Poetic Grongar Hill In Wales' Prettiest Valley.

. A Large Budget of Interesting News. "Y Don o Flaen Gwyntoedd."-Parry.

The Vale of Towy, Carmarthenshire. South Wales, embraces in its winding course of fifteen miles some of the loveliest scenery in the world. If it be cultivated than the Vale of Usk, its woodland views are more romantic and frequent. The neighborhood is historic and poetic ground. From Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of a Roman camp; Golden Grove, the home of Jereny Taylor, is on the opposite side of the river; Merlin's chair recalls Spencer; and a farm house near the foot of Llangunnor Hill brings back the memory of its once genial occupant, Richard Steels. Spencer places the cave of Merlin among the dark woods of Dynevor.

[The author of this beautiful pastoral

poem was the Rev. John Dyer. He was born at Aberglasney (near Llandilo). Carmarlhenshire, South Wales, in the year 1700, and educated at Westminster school. He was intended for the law however, abandoned that study for painting. In 1727 he published Grongar Hill, which is remarkable for simplicity, warmth of feeling, and ex-quisite descriptions of nature. He then made the tour of Italy, and then returned home in bad health, took orders, and obtained some respectable ecclesiastical preferment. In his didatic poem, entitled "The Fleece" (1754), the difficult subject is treater with great success; but the unpretending tone of the poem made no impression upon his contemporaries. Another poem, "The Ruins of Rome" (1740). poem. "The Ruins of Rome" abounds in isolated beauties.]

Silent nymph, with curious eye! Who, the purple evening lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale—
Come, with all thy varied hues,
Come, and ald thy sister Muse.
How, while Phoebus, riding high Come, and ald thy sister Muse.

flow, while Phoebus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky.
Grongar Hill invites my song—
Draw the landscape bright and strong:
Grongar, in whose mossy ceils
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells:
Grongar, in whose silent shade.
For the modest Muses made.

So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed. Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood
Over mead and over wood.
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill, Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And graves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As cfreies on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height.
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow; Now I gain the mountain's brow; What a landscape lies below! What a landscape lies below: No clouds, no vapors intervene; But the gay, the open scene Does the face of nature show. In all the hues of heaven's bow; And, swelling to embrace the light Spreads around beneath the sight, Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly towering in the skies; ushing from the woods, the spires em from hence ascending fires; alf his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain heads, lilds the fleeces of the flocks, and glittered on the broken rocks The Mender fir that taper grows.
The Sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs, and beyond, the purple grove Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love, laudy as the opening dawn, lies a long and level lawn.
On which a dark hull, steep and high, Holds and charms the wondering eye:
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs, And beyond the purple grove he sturdy oak with broad he sturdy oak with brown he beyond the purple grove heep are his feet in Towy's flood: lis sides are clothed with waving wood; lowers crown his brow. nd ancient towers crown his brow, hat cast an awful look below; hose ragged walls the ivy creeps, nd with her arms from falling keeps;

A sunbeam in a winter's day Is all the proud and mighty Between the cradle and the gr netimes swift and sometimes slow-Wave succeeding wave, they go A various journey to the deep, Like human life to endless sleep! Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valley, warm and low;
The windy suhmit, wild and high,
Houghly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm— The town and village, dome and farm-Each gives each a double charm, As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. See on the mountain's southern side, Where the prospect opens wide. Where the evening gilds the ide. How clore and small the hedges lie; What streaks of meadow cross the eye; What streams of meadow cross the eye;
A step, methinks, may pass the stream
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As your summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barran brown and rough answer. Which to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear Sthi we tread the same coarse wa The present's still a cloudy day. O, may I with myself agree. And never covet what I see; Content me with a humble shade. We rasslone tamed, my wishes it. My passions tamed, my wishes hid; For while our wishes wildly roll, We banish quiet from the soul.
"Its thus the busy beat the nir.
And misers gather wealth and cr.
Now, even now, my joys ron high
Aş on the mountain's turf i lie;

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And with her arms from falling keeps; So both, a safety from the wind In mutual dependence find.
This now the raven's bleak abode;
This now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there fall
Huge heaps of houry, monitored wall;

Huge heaps of hoary, moulelered wall;
Yet time has seen—that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunham in a winter's day.

