THE LABORER.

For a Heroine's in his fighting fire there is never
the glory that follows,
When schools he lies and the poets arise to
to sing the work he has done.
But to visions alive under shadows of sight, in,
the laborer's crowth is Apollo's,
White stands he, yet in his grime and sweat,
to wrestle for fruits of the sun.

Can an enemy wither his cheer? Not you, ye
fair yellow flowering ladies
Who pain with your lords to far the chords of
a bosom heroic and clog,
Tis the faltering friend, an inanimate land,
may drag a great soul to their hades
And plunge him far from a beam of star till
he hears the deep bay of the dog.

A apparition is there of a monster task in a policy
carving new fashions;
The wrainger course than the rule of force,
and the springs fired to run in a stream;
His would bend tough oak, he would stiffen the
weak, point reason to sealy the passions,
But Britons awake two steps to take where
one is a trouble extreme!

Not the less is he nerved with the laborer's resolute hope; that by him shall be written,
To honor his race, this deed of grace, for the
weak from the strong made just;
That her sons ever seen in a rally of praise may
behold a thrice vitalized Britain,
Ashine with the light of the doing of right,
at the gates of the future in trust.

—George Meredith.

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

He was ruined. As he left the casino and wandered out into the gardens he had absolutely not a franc in his pockets wherewith to purchase a lodging or a meal. The downcast profile was clear cut and firm, arguing powerful individuality in its owner, and yet the mania had seized him, as it had seized many a weaker man, and he had staked his all and lost over the gaming tables at Monte Carlo.

The moonlight touched his bowed head softly, silvered the outlines of his figure, revealed his haggard whiteness. It fell on something else—something that glittered in his hands like steel.

"Stop! Don't do that!"

It was a woman's voice that spoke, a woman's touch that rested lightly on his sleeve, a woman's great dusky eyes, set in a face such as one sees but seldom in a lifetime, which were raised to his. She had strolled from her party to enjoy alone the beauty of the evening, and absorbed in meditation had wandered farther than she knew.

The man's arm dropped to his side. He looked at her in silence, wondering, admiring, perhaps a little ashamed.

"Why did you want to do it?" pursued the gentle voice. "Does life seem so evil a thing to you?"

"I have been a fool—a madman! I am ruined! I wish to God I had never seen this cursed place."

"But you are a man. You can work. You can regain all that you have lost."

He shook his head.

"I cannot find employment here, and I haven't the means to get away. I have had the vlatique already, and I went back to the tables thinking to have one more bid for fortune and lost. The authorities will not help me twice."

Her hand slipped into her pocket and out again. Adroitly she drew the pistol away from him and pressed something in its place.

"See, I have bought this thing of you," she said hurriedly. "You need not feel too grateful. Compatriots should help each other. If you want to repay me, swear to yourself that you will never do—what you attempted just now. I must leave you now. Goodby."

She was gone before he could stay or thank her—swallowed up and lost in the shadow of the trees.

* * * * *

"Miss Ferris, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Fergus Landeck."

The first time they had met alone beneath the stars at Monte Carlo, now they were amid a fashionable London crowd, and she was in evening dress, with diamonds sparkling at her throat and in her hair.

For an instant she returned his gaze, questioning, perplexed; then there was a flash of recognition, and he saw she knew.

"Will you take me into the conservatory, Mr. Landeck? It is so warm here."

They left the ballroom and strolled under the domed glass where the palms and lilies grew.

"You have not forgotten, then?" It was his voice, low and tremulous, which broke the silence.

"No; nor you, it seems."

"There are moments in a man's life which he never forgets. That was one of them. Do you know I have often wondered whether we should ever meet again, but I dared not indulge a hope until this evening, when for the first time I learned your name. Miss Ferris, shall we sit down for awhile? Wait, let me fix that cushion for you. I am very grateful for this opportunity of speaking to you alone. I want—I want to return to you, with many thanks, the—the gift you gave me five years ago. Ah, don't say no. The obligation under which you placed me will none the less exist, and—and I shall always keep the little purse—always—in remembrance of that night—and you."

"Fortune has evidently favored you since," she said after a pause.

