May be convolted in English and German. July 4, 1813-19

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am, in loneliness and obscurity.

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past, Mark? Will you take care of my

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VOL. XIV., No. 44.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

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DRE 25 Cts

A SONG OF SERVITUDE

BY BRIC MACKAY. This is a song of serfs that I have made; A song of sympathy in grief and joy, The old and young, the proud and the be

All, all must serve, for all must be obeyed. There are no tyrants but the serving ones, There are no servants but the ruling men The Captain conquers with his army's guns But he bimself is conquered by his sons. What is a parent but a daughter's slave, A son's retainer when the lad is ill? The great Creator loves the good and brave,

The son is servant in his father's halls; The daughter is her mother's maid-of-The wren must answer when the robin calls:

And makes a flower the spokesman of a

grave.

There are no "ups" in life; there are no "downs:"

gree; He who is light of heart when Fortune frowns, He is a king, though nameless in the towns

None is so lofty as the sage who prays, The breeze is servant to the summer days, And he is bowed to most who most obeys. These are the maxims that I take to heart;

own, Love well thy work; be truthful in the mark, And fees will praise thee when thy friends

one shall upbraid thee, then, for thine es truth. Make friends with death; and God, who is so

He will assist thee to a pobler fate. None are unfit to serve; none on their knees

Unfit to pray, when sound the bells of The flowers are servants to the pilgrim bees,

And wintry winds are tyrants of the trees. All things obey; all things incur a debt: And all must pay the same, or soon or late The sun will rise betimes, but he must set:

And man must seek the laws he would for get. There are no truants in the universe,

No false accounts, no treachery, no con-The work we do, the good things we re-

hearse, Are booms of nature basely named a curse. "Give us our daily bread!" the children

And mothers plead for them, while thus they speak. But "Give us work, O. God!" we men should sound of a sweet, clear voice, singing:

That we may gain our bread from day to Tis not alone the crown that makes the

"Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind. The lark that sours so high is quick to sing, But proud to yield subservience to the spring.

And we who serve ourselves, whate'er be-Ourselves and those we need, and those we Dare we forget, at joy or sorrow's call, The service due to God, who serves us all?

Might Have Been.

"Beautiful?" cries Dora Danzil, rap- free-make us happy again!" to the exquisite vision-fragile as an face that holds him silent. anemone-framed in her dressing room hardly begun to dress yet."

note of a priceless flute; but on her lips honor. Where is your wife?"

arm, saying: think. Perhaps—it is barely possible" it all with this, and then—" very beautiful, is lying on a meager bed.

A quick movement of his arm, and a and her eves burn in to his with the all unknowingly, disapproves of me- the moonlight.

waiting!"

shoulders with a little laugh.

"Society people always know each "Heavens!" he whispers, snatching could take her with me!"

man-the noblest work of God,"

ly. Her brother is her idoi. "He is the I may carry it with me to the grave?" Estella, do hurry me up, else the guests that now, at least, life is dead. will arrive before 1 am ready. Come "Where have you been, Naomi? in Naomi, and sit down, if anything so cries Dora, meeting her on the balcony, bilighted my life-made me the thing I heavenly can sit down!"

not. I am 'moon-struck,' and must go sent Tem to look for you, and he says out into the garden. When you are be could not find you." dressed, Dora, call me from the balcony. A swift rush of color dyes Naomi's shall hear, if the flowers are not woo- pale cheeks. Of course he saw her if

With which she turns and runs lightar opera to Dora's.

Naomi; the dew is falling. In just one is condemned. half hour I shall be ready." "Half an bour!" thinks Miss Quiverleigh, seemafully. "Who or what is of the stairs. "The night air is danger-

fools all we women are, and how long wrong to woo death?" a time it is before we discover the fact of which I am brilliant illustration! her just sufficiently to display a beautiful slim ankle, she steps out across the thing right or well?"

balcony into the white, wind-tossed beauty of the June night. "I will keep in the gravel paths," she whispered, bending above a bed of white lilies, and severing the lovellest from its parent-stem. "The grass is damp and chill. But somehow I do feel over rebellious to-night-just like doing something which shall make the world raise hands in holy horror-just like breaking the chains of mode, fashion, chance; you condemned me before you And earth must take the raindrop when it and costume to scream-just once-I

am free!" Down the graveled paths she glides, between the beds of sleeping, dewy is crowded with gay, laughing guests. For "high" and "low" are words of like de- flowers, like some fair, frail shadow of the white moonlight flooding the earth with its glory.