While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepheri charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high,
the full ve course, he great who will: Now, even now, my joys run high. Be ful, ye courts; be great who will; Scarch for Peace with all your skill; Open wide the lofty door.
Seek her on the marble floor. In vain you search; she is not here! In vain you search the domes of Cardrass and flowers Quiet treads; On the meads and mountain-heads, Along with Pleasure—close ailled Exer he much others wide. Ever by each others side; And often, by the nurmuring rill, dears the thrush, while all is still Within the groves of Grongor Hill.

Some of our musicians seem to be la-boring under a misapprehension re-garding the "Tempest." the chief choral competition at the Robert Morris lodge isteddfod, which is to be held next St. Patrick's Day. The "Tempest" is none other than Dr. Parry's "Y Don o Flaen Gwyntoedd." one of the most beautiful glees ever penned by any incient or modern musician. This is the music that made Joe Parry, the puddler-boy of Danville, Pa., known the world over. It is a prize glee and was twarded first honors in the great national efsteddfod of Wales, which was held in Swansea in 1863. The Doctor had musical giants for his opponents it this great contest, such men as the im-mortals Gwent, Owain. Alaw, Alaw Ddu. Blaenanerch, Emiyn Evans and others, but the Pennsylvania iron worker's inspired compositions were regard ed far superior and he was accordingly awarded the first musical honors of the eisteddfod. We would state here that this is the only important prize that ever was won by an American Welshman in the great rational elsteddfod of Wales, although we have on record r few second honors that have beer awarded to American Welshmen. Early in the history of the eisteddfod in thi century, Eos Glan Twrch was declared the second best on an "Awdl" in the na tional eisteddfod of Wales, and Lawye Humphreys, of Utica, N. Y., became splendld second in the great competition on the "Awd!" at the national eistedd fod held at Merthyr a few years ago However, it is to be hoped that th singers of Lackawanna valley will mus ter in great strength, with their bes voices, for this magnificent opportunity to demonstrate their capabilities i our-part songs. Just read what Mis-Sadle Kaiser writes from London what the Rhondda singers are demon strating on that great metropolita stage. Such opportunities offer them selves in New York city.

"Aberyswith."

Dr. Joseph Parry, referring to the reception of the Treorky enoir at Windsorsays: "As to the hymn tune, 'Aberyst with,' it was sung with such fervor that a repetition was called for by her majesty and 1 felt the honor thus done me very keenly."

keenly."
It rises, that mysterious strain,
It echoes through the halls again,
Of Windsor's glorious pile.
With all the strange, familiar thrill
That makes it loved on vale and hill
In olden Cambria, while
The tears rain down o'er furrowed cheeks
With alcourages that make than speaks

With eloquence that more than speaks
Of feeling deep and wide.
And now our aged Queen revered
Has felt her pulses strangely stirred,
And will not be denied!
Oh! glorious farmony, to move

Both Queen and peasant, thus we prov Sweet music's magle might. Long, long, as Cambria's hills remain, So long wiil rise the noble strain Which charmed our Queen that night

"A Peppery Little Nation. Phiegmatic people, as a rule.

Are in their movements lazy,
And when they think their thoughts be

come
Ofttimes obscure and hazy.
Then why should folk at Welshmen rail.
Complain they's idem semper—
Full of hot blood, which oft displays
The very hotiest temper?
Warm hearts are better for than cold,
and so much admiration. And so, much admiration We have for Wales, although she's dubb' "A peppery little nation."

A fiery spirit is preferred
To one that's cold and icy.
For everyone would rather have
What is considered "spicy."
Weish people, on the whole, are found
Most kind and tender-hearted;
Therefore, all visitors regret
When from them they have parted.
Hearts warm as theirs will ne'er greedd.

But win men's admiration. Hurrah for Wales! although she's dubbed "A peppery little nation."

