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The Ciceroan Gleamings,
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March,

The Ciceroan Gleamings,
Kingsley Seminary,
Bloomingdale, Tenn.

March 1, 1889.

Vol. 1st. Article 1st.

A Disgusting Sight.

There are a great many things, the sight of which brings over us a feeling of awe and shame; but perhaps the most disgusting sight abroad in the land (and it is especially of frequent occurrence in our villages) is to behold a young man about 17 years of age, with about as much brain as an African monkey, with his side-board collar, and hat inclining, slightly, to the turtle in shape, and equally as hard, with his spike-toed boots about two numbers too small, and so black that the little pet dog is constantly getting scared at beholding its picture, with his pants-loam resting upon the

same, exhibiting the picture of the little black boy with a blacking box in his hand, and a little dog at his feet; with his half-smoked cigar between his index and middle fingers; standing so erect that he inclines slightly backward; and talking about the light of the nineteenth century; not seeming to apprehend that the world is none the better, but rather the worse by his being in it.

If young men would be as truly praise-worthy as they think themselves to be; if they would be a blessing to their fellow-like race, they should lay aside all such pride and vanity, especially the abominable practice of smoking and chewing tobacco, and the use of other filthy and obnoxious substances; and instead of spending their time loitering around post-offices and other public places, be engaged in something really useful and profitable. If all should do this, our posterity would be able to boast with equal propriety, of the light

of the twentieth century. But if our youths continue in such ungainly habits, habits of evil and vicious tendencies, the opening of ^{the} next century, I fear, will be over shadowed by the dark clouds of ignorance and crime. Then let us exert every reasonable effort to discourage the practice of every thing that tends to evil, and introduce in the stead thereof a truly manly principle. — Hope.

Article 2nd. A faint hope.

By chance I fell in company,
With a girl, her parents pet;
I tell you she's a pretty girl;
Oh! how I love her yet.

Her ways I've always fancied much,
From the time when first we met;
And as a darling little girl,
I look upon her yet.

She's such a pleasant little lass,
She never speaks much haste;
Besides all that she always wears,
A smile upon her face.

But, then the worst of all is this,
 She said to me "You get";
 Ah! that was dreadful bad you know;
 But, still I love her yet.

I love her yet, and ever shall,
 Though she may me forsake;
 I love her yet so awfully much,
 My heart, it seems will break.

I suppose if I should tell her name,
 I'd do no sinful deed;
 And so I will, the little dame,
 'Tis sweet Drucilla Mead.

That name to me is dearest of all,
 That human lips can speak;
 And every time I hear it called,
 A blush comes on my cheek.

'Tis not a blush down-cast with shame,
 As woken ones caught in crime;
 But soft with love to that sweet dame,
 That ex-sweet-heart of mine.

She is a blonde, her cheeks are red,
 And rosy as can be;
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
 Just taken from the sea.

Ah! could I but regain her love,
 And call her mine again;
 I'd be contented as a dove,
 As long as life remains.

But oh! alas! alas!! alas!!!
 I've lost her though you see;
 And oh! my friends take pity on —
 My tears are blinding me.

Could I in words write down my love,
 And in the reddest blood;
 Perhaps she would take pity on —
 And love me if she could.

But, though she may forever scorn,
 And try to me forget;
 And though she may my presence spurn,
 I can but love her yet.

But one faint hope remains to cheer,
 My sorrow-laden mind;
 And if this fails to bring relief,
 My love is all in vain.

She is so very, very young,
 And bashful too, you see;
 She'd not be seen with company,
 Even if she'd choose to be.

So in this case it may have been,
That she would fain have gone;
With me; but then at church you see,
So many would have known,

If this does prove to be the case,
And she'll hereafter be;
My lovely, darling little lass,
How happy I shall be.

Come all my friends and comrades dear,
Help me the truth discover;
For this I wish to learn before,
My hopes have flown forever.

My love for her can never fail,
Although my hopes may blast;
As ever while my breath inhale,
I'll love her to the last.

When it is said that life is done,
When comes death's waves so chilly;
My last and dying words shall be,
About my sweet Dorella. - Hap.

Article 3th,
There are three pretty boys,
Who are all the go,
They dress very fine,
And act the dude you know.

They will slip around,
And beat Old Joe,
And all they can think of
Is Waxlers and Willow.

They spend their time,
In writing little notes,
And sniggering and laughing,
Or telling foolish jokes.

They look at the girls,
From morning until night,
It seems to me,
They lose their sight.

But soon ah! soon,
Their fun will end,
When old Father Waxler,
For his girls will send.
Marvo.

Article 4th
To the gleanings,
The weather is changable, but in

the main not unpleasant.
Our esteemed friend W. D. Nite,
has been in town with his, of the
other sex for some days.

The Kentucky W. is to be
seen shining on one of the
fair daughters of Virginia.
We congratulate the gentleman
in being so lucky ~~as~~ to find
a place to pin up his trousers.
— Sir,

Does J. Lynn, & Co. live
Whitesburg Kentucky?

Our friend Mr. Rodgers has
been called to witness the death
of his brother; we trust that
our loss has been his eternal
gain.

We are glad that our President
is on gaining grounds.

The young Dr. W. has been
away at college, returned a few
days ago with his sheep-skin.

Mr. Pile says that he would
rather talk to the fair maids

than to play base-ball at noon.
They hound merchant of
Bloomington, has quite a supply
on hand, if you are in need
of a dog perhaps he can
spair you out.

A young man who writes
notes, may not know one
was found accidentally; be
careful boys and keep on
your Kazip. Hallar.

The Ciceronian Age.

Vol. 1. — Thursday Night, May 9, 1889. — No. 1.

To the reading Public

This evening the Ciceronian Age enters out upon its second volume well prepared to give all the news of the little town of Bloomington and surrounding localities suitable for an intelligent and enthusiastic public. Nothing is admitted into its pages that has not been boiled from the fountain of originality or written by any person save the members of the Ciceronian Literary Society.

Not one word of sectarianism will be read, nor a single thought intimated that would tend to slur or disgrace anyone. All are invited to the reading of the following, and should you desire copies call at the Editors Sanctum and you will be supplied free of charge.

The Tide of Time.

Over moving, ever rolling is the tide of time. The rolling waters may push the frail bark canoe over the mad waves of the great deep. The mariner out on its billowy face sees the flame of danger gleaming in the sky, and before he scarcely receives the warning his masts are broken, his sails are scattered.

and he is left to buffet the merciless surges of the angry deep. Thus the tide of time pushes us out on the great ocean of life dashes our frail bark here and there on its boisterous waters and ere we have time to think of the storms that may be rising in our sky the little boat on which we steer is cast upon the dry and barren rocks of destruction, where perchance we may never be able to escape the shipwreck. But then there is surely a means whereby we may be able to escape these dangers. In youth the great day of preparation the day above all others in which the individual may arm himself with the helmet of protection.

This day if properly watched may be one in which we may prepare ourselves to resist the tempests and whirlwinds that the tide of time may cause to hover over our way.

