WHERE ARE THEY?

Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,
And be the winter's captives freed.
Where are the springs of long ago?

Drive under ground the lingering snow,
And up the greensward hollows leak;
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

Are these the skies we used to know?
The budding wood, the fresh blown mead?
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

The breathing furrow will we sow,
And patient wait the patient seed;
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

The grain of vanished years will grow,
But not the vanished years, indeed!
Where are the springs of long ago?

With sodden leafage, lying low,
They for remembrance faintly plead!
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!
Where are the springs of long ago?

—Edith M. Thomas.

HOW I DIED.

I was very sick. I had laid for days that seemed years upon the rack of stub pain as only strong men, suddenly broken upon the wheel, may know. Every bone in my body, every nerve, every minute gland of corporeal tissues had been like electric wires and cells surcharged with ethereal agony. At last there had come a benumbed feeling that thrilled like the vibration of harp strings suddenly stilled. I could hear the hum of voices like the far off drone of bees, and the sound seemed soothing me into a strange peace.

I was aware that somebody passed a light before my eyes, and after repeating the action several times replaced the night lamp on the stand without the shade. I knew also that somebody stepped to the window and threw it wide open, while a voice, seemingly borne beyond the confines of space and gathering force as it approached the boundaries of auricular demonstration until it boomed like the deep bass of the sea, uttered those words:

"The poor fellow is going fast. Give his spirit a chance to free itself."

"Do you believe in that old woman rot?" asked another, and from the region of enchanted drowsiness where I seemed to linger I caught myself listening for the third voice, which I seemed to know would speak next. And I didn't listen in vain, for even while I struggled with the unseen forces that were hurrying me away a woman's voice, clear and strong and sweet as the notes of a bell that was forever ringing in my ear, said:

"We believe in God's mercy, and we believe that this poor pain racked body is about to throw open the door by which the spirit goes free; if a closed window hinder its going, we will throw every window in the old hospital as wide as the sky."

"And give the rest of the poor devils in the ward a chance to catch a mortal chill," responded the second voice. "You are as consistent as the rest of your sex. Miss Brady."

While yet the echo of the head doctor's voice beat the air in circles of receding sound, I suddenly ceased to think, to hear, to feel, to be. And yet I was. I knew by some newly developed sense that I lay mute and white upon the cot which had supported my body so long, and that the fragrance of a prayer floated through the awful stillness of the room. It had no form nor sound, and yet something within me perceived it, as the languid senses perceive the fragrance of newly mown hay upon a serene June morning.

A continuous pageant of the most seraphic vision unfurled in endless progression before me. I saw the green hills of my childhood's home lift themselves like emerald bubbles in a base of enchanted air. I saw the sapphire of the sea set in a rim of violet dawns and daffodil noons. I saw the stretch of desert sands like drifts of snow within the compass of a lonely land. And in the midst of their bewildering vision I suddenly saw a gleaming slab within a windowless room, where something long and white and still was lying. Drops of ice were forming on the edges of the slab, and a death cold stream was purling across its shining surface. Something that was not a voice, and which made itself manifest to me through other channels than the ear, spoke lightly of the grave wherein I soon should lie.

"We will bury him tonight," it seemed to say, "there will be no friends to interfere, and there are too many dying these few days past to keep 'stiffs' over a half day."

"But the law grants even a 'stiff' its rights," responded the womanly voice I had learned to know, "we have no right to bury him with such indecent haste."

"Right or no right, law or no law, he'll have to get out of this tonight," replied the first voice.

The contention had no effect upon the something within my ice bound frame which still held its mysterious connection with sentient life. That filament, fine as the gossamer shred by which the spider binds together the ether and the rose, seemed an electric wire charged with messages from an unseen world. I could hear the rise and fall of angelic choruses, like the dip of songful seas, and clear and sweet and distinct, above them all, I heard the woman's voice I learned from out the cold embrace of death to note.

"He shall not be buried tonight, nor yet tomorrow, if that flush continues on his face."

"What flush are you talking about?" responded the doctor, bringing the light he carried nearer the face that lay upon the marble slab, where the ice drops were forming, crystal by crystal, like the beads one threads upon a growing strand.

"Why, the flush we both have noticed since we stood here. I knew by the intent gaze you bestowed upon what generally demands but a passing glance that you discovered it when I did, and I demand that the body be removed to the ward until we investigate the case."

"That flush is only the reflection of your red dress," laughed the doctor.