Notes.

A collector of Welsh curios has discovered the following results: St. David's has the oldest bishop, Bangor the oldest dean, while it is a tie between St. David's and Liandaff as to the oldest archdeacon. The oldest clergyman is in St. David's (ex-Dean Allen), though Canon Hawkins, of Liandaff, runs him very close. The oldest Nonconformist is the Rev. Thomas Hinghes (Machynlleth), a Welsh Methodist, the oldest Welsh bard is Gwalchmai, a Congregationalist; while the Baptists take charge of the oldest Doctor of Divinity in the person of Lleurwg of Llanelly at Llandyssil, the Rev. Thomas Thomas, J. P. Penrhydefald; the oldest inspector of schools is at Aberystarth, and the oldest journalist lives at Cardiff (Mr. D. Tudor journalist lives at Cardiff (Mr. D. Tudo: Evans).

A student from the University of Wales was recently hunting for bargains among a mixed assortment of second-hand books scattered on a stall outside the shop of a dealer in such relies in Cardiff. He picked up a dog's-cared copy of "Horatii Opera Omnia," and made a modest offer for the same. "What." cried the antiquary, hastily scanning the title. "a Hightailian Hopera for six-pence! "Ah, yes!" retorted the student, "but this is only the words. If you find the music you shall have a shilling." After scarching in vain for the music, the learned yendor of second-hand books at last rejuctantly parted with "all the works of Horace" for the original modest bld.

works is by no means amiss."

This year (1886) Grindewald, England, will be full of Welsh people, both cleric and lay. Dr. Lunn proposes inviting a representative of the church and of each Nonconformist body in Wales to take part in the meetings to be held there in the third and fourth weeks of July next. The Methodists will be represented by Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D., Bala college, and the Independents by Principal Owen will represent without a doctor for man or beast since the church, Dr. Edwards, Cardiff, the Baptists, and the Rev. John Evans (Eglwsfach), the Wesleyans.

In the collection of the church and series of prosperity, with the advent of better times in iron and steel, it has appointed a new manager, in the person of Mr. W. H. Powell, as general manager over the whole of the iron and steel works.

The man who says that Llangadock, a small town in Carmarthenshire, has been without a doctor for man or beast since the days of the celebrated Maddygon Myddral is entirely wrong. The town, it seems, is "full of doctors."

The immortal Christmas Evans' last sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the attention of the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the surgounds that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the Bullevard that surgounds the sermen was prenched at the

In the collection of true dog stories which appear is Mr. G. R. Sim's columns in the "Referce" there is one from Briton Ferry, thus: "in August, 182, Mr. Thomas Daniel, Church street, Briton Ferry, brought me a greyhound puppy suffering from the opacity of the cornea. I applied a lotion of nitrate of silver to the eye, and ordered him to bring the pup every morning for a while. Mr. Daniel brought it for three mornings; on the fourth the dog came Itself and continued to come for nearly two weeks, until the eye was perfectly cured.

The Newport "Argus" publishes a little story about Madame Patti when M. Auguste Van Biene gave a performance of the "Broken Melody" at Craig-y-Nos recently, Madame Patti is not very fond of compliments, but one was paid her on this occasion which must have pleased her by its separately and performs. her by its spontanicty and neatness. It was a wretchedly wet afternoon, and as she welcomed the company she said: "I am sorry it is such bad weather; I have prayed that it might be fine for you." "Madame," said that dignified old actor, M. Barton de Solla, "Madame, I am afraid you did not sing the prayer." you did not sing the prayer.

We are not permitted to say from which of the Welsh theological colleges the stu-dent came, but the facts are simple. He was supplying for a well-known paster one Sunday, and on his walk to the chapel he satisfy, and on his walk to the chapet he was accompanied by the minister's pretty daughter, to whom he was seen to be exceedingly attentive. The young lady's name is Grace, and when the student readout the opening hymn the congregation became radiant. The hymn read:

The Welsh were ever attacked by th charm which seems to be inherent in riads, and have preserved their fondness rians, and have preserved their fondness to the presnt day. It may not be generally known that here are now three degree-conferring bodies in Wales—the Goraedd, Lampeter College university, and the University of Wales. When the Gorsedd zets its charter it will stand on the same footing as the other two instituions.