Correspondence

For the Age

The other day one of the School boys spent his last nickel for a cigar went through town smoking it but soon returned and bought another on credit.

Mr. S. T. Kelle says he is going to try to catch a crane as soon as he can get his bond fixed up. We trust he may have success on his hunting expedition for cranes are

scarce in Whitesburgh Kentucky.

Our friend Mr. A. Britton no longer stays at the parsonage but now finds his way across the hills into Scott County. The reason why we suppose he left was that he failed to catch the young Lark that he had long desired to capture.

We understand that Mr. Thomas Claman has gone into the rubber business and says if you want anything in his line to call at his room. He says the best thing on Earth is a rubber belt or two. Don't forget to call on him at your earliest convenience.

Prof. seems to think that Courtship is a good thing when under the proper surroundings but thinks it best not to marry until after the resurrection day.

One of the young men was seen going through town the other day with a rubber belt in his hand inquiring if J. Lynn Ho lived at Whitesburgh Ky.

Mr. S. C. Reynolds who served us as an agent for Cabbage seed has changed his occupation and is now dealing in furs. He thinks of trapping for muskrats on Kindricks Creek this summer.

Mr. St. J. Lewis has bought a fine pup. He says he will make a good dog if he is trained up while he is young.

The boys who shot their gun stick into the air with their slate-rag tied to one end of it, have put on their hats ceased looking for its coming back, but we rejoice to know that those boys still live.

Mr. Coley says his girl is as sweet as a sugar drip and so she is says the June bug.

Mr. N. S. Peters while walking around the other day got into a combat with a dog which was getting the better of him. He drew an umbrella from his hip pocket and said in harmonious tones, "I be drot if this dog dont leave I will so they both left."

On inquiring why W. J. Godsey was not in school we have the following reply: The honorable gentleman of whom you speak is confined to his room from lack of energy to put his carcass in locomotion. He was seen that evening near the water works. We fear he is sitting on a cricket or swallowed by a June bug.

It was a touching scene to hear James M. Melear begging Prof. to let him take his girl a flower hunting.

Mr. W. J. Godsey went to Knoxville last week for the purpose of buying him a pair of slippers. After a faithful search and finding

none larger than 24's returned home and says that Knoxville is a very poor place to buy slippers.

Very Truly Yours
Billy Mahone and June Bug.

-That Old Stub Cigar-

Some of the young the silly like,
Who know the way the right to mar
Go shooting through the best of crowds
With an old stub cigar."

They'll raise their heads, stick out their nose
Then tip upon their dandy toes
And cry aloud "here comes a car"
But all the time it's that old "stub cigar."

They'll shift around all in a whirl
Then jump up to some foolish girl
In fact they think they'll raise a fur
So they'll open up the old stub cigar.
The lady as senseless will smile in a joke
And tell him she knows it's no harm to smoke.

This is the way the matter goes
Bringing distress, disgrace and woe,
It will rob your pocket and ruin your head
And lay you on a drunkard's bed
This is the truth, as many can tell
And one 'twill do to skin as well.

If all the money spent this way
 Could be heaped and piled together,
 I would dig a grave deep enough by far
 To bury forever that old stink cigar.
 Will Kissum.

Political News.

To The Ciceronian Age:

Although only a very poor politician myself, but being slightly acquainted with the general standing of political affairs in the United States, I present the following locals written direct from Washington City.

The Presidential excitement as you know is now all over and about all the time "Uncle Ben" has to spare is devoted to cigarette smoking and watching Mrs. Ben wash the dishes. Some people might say that the President has a great deal to do with the postal business. But I think this is all a mistake for you know he don't care who your Postmaster whether he is a Greenbacker or an Equal Rights man. He has something more important to do so he just sets off and smiles while the poor office seekers plead with him for employment. Poor old Grover we don't know where he is. The last account we had of him he was on his way to Europe or some where else and it may be possible that he has swallowed

a whale or suffered shipwreck.

They tell me the Prohibition party is now out in the country gathering flowers to spread over the graves of their late defeated candidates for the Presidential chair.

Every body here at Washington are expecting Bob Taylor and his brother Alf, to come out next year on the Prohibition Ticket as candidates. If they should take this notion each of the Old Parties will lose one of their strongest leaders, and perhaps displease several of their best and most intimate friends.

Now I will close. Please Mr. Editor don't tell anyone who I am, for if you do they will take me to be a political crank.

Very Respectfully yours,
 Ben Butler.

Loafers Lodge, Tennessee.

Editor Age.

For some few weeks past "Old Sol" has been at work in the flower gardens of the little town of Bloomingdale, trying to awake the sleeping flowers in order that the students of Kingsley may have a sufficient supply of flowers for the closing Exercises.

Rev. D. Pile has been having his Eyes sharpened in order that he might ^{may} get a more perfect view of the young Ladies.

Prof says Jewelry will be at a very low percent during the Closing Exercises of Kingsley and advises the young Gentlemen to spend but little of their extra change in such foolish extravagance.

If you need anything in the fish line call on our worthy President and perhaps he can supply you with what you may need.

The hound merchant of Bloomingdale has quite a supply of hounds on hand and advises all to call and examine his stock without cost or trouble to him.

One of the young men received a love letter the other day from his best Bloomingdale girl which contained only sixteen pages and closed with these words: "If the world was paper and the sea was ink I could not write you all I think."

It is thought that Hon. J. R. Milton will succeed in getting the young Lark that so often attracts his attention on Gravelly.

We would only say go ahead for we think it will make a nice pet.

Mr. Riddle is often seen walking the streets of Gravelly with his cane in his hand his head bowed listening with fluttering heart for some lady to step out and say as the spider said to the fly, "What you walk into my parlor."

Mr. St. L. J. Milton one of Virginia's ^{notly} young men who attended School here this year is now in Stone County Missouri, teaching School. Mr Milton has the good wishes of all the Kingsley boys and we wish him success while in the great west.

We think it the opinion of Dr. Reynolds that when a young Lady and gentle man discuss the subject of matrimony neither gets the better of the other for it generally results in a tie.

To the Ciceroneans Please solve this problem - Take the square of Mr. J. St. Rodgers' mustache multiply that by Rev. A. S. Deans business add to that product Rev. St. J. Lewis' coat tail what would be the diameter of A. S. Deans foot?

Rev. G. S. Wood offers a large reward to anyone who will bring him a nurse that can take his breakfast to him in the morning and feed it to him without making him up.

It is rumored that W. Lewis can eat a quart of chicken gravy and then look sour at an old hen if she happens to walk through the yard.

It is thought by our young Astronomers that Mr. O. T. Claman can stand flat footed and kick the north star from (her) its golden socket.

Mr. J. H. Hilton has been afflicted during the past two weeks like Hable of Old without his heart, he being in Sullivan County Tennessee and his heart in Scott County Virginia.

