MILLIE'S BABIES.

She Titello thould belitens

Oue in the cold alone,

Oue in the cold alone,

Their mother is always gadding about,

And brings them not wron a bone;

Their off in the intraining early,

Their off in the intraining early early

Their off in the intraining early

Their weathed them nice and clean,

Their weathed them nice and clean,

Their weathed them never seen;

The string in a row,

Cold and hungry and dirty,

From the off early now to each toe.

Twelre little ears and six little tails

Hanging and drooping low.

So out on the stops I found them,

Sutting all in a row.

And Mills begged hard to keep them,

And fed them and wanhed them so clean,

Seeh eared not a whil, would you'

If she hadn't adopted those kittens,

Whet in the world would they do!

—E. F. Nolan in School and Home.

The Op A'S. CONTENCETONY

DORA'S CONFESSION.

fide into white sheets of foam when it thundered up twice a day, and the very chrubs in the garden were sprinkled with salt spray when the wind came from the

Here, all alone, except for a deaf old men who came to work in the garden and bring coal and water, lived Mrs. Cadgett, my father's cousin, and hither I had been sent to take care of her when she was stricken down with rheumatic fever. Jenny, my elder sister, had re-fused to leave New York. "Just when Fin getting along so nicely in my art school," said she; and Georgiana had hughed at the idea. "Me shut myself up at Tide Hall like a clam in its shell! Bot while the Euterpe sociables are going on! And my father and mother had decided that Dora must go. Dora was generally the victim of the family, re was nothing for it but for Dora

great thing to get her out of Jack's way for the present.

She thought I didn't hear, but I did.
Poor Jack! He was, in his way, as much of a victim as I was. It really wasn't Jack's fault that the officere of the bank where he was employed declared fhat he had no financial talent. Nothing sessed to go right with Jack. My father called him a rolling stone who would gather no moss. My mother said he was thoroughly taefficient. Jenny and Georgy langhed at him, and wondered what Dora

separat thing to get her out of Jack's way if the saw the jewels. I was trying them on the same figure, quaint and prim in its gown of gray, stood just behind the singer. He sam figure, quaint and prim in its gown of gray, stood just behind the singer. He was near losing his balance, and his song came to a sharp and sudden my pillow, where I put them that night after you brought them up here. I managed somehow to take the key out of your dress pooket and hobble to the chif-your dress pooket and hobble to the chif-your dress pooket and hobble to the chif-

was in her more genial moods, she would tell me the history of her old tapestries and antique furniture, show me her jewel casket, and even permit me to clasp around my neck a certain old necklace, stained purple with the glow of ame-thysts, and outlined around with tiny white diamonds.

"It has been in the Cadgett family for a bundred and fifty years," said she. "My husband's niece, Jemima Cadgett, expects to inherit it, but it is mine to leave to whom I please. And though Jemims wants my jewels she isn't will-

ing to come here and live with me!" the Cadgett jewels. There was a solitetre diamond, as large as a cherry stone, set in a ring. There was an odd cameo "pigeons' blood" rubies, and a quaint listle dagger with its hilt incrusted in small brilliants. I was never tired of looking at these trinkets.

"Yes, child, yes, they're pretty enough," Mrs. Cadgett had said, "but use are they to an old woman like met I sometimes think it isn't safe for me to keep them here in this solitary place, and only two women in the house. Only, to be sure, nobody knows of

"Are they very valuable, Aunt Cad-gett" asked I, for by that name she had bidden me to call her. "They're worth a thousand dollars a

the very least," said she. So that one stormy night when a mas culine figure emerged out of the flying spray and deepening twilight close to the back door, I gave a great start. Owen had trudged to his home and I was all alone, amusing myself, as I often did on the sly, by looking at Aunt Cadgett's ornaments and trying their effect on myself before the hall mirror, with a

strange breathless sense the while of transgressing some unwritten law, for the old lady never knew but that they were safely locked in her chiffonier, of which I kept the key. Of course, it was wrong, but I was only 17, and I led such

I had the jeweled dagger stuck through my hair, and the necklace clasped around my neck, and was holding the candle first this way and then that to catch the coruscations of the tiny facets, when, chancing to turn my head, I saw a face flattened against the window glass. A man's lace!

blood; pronounced to be real and truly human blood by the best chemists that ever tended bar in Texas. We have read the letter and the affidavits of the apothecaries, but we can't see anything strange or unaccountable in it, even to the story of the skeletons found under the rose bush. All is explained when it is remembered that under the old law of 1853 all the liars of Texas were banished to Fort Worth.