"Yes, fortune has indeed favored me. Miss Ferris, your gift was like the enchanted purses in the children's fairy tales—bottomless. It enabled me to reach the Transvaal goldfields. I worked hard there; I saved a little; by and by I speculated much. Sometimes people grow rich there in a month—a week. I was one of them. Whatever I touched seemed to turn to gold; whatever I did was right. Money came to me in thousands—tens of thousands—hundreds even. On the day I sailed from Cape Town, three weeks ago, I was one of the richest men in South Africa, and if it had not been for you I should be lying in a suicide's grave."

Something glistened on her lashes. She dropped her eyes and toyed with the feathers of her fan.

"I am glad, so very glad, you have succeeded."

His gaze lingered on the subtle outline of her figure, the curve of her full white throat and cheek, the brown hair with the threads of gold which waved and curved about her brow and neck.

"And you"—his voice sank lower still—"you have not married?"

"No, as you see. But it is probable that I shall lose my freedom soon."

"Does that mean you are engaged?"

"It means that Lord Hythe proposed to me by letter this morning, and that I am to give him his answer tonight."

"And is it to be 'yes?'"

She laughed a little.

"Do you know that is a very strange question to put on so short an acquaintance and that our conversation is becoming unusual in the extreme? Mr. Landeck, you seem to forget that we were introduced only half an hour ago!"

"You were present at the most solemn moment of my existence. Let me a little behind the scenes of your own life," he urged.

She hesitated and cast a rapid glance at him. Her lips, quivering as with some hidden emotion, strove to smile.

"We seem fated to have strange confidences, you and I," she said and laughed uncertainly. "If you are very curious to know, it is 'yes.' I shall accept him."

Perhaps it was only fancy or the flickering of the lamps, but it seemed as though a sudden spasm crossed his face, born of disappointment or of pain.

"You care for him of course?"

An uncontrollable impulse moved the woman to dash aside the barrier of conventionality and give expression to what she felt. She raised her eyes to his. They met, and the anguish in them touched him to the heart. She shook her head merely, then turned her face away.

"Then tell me why you are going to marry him."

"Because he is rich, and my father's property is mortgaged. I may as well tell you the reason; everybody will know."

"You intend to sacrifice yourself for your family's sake."

"Sacrifice! What an ugly way of putting it! I am going to make a 'marriage of convenience.' Other women are doing the same thing every day."

There was silence, save for the dripping of the water among the ferns and grasses in the rockery and the subdued sound of distant music.

They were alone.

In the dim, religious light of the richly colored lamps the man was blind to all but the white clad form against the mass of foliage. The heavy perfumes of the exotics seemed to rise and stifle him; the woman's beauty intoxicated his senses; the consciousness of her presence thrilled his very soul.

He leaned over her and touched her gently on the arm.

"Sylvia, we are scarcely more than strangers, you and I. Perhaps you'll tell me I am mad. But I love you—heaven knows I love you. I believe I loved you—then. Sylvia, will you—oh, for pity's sake take me instead of him!"

* * * * * *

"A most romantic affair," said the society papers when they were married. "He proposed to her the first time they met."—Buffalo News.

Mr. Carlisle's Favorite Recreation.

While Mr. Carlisle is a great brain worker and has capacity to get through a large amount of mental labor which is exhausting as well to the physical body, yet he is fond of pleasure and recreation. His chief recreation is a small game of draw poker—a sort of family game—at his residence, one or two evenings during the week, with a few invited friends. The ante is only 5 cents, and the limit but 25 cents. He always plays in bad luck—I think quits the game four out of five times a loser.

The fives and deuces seem to have a great fondness for his hand. One rarely deals without giving him a deuce or a five, and he never fails to call the attention of the players to the fact with the exclamation: "Here's that deuce" or "Here's that five again. I get it every time." But all the same he enters into the spirit of the game with as much earnestness as he does in solving a great question in political economy, and from these poker party meetings he derives a great deal of keen enjoyment and much needed recreation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Curious Trades of Parisians.