The Spider Webbs have been very bad in the Shipley house during the past two or three weeks but we are proud to learn that some of the boys are trying to sweep them out clean for the Exhibition, till the very last one of them boys for I think we can do without them.

Prof. John O. Childress says he is going to start to New York in a few days for the purpose of practicing law with Grover Cleveland.

The best physicians of Bloomingdale have lately discovered that the Rev. J. C. Hickman is far ahead of any of the rest of the boys in the way of Hearts as he has two one which he generally has hanging

to his coat ~~tail~~ sleeve.

The Chain of Slavery

The Slavery 'gainst which Whittier Sang
Is buried in the past
Yet still the chain of Slavery
Over our land is cast.

And though 'tis true our fellowmen
Are not at auction sold
Yet body mind and living soul
Are still exchanged for gold.

The wily tempter spreads his net
His victims to decoy
He lures them with the sparkling glass
And makes them to believe

That they of all mankind are free
Nor sleeps a single hour
Till he has riveted his chains
And they are in his power.

Then comes a change! the man awakes
And finds he is a slave
Some friends and mankind left behind
Before a drunkard's grave.

Oh dark indeed was the slave-trade work
 But in yonder glittering bowl
 There's a deeper darker work than his
 For it sells both body and soul

And shall such galling slavery
 In our free lands exist
 Shall our own country sell her sons
 And on their blood subsist?

So let us rise like manly sons
 Round our dead fathers graves
 Strike down the tyrant in our lands
 And help to free the slaves.

Two Flowers - The lilly and the rose.

The hands that's dipped in the fountain of skill
 May trace the needle to its pole
 Or dig down deep in the ocean at will
 And write its meaning on a fadeless scroll,
 But there are two flowers - simple rare and true
 That can their power and skill outdo.

These flowers will bloom in hidden beds
 They're known where kings ascend the throne
 Where no eye hath seen they raise their heads

And give their anxious praise to God alone,
 Yes tis the lilly that bravely stands by the rose
 And nods its head to the roughest foes.

There's a story combined with the lilly and rose
 A story quite true as perchance you know
 Of a dying boy who lay covered with woes
 Dying without hope and forced to go,
 Trembling he said "on this bright summer's day
 Is there nothing to cheer me while here I stay?"

The mother walked out to the garden near by
 And chanced to pluck a lilly and a rose
 Brought them at once to her dying boy
 That she might arouse his death-like repose.
 The sight of these flowers seemed to ease his brain
 And then for a moment he felt no pain

Now raising himself up slightly in bed
 And resting his hands under his fevered head
 Address his mother with a secret word
 (Words that even the Angels heard)
 Mother who made these flowers this blushing rose
 All dressed so pure and fair and white
 Was it sister who cares for them each day
 And can she paint with such golden light?

But so my child there's a fairer hand
 Who paints the lilly and the sweetest rose

Who holds the destiny of the children of men
 And conquers all their tempting folk
 Yes he made the lily and the rose so fair
 And you my boy with your golden hair

At these words the boy screamed aloud
 His cries attracted a gazing crowd
 He'd thought of his soul so far from God
 And yet his body so near the sod
 He cried "Oh God who made the lily and the rose
 Have mercy upon my troubled soul."

And dropping back on his tear-stained bed
 His eyes now glistening in his head
 Cried aloud "Mother I'm going to rest
 To sleep in peace on Jesus' breast."
 The mother clasped her dying boy
 But his soul had flown to the land of joy -

The Ciceronian Age.

Vol. 3. = Friday Morning December, 20, 1859.

To the reading Public.

~~The Ciceronian Age~~ This morning
 The Ciceronian Age enters out upon
 its Third volume, well prepared to give
 all the news of the little village of Bloomingdale
 and the surrounding localities, suitable
 for an intelligent and an enthusiastic
 public.

Nothing has been written upon
 her glittering pages that has not
 been extracted from the reservoirs of
 originality or written by any
 person save the members of the
 Ciceronian Literary Society. No
 partiality will be read, nor a single
 thought that would have a tendency
 to slur or stain the character of any one.
 All are invited to the reading of the
 following, and if any one desire
 a copy call at the Editor's department,
 and you shall be supplied free gratis.

Hope the Crowned of Success

Hope is the main master wheel that governs this world. It prompted God to make man after His own image. And by hope we may banish from our spirits the strongest temptations that ever knocked at the heart of man: and crown our selves faint heirs of Christ and Eternal heirs of God.

Students of Kingsley Seminary,
Exhort you to live in Hope
if you die in Disgrace.

Correspondence

For the Age,

I have on hands a full line of shoe-makers tools & including awl-handle lasts, pot leg handles, long queued pegging awls, and a box box of grinder holes for inserting eye-lets. Now is your time to cheap goods for cash. Come one, come all. — Wm. W. Dye.

I will pay highest prices for crossed downing needles, steady-

backed & Kildress, one gross auger holes, one dozen smoother sockets, one dozen bung holes to make barrels, two Whim ididles to grind smoke, two Moon-eyed, dogs, bawlegged, bandy shanks, knock kneed, flopeonds, Chizzel nozed, soft fawed, short tail or dogs or no tail at all.

Any one having the a bove mentioned articles will do well to call on me, as I am an active agent for Joseph F. Lewis Soap-Factory & Co. Yours respectfully,
Murray D. Mitchell.

Locals.

The weather is remarkably fine for the season of the year.

Dr. Mc. Clelland was visiting at the residence of John P. Gardner. Mr. E. B. Block made a flying trip to Bristol last week.

Rev. S. G. Tetran preached an excellent sermon at Kingsley last Sunday. Text, "All things work together for good to those who love God".

Miss. Mary E. Shipley paid

her Scott friends a visit last Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Lewis, Coley and Mitchell made their first visit to the Temperance Hall last Sunday to hear Rev. Samuel G. Ketranspeach.

Joe Morris and E. G. Bickley made a trip to Bristol last week and returned with plenty of smoke in the air.

Look out boys for a Cyclone or some other death scene, for there was the best looking crowd of girls at Kingsley last Sunday, that have mustards to gether for some time.

Mr. Joseph Lewis says "Boys take warning and hang your neck high!"

The Ciceroian boys paid the Populor Camp Society last Saturday night and was well pleased with their visit.

Horror for Prof. Ketrans,
He has his corn ground turned up side down. Farmers take a hint.

Mr. William George Pottan Morrison Henderson & aines has been very low from the effects of instrumental performances.

His hands were for a while so tender for a while that the Goorness had to feed him ~~with~~ with a spoon. He has air most sympathizing objections.

We have been informed recently that he is convalescing now. We truly hope that he will be able to attend with more regularity than next term than he did last.

He claims that Prof. has one of her so pretty that she is a perfect heart splitter. Boys don't bore too hard on the notes.

Some of the boys say that the fall of Prof. beard and the curl of his nose indicate to them that they must wolk an their toes.

=====

Remond for Cats.

estoblish a soap As I intend to establish a soap Factory during Xmas week, I will pay tippop prices for all cats delivered at my office. All kinds are exceptible, Yellow, brown, green, and every color under the sun. - Joseph F. Lewis.