"I wanted to see you, Dora, to tell you good-by. Those beastly bank people have surned me out, and I'm going to seek

my fortune?"

"Where, Jack?" I questioned.
"Heaven only knows, I don't."
And, like two silly children that we were, we looked at each other and burst out laughing, I still in the glitter of Aunt Cadgett's jewels, Jack warming his chilled hands at the kitchen fire.

And then he explained to me his plans for the future, and I promised to wait like it, furrows you've got?" And the we possed half of the way of rain drove in sheets against the side of the house, and the thunder of the rising rain drove in sheets against the side of the house, and the thunder of the rising tide filled the silence like the constant discharge of artillery.

"Doctor," said a despondent patient, "I believe I'm going blind." "Bah," said the doctor, impatiently, "that's all in your eye."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

"You can never go away from here in this storm, at this time of night, Jack," said I. "It's all one can do to keep out of the quicksands by daylight, Owen

"Will the old lady keep me" I shook ray head.
"She has a horror of strangers," said I.
"But I won't ask her. Jack. I'll make.

you up a bed of blankets and soft pillows on this kitchen settee. You'll be very comfortable, and you must be off before daylight, lest Owen Ringgan should discover you. And, Jack, there's pienty of bread and meat and new milk in the

cupboard, and"—
"You are a darling," said Jack.
"There's Aunt Cadgett's cane thumping on the floor," oried I. "Her signal.
She wants me."

Aunt Cadgett was unusually exacting that night. I thought I never should get her settled to her satisfaction, and in the midst of it I remembered that I had left the jewel casket down stairs. Sup-pose that she should take a fancy to inspect it, as she often did at night! I trembled at the idea.

Fortunately, however, she did not, and I crept quietly down stairs after she was

Jack was saleep, too, lying in an un-consciously graceful attitude, with his cheek pillowed against his arm, and there where I had left it, after we had both admired the antique ornaments, was the leather case on the dresser shelf.
"Thank goodness!" I said to myself, as
I put it back into the chiffonier drawer

and noiselessly turned the key.

I sat beside Aunt Cadgett's bed that I had been three months at Tide Hall.

It sounds like a grand place, but it might, catching what scraps and fragments of sleep I could, for her rheumatism racked her flercely and she was to take her medicine every two hours. And when I woke in the early morning the was sweetly sleeping. she was sweetly sleeping, the sunshine streamed cheerily across the floor, and

Jack was gone!
"Dora," said Mrs. Cadgett to me the
next day, "bring me my jewel case."
I obsyed, thinking but little of the

"Open it," said the old lady.

I opened it. There was only the faded

"I suppose you haven't stolen

"Nor old Owen?" "Of course not."

"No one else has been in the house?"

I looked at Mrs. Cadgett. She looked at me with eyes that glittered like plereing dagger points. I fell, sobbing, great sea itself seemed thrilling with on my knees, and buried my face in the melody.

Just then the door of the old farm

langhed at him, and wondered what Dora your dress pooket and hobble to the chifcould possibly see in him. But I liked fonier after you were asleep. I know there was a man down stairs—I had bim, and I couldn't help it.

Bo when Mrs. Cadgett's summons came
I thought I might as well be unhappy at
Tide Hall as on Twenty-seventh street.
I had plenty to do. All the housework,
except what old Owen could do, fell to
my share, and my old relative required
endless waiting on. But then, when she
endless waiting on. But then, when she ing a sly traitor in the house. You face and voice were quiet.

"But I don't deserve to be forgiven!"
I sobbed out. "I have been sly. Give your jewels to Jemima Cadgett, please—

give her everything!"

Mrs Cadgett smiled and shook her head.

"Now," said she, "tell me all about this Jack."

Nor was the amethyst necklace all of ern case of jewels. Jack is to be overseer she don't care a straw who wears the jeweled dagger and the amethyst neck- the bar, and the strong gale was driving you push in. It happens to us all some lace, so long as Aunt Cadgett is suited. She is so good about it. And as soon as Aunt Cadgett is able to be moved we are

all going to Florida together.