Mag Maggle, a celebrity of the old town Mag Maggie, a celebrity of the old town of Swansea, made a pathetle appeal to the nagistrates the week before Christmas before whom she was being tried for irunkenness. "Give me seven days this nee, not fourteen. I have not had a thristmas for the last six years." The sench declined to encourage Maggie's feative nature by any such provision. Too had.

African gold found its way to Welshpool n the seventeenth century. One Thomas Davies, who had gained considerable wealth in Africa, bequeathed to the church of Welshpool a precious sacramental or nament in the form of a chalice of pur-told valued at eight hundred and fifty follars. It bears a Latin inscription re-pecting its donor.

Twas Grace that taught my heart t fear And Grace my fears relieved,

low precious did that Grace appear The hour I first believed. The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and fears I have already come.

The Grace has brought me safe thus far, And Grace will lead me home."

The edition of "Wales," which was primarily intended as a "National Magazine or the English-speaking parts of Wales," orrowfully admits that the farmers, lawers and artisans of these Anglicized districts "have not welcomed it with the enhusiasm that their Welsh brethren howed when "Cymru" and the "Llenor" were offered them.

Beaumaris, North Wales, has not only French name, but the first governor of the castle was a Frenchman—Sir William Pickmore, who was constable of the cas-tle and captain of the town. In the time of Charles I it was held for the king by Colonel Sir Richard Buikeley, who in 1646, urrendered it on honorable terms to Gen-

Aberdare has an old repute for its bards, and the list is a long and interesting one, but records are scattered and difficult to ret at . To remedy this Mr. William M. Richards is preparing memoirs from 480 to the presni time and appeals for contribution in the form of biographical details of any Aberdare worthy.

Cardiff is the city of clubs as well as Cheebeens. There are now thirty clubs in the town, and word reaches us that there are in course of formation ten companies all under the companies act for the pur-pose of establishing similar institutions. This number includes the temperance clui and the Army and Navy Veterans' club.

Wales aids its colleges very well. The Wales aids its colleges very well. The special fund organized by the Rev. R. H. Morgan, M. A., Bangor, for the endowment of Bala college, has already reached the sum of \$80,000, while the fund collected by the Rev. Reese Evans, of Lianwrtyd, towards the Trevecca C. M. College amounts to about \$15,000.

Weish Wesleyanism, as a body, has died out in the ancient borough of Carmar-ther. West Wales never did take kindly to John Wesley translated. In Cardigan he has been burled for years, and at New-castle-Emlyn his chapel has been long ago converted into a carpenter's work-

Llandaff and St. David's were linked a Landaff and St. David's were linked at one time by the appointment of the Rev. William Morgan to both bishopries. This distinguished prelate is described as an "incomparable man." He was a great friend of William Salisbury, with whom

boyhood he was on intimate terms Ther is still to be seen at the Haver Ther is still to be seen at the Haver-foodwest corn market a relic of the days when corn tolis of the corporation were worth a very great deal. It is an old wooden bin, which was used to hold the takings. The toll of corn now taken is said to be a pint for every Winchester.

The well known lines-The well known lines—
Camp y diawl yw cwymppo dyn,
Ei godi, camp Duw gwedyn—
are attributed to the energetic muse of the
farnous octogenarian Welsh Calvinistic
Methidist preacher, Thomas Hughes,

approached to name a date for the consc

The immortal Christinas Evans' last sermon was preached at the Pyle, and it is said that when preaching he shouted out that he felt as if he was half in heaven. He went from there to Swansea and died.

tive-Prichard by name-who could not only play very well on the harp, but he excellent music and make

A dog's bite can cause thirty dollars' worth of injury, and for these reasons that amount was awarded a Cardiff haulier by Judge Owen recently.

STORIES OF EUGENE FIELD.