Lookout little ones Santy Clause
is in the neighborhood. For Mr.
Mm. Dye and Mr. John Faust claim
that that they saw him the other night
while they were leaving the Porsans
Chicken Roast.

We are astonished to hear that
that one of our Kingly Students
shot Mr. Gump the Clothes of
Bristol the other day. It was a
serious affair, bloody and outrageous.

Oh! Mr. Bickley we suppose
you will know Mr. Gump
model the next time you meet him.

We are proud to know that we
have a man with such tenacity
and energy as our friend
Mr. E. B. Clark. Who has just
returned from his third trip to
Bristol, in order to see his name
in the ^{Bristol} news. Press on

Mr. Clark, we admire your
pluck, but like to see a son
have mercy on his father that
has to furnish the leather.

Well boys it is certainly a
striking thing to hear Joseph Maws
begging Prof to let him arm
his best girl just a few steps.

Some of our model girls say that
Mr. Croft keeps his ~~hass~~ fly
hair so slick ^{glue} and hot it would be danger-
ous for a hass-fly to light on his
head.

It is said that some of our
dressy girls are offering 50c. fr.
oz. for first class Millerd davin.

Mr. Murray, D. Mitchell has
his eye on a Bloomingdale girl;
but would rather keep it silent to
himself than to cheap it to a
mortal, that resembles Adam
in shape form or fashion.

Prof. says that ^{crosses} speaking is
something that never enters his mind.

Thamar D. Clayman claims
that he can eat at least a half of
a gal of squirrel broth at one meal,
and then begs Mrs. Howard for
more of the delicious stuff.

The noble squirrel hunter is equal
to the square of D. J. Clayman's foot,
augmented by the length of his legs,
subtract the square of his mustache,
multiply by the square of his gun divide
by the length of his haund pop
equals the distance from Tom to the
squirrel. Of all the hunters that

ever I saw hunt, that hunter
beats all hunters that to hunt
that ever I saw hunt.

Joy of Lads and Lassies.

F. S. Coley.

says she is as sugar and sweeter too.

There is nothing like living a life
for her. He says that she helps him
in the time of trouble. She makes
his heart flow, bubble and gubble.

But when Prof says that I judge
upon the whole that you had better
not go, Oh! then my heart
ceases to flow.

Mr. Joe Morris^{Edgar G. Bickley}
went up to Bristol last Friday on
a bomb as they call it to have a
flum hog killing time. Away a
lung a bout 10:05 clock the gas
lights were extinguished and that
found the boys in a predicament,
trying to put the tail end of the
town in their jackets. Well of
course the boys thought that they
were sold for a nickle and that on
a cred it. Away along a bout
4:05 clock, they heard the train

The train whistle and that helped
the boys up mightily, for they thought,
it was old Eloche crawling for day.
Oh! you ought to of seen the boys
then, they worked a round like
that they were deep in leather and high
in linen. Well a bout that time
the police took the young lads in,
and of course you know their long
tail feathers fell then. After a lung
and cantinious questioning the
police found out that they were from
Kingly Seminary. Now as
this institution of learning is a
very noted place, the policeman soon
put them on the right track.

The first thing that attracted their
attention after they had reached
Main St, was a Street Car,
which they took to be a young
Buncum. They hailed the Engine
to stop as they thought and the
little Street Car had hardly
come to a stand-still when the two
stalwart boys boarded her. They
looked a round for a few moments
at the fine seats, and one of the
boys said to the other, Spose we set
down. They silently and cautiously

doubbled up their little Club-fists
and stuck their thumbs upright
for braces as if they were made
for that purpose. The young
lads sit still for a while; but
perceived that they was not
noticed a nagh. So they began
to talk of the loosley scenery of
Virginia and the expansive
Blue grass plains of Kentucky.

The boys felt as if they were
heirs of Vanderbilts or Roth Childers.

The mittiest one of them cried
out "We are an aw way to the moon
and will be there as quick as a
cot can wink its eye. The little
Street Car was then going at
a rate of a bout 1000 yds. p. hour.
The more quite and sedate one
exclaimed in harmonious tones
that we are in a perfect Paradise
proposed for the Rich folks, and
a perfect Elypian proposed for the
Blessed.

Profs get Miller has been
seen fluttering around the candle
of the fair sex Sorneret, that it is
predicted that he will get both his
wings and toe-nails burnt off, and

fall into the cesspools of despair.

Burnt Children dread the fire.
Look out boys for your duster, during
Christmas.

We hope that the audience
will extend their sympathy toward
Mr. E. B. Clark, for he has been
over taxed with exercises. The boys
have treated the little fellow real
mean. When they found that
he would haul a big load, they
loaded him down.

Some of our girls say that
we have one of the biggest
Bob-tail-fists in school that
they ever did see.

Mr. Edger G. Bickley after
eating a quarter of Uncle Watsons
black eye, had a night hose
and thought that he was in
a perfect paradise proposed for the
happy courassing his best girls
when he perchanced to a woke, and
found himself squeezing the
very broof out of Profs
Old-Yellow-Tam-Cot.

-- The Ciceronian Age. --
 Vol. 3. = Friday Night February 14, 1890 = No. 4.
Excelsior

To the Public; We have but little to present to our readers this evening from the fact that our time has been nearly all monopolized with other matters. We have just caught a moment now and then in which to prepare this issue of the Age, and hope the Ciceronians are willing to look over the fallibilities of the Editor at this time promising to do better in the future,

Locals -
 Bloomington,
 Feb. 14, 1890.

Ed. Age. For several days nice weather has been quite prevalent. Flowers of all kinds are in full bloom and mother earth presents a lovely picture. We have not heard of a great deal of sickness this season and from this reason our local doctors are just

about starved out of their profession.
 If Kingsley Seminary was ever on
 a boom it must be now. And Oh the
 bright young men and the foolish, how
 some of them like to eye the girls.

The Age will not attempt to paint
 the picture of the great blow at
 Kingsley last Saturday night between
 the Ciceroians and the Dullars Liter-
 ary Society but suffice it to say that
 the oratorical thunder rolled very
 earnestly for a while so much so
 that a streak happened to strike
 the verdict and knocked it so far
 away that the negative never heard
 tell of it but the Audience told
 the tale as it ought to be told.

Mr. Craft has discovered a New-
 land some where east of Kingsley
 and thinks it very probable that
 he will move to it and engage
 in the poultry business.

One of the Kingsley boys went over
 toward Richmond Va. last week and
 brought the whole of Scott County back
 with him to say, yes indeed they
 keep the juice over there and that the
 best of Apple Jack.

Joe Craine had the misfortune to
 loose all the buttons off his pants
 the other day and has now gone home
 to have them replaced.

We are proud to note the ^{rapid} im-
 provement of Mr. R.S. Webb's Mustache
 but the trouble is he finds it a little
^{difficult} troublesome to get his lessons and
 cultivate his mustache crop at the
 same time.