And I am so happy! But Jack and
Aunt Cadgett both say I deserve it.— Shirley Browne in The Fireside Compan

A weeping peach tree is one of the curiosities of Denison, Tex., and it is stated that "a number of superstitious persons believe that spirits operate upon it." It is easy to account for the tree's emotion without referring it to the spirits. It would not be strange if a sensitive peach tree should be moved to tears as it reflected upon the abandoned way in which some fruit dealers basket peaches for the market-the big ripe ones on top, the little hard ones below. The only wonder is that more peach ees do not weep.—New York Tribune.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

NATURAL AS GAS. omes from Texas," is the title of a mean apper legit celling about a rose bush, near Fort Worth, that when cut drips human

For a second my heart stood still. It was for a second only, however, for I instantly recognized the heavy black mustache and merry, sparkling eyes of—Jack Mornington.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack!" I cried, flying to open the door and let him in.

"Masquerading, eh?" said Jack, after he had given me a hearty kiss.

"Please don't tell of me, Jack. I was only trying on Mrs. Cadgett's jewels. One must do something in a lonely place like this," pleaded I.

"By Jovel though, it is lonely," said SPORT AND POLITICS

"By Jovel though, it is lonely," said

Jack. "I thought I never should find it, and I don't know now how I'm ever to get back to the mainland."

"How came you here, Jack?" I asked.
"I wanted to see you, Dora, to tell you good-by. Those beastly bank people have turned me out, and I'm going to seek

OUGHT TO BE THEOTTLED.

William Hengein, of Baltimore, advertises that his wife Anne has left his bed and board and he will pay no debts of her contracting.

That's the second time within twelve days that Ann Hengein has run away on that same division of the Pennsylvania railway.

HARROWING NEWS.

The trainp leaned over the old rail fence,

OPTICAL DELUSION.

Not a Plensing Feature. My love hath eyes which rival stars,
Her cheeks would shame the rose;
But I must needs confession make—
I do not like her "noes."
—Philadelphia Ropublic.

A Pretty Mess Voice—Catching anything? Pisherman—Yes—malaria.—The Epoch. A COUNTRY SCHOOL

Pretty and pale and tired

Bits sits in her stiff backed chair,
White the blasing summer sun
Bhines in on her boft brown hair,
And the little brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mooks with its nummer cool

Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems an endless round— Grammar and A, B, C; The blackboard and the sums. The stupid geography: When from teacher to little Jim Not one of them cares a straw, Whether "John" is in any "case," Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jimmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring balt
Bhall loap, with a quiet, bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the deak hard by,
I'll her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half unconscious sigb.

Her heart outrums the clock, As she smells their faint sweet scent; But when have time and heart Their measure in union bent? For time will haste or lag. Like your shadow on the grass, That lingers far behind, Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jim, The stream and fish will wait; And patience, fired blue eyes— Down the winding road by the gate, Under the willow stade, Stands some one with fresher flowers; So turn to your books again, And keep love for the after hours.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

On the extreme point of the Headlands was a ragged bowlder, standing, as it were, at anchor, for the salt waves beat in a circle round its base; and on its summit, swinging out with a daring reck-I opened it. There was only the faded velvet lining with its worn compartments. Not a trinket remained. I gave wearing the rude garb of a fisherman— "Oh!" I cried, "where are the jewels?" into a song—a rude, nautical thing; but into a song—a rude, nautical thing; but the old time air was sweet, and the voice the old time air was sweet, and the voice that sung it wondrous clear and resonant, ringing out like a trumpet peal above the dash of the waves, yet sweet and tender as the note of a wood thrush.

being rolled together.

"The guns have ceased," he said, putting on his oilcloth coat. "The poor ship's gone. I am going down to the Over and over again he trilled the quaint shore to see what the boys are doing."

to submit.

"And besides," I could hear my mothor whisper to my father, "it will be a great thing to get her out of Jack's way for the present.

She thought I didn't hear, but I did.

Poor Jack' He was, in his way, as mo harm! Oh! I'm quite, quite sure of the submit is submit to submit.

"And besides," I could hear my mothor whisper to my father, "it will be a slept in the kitchen that rainy night. He saw the jowels. I was trying them figure; and an instant later this self in the submit is governed by the door of the old farm house swung open, letting out the boats, but it was no do yo—the gale was too hard. We picked to house swung open, letting out a broad to polly that chap, and he's done for."