During one financial crisis that was especially severe. Eugene Field could see no way out of his difficulties except to ask for a raise of salary, and was as abhorent to his fine nature as it would have been to do a mean action Several days in succession he came to the office resolved to make appeal to Mr. Stone, and each day he went home having failed to nerve himself up to the speaking point. Finally he formed a thoroughly characteristic resolution and for a week was not seen in the office at all. Then one afternoon he marched into Mr. Stone's office followed by four of his little children, the five of them presenting such a pitiable appearance as would have wrung tears employer had his heart and his name been synonymous, which was far from being the case. Father and children were dressed in rags and tatters from head to foot, the children's toes were sticking out bare through holes in their shoes, their faces were unwashed, and their eyes red as if they had been crying. Field himself was in no better plight, and there the five stood in front of Mr. Stone, speaking not a word, but looking at him with appealing glances. All this, of course, had been carefully rehearsed by Field during the week of conspiracy, and the result overwhelming. At last Field broke th silence, looking at his employer, who was also his best friend, out of those big eyes so full of human kindness, and

"Do you think you can see your way Mr. Stone, to raising my salary?" Needless to say he got the raise.

One of Field's happiest imprompts verses was written on the fly leaf of a book he presented to Francis Wilson one day while they were together in one day while they were together in what Field called the Saint and Sinner's corner in a Chicago book store Strangely enough, the verses were entitled "The Passing of Eugene," and it is said he turned them off with aston-ishing rapidity, writing down the rhyming words at the the end of the line first and then filling in the lines. This is what he wrote:

When Eugene Field was dying The death all good men die Came Francis Wilson flying As only he can fly

"My friend, before you 'peter' And seek the shining shore Write me in common metre Some autographic lore."

Then Eugene Field smiled sadly And his eyes grew wan and dim, but he wrote the verses gladly His friend required of him.

And having done his duty. From out its home of clay That soul of spotless beauty To Canaan soared away.

In the same book store a slip of paper searing some lines in Field's hand was found one day by a clerk in a costly volume where Field had placed it with no word to any one:

Swete friend, for Jesus, sake forbeare To buy ye boke thou findest heare, For that when I doe get ye pelf I meane to buye ye boke my seife.

One of the queer things he did at the News office was the establishing of what he called the "Field memorial window," really a portion of a glass door over which he had an artist draw a cherub with the orthodox wings attached to his own head and face. Under this cherub's head he took delight in pasting all the disagreeable clippings he could gather from newspapers and periodicals regarding any one in the office, and especially about himself. This window came to be regarded as a egular bulletin board of spleen, and many a quiet chuckle Field would have watching the long faces of his companions as they read sarcastic or facetious remarks about them. Field never cared ow much fun was made of him, and he was the first to applaud when the laugh was at his own expense.

HIS KNOWLEDGE LIMITED.

"What is this new substance that I hear so much about?" asked the eminent scien-tist's wife.
"What new substance, my dear?"

"The element in the air that has just been detected."
"Oh, that, my dear," he answered, beaming over his spectacles with the good nature of superior wisdom, "is known as ar-

"Yes, Its discovery is one of the most re-markeble triumbs of the age. It has revo-lutionized some of the old theories; or, at least, it will revolutionize them before it

"It's-er-a-did you say, 'what is it?" 'I said that,"

"Well-ahem-you see, we haven't as yet discovered much about it except its name."—Helena Independent. Ravages of Heart Disease Arrested in

Thirty Minutes-A Mirneulous Cure. "With a view of benefitting my fel-A new Masonic lodge will soon be consecrated at Cardiff. It will be called "The Prince Liewelyn Lodge," Lord Liangaintock (the provincial grand master for the Eastern division of South Wales), is being gang have suffered greatly from organic heart disease, which caused ganic heart disease, which caused smothering spells, palpitation, pain in left side and swelled ankles. Over Blackwood's Magazine for December, in reviewing Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "History of London Punch," has a word to say about Mr. Reed, the talented son of Sir Edward Reed, ex-member of parliament for Cariliff, South Wales, comparing Mr. Reed with Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Phil May and Mr. Franciss, the writer says: "In Mr. Reed we fancy we detect a much more original talent of which some of the choice fruit has been gath-

ered in the "Prehistoric Peeps." He has made remarkable progress already, and the old-fashioned note of grotesque exact geration and cartecture which marks his works is by no means amiss." In Contain the "Prehistoric Peeps." He has intimated his earnest desire to have a thorough rest from business and correspondence. He suffers from throat affection.