"You are wasting time," said the nurse. "I shall call a stretcher to carry this living man out of the morgue. Afterward we may resume our conversation."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," replied the doctor, placing his hand as he spoke upon the outstretched arm of the nurse with compelling force. "You have made a fool of yourself over this fellow from the first. Not a hanger on in the ward but what noticed your interest in his handsome face. You are bound to me by ties you cannot break, and rather than see you under the enchantment of this fellow again I simply will smother the feeble pulse of life that lingers in his veins and make a surety of his death."

"You may be a villain, but you are not a coward, Dr. Ware," replied the woman, whose hand he still held. "To refuse to give this man the chance to live would be the most despicable act of your life, and, so help me God, I will denounce you as a murderer before the first justice I can find if you do not instantly summon assistance and remove this body from this place."

"Not so fast, my dear. Every moment's delay extinguishes more and more the chance for life, and if the attendants we shall summon find a dead man on the slab who will believe your hysterical story in the face of my statement that no sign of life existed? Women nurses are not in favor just at present with the board; they are too sensational, too emotional, too indiscreet. Your bravado will eventuate only in your own disgrace."

With the bound of a cat, the nurse, while he was yet speaking, broke from the doctor's detaining hold and reached the door. Quick as thought she opened it and flew down the long corridor.

Shall the future eternities hold for me another moment fraught with such pain as thrilled my tortured limbs when the doctor's malignant face bent above my sealed eyes, and although conscious of a vast reserve power I felt myself unable to move the lightest member or lift, by a single hair's weight, the closed lids? I felt his fingers press the delicate anatomy of my throat, and I knew that he was seeking to throttle the little life left in my body. Every drop of blood became a spear of flame to thrust my quivering flesh, and the effort I made to groan started what seemed to me to be showers of hot blood from every pore.

The sound of hurrying feet and clamorous voices aroused the doctor's dead prey before its full purpose was accomplished, and raising himself from his sitting posture he greeted the newcomers with a brisk: "Hurry up, boys! I thought Miss Brady had fallen asleep on the way. Lift this fellow up quickly and carry him to the ward. He is good for a long lease of life yet."

I never knew how the doctor and Miss Brady adjusted their quarrel. Both retained their respective positions for some time after my recovery to health and removal to a western city, where a stroke of long delayed good luck rekniit the raveled edge of my finances and placed me above want.

Miss Brady finally resigned her position at my suggestion and joined me in my western home as my beloved wife. Of the doctor's well farings or ill farings we neither of us knew aught from that day onward and forever.—New York World.

Hints For Roadbuilders.

To intelligently locate roads for a county, for instance, there should be a map on a large scale showing water courses, railway stations, towns and their population and the population per square mile for different sections. Having determined the general direction and extent of the road, the problems of grade, drainage, adaptability of the soil for road purposes and minor considerations may present themselves before a definite location may be determined. The amount of grade in a country road should properly depend upon the character of the country and traffic. Grades should never be level and never very steep. It is better to go around a steep hill than over it. Steep short cuts may be convenient for neighborhood roads, but never for main thoroughfares. Clayey surface may be helped by the addition of sand and sandy surface by the addition of clay. With regard to drainage, ample and well graded side ditches with abundant outlets for storm water should be supplied. The effort should be to construct a narrow good road—not a wide common road. The layout should be wide, but the graded portion narrow. Ground surfacing was good and broken trap rock still better. The road surface should be, in fact, a traffic bearing, waterproof roof over the dirt road, slightly yielding or malleable under heavy loads, but sufficiently firm not to break.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Philadelphia a City of Families.

Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris. It is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness, but no city that is or ever was, has done more to make families and therefore children comfortable. If all Paris were to file past you, every fifth person would be a child under 15 years of age. If all Philadelphia were to do the same, there would be three such children for every 10 persons. File for file, there would be one-half more children in Philadelphia than in Paris; more, file for file, than in New York or London; more than in any of the world's old great cities; more, because Philadelphia makes life more comfortable for families and for children.—St. Nicholas.

A Matter of Pride.

Mr. Bingo—I don't see why you discharged the girl, for she was the best servant we ever had.

Mrs. Bingo—That may be, but I was over at Mrs. Kingsley's, next door, yesterday, and she has discharged eight girls in two weeks, and I had only discharged seven. It would never do to let her get ahead of me.—Exchange.

A Governor's Sentiments.