Syria's eyes followed his pointing fingure; and an instant later this self in the same figure, quaint and prim in its gown wrong and wicked of me, but I meant of gray, stood just behind the singer.

"He's not dead, father!" she cried. "There's warmth here—indeed there is!"

"Oh, that's all!" The eager light died out of his eyes, leaving them gloomy and abstracted. "I do not want any supper; I've made up my mind, Syria."
She gave a quick, gasping breath, but

"Well, Harry?" "I'm going!"

"At daybreak." Her very lips paled, and her slender fingers shook and trembled, but her eyes

bless you, Harry!"

The boy stood silent, his eyes fixed on the far coast line, where the red sunset his full.—Waverley Magazine.

this Jack."

And I told her, and she comforted me with words of sympathy and kindly caresses such as I never had expected to receive from her.

That was last year. Jack and I were married a month ago, and Aunt Cadgett's wedding gift to me was the leather and a half dozen fishermen—

the far coast line, where the red sunset firms were slowly burning out, his thoughts busy with the past. One night, especially, stood out clear and vivid—a wild, stormy night, when the sky was like ink, and the mad sea thundered until the old farmhouse shook to its very center. They were down on the strand, big father and a half dozen fishermen—

"Stranger." said the man. "I've lost"

her to pieces.

Boat after boat started out as her booming guns begged for assistance, but said the other, sadly. each one was swamped or driven back. It was mere desperation, an old sailor said; no boat could stand such a gale—they could do nothing. His father chuckled to himself, and bringing out a sturdy craft of his own, placed himself the below and went out into the dark. roar to watch and wait. And not vain- his late adviser.—Detroit Free Press. ly, for by and by the sturdy boat beat its way back, bringing only one trophy, a little sea waif that the old man had

picked up—a tiny girl child with flaxen hair and blue eyes. The rough men bore her up to the old farm house, Harry trotting on behind; and before day dawn the booming guns were silent, for the stately vessel, after a brave fight, had gone down beneath

the hungry waves.
Capt. Melville and his wife could do little storm gift and bring her up as their own child. So they called her Syria, after all; and as she merged into maidenhood the lads called her the

"belle of the ocean." She and Harry had been sister and brother for ten years, eating their frugal

The girl stood silent a moment; then itting the question with a forced laugh:

"How far are you going, Harry?" she Harry." "When do you expect to con

"The Black Dragon's bound around the world, I believe," he responded, "and as to coming back—well, it will be years before I see the Headlands again, I Then a sudden light blazed up in his

"Shall you miss me when I'm gone, do you think, Syria?" he asked. A swift rose color bloomed in her fair

neeks, and her eyes overflowed with "Harry," she said, her voice sweet with unspoken tenderness, "I'm superstitious, you know. I want you to take this with you," unclasping a slender gold chain from her neck. "I always had a fancy that this little trinket possessed ome hidden charm. Put it on your neck, please, and if you ever are left to

the mercy of the wild waves, it will save you, may be, as it did me." At moonrise everything was ready, and with his knapsack strapped across

his shoulders, Harry stood in the door Good-by, father!" his voice husky. "Good-by, Harry, Make a man o' arself before you cast anchor again."

"Ay, ay, father!" Then he broke down, and pulling his cap over his eyes strode away without

One after another the seasons followed each other. The gray moss on the old farmhouse roof grew larger and thicker the old captain was getting rheumatic and dozed away the ufternoons in the chimney corner, and Aunt Sarah was losing something of her old bustling ac-

Beautiful Syrial The promise of her girlhood was being developed into glori-ous maturity. But she might have been a pouri, as they called her, in her key seclusiveness, for all the human feeling

Every day the Black Dragon was looked for, and every evening brought a

At last, one golden afternoon, when sunlight streamed in yellow bars over the sanded floor, and Syria had looped back the curtains with clusters of scarlet ber ries and sprays of wintergreen, and ranged the golden pippins in long rows on the mantle, in the very midst of their expectation the tidings came, brought from the city by a fisherman. The Black Dragon, homeward bound, took fire just under the line, and every soul on board perished. Harry would never come

on the old farm house. Aunt Sarah sunk beneath the blow into feeble second childhood, and the old captain grew morose and sullen. Syria alone bore the blow bravely. Fair and white as a pearl, she moved about with sealed lips and solemn eyes, taking all the heavy household cares upon her slender shoulders and working from dawn till twilight. Then, when the hush of night brooded over the great sea, she took her sole recreation. Gliding down to the beach, she would clamber to the top of the rough bowlder and sit for an hour looking out to sea, with her poor eyes full of piteous expec-

tation.
"No," she said, "I won't forget; he'll come by and by; my little charm will bring him—I will wait." At last there came an afternoon black

with portentous omens. Headlands only once afore, and then we had a gale that just shivered thingsand we are going to have it again."