A Street Scene in Ancient Arles That Occasioned a Number of Reflections,

Boulevard that surrounds the old town of Arles. The good people of the town were taking their evening stroll for aithough it was the middle of November, the air, warmed by the breezes from the Mediterranean, was mild and pleas ant. Across the way a waving gaslight flickered in front of the tent of a stroll-

ing company of acrobats. ed with the world and interested in trifles as only the French people can be, were hughing intermittently at the sallies of the clown (was ever a troupe of acrobats without a clown)? and he, while amusing them, was always keeping before their attention the fact that ing before their attention the fact that it was rarely they had the opportunity of seeing such an athletic aggregation as they had that night. To lend truth to this assertion he would punctuate his remarks by trotting out the strong men (there were three of them) and exhibiting their muscles.

Every pursuasive word the French longing possesses was nut in use to

tongue possesses was put in use to draw from the pockets of the thrifty people of Aries their sous. The price of admission was fixed at the extremely low price of fifty centimes (ten cents) for oremires, and thirty centimes for sec-

"Six sous seulement." he would cry and the emphasis he put on the "seu-lement" brought vividly to one's recol-

lection the dime museum man's cry of "only a dime, ten cents." Meanwhile the band was doing its little best to keep up the interest of the crowd. This band deserves separate mention. While not as large as somedrum-it threw an earnestness into its work which is rarely equalled. Instead of foolishly trying to rival the larger organizations in the extent of its repertoire, it confined itself to one selection and as the time for preparation had evidently been limited it had only learned about three bars of that, which it preservingly repeated over and over again. However, by one man's giving the other two a start of a note or two, and then beating them out at the finish. they managed to vary it so that one would almost, but not quite, think it was another piece. The operator on the drum was evidently a man of parts, for later, inside the tent, he showed his ersatility by playing the cornet also.

The Performance Begins. When, finally, by exhibiting the entire troupe enmasse the clown had induced a sufficient number to enter the tent, the performance began. There was ex-actly \$5.46 in American money in the

house, and as the company numbered twelve, it is readily seen that the Thespian has as hard a time in France as elsewhere. True, the clown would now and then announce that as some performer had done his or her part very well, the management had kindly per-mited him to take up a collection for his own benefit. But a couple of francs in coppers was the most realized from this

As for the performance, it was the old familiar show, with a few variations. There was the man who balanced on a on a horizontal bar, and of course there was the clown who tried to do it and falled, and equally of course amused the crowd as he has never failed to do, and then finally did the act better than the first performer, as he always does in the end. The strong men of the show-strong men were its main feature—were very strong, and one of them-the "management"-showed a really sur-

prising strength in his hands. The Contrast of Centurie

At first thought, this all seemed very modern, and a great contrast to this old Roman city. Just across the way was the theater the Romans built, the ruins of which are still standing, and farther on is that amphitheatre which is second only to the Colosseum itself and which would hold, and will still hold, 26,000 people. The cities of New York and Chicago are proud of their Madison Square Garden and of their Auditorium, but here is a pro-vincial city of the Roman empire that has an arena into which both of these could be put and leave room for a couple of be put and leave room for a couple of ordinary theatres besides. And it would be very interesting to know whether in the year 3500, or sixteen hundred years from now, these two modern buildings will have stood the wear and tear of time as well as the old arena has that of the last sixteen hundred years.