Mr. Clark says he is an earnest
 believer in flowers, shrubbery &c.
 so much so that he has been trying
 rather on the sly to get him a nice vine
 to set out in his yard.

Mr. Oye has been fishing near a
 Pool for several days. We have not heard
 how well he has succeeded but hope
 to report very soon. Look out you
 may catch a tad-pole or a Lizard yet.

The last time Mr. S. Webb was
 seen near Kingsley he was chasing a
 blue butterfly at a rapid rate over
 the ground, thinking all the time he
 was after a craine.

The young man who drank those
 six Bottles of Soda Pop has been heard
 from lately and we are proud to say

he still survives

= Mr. St. J. Lewis' was at Kingsley to day smiling as usual. We wd. come him in our midst.

= One of the Young Ciceronians wishing to introduce himself to another young gentleman very awkwardly applied the Mr. to his own name in doing so.

= The boys who visited parson Pitron's chicken roost, were found to be in great need of chicken to eat and have been set at liberty.

= Mr Pittsworth had the misfortune to run against the stove pipe in his room the other morning knocking one of his horns off.

= Mr Charley Clark says he has his eye on a Bloomingdale Girl living on the street connecting with main street at the Post Office!

= We heard that Mr. A. Kilron was contemplating teaching a school at Poplar Camp this spring. We failed to learn the reason why he did not teach but it is very evident that his best Girl was connected with it,

The Ciceronian Age

Vol. 3. = Thursday evening May 8, 1890. = No. 5. =

Salutation.

The Ciceronian Age steps out upon the arena of volume 3rd, dressed with her spring garb, and freighted with its usual stock of fun and general humorous gossip, and offers a treat to those who are interested enough to listen to what it may have to say.

The present editor for the first time launches his barque forth upon the sea of journalistic life, not at all for the purpose of being criticised by those in whose eyes the very heavens look unclean, but simply to take a lesson at the editorial desk, which in after years may be profitable to him.

Just now we throw out the usual editor's caution: "We are not responsible for views and opinions expressed by correspondents," but will expect them to be able to do their own fighting, and none need to come to my office and ask who

wrote this and who wrote that, for they will be sent away no wiser nor better than when they came.

The Age is devoted principally to the literary advancement of the Cicero-
man Society, but contains some of the leading news items of the day, especially the locale of Bloomingdale and the surrounding neighborhood.

The Pencilings of Nature.

The beauties of nature in living colors and lovely forms are spread everywhere around. The pencilings of her deft and skillful fingers are so delicately and so exquisitely performed that we are entranced in admiration.

Now, in the merry springtime, the air is redolent with the songs of birds, and reviving nature after a season's repose, has clothed all things in liveries of green. How we love and delight to commune with her in her happy and peaceful moods! Nothing so pleases the eye and delights the ear as beholding the budding leaves and blossoms, the flitting songsters and the sparkling sunlight clothing all in the most brilliant and delightful colors.

As the genial rays of the morning sun gild the tree-tops and the vales with an effulgence shining and glittering in the extreme, we see the pencilings of nature spread out in panoramic view before us. But when she has one of her sorrowful moods, and wraps in sympathy with her surroundings, we see her no less beautiful and gay. As the clouds disperse and the tears are wiped partially away, and the sun sends forth his gladdening beams, we see a smile gently stealing over her face, and the remaining tear-drops, pendant from every twig and bough and hanging from every leaf and blade of grass, present the splendors of that arch whose bow spans the heavens, and whose glory is beyond the power of pencil to paint.

But just before she wraps her mantle of rest and repose about her to restore her exhausted energies, we see her clad in lovelier habiliments than ever before. The leaves decked in red and striped and colored with mixture of the most brilliant hues, call forth exclamations of delight. No artist's brush could present such

delicate hinges, and adjust such exact proportions. The dexterous movements and skillful tactics of nature's hand can not be equaled in the wide domain of art. We may look, but it will be in vain, for similar nicety of touch. All is beauty and loveliness when wrought by nature's fancy fingers. — "Homo." —

— Correspondence. —

On Grayley, May 5, '90.
For the Age.

I will pen a few of the happenings of this end of our city, for insertion in your paper. We have recently undergone a great improvement in the way of fence-building. Prof. Ketrion says he thinks his property is safe now, provided the reconstruction of the South Atlantic and Ohio R.R. doesn't interfere with it. Prof. is very well pleased of late, as he is fitting out a "buncumb" and stall-feeding his enormous stock of rats for the accommodation of the capitalists who will soon make investments in the city land traffic.

Mr. A. Ketrion has on hand an immense quantity of large-eyed Needles. He says he will warrant them to be all steel and the largest eyes you ever saw. He tells the young men, if they want a girl, just buy a package and give it to them, and she will fall in love with you at once.

Mr. Joe Lewis has recently found out the truthfulness of the time-worn adage, that, "a kiss without hair is like soup without salt," he has therefore been taking special care of his mustache for a few weeks past.

Miss Lelia Ketrion advises the ladies of this neighborhood to keep an outlook for their nappies when Mr. Mitchell is around, for a few weeks back at Albert's birthday celebration, on leaving the table she put his napkin in his pocket, and remarked that his "mamma didn't have any handkerchiefs like those"

Mr. Geo. S. Wood is the latest convert to the belief that early rising in the morning is not always in practice. He got up dark and early the other morning and had his fire blazing and lamp lit up by ten o'clock in

the morning. The next thing he knew the Bloomingdale Fire Department had their hose turned on his blaze and the neighbors were screaming "fire", "fire" at the top of their voices.

Mr. N. R. Craft, after promising his girl to call on her last Sunday, went to fill the engagement, but found his way into the kitchen, had a very rough combat with a dog in which he came out victorious, left and arrived at home in time for early breakfast that morning. We advise Mr. Craft to be wise in time or keep out of the kitchen.

Two or three weeks ago, Mr. M. D. Mitchell, while eating a possum bone, accidentally got a tooth shattered, whereupon after a few days suffering he employed a dentist, and during the operation of extraction, he exclaimed, "I don't want no more possum!"

Mr. Morell says the chances to get a true girl at Kingsley are very "slim", and advises the young men to go near Johnson City, or elsewhere to get a wife. He says he "has one at home, who is as true as steel to him", and one that will stick to him through

thick and thin."

One of Gen. S. Wood's favorite songs is, The Lark is up to meet the sun, The bee is on the wing, but however merry the scene may be, he is never up in time to enjoy it.

A Number of the Ciceroians visited the Tullias Society, a short time ago, - we would say they are carrying on a literary work, the influence of which will live long for good. We say again, press forward in the work and see what can be done. Yours truly,
May-Bird.

Bloomingdale, May 6, 1890.

Written for the Age.

The United States mail facilities have been disturbed during the past two or three months from some unknown cause. It seems that the mail has been too heavily loaded, so heavy that the carrier has been confined to his bed and has had the misfortune to lose two of his horses. We advise the young ladies and gentlemen not to write such big fat letters next time.