It is told of Governor (now Senator) Z. B. Vance that being in a hotly contested engagement in the late civil war he saw a hare between the lines running for life, when he exclaimed: "Go it, Mollie White Tail. If I were not governor of North Carolina, I would run too."—Richmond Dispatch.

Mediums In Japan.

Spirit rapping vocation for women in Japan requires little apparatus. Rapping is perhaps not the correct word, for there is really no "rapping" at all—the clients are simply put in communication with any spirit with whom they desire to speak. It is not necessary that the spirit should be that of a dead person, but the medium always inquires whether the spirit whose presence is desired is living or dead.

The mediums always carry about with them a mysterious wooden box, about a foot or less square. Like the medicine bag of the Indian medicine man, its contents are a secret to members of the same profession. These women usually have a bow of soft wood strung with a single string, and this they twang on the edge of the box like a caricature of violin playing.

If the spirit required is that of a dead person, a leaf plucked from a graveyard is used to splash some water out of a small cup that stands in front of the medium. If the person is living, a similar ceremony is performed with a piece of stick instead of a leaf. Then follows an incantation, and the spirit proceeds to speak through the medium. The medium charges sometimes as high as 15 or 20 cents.—San Francisco Call.

What the College Gymnasium Does.

The college gymnasium is a place not for the production only of studious athletes, but of athletic students. A place where an hour's varied exercise, a run, a spray and a rub down can be had regularly, and where a man may turn his thoughts wholly from books and studies for, awhile by a bout at fencing, or boxing, or by a game in the bowling alley, or in the handball court, from which he can get increased capacity for greater and better endeavors. Kept within its proper sphere, it is as necessary for the symmetrical and complete development of the young "scholar in politics" as is the mathematical recitation, the historical lecture or the debating society, and it is as legitimate.—Harper's Weekly.

Drawbacks In Acting.

It is sometimes hard work to be an actor, for the thumping and pulling and hauling that a person may have to endure in an exciting scene are sometimes more than a mere show. Miss Selina Fetter had to give up her part in "The Henrietta" because she was injured by the fall required of her in every performance of that piece. A young leading man who has been playing Orlando in "As You Like It" for three nights is raw from wrists to elbows in consequence of the thumps, slides and falls endured at the hands of a brawny athlete in the wrestling scene.—New York Sun.

To Find Out Your Future Husband.

At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg, which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it until it is hard they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats her half and the shell to the last fragment, speaking no word the while. Then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream."—"English Folk Rhymes."

The great painter, Razzi, filled his house with all sorts of animals and taught his raven to cry "Come in" whenever there was a knock at the door.

The term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuff called atibi or taffeta. This stuff is woven with waved markings of watered silk resembling a tabby cat's coat.

When rooms are heated by stoves, economy lies in never letting the fire go down in cold weather, as it takes more heat to warm the rooms when the walls are chilled than it does to keep them so for days.

Dogs are not the only animals emotionally affected by music. Cats sometimes show great fondness for playing and singing, though music does not appear to effect them to the point of howling.

A man falls on the icy pavement and breaks his leg; he carries a quart of milk in a tin pail without a curve; he does not lose a drop of it.

CROSS TO HIS MOTHER.

He Wouldn't Make a Good Husband, She Concluded.

When I was 18 years of age, I must confess I was very fond of a nice young man who had come to see me for over a year, and we both looked forward to a happy wedding in the near future. He was a German; I an American. I understood German very well, though I had never told him so. I had never seen his mother, and I wanted to, but he would say, "Some time I shall take you and show my mother her new daughter." He seemed a long time doing it, and one day I said, "Come, Gus, we will surprise your mother." He said, rather crossly, "Oh, not today." I said: "Yes, today. I want to go." He had sent me a lovely bouquet that morning, and I took out some pinks and wore them. When we got to —— street, I said, "In this street?" "Yes," he answered. "Mother is queer."

He stopped at an alley; then in we went to a very poor but respectable rear house. He opened the door, and a very lovely poor little woman stood in the room. Gus introduced us, but I shall never forget the look he gave her. She seemed in dread of him. Then she said: "Oh, Gus, where have you been since Saturday? I have cried myself sick worrying about you." He ground his teeth, and in German he said, "Shut your mouth." She sighed as she walked into the other room. A mirror hung between the two front windows, and where I sat I could see all that was going on in the rear rooms. His mother beckoned him to come in, and he did so. In German she softly asked for a little money. He took out some change and gave her part of it, saying in German: "You old fool, you are always asking for money. I had a debt to pay this morning of $3, and I am short, so you can take that or nothing."

