

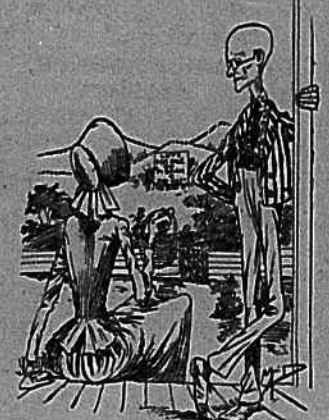
CLARKSBURG, W. VA., FRIDAY, JULY 21 1893.

DIRECTORY.

HARVEY W. HARMER Attorney-at-Law Office with Hon. John Bassel, Clarksburg, W. Va. 35-14
LEWIS C. LAWSON, Attorney-at-Law. CLARKSBURG, W. VA. Rooms Nos. 7 & 8. GOFF BUILDING
W. LYNCH'S Law Office In Court House rear of Circuit Court Clerk's office. 17.
FLEMING HOWELL, M. D., Practitioner of MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c. CLARKSBURG, W. VA. Office: Main Street, opposite 4th. Hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.
J. R. ADAMS, Commissioner of Accounts, Office in Court House, Clarksburg, W. Va. 45.
DR. GEO. M. HOLT DENTIST. Will be in his office, Clarksburg, W. Va., four months of the year, namely, February, May, August and November.
DR. A. B. HALL, DENTISTS, permanently located in Clarksburg, and will be found at his office from 1st to 15th of each month.
DR. C. B. MORRIS DENTIST. Graduate of the Penna. Dental College. Office and Residence on Main Street, near opposite Hotel Southern, Clarksburg, W. Va. 18.
C. E. WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHER. PIKE STREET - NEAR POSTOFFICE, CLARKSBURG, WEST VA.
J. B. REDMAN, H. T. REDMAN, REDMAN BROS. Practical Plumbers. Gas and Steam Fitters, and Dealers in Lead, Iron and Drain Pipe, Steam and Water Gauges, Pumps, Gas Fixtures. PIKE STREET. 149.
Dr. A. M. Jarrett, DENTIST. Will be in his Clarksburg office, Howell building, every four months - see local notice.
DR. W. F. SWISHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Graduate of University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md., tenders his professional services to citizens of West Milford and vicinity.
THE MONTICELLO BRICK COMPANY, Manufacturers of Hand Made Brick, and Contractors for Brick Work.
CLARKSBURG Brick Works. I have and will keep on hand at my Yard on Clay street, a stock of First Class Hand Made
Red Brick.
G. W. Moffett, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Pension Solicitor.
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N. E. MAPHS, Wilsonburg, W. Va.

BILLNYE'S MID-SUMMER MUSINGS AT BUCK SHOALS, NORTH CAROLINA.

How Bill is Enjoying Life. (In the TELEGRAM by special arrangement.) COPYRIGHTED 1893. It is now that everything is in full leaf in this country. A young woman a trifle over 7 feet high comes to my slosh on the French Broad and sells me berries. Once my wife was away, and I did not know how we were fixed for berries. Berries, both black and straw and rasp, are sold here at 6 cents per big quart and huddled ready for the table at that. They are good all summer.



SHE SAT DOWN. "Sit down on the porch, Birdie," I said, "and converse." She sat down, but still remained taller than I was. I never saw a longer waisted person or one who was so uniformly of one size all the way down, as my friend Comstock says - not Anthony, but another man altogether. She had a chest like a grasshopper, and as she sat there with her long, sad face, reminding me of a horse with a sunbonnet on, I said to myself: "Shall I buy these berries and let her go home or wait till my wife comes and discovers us conversing and then remains forever unhappy? Shall I break up our happy home or not?"

She looked hungry too. She was. I would say that, regarding her from a Scriptural standpoint, she was without form and void. The red bugs seemed to annoy her a good deal on the ankles. That is how I came to learn that her calves were on the front side. She reminded me of a Staten Island ferryboat - you couldn't always tell whether it was going over to Staten Island or returning.

She was a merry little mountain maid. I think they call her about here Splayfoot Sal, but it may be another girl who gathers berries and has that name. I am not sure. She is the Tarheel Sequoia of Ticktown. It would do you good to see her guileless ways. Some day she will marry a low set man with 11 dogs, and they will live on wild cucumbers and blackberries and rear their young, and get they never laugh, and he will never get asphyxiated unless some neighbor in the feud business asphyxiates him with a double barrel shotgun, and their lives will be as even and as devoid of incident as they would be in the penitentiary.

Yet they will be content. Never having seen Tiffany's store, they will not yearn for any of his goods. Never having boarded at Delmonico's, they will actually prefer bacon and corn bread or hominy. Two friends of Splayfoot Sal went into Asheville to work at Oakland heights. They did well for a month. Then they came to Miss Vaughan and said they guessed they'd have to quit.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss V. "Well, we can't live on this here truck you give us to eat." "Why, don't you get the same that we all do? What do you have to eat?" "Why, we get beefsteak and white flour bread and veal and lamb meat and knickknacks. Them don't sustain folks. They just tantalize 'em."