> faint night wind that riots around her. catches and for a moment holds. "Be "But what can it bring to me-to any merciful-I am going away to-day, you them in the drive glance curiously and of us? The moon goes down in dark- know." ness, and the flowers die in tears! Ah, the people are already arriving, so I did not tell me. Why?" must desert the path, or else return to the house. The latter I cannot do-at with averted eyes. "It can make no least, not yet! Ah, I must view the lake difference-" with this moon on its breast!"

"On its breast" it is lying, certainly, tate.

Or show thee meaner than thou art in her heart—the remembrance of a hope just as a vague, heavy, pain is lying on long since blighted, the memory of a priceless, tender passage which neither wealth, position, nor adulation has ever been able to renew. "It is dead, of course. It is almost

> wild misery were burned out together in unavailing tears. Since then-how can they blame her that she has no heart-that she must

laugh with and at all alike, as the case may be.

The only wonder would be that she had not become imbittered. The lake, with its mossy shore decor ated with gleaming white statues and

vaces, lies sleeping in the moonlight from above. Through the branches of water-willows and beeches the wind sighs faintly,

while from the house comes the distant "Ah! that thou and I were sleeping "Neath the churchyard's quiet sod:

Our hearts at rest on earth's tender breas And our souls at home with God."

Naomi stands-her beautiful bare arm thrown carelessly above a white stone rough picket fence. "About time that vase, to which she appears an exquisite carving-part of itself; her beautiful ment, Trumpet. I may not receive a eyes are resting on the water with a look very cordial reception, but they can of sad, pathetic pain, of which the world bardly turn us out without night's rest. would never dream; but as the last faint | unless they possess more physicial pownote of the song dies away across the er than I do; so here goes,' ake, she falls on her knees with a cry of irrepressible pain, passion and despair

the pent-up misery of years. "Naomi!" whisperes a man's voice ow and eagerly. "Oh, my darling, my blue curl of smoke from the chimney; darling, why will you suffer so, when a yet even that gives him hope of cheer

word, a little independence would set us and warmth, for the forest air is chill rously, turning from the reflection of | He attempts to draw her in his arms. her own sweet, saucy face in the mirror, but she cludes him with a look in her

"Happy?" she whispers hoarsley. door. "How did you do it, Naomi-by "Between you and me, Arthur Hamlin, gracefully as if on the fashionable pave magic? You are the very lovilest, most even were you free, there is no such exquisite thing in the world. I have word. You murdered it four years ago. and in the future please remember it. Miss Quiverleigh's laugh comes Please remember also that you are a lightly—low as the saddest sob of a married man, and—though you may be, or summons; but certainly he takes it as summer's breeze-sweet as the tenderest undoubtedly are-I am not devoid of the latter, being the most welcome. It

scorn, more contempt, than pleasure, as not remind me of that Naomi-the the thresheld. and draws the train of dead white silk mad folly that wrecked mylife and yours. But he forgets hunger, weariness—all and priceless lace across her beautiful Why did you let me do it? Why did things but the shock to feelings, in the not you, who might have done so, save | sight which meets his gaze. "Oh, I have been ready for ages, I me from myself! Sometime I shall end

tic curve of the lovely lips-"my eager- low, mirthless laugh breaks from his wildest, most appalling intensity.

has made me overestimate the time of "Put it away?" she pauts hoarsely, over; and from her fascinated gaze stepping forward to touch his arm, Mark's eyes turn pityingly to the child-A swift scarlet flush, comes to birth while her great, dark eyes seek his. Ish form kneeling beside her with her on Dora's pure brow, and dies away | "You never will, cousin Arthur! Give hands clasped around her neck. neath the dainty lace on her bosom. it to me. Remember your life and mine "Tom is not unjust," she says stoudy, are the work of your own hands. If man beasely, springing up on her elbow Naomi shrugs her beautiful white which was not then mine. It has turned life which is so near its end. But my to Dead Sea fruit-" child-my darling! Oh, heaven! that I

-carclessly-"is a society man, is he I am going away. That was why I into the woman's face.