Dr. L. C. McHenry extracted a tooth for Mr. D. Delaman the other day which

was one foot and a half long and weighed five pounds.

^{A story.}
Mr. Mitchell a few weeks ago was about to abandon the idea of taking a trip to the New-land, but we understand now that he has made all satisfactory arrangements to go, and will start in a few days, provided the craft on which he refused to sail, don't appear again in his harbor and disturb his previous arrangements. We are a friend to Murray and wish him a pleasant voyage.

Mr. James Harkness has been expecting to receive the wedding ring which he ordered from J. Fynn Co. some months ago. He was quite anxious for no one to know where he got the ring and in making out the order, omitted the signing of his name. For further particulars inquire of Judge Hicks the P.M.

Mr. N. M. Webb, a student in Astronomy, while examining the stars in the constellation of Arcadia, recently discovered a new Planet. He says it shines very brilliantly and attracts his attention very much.

Prof. W. E. Peckol says that the Reader's Co-operative Union and his

girl are two of the best things this side of heaven.

Mr. R. S. Webb says he anticipates a better time with the girls during the night of the entertainment than "any mornin' yet."

Mr. J. M. Miller a former student of Kingsley has been "taking in" the public exercises of the present week. He told some of the boys he intended to have his girl here at the Exhibition, and that she is ten degree sweeter than a peach. We are glad he thinks so.

Mr. R. S. Webb gave Mr. Gardner 25 cents to grab his mustache the other day, and now says, by the time he is forty years old, a more prominent, thickly growing mustache can't be found in the United States. All hail! to his mustache, may it thrive like a green bay tree.

Prof. Geo. Bates was seen walking the streets of Gravelly a few weeks back "singin'" "Do you love me Molly Darling?"

Kingsley Splinters.

Distress in Sorrow.

We think it right and meet to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, therefore we request the citizens of the neighborhood to share Squire Sam Fair's grief and sorrow of last Saturday evening a week. We think him a first-rate fellow, of great courage. He had intended not to say anything about his sorrow, but when he went to get his usual Saturday evening shave, the barber looked at his face and says: well squire I have been shaving you for ten cents but it will cost you 25 this time, this evening your face is twice as long as common. What can be the matter Squire? Well, I can just tell you, last night a dog got in my lumber room and took a piece of meat out and eat it. The barber said, how much Squire? About a half a pound I reckon. The barber gave him consolation, promising him a public collection from the sympathizing friends.

About the middle of the past term of school, after Prof. Ketron had read his morning lesson from the Bible, he then announced where he would read the next morning and one of the most mischievous boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. Next morning Prof. read on the bottom of one page, these words: "Then Noah was ^{one} hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was then turning the leaf — one hundred and forty cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out. Of course Prof. was naturally puzzled at this, he read it again, then rubbing his beard, he said, "well I judge upon the whole I never read this before in the Bible, but I accept it as the truth of the assertion made by David in saying 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'" Mr. E. P. Clarke went out wife-hunting the other night. Went until he found a young lady. He said his heart was up in his shoulders, but he commenced telling a story lengthwise so he could get a chance to sit down by her. She was sitting on a chair, and he thought he would sit down too, and he says that some thing went crack — Crack

— crack, smash, tumble, and I and the centre-table went all in a heap, knocking over the stove, cupboard, and several chairs, and jee whap! what a fix I was in; but by and by, after getting that fixed up, I thought all things were lovely, so I popped the question to her. She told me to come back on the following Sunday and she could answer me. So I did; she was not at home, but left me a note which she said on the back of the envelope not to read till I got home; glorious day, thought I.

I went on home, rummaging over every thing that came in my way, until I was in my room. I thought it the sweetest note I ever seen, and breaking the seal I read the following:— Mr. Clarke, Dear Sir, I was married last Friday.

During the protracted meeting at Kingsley, there were two young ladies that were nearly always together. They dressed alike and generally wore hats alike. There were two young men, — students at Kingsley, who followed going to and from church with the two ladies. Well, one evening one of the ladies went home with the other to stay all night and come back to church

that night. So, as they knew the young men would go with them after preaching was over, they agreed to fool them in some way.

When they came into church they happened not to have the same colored hats on, one being white and the other black. In order to further carry out the joke on the boys, just before preaching was over they exchanged hats. The young men rushed for their girls and of course each one got hold of the wrong girl. They marched on toward home with them, carrying on as loving a conversation as possible, until they had arrived within hearing distance of the house, when the ladies appeared as they were, and worse than boys never could be found. We never heard of them going home with those two girls any more, and don't believe they ever will.

Mr. N. M. Webb was heard going up toward Hickstown singing the song, — "I love thee, I love thee," "That is all I can say, It is my dreamings in the night, my visions thru the day; 'Tis thee I love, and will forever, Time may change, but I will never; Time will come when we must part, but time will never change my heart." Poor boy!

We wish him success!

The following story is told of Mr. W. M. Dye after a long and tedious talk to his girl, he fell on his knees and said I do trust you will not reject me, I can hold no longer, but will make you a short prayer. He said "I am that same Will Dye M. D., that is full of love and am five feet, nine and four quarters long, not quite so thick, a little long in the back, and slim face, I can whip an Alligator, bear, panther or wild cat, cut up more shins than hogs in hot water, and let me tell you my darling, I am to the hub in love with you, can't move a peg, will you help me out? If you refuse me I will go out and eat the corn-cub, fodder stacks and peach orchard; I will build up a monument of soft shell mud-turtles, and hemp ropes; call a meeting together of old maids and bachelors; tear down worlds and eclipse human nature! Yes, I'll do great things, and stretch my nose a mile long. I wish the four corners of my mouth may grow together, the inkstand of futurity dry up, and the very earth be turned into beeswax

if I don't go right back to Benham's Station and marry my old girl, if you refuse me.
yours truly,
Grasshopper.

Reflections.

Lines written on beholding the students at their studies in Kingsley Seminary.
— This is beauty, this is glory,
Many hundred working here,
By the rules that genius fashioned,
In the grooves of perfect order,
For their country's business sphere,
How their young eyes nobly sparkle,
While above the page they bow,
What an earnestness is depicted,
Iron-like on every brow.
Yet we see no pang of labor,
Calm is every muscled soul,
Calm as unobstructed rivers,
To their ocean-haven roll;
For the rules by which they labor,
Are the work of patient skill,
And the mighty work's directed,
By a firm though smiling will.
Oh, ye noble many hundred,
Work away! soon comes the time,
When like Sumner, Reynolds, Ramey,
McClelland, Dean, McClary,

Ye shall glorify the Chiese
 Building on its conquered matter,
 Monumental piles sublime.
 Kingsley, nor shall thou be wreathless,
 What a splendor, even now,
 Like a crown of well-earned sunlight,
 Beams upon thy sturdy brow.
 Soon thou'lt point to twenty thousand,
 Workers in our glorious land,
 Twenty thousand who are fashioned,
 (For their country's blessed mission)
 By thine own devoted hand.