M. Rossignol, the well known Parisian police officer, has compiled a list of some of the extraordinary "trades" exercised in Paris, of which the following is a selection: Ratters, who capture living rats and sell them to exhibitors of curious beasts; collectors, who gather sewer grease and seize the corks and stoppers at the Suresnes sewer grating; stampers, who beg bread crusts, which they sell again; and egg collectors, who take their gatherings on Sundays to the bird markets; bird "professors," who offer their services at that market as trainers of blackbirds, canaries and parrots; "senators," who are none other than the commissionaires of the flower market, and merchants for the sale of night shelter numbers, who stand in a line and resell their tickets to their more fortunate brethren.—Pall Mall Budget.

Gifts to Charity.

The report of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, president of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, says that charity has received "more money from theaters, music and concert halls than from all the churches and chapels in the kingdom."

Cadley and His Bill.

"Mr. Cadley hasn't treated me well," said the tailor.

"Oh, well, he doesn't amount to much," said De Garry.

"I wish I could say the same of his bill," sighed Snip.—Harper's Bazar.

Another Way of Expressing It.

"When Mrs. Parvenu was poor, they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different."

"Indeed! What do they say now?"

"They say she is a brilliant conversationist."—Exchange.

Coarse, but Characteristic.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by omnibus man)—You! Why, you hungry looking wagabun, you look as if you'd bin lock'd up for a month in a cookshop with a muzzle on. — London Tit-Bits.

James Parton's Daily Life.

James Parton would not do hasty work. He was methodical, patient, regular and persistent, and in time he had become so able to control his mind that it responded to his will like the body to his mind. He did not tax himself to work out great feats within a short time, or if he was hard pressed he gave himself rest as soon as the strain was over. He did not burn midnight oil, neither did he resort to wine or tobacco as stimulants to his brain. He was one of the most temperate men I have ever known. He kept his faculties every day as near as he could at their best, and life flowed on from day to day with an evenness and a quietness that made his home life not only pleasant for others, but beautiful in itself.

His habits were to breakfast about half past 7, then to work in his garden in the summer for an hour, and then to shut himself in his workroom, where he could be sure to be undisturbed until half past 12. Then he dined, and after that, in his later years, took a nap. Then he was ready for callers or visits to friends, or for the reading which might be required for the work of the next day. After tea he was usually the companion of his family, hearing his wife or niece read aloud some book or magazine, and this was his daily round, unless broken in upon, month after month, year in and year out. He did not often go to Boston or New York or seek a large number of literary acquaintances, and yet he was never unsocial. He was the light and life of two clubs in Newburyport, and he was extremely fond of a good square talk, in which he was fired up to his utmost.—Rev. J. H. Ward in New England Magazine.

An Invitation For Dolly.

"Here is an invitation from Mrs. B. for a children's party, Dolly," said a mother, handing her little girl a note. "See how nicely you can answer it yourself without my help." The child went off and in a few moments returned with the following: "Miss Dolly A. cannot accept Mrs. B.'s kind invitation, as she has something else to do that she likes much better."

"Now, how can I teach that child conventional lies?" said the parent laughingly as she handed the production to a visitor.

"I should not call it conventionality, but consideration for the feelings of others. It is not necessary to be brusque to be truthful," rejoined the friend. "There is a great deal said about society's white lies, but I am quite sure that children are too genuinely honest not to detect the difference between the false and the true, and there is no danger of a child's becoming untruthful by using the formulas current in society."—New York Tribune.

A Woman Rabbi.

A year or two ago Miss Ray Frank of Oakland, Cal., told what she would do if she were a rabbi. It was a vigorous article—clear and unerring in its shafts of criticism. As she proposes to study now for the Jewish pulpit, she will have an opportunity to practice as well as preach, and there is little doubt, judging from her literary work, that she will prove a decided addition to the Jewish ministry. Some new influence undoubtedly is needed today that shall refine, uplift and render more spiritual the synagogue life, and who would deny to the cultured Jewess that privilege of the pulpit, which not every Jewish preacher unhappily appreciates aright? With the appearance of cultured women in our synagogues, pulpits and schools a new era may be anticipated.—Jewish Messenger.

An Honest Deacon.

"I believe the world is honest," is the conclusion of a prominent real estate man. "Last Sunday I went to church, and when the plate was passed I dropped in a coin which was plugged—there are still a few in circulation—and after the service the deacon who had waited on me handed back the coin. But he deserved no special credit for that. I know a dozen fellows who did the same thing."—Chicago Tribune.