"You-Lucile Revere!" he cries ot? I have heard a great deal of him, came here to-night. Forgive me the Ob, I assure you''-as Dorn base intention; but I meant that you hoarsely. "My God! have I gone mad, pher, but she is proverbially a clother turns quickly with startled eyes-"rus should fly with me. That is all over or is it indeed so? What ghastly trick observer mor has it only that he is the perfect now. I am a better, if hopeless, man. of fate is this?" I shall never return, dear. Will you "He is, ' exclaims Dora, emphatical- kiss me once -cousinly, if you will-that up at him, then shrinks away with hig. of Good Hope.

frightened eyes. handsomest man I ever saw-and the In silence she lifts her beautiful head, dearest and wisest and best! Gracious" and touches her lips to his, and perhaps -as the tiny, jeweled clock on the the peace and benediction of her kiss ghastly trick of fate, and before the sun nantle chimes for the hour in a burst of were registered in heaven. Then she -"eight o'clock, and"-"Estella, turns toward the house, telling herself

and starting back in affright as she lifts "I could," laughs Miss Quiverleigh, her lovely dark eyes, heavy with unshed oftly, "very forcibly, indeed; but I will tears. "What is the matter, dear? I

he was all over the garden, and-him. Her heart gives a wild throb of pain, g down the broad, shallow stairs, trill- hardly so much for the misery of the ng back a laugh, and a snatch of popu- man she left behind her, as for the shame of standing before this strong shall be; but what is to become of my "Do not get your slippers damp, man, and knowing that in his heart she child, my darling? Will you forgive the

"You are rash," he says in a low, cold tone, as she leaves them at the foot battle with the cold, hard world-only nine. I was not worthy the love you worth so much care and time! What ous, especially at the lake. It is quite gave me, Mark. Teach her to for

"So many things we do that are rash and wrong," she says wearly, turning Drawing her long white skirts around away, "that one more or less cannot

But it is bardly a look of scorn with against the shabby pillows. which his eyes follow the beautiful form until the corridor takes it from yiew; and although he avoids her, apparently very frequently during the brilliant bal his eyes meet hers, and hold them in some vague, strange way that thrills and

startles Naomi. "You were unjust," says Naomi in a stranger. low voice; "you never gave me any

"But never since, replies Tom Den zil, in a voice quite as low, for the shore "Never since the night I came to seek you here, Naomi, and found you," "Don'tl" she whispers, beseechingly York, bringing with him a shy little "It is glorious!" she whispers to the extending one tiny hand, which he girl; with great, dark eyes of deep

> jealously. "Are you?" he asks suddenly.

"Why should you care?" she asks, "But it does," be answers, so sternly that her eyes are raised to meet his. gets her in the round of fashionable "You belong to me by right of discovery that night. No, love-bearing, how presence.

could I condemn you? I will never surme? Answer me!" And the strangest part of it is that he

four years since all her tender love and her lovely eyes. Late Recompense.