The Ciceroonian Age.

Vol. 5, = Thursday evening May 7, 1891.

To the reading Public.

This evening
 The Ciceroonian Age launches out
 upon its fifth volume and sixth
 number, finely equipped to
 give all of the news that is
 worthy of note, in and about
 the little village of Blassamdale,
 suitable for an attentive ear,
 and an enthusiastic congregation.

Nothing has been written
 upon her delicate sheets that
 has not been extracted from the
 fountain of originality or
 written by any one save the
 members of the Ciceroonian
 Literary Society.

Not a single word of
 prejudice or any thing that
 would tend to slur the
 character of any one is permitted in ^{its volume}.

All persons are cordially
 invited to the reading.

TTTTTTTT

Kindness.

It is almost impossible to over estimate the influence of Kindness. Yes after the speaker or has absented him self from this land of trouble and woe, or the occasion from which they were spoken, the hearer will feel the incouragement that they gave him or her. The difficulty they smothered or the sorrows they comforted, make them precious jewels. Especially should we offer them to the aged, the weak and the erring. These are the ones who we should offer them to for guide through life's dark and dreary path. Giving nothing, they may prove jewels of the highest price. They cannot cause harsh feelings; but can erase the mightiest frowns that ever lingered on the brow of man.

If there is one law above all others that should be written above in bright and brilliant letters it is "Kindness"; the Law of Human Love.

The handsome girls of Kingsley have no rest,
And the reason why the ugly boys are such a pest.
The girls flirt and the boys part,
The girls laugh and the boys cry out.
The girls are so cunning that they can "do" in such a placed manner that the boys understand them to say "Yes".

Oh! what a horrible thing it is to misunderstand.

It causes man to lose the power of energy to command.

What shall we do to make life a success? The reader thinks believes that if we would hitch "I'll try" to every thing that we come in contact with, that finally we can make a success of any thing reasonable. It is not an every morning hitch our pie-balled match horses whose names are "I can" & "I'll try" to every thing we come in contact with.

If this motto we should adopt Success would crown every effort and eventually we would be remembered as a name the great.

Evidently we are the subjects of our doings. Thereop where we saw and of like kind what we saw. Saw clean grain and grain that is not impregnated with other grain and you will surely reap golden grain, pure grain, yellow grain.

Uncle Jackson came to visit the Young Ladies Entertainment and while here on a visit he went to see some of our neighbor women's brands of other order tract.

I have ^{heard} it rumored a boat that the Bloomingdale Mining Co, will go to work soon.

Correspondents.
Day after to morrow night there will be a joint discussion by the Tullius Literary Society & the Gained Chople Society. Question, Res. That America has seen her golden day. The place of debate will be held at Mr. Lerman.
So every body.

In order to have the brag Cook, one of Kingley's fair maids cooked a week. A. C. Ketron says, "I don't care for boeking if it was not for making up beds and cooking!" He says he ^{will eat as much as} can eat as much as any 250 lbs.

Mr. Tam Childress went home with some of the Scott girls a few nights back & he had a real hog-killing-time. But on his return the Scott boys asked him to pay toll for crossing the State line. This he did without hesitation by giving them a T-r-o-t.

Prof. says the Ground Hog day has certainly fulfilled all a governments this year.

Mr. Riddle says he would rather write Love letters to the girls than to eat lasses with a splinter

A happy Marriage.

Mr. John S. Faust & Miss Maggie Neuland joined right hands of friendship and nuptial love last Wednesday a week ago, near the Residence of Rev. Samuel G. Ketron.

May success, pleasure, enjoyment & happiness crown them in every effort, and may they remember that the loftiest Mts. do not cast a shadow on but are side at a time, is the wish of the Surrounding Community.

The Ciceroians & Adelpheids extend words of congratulation towards them.

The World's Astronomical Committee have decided to take Tam Cloyman & Morgan W. Riddle in their lodge at half price. The reason is that nature has provided for them stilts of sufficient height. So they won't be bothered with pulling on and off

Artificial ones.

Dr. John C. Kildress says he will feel good when he sets down at his own table with his little wife & b-a-b-e. We think so too. But we will kindly inform the young man that the girl's man hasn't said so yet.

Rev. Benjamin Harrison & wife with others are are making their home again.

We hope their trip has been one of enjoyment & pleasure.

Prof says that there has been upon an average better times in school this year than usual. Now boys don't fail to keep the regulations. Prof. expects you to keep them. Now don't disappoint him tomorrow. If you do he will hew you down if it is only five minutes of classing.

Mr. Charlie Clark says to carry babies and give them a

change every time they need
attention is not the thing
"Cracked-up-to-be".
||||

Messrs. Clayman and
Gardner the corresponding firm
is progressing finely. But when
their girls are absent business is
dull with them. Mr. Gardner seems
to have better success than his
partner but still he wears a sad
countenance. They both was
seen going down the road the
other day singing, "There is a
brighter day coming by and by."

Mr. Lile Steel went over
here on the river to see his best
girl. He set and puffed and
puffed, his girl set and
snuffed and snuffed, until
"gub time" came a long. The
old gentleman gave thanks and
asked the young Steel to return
thanks. He thought it a
mighty task and him a Green
horne in the business too. And
as luck would have it they
had Chicken and dumplings for

dinner, and these were the words
he uttered: "Dumplings are tough
and dumplings rough, so thanks
be to God that I've got enough."

Mr. Jim H. Harkleroad is
in our heels over head with the a
certain young girl and he is a
fraid to let her know it.

The other day two young
gentlemen were on Grovelly when
they saw a girl carrying a bucket
of water from the spring. She
set the bucket down to and
stepped off a few paces to have
a shot. But when she came back
to the bucket an old stalwart,
strange high-headed buntz tailed
rouster had gobbled up all the
water sover enough to make
groovy for supper.
||||

There is a charming young
Dr. in our school who is rather
inclining to Steel. He seems
to be very humble. It is the opinion
of the most of us that he is going
to take unto him-self a help-mate.

And like Jacob of old he is going to serve seven years for her. I think he has already commenced. It has been reported that he stayed away from school one day to help Mr. Steel plant corn. As he is preparing to practice medicine we hope the old gentleman will give ^{donately} him the rest of the time and the girl too.

Mr. Bruce Haines has been absent from school for quite a time. The cause of his absence is he aimed at getting married but his girl told him, she was not going to do any such a thing. He has been seen carrying his license in his hands from place to place and muttering these words. "Sallie want you marry me?" After a while he became red and swore by all that was white and black that he would not do it if she wanted him to.

Mr. A. O. Helman is one of the best natured young men that we have. He took a retroment

off at least 250 yds to give him just the half of a little walnut.
God loveth a cheerful giver.

