornado, and it had, lashed the trees down in all sorts of shapes over the partly submerged land. There at some other period a fire had swept through this, and had left it one of the most desolate, forlorn looking, tangled masses of half burnt wood that could be imagined. Years had passed since that time, and the repeated rains had washed most of the black off the wood and left the white, gaunt limbs sticking up in the air, like spectral arms, and made the ghostly place to us boys a region of terror and a first rate place to avoid. Nobody, as far as I have been able to learn, had penetrated into the innermost recesses of that swamp. No boy that I ever knew dared to enter the swamp even in the brightest sunlight, while the thought of that swamp at night—when it makes me shudder even now.

Nobody was more afraid of that swamp than I was, yet I think, I may claim to have been the first boy that ever explored it, and that is the reason that my hair today is gray. I may say that about this time a great mystery shook the village from its circumference to its center. The mystery was the strange disappearance of three cows that belonged to three of our villagers. Nearly every one of the villagers kept a cow, and these cows grazed on the commons that adjoined the village. One day three of the most valuable cows were missing, and a search all over the country for them was unsuccessful. This mysterious disappearance caused more talk and gossip in that village than the murder of three men would have done in a larger town. Everybody had a theory as to how the cows had disappeared. I remember that a lot of wandering gypsies came along at that time, and one of the owners of the cows consulted a gypsy as to their whereabouts. After paying the fee the gypsy told him, somewhat vaguely, that he would hear of the cow, but that she feared he would not take as much interest in the animal after she was found as he had done before. This turned out, however, to be strictly accurate.

About this time some one introduced in the village a strange contrivance which was known as a kite. Improbable as it may seem, this invention would sail in the upper skies without the aid of gas, which is used to elevate a balloon. The way it was made was thus: A hoop of a barrel was taken and was cut so that it made a semi-circle; then a piece of lath was fastened to the center of that semi-circular hoop, and a piece of string was tied to the end of the hoop and down to the bottom of the lath. A cross piece of lath was also made to strengthen the affair, and then we cut a newspaper into shape and pasted it over the string and lath and hoop ends. A long tail was attached to the end of the lath, made of string, to which was tied little bits of paper, somewhat after the form of curl papers used by ladies in those days to keep their hair in curl. Then a long string was attached to this kite, and if the breeze was good and you held on one end of the string, the affair rose gracefully in the heavens.

There was great competition among us boys in kite flying, and the wild desire to own the kite that would fly the highest caused bitter rivalry. I succeeded in getting a very good kite, and bankrupted myself in buying a lot of string as an attachment. After purchasing that bit of twine, I was poor in this world's goods, with the exception of that kite, which proudly floated away above its fellows. We used to tear our kite string to the fences, and leave the kites floating up all day, and I have seen as many as ten or fifteen kites hovering away above the village. One day, when the wind was blowing from the village over the swamp, some envious villain, whose identity I have not been able to discover to this day, cut the string of my kite as the fence. If I had found out who the boy was at the time, I venture to say that there would have been the biggest fight that the village of Bruceville ever saw. I was in another part of the village when the disaster happened, and I saw, with horror that my kite, which floated so high above the rest, suddenly began to waver and then floated off towards the east, wobbling on one side and then to the other in a drunken, stupid sort of fashion, and finally fluttered down to the ground somewhere on the other side of the swamp. In doing this it trailed the long line of valuable string clear across the dismal swamp.

It was hard to believe that there could exist in the world such desperate villainy as would prompt a boy to the deed. I gazed through the village streets, looking over the chimney, but this of course was a vain endeavor, for the thought of that deed had not occurred to any of the boys.

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The Hearing of the Examination of 9,000 school children in various cities of America and Europe is that the average of people who have defective hearing is 20 per cent. There were twice as many with defective hearing among backward children as among forward children. Teachers are strongly urged to keep in mind the liability of existing impairment of hearing in backward children, and either give them separate seats, with their best ear toward the desk, or teach them in separate classes. All boring of the ears of children should be stringently prohibited.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Date of the Declaration. Professor John B. McMaster, the historian, was asked last night for his views of the issue of Thomas McKean that was read by ex-Secretary Bayard at the unveiling of the monument to Cesar Rodney. Mr. McMaster said: "There is nothing in the letter that was not already known. It is well known that the Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4 and was read to the public from the State House steps on July 4, and so became a public document. It was not at that time signed by all the colonial delegates, for the reason, among others, that several of them were waiting for clearer instructions from their respective colonies. It was signed after those instructions had been given. The most journals of the colonial congress have quite all been published in fragments. What remains of them are on deposit in the state department at Washington, and their contents are well known. It seems to me that congress ought to make an appropriation to have them all printed, together with letters and other manuscripts throwing additional light on this subject. The four journals are now, of course, necessarily in perfect. The sessions of the congress were private. Nobody was admitted except members, unless by leave, and only a record of proceedings was made that would be safe. The journals were also partly burned when the British were in Washington in 1814; and afterward by an accidental fire."—Philadelphia Press.

Gen. Children Country's Case In New Jersey. Well, the last tenant went here and about ten children, judging from the condition of things here, had been taken to the hospital, and the children were in a very bad way, and some of them were in a very bad way.

W. R. MOWERY'S Vienna Bakery! In operation and manufacturing every thing in the PASTRY LINE. Baker Association Given to Children's Hospital.

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Traveler's Guide. Toledo, Findlay & Springfield. June 11, 1890. GOING SOUTH. Toledo, Union Depot. C. H. & D. June. Bowling Green. Portage. Mercer. Delray. Toledo Line. Eberly. Hannansburg. Lawrence. North Baltimore.

GOING NORTH. North Baltimore. Lawrence. Hannansburg. Eberly. Portage. Mercer. Delray. Toledo Line. C. H. & D. June. Toledo, Union Depot.

GOING SOUTH. Mail Ex. Ex. Stations. Ex. Ex. Mail. Toledo. Findlay. Kenton.

GOING NORTH. Toledo. Findlay. Kenton. Bowling Green. Tontogany. Toledo.

TOLEDO TO BOWLING GREEN. Toledo. Tontogany. Bowling Green.

MAIN LINE. GOING SOUTH. Cincinnati. Dayton. Lima. Dasher. Castar. Mott. TONTOGANY. Haines. Hill Prairie. Roschton. Perryburg. Toledo.

GOING NORTH. Toledo. Perryburg. Roschton. Hill Prairie. Mott. TONTOGANY. Castar. Dasher. Lima. Dayton. Cincinnati.

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