> BY M. EILEEN HOLAHAN. A low, dark, tumble-down cottage on the very edge of the deep, pathless forest; not much of a view, certainly, to meet the eye of a fastidious gentleman

ber great, dark eyes rests that look of belonging to the most exclusive arisdeep thought, more pathetic than tears. tocracy of the land, and fondled with all its luxuries; yet it is with a sigh of relief and a look of yearning toward the haven of rest, that Mark Wolcott lets the sketch, beautifully executed in water the bridle fall slack on the neck of his jaded horse, ond dismounts at the tum ble-down gate. "A long day and a hard day we've

had roughing it, my beauty," he says tenderly, while fastening the hitchingrein to the remnant of what once was a you and I had a little rest and refresh-

With a low, pleasant laugh at his own expense, he strides off in the direction

of the cottage. The only sign of life visible is a faint

and dainp. Resolving within himself that to put him out one must be more than ordinarily powerful, he walks up the battered porch quite as nonchalantly and ments of his native city, and makes the door tremble with the force of his knock So faint comes the reply that he fails to understand whether It is a dismissal does not take any length of time for the rests a smile in which there is more "Hush!" he whispered hearsley, "do hungry men to open the door and cross

A woman, who must once have been ness to subdue your 'lordly knight,' and | lips as she falls back in horror from the | It does not take a keen glance to tell subjugate the handsome brother who, sight of a jewcled revolver flashing in that the joys and ills, the weals and woes that mark life, are for her nearly

"Mark Wolcott," gasps the dying wo-"Tom is not unjust," she says stoudy, are the work of your own hands. If man boasely, springing up on her clow turning again to her dressing table, you have spoiled them, there is still a "Meaven! what fate, what mockery has brought you here, at my dying hour, to of you, Naoni? I do not believe it; it but yourself—no one close the wealth Naonii shrugs her beautiful white which was not then mine. It has turned life which is so near its end. But my

other, my little saint," she says, "or her slim hands in his flercely, "Is not Mark Wolcott staggers forward with hear of them. Your rother, I believe" my loss sufficient without this? Naomi. a low cry, and gives one piercing look If not paid in advance, \$1.25

-Woman is not much of a philose

-Miss Tompkins says that every un married lady of forty has passed the Cape She smiles grimly, and the child looks

In many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla "You call it rightly," the woman is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the whole neighborhood is answers, drawing the child closer. "A r rises to-morrow. I shall be past it all.
Ten years ago, you would not forgive,
Mark Wolcott, neither you nor my fathis sold than of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier. It is the great remedy for debility, scrofula, dyspepsia, billous-ness, or any disease caused by impure state or low condition of blood. Give it er, because I married the man who ble "Listen, Mark. Come closer, it is

-Those who build hopes on the prowhere I met Ralph Revere, he fell alses of the great, build castles in the to- Oh! I cannot name the depths of air; those who promise themselves gratidegradation, yet it was no fault of mine. tude for such, reckon without their host, It was in his nature, I think, At last Dr. Frazer's Magic Cintment. be brought us here-Lucile and Iamong the rough miners, where- Well, A sure cure for all bolls, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Wilthere were none so depraved as he. He

liams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist. -An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much time as he himself has leisure to waste.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters. But what she wished her child to for-Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram op beverage. But are strictly med get, Mark Wolcott never knows, for the cinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the words die on her blue lips, and the love of his youth-the woman who had made of his youth—the woman who had made him look on all other women since as light, fickle, and heartless—falls back Sold by druggists, \$1.00. At Thomas'

50c. and \$1. Trial size freg.

story, the truth of which is

Benews Her Youth.

-Believe nothing against another bu

-A baby is a link which binds its

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve

eroup, whooping cough and bronchitis, Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton and Biery,

-Plaintive.-Upon a modest grave-

legend: "His neighbor played the cor-

Are you made miserable by indiges

-A woman never makes much of a

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had enildren, she gave them Castoria

-"The good die young,"but the wick-

ed grow old. It is therefore, apparent why women prefer to be good rather than wicked.

No Cure-No Pay.-A new departure

in medical science? Fontaine's cure for throat and lung diseases has cured after all other remedies failed. For sale at Dr. C. T. Horn's drug store.

still he can't get along without vises.

-The Indian question-"Ugh! Where big Injun's fire water?"

to tell the truth. When we say that DREYDOPPEL'S BORAN SOAP is the

best and cheapest soap you can use for all purposes, it is a plain statement of fact, and the best way for you to satisfy yourself is to try a pound.