Dr. L. B. Mc. Cravy has not as yet adopted the doings of the first clause of the Scripture where it reads thus. "When I was a child I spoke, I did and I acted as a child. But when I became a man I spoke, I did and acted as a man; and I threw away childish things." He was seen engaging in a game of ball called "Bull pen" with some little from 5 to 8 year old boys in the back street of Bloomingdale the other evening. I for one think he is too big a boy to be pelting the little infants in the side with a big Base ball.

Mr. John Childress says when he goes sporting that he don't want the old folks to meddle. He got in a mantrous predicament the other night. Instead of taking his girl by the arm and escorting her home, he slewed the herman

right up to the door and marched
 her in before he knew who she was.

At about that time the old man
 found out who he was with. Furbet
 there was a race between long John
 and short John.

A wonderful surprise Ed
 not much surprised either.

H. M. Dye robbed one of Profr.
 herms the other night in order
 to have a French harp for the exhibition
 day. Nell Ketrans says he will
 have him prosecuted for selling
 him cooked eggs, if takes his
 Simpson used to pay the debt.

Tom Childress went to Scott
 to see his girl and she was so
 big and he was so little that
 she called him her Baby Bunting.

Mr. C. E. Gott says he enjoys
 writing to the girls, but that it
 tires him awful to wait for
 an answer.

L. A. Steel says that
 he would rather be called by

a Crainer wing than a Palm
 leaf as big his dolly's old hat.

Tom Clayman claims that
 he can claim more kindfalks than
 any other Clayman living can claim
 because he has a lawful right to
 claim Claymans. A Clayman
 claims that he not only claims
 the Clayman's Kindship but that
 he can and has a religious right
 to claim connection with those
 who dont want to claim kind
 with the Claymans.

Prof. says if the girls dont
 quit handling Riddles, saying Riddles
 and doing Riddles that he will denert
 them severely.

Dr. Charlie Clark as the
 people thought had a very severe
 attack of La Grippe. But upon
 a thorough examination the Drs.
 found it was only a relapse
 of heart trouble.

Miss Annie E. Jones can
 be heard at most any time saying,
 "Yes any body Lord."

T. T. Ross will be employed in spinning "yarns" for the public tomorrow.

Mr. W. M. Hebbe an ex student of Kingsley is back swinging his "sweety" sweet.

E. B. Clark visited the curious twin babies a bout 12 miles above here. On entering he says, "I am Dr. Clark from Blountdale." He asked what they would take to let him see the babies. Finding the bill reasonable, he examined them closely and said, "By gov" "I know a Dr. who said he would give \$20 to see them."

Miss. Louisiana Dye has not quite succeeded in turning her C-a-t-r-o-w. Kitty Puss.

Mr. Isaac Dillow has some very tremendous low pits. When they came for him they never go a way without him. One of those terrible monsters overhauled him the other day and him.

read a letter from to Prof. that was from his best girl.

The horent all that he read to Prof., for it would take too much time to read it. But never the less we will read an sentence, which commences thus. "You old Red headed wood shuck you, I wish you would not ask me to marry you any more."

Our principal said a girl who would not write to the boys would bring their notes to him was worth their weight in gold.

Charlie Clark went over to Mr. Oke Smiths a sparking and Big Oke set the dogs after him.

The other night Mr. Tam Ross called on Prof. to have a "chob." Prof. told him if pleased he would like for him to exercise him a few mi. Mr. Ross consented, and Prof. absented himself from the room a few minutes. But when

Now Tom was one of
 these kind of boys who love
 to be left alone. Tom had
 found his way into the
 closet and while fumbling
 a round in there he got in
 Prof's. rat-trap. And there he
 stayed until next morning.

The last seen of Mr. Ford
 he had gotten a "hipity, hop" in him
 self and armed with fishing
 tackle was pursuing his way
 with his eye on a very nice picture
 of feminine duplicity which
 seemed to be ^{completely} hoodwinked
 beneath the charms of her beauty.
 May success go with him and
 a few fish perch on his plate.

What a hollowing hauling
 funny time the boys are
 having giving in their experience
 and telling tales of love,
 and confessing to
 them.

First.

Emory Gatt's new discovery of Love.

One who's eyes doth Love
 put in my head,
 Which hoves no correspondence with
 true sight!

Or, if they have, where is my
 judgement fled,
 That censures falsely what they
 see a right?

If that be fair whereon my
 false eyes date,

What means the world
 to say it is not so?

If it be not, then Love doth
 well denote

Love's eye is not so true
 as all men's NO!

How can it? Oh how can
 Love's eye be true,

That is so vexed with
 watching and with tears?

No marvel then, though I
 mistake my view;

The sun itself sees not tell
 he ever weeps.

O cunning Love! that with
 tears thou keepest me blind
 with tears.

O sacred Lillians Regret
of Marriage suit.

But woe is me! too early
I attended a youthful suit—
It was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature outward so
Commended, That maidens' eyes
struck all over his face:

Love locked a dwelling and made
him her place; And when in his
fair parts she did a hide,
She was newly lodged and
newly defiled! deified.

His braunny locks did hang
in crooked curls; and every light
occasion of the wind upon his
lips their silken parcels hurl.
Whose sweet to do, will o'ply
find each eye that saw him
did enchant the mind, for
on his usage was little drawn.
His qualities were beauties as his
form, for maiden-tongued
he was, and therefore free.

W. M. Dye's farewell address
to the Girls.

My parts had charms ^{power} to
charm a sacred girl, who, disci-
plined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they
assailed him, all vows and
consecrations giving place. O
most potential love! vow.

In thee both neither sting, ^{knob}
nor confine, ~~It~~ For thou art
all, and all things else are thine.

W. M. Dye's confession,
of

Among the many that
mine eyes have seen, Not one
whose flame my heart so much
has warmed, Or my affection
put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisure have ever
charmed. Harmed have I done to
them, but never was harmed,
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine
own was free

Profs. regret a boat marrying.

Crobbed age and youth cannot
live together: Youth is full of
pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age
like winter morn, Youth like
summer meether, age like
winters meether.

Youth is full of sport age's
breath is short. Youth is
winible age is lame. Youth
is hot and bold, age is weak
and cold. Youth is mild
and age is tame.

Age I do abhor thee; Youth
I do a dare thee; O, my love,
my love is young!

Age I do defy thee: Oh!
sweet shepherd, hee thee.
For me thinks I have stayed
too long.

Rev. David G. Pile's confession.

When my love swears
that she is made of truth,
I do be lieve her, though I
know she lies, that she

might think me some un-
tutored youth unskillful in
the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she
thinks me young, although
I know my years be past my
the best, I smiling credit
her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with
love's ill rest. But wherefore
says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I
am old? O, love's best habit is
a soothing tongue, and age
in love, loves not to have years
told. Therefore I'll lie in love and
love in me, since that our faults
in love thus smothered be.

She told him stories to delight
his ear; she shamed him fobons
to allure his eye.

To win his heart, she
touched him here and there.

The Editor's sentiments.

If I have wrangled
my friend of aught,
Or led a soul a stray,
Lord, give me grace to
own my fault,
And to amend my way.