"What do you want?" "Why, bacon and corn bread. There's somethin' to hit, but we can't work here week after week on goodies. We want somethin' that won't 'vanish itself away' in a hour or two."

One old lady took a bite at the same place one day, being a sort of pensioner on the bounty of the proprietress. Miss V. gave her some vanilla ice cream. The old lady kept talking and running on about times and how hard they seemed. Then after swinging her knife aimlessly around and standing it up on the table awhile she swooped down on the vanilla ice cream and spread some of it on her bread, talked some more, ate some more and then burst out with:

"Gosh, Emille, how cold yer butter is!" And yet these plain people are as contented as Thurber of Washington, who is private secretary for President Cleveland. Thurber does not greet the glad morn more blithely than do these simple children of the vales of Pisgah and the covey clearings and settlements of Roan mountain. Of course I do not know Mr. Thurber, but Mr. Cleveland has promised me a letter to him, and I shall hope to call his attention to the pure joy that comes not of unlimited powers alone. To him it is pleasant, of course, to mold an administration or make up an itinerary for the president. But let us pause, Thurber, pause to consider that, stirred up and vexed and worried over holding up one side of the great national fabric as you are, especially when the president is out of town, we are 92,500,000 miles from the sun, and we only get one two-billionth of his solar heat. Other worlds get the balance.

Think of that, Thurber, when you put on your black cambric sleeves and reign. I could imagine Robert Browning calling for you if he were here and waiting out in the front entry quite a long time while you quarreled with the cabinet or

told one of them who was a little unruly to remain with you after the others had gone home. I say I could imagine Robert cooling his heels and shaking the water out of his umbrella in the front entry of the White House waiting to get in, but, failing even to do that, then going sadly away, while in the distance he could hear you pouring out a volley of oaths on Mr. Cleveland. Then I hear the gentle, quiet voice of the poet as he quotes from himself:

And yet I deem that God is not disquieted. Do you realize, Thurber, that you and I and the German emperor are only worms in the vast economy of nature? Do you understand that men struggle to the close of a long lifetime and are never heard of? That they study and work to get even an opportunity to appear on the stage, think a thought and retire? Do you consider the fact that they fall even in that?

Why should you and I try, Thurber, try to be great stars and be well fixed, when the nearest fixed star is so far away that it takes three years for its light to reach us, and he is not so very well fixed either? We should not overestimate ourselves, Thurber. We should be modest. Look at the pictures made to represent me. Would you stand that, Thurber? No, indeed!

Here is a boy who writes me on a postal card, notwithstanding the ruling in the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Reports in Bingham versus Hingham, page 205 - viz, that correspondence purported to have been carried on by means of postal cards is not admissible as evidence, the court having dismissed the case with costs because the evidence hung upon matter written on a postal card.

He reminds me of you, Thurber, in the way he reprimands his superiors and snubs them and saucers them by postal card for laxness in sending two autographs at once - one for himself, I presume, and one for the cigars:

MELROSE, MASS., April 27. DEAR MR. NYE - I sent to you a letter on the 23d day of February asking for two of your autographs. I inclosed a 2-cent stamp. Now, I do not see why I have not received a reply. Is it because you are, as I have heard in the case with all humorists, unwilling to oblige me, or is it for some other reason? Pray relieve my mind by replying and sending two autographs. I am a boy 16 years of age and go to the high school. Yours truly, ALECK I.

You do wrong, in the first place, in signing yourself Aleck I, or Smart Aleck I. Aleck MDCCCXCIII would be more appropriate, for I have other such postal cards. But I will not try to brave it out, Aleck. I alone am to blame. It is better to expose myself in the paper and let the whole world know what a wretch I am.

Aleck, I was unworthy of your trust. I used the stamp you sent me. I embezzled it. I wrote to my grandmother in Wisconsin and put that stamp on the letter. You know how times have been since. I could not write to you and tell you what I had done. I was unable to right the great wrong or even confess it to you. Have pity on me, Aleck I, aged 16 - have pity and let it go.

You speak harshly of humorists. That does not concern me. Your cold stabs per postal card fall harmlessly on my massive skull. When you revile the farmer, I write and squirm, but your attacks on the humorist do me good. Hop on 'em, Aleck! They deserve it. They would be improved by it. Write them on the back of a postal card frequently. But go easy on us farmers. You can have no idea, Aleck, what a shrinkage there has been in values. It applies to everything. A week ago I had a World's fair watermelon! Yesterday I went down to goat over it. It had shrunk to a little dead melon that had been tapped twice!

Do not write me any more, however, Aleck. I do not build up a correspondence generally with those who write me for two autographs. There is another reason why in later years I have neglected my autograph friends, and I am sorry and ashamed to admit it here in public, but the consumptive young man who did my best autograph fact similars is dead.