Then out he stepped as pleasant as ever to where I was sitting. "I guess we will start," said I. "Your time is your own," he said, not thinking that I had understood and seen. His mother bade me goodby. I invited her to my home, but Gus spoke up, "Oh, mother never goes out." On the way home he said, "Don't you think mother is old?" "No, I think she is lovely, and that is more than I can say about you." "What do you mean, dear?" "Well, if you want to know, I understood your German to your mother. I saw your looks in the glass, and a man that will use his mother like that I despise." He tried to smooth things over, but I was determined, so that settled that wedding, but I am married now to a man that loves both mother and wife.—Cor. New York Recorder.

To Get at the Facts

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, as the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will certainly convinced you that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses unequalled merit, and that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

A dozen bee trees in New Madrid Mo., were lately tapped, and yielded 600 pounds of wild honey.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazle Salve will cure them. T. D. Thomas.

The card is equivalent to a call.

Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.

It is truth in medicine the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform the cure, and are the best. Thomas, Druggist.

There is not a lizard or snake north of the southern extremity of Hudson's bay.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Aluminum pencils are being manufactured in Germany for use as substitutes for slate pencils.

The most intelligent people of our community recognize in DeWitt's Little Early Risers pills of unequaled merit for dyspepsia headache and constipation. Very small, perfect in action. Thomas, Druggist.

The handsomest man in congress is Allan Cathcart Durborow Jr., of Illinois

The flavoring blanc mange, tapioca and jellies, custards, cakes and ice-creams, Bull's Head Flavoring Extracts are daily used by the best cooks. They are positively pure.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Reber Lehighton; and Hiery Weissport.

During the years that Henry VIII. reigned 72,000 thieves were hanged.

The Boston Star

and how to deal with them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work; elegant colored plates. Send three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

"I have used Salvation Oil for frosted feet and backache and found it to be the best remedy on earth." Mrs. Maggie Nieder, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

We are going on from grace to grace to perfection.

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of colds are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure, will quickly perform a wonderous cure. T. D. Thomas.

The fish and oyster contains about ninety per cent. of water.

The breaking up of the winter is the signal for the breaking up of the system. Nature is opening up the pores and throwing off refuse. DeWitt's Sarsaparilla is of unquestionable assistance in this operation. Thomas, Druggist.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The longevity of trees is much influenced by climate.

Bad complexion indicates an unhealthy state of the system. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pills that will correct this condition. They act on the liver, they act on the stomach, they act on the bowels. T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

The city of New York cares for 18,000 lunatics at a cost of $625,000 a year.

I HAVE been a sufferer from catarrh for 20 years. I found immediate relief in the use of Ely's Cream Balm. Since using it I have not suffered a moment from headache, sore throat or loss of sleep, from which I previously suffered, caused by catarrh. I consider your Balm a valuable remedy.—R. G. Vassar, 56 Warren street, New York.

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

The notation system of writing music was invented in 1070.

For years the editor of the Burlington Junction Mo., Post has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Reber, Lehighton, and Hiery, Weissport.

Copyright is a a simple thing compared to what it was 70 or 100 years ago.

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clear and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time. If you are wise and use the great blood purifier, SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with boils, blotches, eruptions, blackheads, etc., when a few bottles of SULPHUR BITTERS will make you as clear as a new born babe? Why let your blood stagnate, when SULPHUR BITTERS will start it coursing through your veins in healthy action? Why let your system be racked with pain, when a few bottles of SULPHUR BITTERS will make you a healthy man? Why let your liver become torpid, your food sour in your stomach, your nerves are all wrong, you have no appetite, and feel generally miserable, when a few bottles of SULPHUR BITTERS will make you feel like a new man? Why let your kidneys become deranged, your water high colored, scanty, and painful, when a few bottles of SULPHUR BITTERS will make you all right? Why let your children suffer from scrofula, or any humor, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your wives suffer from female weakness, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your husbands die, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your friends go to early graves, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your children suffer from worms, when SULPHUR BITTERS will expel them? Why let your neighbors die, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your servants suffer with ulcers, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your cattle die, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your sheep die of the rot, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your pigs die of cholera, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your poultry die of the pip, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your horses die of colic, when SULPHUR BITTERS will cure them? Why let your cows die of garget