A Chemical Formula.

In a work generally ascribed to Arnold of Villanova the student is told that in mixing his chemicals he must repeat the psalm, "Exurgat Deus," and that on certain chemical vessels must be placed the last words of Jesus on the cross.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Egypt of Today.

Imagine a people the most docile and good tempered in the world in the grip of a religion the most intolerant and fanatical. Imagine this people and this faith, congenial in nothing but their conservatism, flung into the maelstrom of European restlessness and innovation. Imagine a country full of turbulent foreigners, whom its police cannot arrest except flagrante delicto, whom its courts cannot try except for the most insignificant offenses.

Imagine the government of this country unable to legislate for these foreigners without the consent of a dozen distant powers, most of them indifferent and some ill disposed. Imagine it carrying on its principal business in a foreign tongue which yet is not the tongue of the predominant foreign race. Imagine it struggling to meet the clamorous growing needs of today with a budget rigorously fixed according to the minimum requirements of the day before yesterday.

Imagine the decrees of this government liable to be set at naught by courts of its own creation. Imagine its policy really inspired and directed by the envoy of a foreign state, who in theory is only one—and not even the doyen—of a large number of such envoys and the chief administrative power wielded by a man who in theory is a mere "adviser without executive functions." Yes, imagine all these things and then realize that they are no "Mikado" like invention of comic opera, no nightmare of some constitutional theorist with a disordered brain, but prosaic, solid fact—an unvarnished picture of the political Egypt of to-day.—"England in Egypt."

Slept Fifty-seven Years.

Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" is believed to have its foundation in the wonderful story which Pliny relates concerning the extraordinary experience of a shepherd named Epimenides. The scene is laid in Crete, the time summer, and Epimenides a boy of some 15 years. During the very warmest part of the day he found that some of the sheep were missing and at about the same time heard prolonged bleatings from the almost inaccessible portions of a neighboring mountain. He grasped his crook and started off in the direction of the sounds. The path was a very difficult one to travel over, the day hot, so that long before he reached the stray sheep he was so overcome with fatigue that he lay down in a dry place in a cool cavern to sleep. He slept, so Pliny gravely informs us, 57 years.

At last when he had finally managed to shake off the terrible lethargy that had held him spellbound for more than half a century, he returned to the herd only to find a brother younger than himself a tottering, gray haired grandfather. That "ill wind" proverb is very appropriate in this case, for we find the Epimenides' enforced slumbers had endowed him with miraculous powers. He became a great epic poet and Gnostic philosopher and even defied death itself for nearly three centuries, not dying until after he had celebrated his two hundred and eighty-fifth birthday.—St. Louis Republic.

That cure of Geo. W. Turner, of Galway N. Y., of scrofula, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, was one of the most remarkable on record.

Whaleback boats are lighted by electricity.

Small people like to be made much of.

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

There are 235 varieties of dynamos.

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 are only two lawyers in Iceland.

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

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 man who buries his talent buries himself.

Distemper is dangerous and often fatal in winter when the horse can't get green food. At this season Bull's Head Horse and Cattle Powder is indispensable. Price 25 cents per package.

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 Beber Lehighton; and Biery Weissport.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper."

The Boston Star

and how to deal with them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr. Kaufman'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 Sieder, 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 candle is not seen until it is lighted.

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 influence 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.

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 Biery, Weissport.

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

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Carber, of Cockeysport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Free Trial Bottles at Reber's Drug Store, Lehighton, and Biery's Drug Store, Weissport. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

Hard coal loses eight per cent. in bulk per annum when exposed to the weather. Soft coal loses twelve per cent.

A large sewing machine, weighing three and one-fourth tons, is in use in Leeds England. It sews belting.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 120 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are dead. Throw your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, if you are sick, no matter what ails the purest and best medicine ever made. Sulphur Bitters!

Is your Tongue Coated? Do you wake up with a yellow sticky mouth? Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or breath freely, but take one dose of SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. The sooner you begin to take SULPHUR BITTERS the sooner will you be free from pain. Don't wait until your blood is so impure that it will require months of treatment before it will be in a healthy condition, but commence at once to take SULPHUR BITTERS. Don't wait until it is too late