-There is one advantage in having a

very talkative wife. It teaches a man

to listen more patiently to his barber

The secret of successful advertising is

-A carpenter may have many virtues.

mother to beaven and causes its father

hurt to others to conceal it.

The cordial he draws from an inside socket is useless here, and he lays it selves are often wonderfully ingenious in iside with a sigh of vague, sad pain, devising plans of economy for others. thinking of her blighted life, his broken dreams and hopes; and the child sobs quietly in one corner of the room, frightened at the presence of this tall, dark stranger.

'Poor child—poor little one?' he says at last, taking her in his strong arms, and pillowing her little, yellow head on and pillowing her little, yellow head on per box, at T. D. Thomas'.

his breast, "You have no mother now, You will be my lit le girl, as you might have been, had fate been less cruel." A few days later, his mining business complete, Mark Wolcott returns to New | iron tissue of necessity.

thought, at whom the ladies who pass Lucile is placed in a fashionable boarding school at Mark Wolcott's ex-

Orders are given that every advantage money can secure is to be hers; then her self-constituted guardian completely forpleasures which constantly crave his

latter desires impossibilities, Sometimes the memory of that scene render you, unless-Naomi, do you love in the cabin on the edge of the forest comes to him in the midst of gavety; but he puts it from him with shuddertakes it for an answer-that shy lift of ing aversion, telling himself that to the child he has done his duty.

So the years pass; and although he has forgotten her, Lucile has never fortorten him.

So the years pass; and although he ney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and It is ten years since she left the mining district, and those ten years have made of the little frightened child a girl pain."

of nineteen, tall, slim, graceful and Try a bottle, only 50c, at T. D. Thomas' beautiful as a poet's dream; but still in Drug Store.

the thought that makes the dreamer the artist she is. One day Mark Wolcott receives a litcolors, in which he bends an eager,

anxious look. It is marked "Lucile," and represents a low, dark house nestled against the picturesque forest he remembers so well to have seen in the mining excursion. ger will have a call to preach," "I must see her," he exclaims at last.

"It is—it must be nearly ten years since I have seen the child. Perhaps she is lonely, as I am, for when all's told, The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shillon's Consumption Culk. Biery, Weissport, and Dr. Horn, lonely, as I am, for when all's told, wealth does not bring happiness. She Lehighton, is my ward-why should not the child live with me here? Yes-why not?" And the "child" does return with him to chase all over creation for the pareto the great, grand house which before goric bottle. had seemed so lonely.

her, and vaguely wonders at the fair, Weissport. fragile beauty over which all New York raves, even as they adore the famous stone in a cemeiery appears the plaintive young artist. He becomes restless and cynical, angry that the crow's-teet have made such

Like one under a spell, Mark watches

lines beneath his eyes and the white hair sprinkled his temples so profusely —smeering and scoffing at his weakness and Biery's drug stores. To him Lucile is always sweet, gentle and gracious, as, indeed, she is to every success in getting anything on her feet one, except that there is a deep reveranyway unless she can sit down on the ence tingeing her treatment to her floor,

"What shall I do when you are gon Lucile?" he asks one day, and sudden tears spring to her eyes before she can avert them. "Some day you will go, I suppose, and I have no right to prevent

"To me your life is beautiful, grand," she says shyly. "Bid me stay, and I will never leave you-never!" "You cannot mean it?" he cries ear. erly, catching her hands in his, "Oh,

She lays her hand against his bearded

love, I am so old, so unworthy!" "Love evens all things," she answers, 'and-I love you. What more is necessary? Or what difference can a low less years mine or a few more yours make? I think I have loved you always since

"Now I shall love you all the more dearly because we both loved her. It was not her fault that parted you, Mark, And, fault or fate, in his heart he put off till to merrow what you can get your mother to do to-day."

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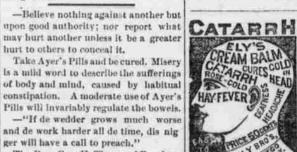
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