

**Morton's Corners.**

Smith died at his home in Clarkburg,  
aged 80 years, 8 months 11 days.  
Dear friends he has left you  
O that cold winters day,  
For that beautiful home  
That seems far away;  
He has left this cold world  
Full of trouble and wee,  
For that warm sunny land  
Where the soft breezes blow.  
The spirit God gave him  
Has gone to its rest  
Where there is health and peace  
In the land of the blest.

Remember Mrs. Smith he is not there alone,  
Your daughter, your parents, your brother  
has gone,

A few years before you at God's chosen  
time;  
He has left you to show you the way to  
that clime.

Dear Children may God keep you all,  
And watch you with care,  
My day after day be your constant prayer,  
That he may guide you from trouble,  
And at last give you rest,  
With your loving Father in the land of  
the blest.

You must toil through this world,  
Of trouble like a m,  
But with God for your guide,  
You surely will win,  
That pearl of great price,  
To so many unknown,  
'Tis your passport to heaven  
To your future home,

The God whom you love  
And whose guidance you craves,  
Is mighty to shield to protect  
And to save his Lord they will lead you  
His most welcome guest,  
To your father and sister  
In the land of the blest.

**Death of Miss Nellie Moore.**

Miss Nellie Moore who died at  
Erie, Pa. on the 16th inst., leaves a  
large number of relatives and friends  
in Randolph and vicinity who will ever  
hold her name in fond remembrance.  
Four years ago she was stricken with  
that relentless disease, consumption,  
and for the weary time that followed,  
like a martyr as she was, fought a good  
fight for her life, only praying that she  
be permitted to live in the lovely month  
of June. The first June came and  
went, the second and third followed,  
but the fourth brought answer to her  
earnest prayer and her new life com-  
menced amid the sweet fragrance of  
blooming and budding roses. She was  
a devout Catholic, and her entire time  
almost up to the day of her death  
was occupied in cheering the weak and  
helping the poor. Services were held  
in the pro-Cathedral in Erie, and her  
funeral was largely attended, the  
Young Ladies' Sodality organization  
attending in a body. The deceased  
has a sister and three brothers living  
in Randolph, Mrs. Mary Moore Gil-  
berds, Dr. P. H. Moore, Wm. Moore  
and James Moore; and a brother John  
Moore who resides in Chicago.

Rest in peace, sweet girl, "None  
knew thee but to love thee, nor named  
thee but to praise." \* \* \*

**The Cup of Life.**

"But is it sweet, or bitter, tell me true,  
This cup of life?" Then, lying deep in dew,  
A youth who wore a rose in bud, I think,  
Made answer: "It is bitter. Wherefore  
drink!"

X

**OUR JOURNEY TO DIXIE.**

COMPOSED BY T. F. ST. JOHN WHILE ON THE ROAD, THANKSGIVING DAY.

We joined the army the other day,  
Because we thought we'd get big pay  
And have some fun most every day.  
And go off down to Dixie.  
At Westfield, first we took our stand,  
And there our living it was grand.  
Because John Young he was the man:  
Hurrah for John and Dixie!

When we left there, some tears were shed.  
And blessings heaped upon our heads:  
Pity the female heart that bled  
When we left for Dixie.  
And as we passed along the road,  
Many a handkerchief was showed,  
As freely down the tears they flowed,  
While we came on to Dixie.

At Albany next we made a stop;  
Every man he filled his crop;  
But soon our ears began to pop,  
Before we got to Dixie.  
For now, I'll just tell you the truth:  
The butter was strong enough, forsooth,  
To extract every feeble tooth.  
There on the road to Dixie.

Our victuals they were never hot;  
You should have seen the soup we got.  
Which gave most every man the trot.  
Before we got to Dixie.  
In running out, the boys caught cold,  
Which made them cross and made them scold;  
Our codfish sometimes tasted old.  
There on the road to Dixie.

Next, down the river we took a tour;  
We'd time to sleep about an hour;  
Our meat was bad, our coffee sour:  
'Tis fun to go to Dixie.

Still, I suppose it is all right;  
But, if you wish to see a sight,  
Be sure and travel in the night.  
As we did, down to Dixie.

They must have thought us fond of jars;  
They put us in some poor old cars,  
And jolted us till we saw stars,  
Coming down to Dixie.  
In the Philadelphia Cooper shop,  
Every man filled well his crop,  
Because the supper was tip top—  
Three cheers for Philadelphia.

'Twas the last we had to eat, I snore.  
'Till in the night at Baltimore:  
Such meals I never saw before  
For Thanksgiving dinner.  
You should have seen the cars they run  
To bring us on to Washington,  
We thought death's work was nearly done,  
When we got down to Dixie.

We marched and pitched our tents that day,  
And on the ground we had to lay—  
What would our wives and sweethearts say  
To see our beds in Dixie?  
Spoon-fashion, close we crowded in,  
Roll over we could not begin;  
It rained, and wet us to the skin  
The first night here in Dixie.

For days all that we had to eat  
Was cold fare, such as bread and meat;  
We rather thought it was a cheat,  
This coming down to Dixie.  
But one thing we wish understood:  
Our officers are very good,  
And did the very best they could  
To comfort us at Dixie.

**RELIEF IN COUGHS AND COLDS.**

**Glycerin Cuts Short Violent Attacks of  
Coughing and Soothes the Throat.**

A tablespoonful of glycerin in hot milk  
or cream will at once relieve the most vio-  
lent attack of coughing. This is a simple,  
easily obtained and harmless remedy, and  
if it keeps good its promise will prove to  
be of great value. Equally simple and  
quite as effective is the use of glycerin  
spray through an atomizer. This is ap-  
plied directly to the inflamed or irritated  
surfaces and gives almost instant relief.  
In attacks of influenza, colds in the head,  
sore throat and like troubles glycerin  
mixed with three times its bulk of water,  
boiled and cooled, is an invaluable reme-  
dy. A little practice will enable the pa-  
tient to fill the lungs with the spray, and  
the soothing and cooling effect is remark-  
able. Mixed with an equal bulk of sul-  
phurous (not sulphuric) acid, glycerin is  
an almost unfailing remedy for throat  
troubles of all kinds, and being harmless  
can be used by all people, according to a  
foreign medical journal, authority for the  
advice given. It must, however, be freshly  
made, as it keeps but a short time after  
mixing.

—Mention was made in our last issue  
of the illness of William Beardsley of  
East Randolph, father of Mrs. Fred C.  
Beals of this city. He was stricken with  
apoplexy on Monday, April 2d, and  
died on the following Friday. The *Reg-  
ister* says of the deceased: "Mr. Beards-  
ley was aged 69, and had lived in the  
village for about 35 years. He was a  
quiet peaceful man and a good citizen.  
He made friends with everybody who  
came in contact with him, whether in a  
business or social way. An honest, up-  
right citizen who will be much missed by  
many friends and relatives."

James M. Barber died on the 20th inst.,  
aged 70 years. He will be buried today.  
The funeral services will be conducted  
by Rev. A. B. Fry at 11 a. m.

James C. Green, an old and highly  
respected citizen of North Otto, commit-  
ted suicide on the 17th inst. by severing  
an artery. He was 85 years old, and was  
prominently identified with the earliest  
interests of the town, having moved onto  
the farm where he died in 1825. He was  
supervisor four terms during the 60's.