When the Saracens held Arles, a thousand years ago and more, they built four huge square towers on the walls of the old building, and now the city of Arles is restoring the interior, but it is too massive to be effected by any changes of this kind. There is nothing that gives one a better idea of the powers and stability of the Roman empire than this structure in a provincial city. It was to be expected hat they would build such in Rome tself, but this building here in barbarian Gaul shows that when they conquered a country they intended to keep

Roman Reminiscenes

But there is much more in ancient Aries to remind one that it was a Roman city and an important one. the north side of the town runs the old wall built by them, and it is still in a good state of preservation, with several massive towers, not much of a defense against modern artillery, perhaps, but against the weapons of the time of its building, as good as the change of the champion of

that Constantine, the champion of Christianity and the founder of Con-stantinople, built and resided in. Here and there in the tangled-up old streets of the town one comes across a bit of Roman sculpture or a Roman column built into a house, or, perhaps, standing alone, holding itself aloof, as it were, from the buildings that are only 1,000 years old, while it can boast of 2,000.

But Arles was old when the Romans came. It was a rival of Marseilles then, and was probably a Greek, and perhaps, a Phoenician city. Then it was on the Mediterranean and traded with all the known world, but the ne has pushed itself out into the and has left Arles inland with only a remnant of its former commerce, sleepy old town of 25,000 people, while its old rival. Marseilles, has half a

Bistory Repeating Itself.

But to return to our little troupe o actors. Are they so modern, after air? Is it not probable that when the people of the "Gallic Rome," as Arles was called, were crowding into the amphitheater to witness some gladiatoric combat or on those evenings when the gladiators had an "off night," perhaps on the very site of the tent of the little troupe, they were besought just as earnestly, although in classic Latin instead of modern French, by some har-lequin of that olden time, to give up whatever may have been the Roman equivalent for the "six sous seulement" to witness jugglers and strong men from strange countries? Certain it is that the oldest English and French prints we have of such little shows represent them with scarcely any change from what they are today. These wan-dering half-gypsy like troupes, with apparently nothing to keep them in any beaten track, have unconsciously formed the oldest guild in the world. The style of the dramatic actor changes with the changes of a people's culture, but the athlete appeals to the same

of the people that we get even nearer to the ancients than we do by studying their monuments. But, be that as it may, both studies But, be that as it may, both studies are very interesting, and there is no place in the world where they can be followed more pleasurably than here in sunny southern France. Winford J. Northup.

interests now that he did 2,000 years ago, and in the same manner. Perhaps it is in studying the amusements

A CAUTIOUS MAN.

The Danger of Making Promiseuous Ac quaintance and of Giving of Opinions. rom the New York Sun.

"It's a good thing to be cautious when among strangers," said the preciselooking man to a tall, angular old fellow to whom he was talking on the deck
of a Hudson river steamboat.

"Yes," was the response, "you can't
most always tell who you're talking to
when you don't know, and strangers

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when you don't know, and strangers thrown together as we are are mighty likely to make mistakes if they don't watch out."
"That's what I think about it," said

the precise one. "There are several people around that I'd like to know who they are, but I feel a delicacy in asking." 'Who, for instance?" asked the tall

party, letting his eyes wander about the deck. "Well, there's a lady standing there by that door talking to a young felrow, who looks as if he might be her son." "That far door?" inquired the tall

party, stretching his neck around. 'I see three or four there. "It's the one to the other side."
"She looks as if she might bite a nall in two?"
"Yes."

"Got a jaw on her like a vise!" "Keeps it going all the time, as if there wasn't any such thing as an eight hour labor law?"

"Got a bonnet on that looks as if it might be a sign for a vegetable gard-"Got a complexion like a slab of tan-

bark?"
"Yes."
"Looks as if her temper would sour milk just from the cow?

"Yes."
"Got clothes on that look like they'd been made out of last year's circus posters?" "Exactly, She's the one, Who is

"She's a jay from Jay's Cross Roads, ain't she?" he said with a laugh as he "Yes. Who is she?"
"Oh, she's my wife. Let me take you over and introduce you."
But the cautious man declined and managed to lose himself in the crowd

as quickly as possible. GIVE AWAY

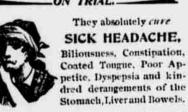
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