HE READ ALL THESE LETTERS. I used to practice for days trying to do it as well as he did, but never could get it quite so accurate as he could. I brought him here hoping that his lungs would heal and health return, but he exposed himself too much. He attended to all my correspondence, read all the appealing, begging letters I received, letters asking me to lecture to a penitentiary or to open an asylum with a few characteristic remarks, assuring me that I would be blessed fourfold, when the writers had no authority to make such promises, having no influence whatever. Well, he read all these letters as they came and overwept himself and cried into his overboots a good deal and forgot to change his socks, and so he died.

In answer to a northern friend I give below the conjugation of the verb "done." It is from advanced sheets of a new grammar which I am now working on:

CONJUGATION OF THE VERB DONE - PART TENSE. Singular - I done it. You done it. He or she done it. Plural - We done it. You done it. They done it. Still More Singular - I done done it. Thou or you done done it. He done done it. Plural - We done done it. You done done it. They done done it. Still More Plural - We done done done it. You done done done it. They done done done it.

PRETER PRESENT TENSE. Singular - I might, could, would or should of done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of done it. He might, could, would or should of done it. Plural - We might, could, would or should of done it. You might, could, would or should of done it. They might, could, would or should of done it.

PRETER PLUPERFECT TENSE. Singular - I might, could, would or should of done done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of done done it. He might, could, would or should of done done it. Plural - We might, could, would or should of done done it. You might, could, would or should of done done it. They might, could, would or should of done done it.

PRETER PLUSQUAMPERFECT TENSE. Singular - I might, could, would or should of done done done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of done done done it. He might, could, would or should of done done done it. Plural - We might, could, would or should of done done done it. You might, could, would or should of done done done it. They might, could, would or should of done done done it.

PRETER SUPPLEMENTARY TENSE. Singular - I might, could, would or should of done done done done it. Thou or you might, could, would or should of done done done done it. He might, could, would or should of done done done done it. Plural - We might, could, would or should of done done done done it. You might, could, would or should of done done done done it. They might, could, would or should of done done done done it.

They Didn't Indeed. A couple of tramps had sat down under a tree by the roadside to rest. "Wasn't you in the war?" asked Willie Walk. "I were," responded Turnpike Walker. "An why don't you git a pension?" "I tried to, but it wouldn't get some how."

Modern Greatness. First Boy - I'm writin a composition, and I can't think of what the teacher read the other day. It began, "Some men is born great." Second Boy - I remember. "Some is born great, and some achieve greatness, and -"

P. S. - The expense of smoking three 5-cent cigars per day for 50 years is \$54, 162.14; for 100 years, \$108,324.28; for 200 years, \$216,648.56. This sum carefully deposited in a private bank would maintain five officers of the bank well for four years in Toronto. B. N.

Something In Prospect. A ragged colored boy about 12 years old sat on the sidewalk in the full glare of the noonday sun with his back against the board fence. A very solid old man, walking with great dignity, came along and halted to look the urchin over and inquire:

"Boy, hain't I dun seen yo' sumwhar befo? Haint yo' da widdier Taylor's son?" "Yes," was the reply. "An what yo' loasin round yere in dis fashion fur?" "Am dat yo'r bizness?" saucily demanded the boy.

"Am it? Am it? Waal, I should declar to reckon it was!" "What yo' got ter do 'bout it?" "What I got to do 'bout it? Why, boy, yo' doan' pear to know me! Permit me to interduce myself as de gem'lan who has bin co'rin' yo' mudder fur de las' three weeks an who's dun gwine to marry her dis eevenin an becoms yo' step-fadder! Look out fur me 'bout 7 o'clock tomorrer mawrin, boy! I'se gwine to begin at dat airly hour to make yo' wish yo'd nebbin bin bo'n into dis yere stait of Alabama abo' yo'r peartness!" - Detroit Free Press.

Poverty Exposed. Little Dot - I guess Mr. Nextdoor is awfully poor. Mamma - Why so? Little Dot - Mrs. Nextdoor told her little girl that candy would spoil her teeth. - Good News.

Appropriate. She - I wonder why they call these angel sleeves? He - What else could they be called when you wear them. - Indianapolis Journal.

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He Loved His Horse. Colonel Yerger - Sam, you must be very careful when you feed the horses. Always speak to a horse before you touch him or he may get sacred and let fly both heels at your head.

A Joke on the Nurse. This story is about Philadelphia twins. The nurse was giving them a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said: "What are you children laughing about?"

An Ingenious Theory. "They say a woman can't keep a secret." "They do say so." "Well, I think women are too much blamed in this matter. It isn't the woman that gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to who let it out." - New York Press.

Unfortunate. "Palette is in hard luck," said one artist to another. "How?" "He painted a picture of the grate in his room and got it so natural and life-like that a new servant he had threw a scuttful of coal through it and ruined it." - Tit-Bits.

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A Glass Day Episode. "What do you think Sister Lucia says about you, Jack?" "Don't know, I'm sure." "Well, she says that you're my Harvard souvenir man."

"Hum! That's all right so long as you don't put me in the soup." - Boston Beacon.

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