The old fisherman was correct; about sunset it came, with a thundering crack and crash, as if the very heavens were

"A bad night, cap'n," one of them said as he and Syria approached. "Poor luck, captain—poor luck! We tried putting out the boats, but it was no

'There's warmth here-indeed there is Let's take him up to the house and try to save him." "Do as she bids you," said the old man; and the men obeyed. "Tis he—your son Harry! Don't you

"Well, Syria?" he asked.

"Nothing—only supper is waiting, and Aunt Sarah is growing impatient," she replied.

Tis he—your son Harry! Don't you see? Will you waste your precious time? Let us work and save him!" she said.

And they did. By and the said. And they did. By and by a faint warmth diffused itself over his body; a dim red shone in his pale cheeks, and he murmured, just above his breath:

"Syria! Syria! I am coming!" Syria heard him, and without a word or a sigh dropped in a dead faint at his

In a few days he entirely recovered and related his adventures. He had made his fortune and was coming home to stay, and no one was more happy than

But three weeks after there was a remained true and steady.

"Well," she answered slowly. "God bless you, Harry!"

The boy stood silent, his eyes fixed on "belle of the ocean," and their cup was

of the great Cadgett orange orchards of the great Cadgett orange orchards himself, a sturdy lad, following like a my grip."

down in Florida, and Miss Jemima says down in Florida, and Miss Jemima says down in Florida, and Miss Jemima says down in Florida. the men. A stately vessel lay out on cheery voice, "you'll get hold again if

at its helm, and went out into the dark- new shirts in it, a new waistcoat, a pair ness. never to return again, the men of suspenders and my wife's photygraft. averred; but Harry did not believe it. Just give me a chance, and you'll see He had never known his father to fail, whether I'll take hold of it or not," and and he sat down amid the crash and he walked off with a suspicious look at

"There," said the new lady of the castle, "are the graves of the former owner's ancestors. My ancestors," she added, proudly, "are all living."-Harper's Magazine

He Got It. a brave fight, had gone down beneath
the hungry waves.

Capt. Melville and his wife could do
nothing more or less than to adopt the
unregirl and a self willed tyrannical boy of

about 8 years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shricks and kicks and screams and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands and finally spat in her face with out a word of remonstrance from the mothe brother for ten years, eating their frugal | Whenever the nurse manifested any firm-supper from the same porringer, and ness the mother childed her sharply. Finally sharing the same bed in childhood.

"Yes, the Black Dragon sails at daybreak and I'm going in her, Syria," he
said, his eyes solemn and tender and his
voice tremulous.

"The mother composed herself for a nap, and
about the time the boy had slapped the nurse
for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and
flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The
boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his band and ingly: "Harry musta't touch. Bug will bite

Harry screamed savagely and began kick and pound the nurse. The mother, without opening her lifting her head, cried out sharply:
"Why do you tease that child so, Mary Let him have what he wants at once.

Thus encouraged Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers

The mother awoke again.
"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"
Mary turned in her seat and said, "He's got it, ma'am!"-Boston Journal she Was Reading About the President.

Nantucket is smiling at a little adventure of Mrs. Harrison at that place. There is a little store at Nantucket where they sell assists of odd shapes, and it is the custom with visitors to buy them as souvenirs of the place. Mrs. Harrison wandored in there alone the other day, and looking over the baskets, asked the funny old woman who at-tends the store, and who is of herself a char-

"What is the price of this basket?" holding "Marked on the bottom," was the terse re-

Mrs. Harrison repeated the question, and the woman, with a most annoyed expression, glanced up from her paper and said: "It's marked on the bottom; I can't be bothered to stop and answer questions; I'm reading about the President's trip to Bar Harber."— St. Louis Republic.

Alice-Oh, I have begun taking French Grace-How nice! Who is your teacher! Alice-Herr August Stauffenbergeustein Grace-An Italian!-Lowell Citizen

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