

POETRY WORTH READING

Lang Ago.
When all the dreams of our life have vanished,
When love is banished
And hope has fled,
We turn away from the bleak to-morrow,
To walk with Sorrow
Among the dead;
We look once, more on the loving faces
And sunny places
We used to know;
And lose for a time our hurt and sadness
Within the gladness
Of long ago.

The days are long, and the days are dreary;
Our hearts are weary
And in distress,
As through the blur of our tear-wet lashes
We see the ashes
Of happiness,
From brooding over our lives left lonely,
We seek the only
Escape we know,
By going back to the sweet affections
And recollections
Of long ago.

Our dreams of love and our golden visions,
The fond ambitions
Of other years,
By stern decrees of the Real, broken,
Have left their token
Of unshed tears,
Without remorse are the fates that sever,
Those hopes we never
Again may know;
But although lost, they renew their glory
Within the story
Of long ago.

When love proves false and we seem forsaken,
Our spirits shaken
With sorrow sore,
There is one solace Time can't deny us,
Which lingers by us,
For evermore,
We dream on our lips a soft mouth presses
The sweet caresses
We used to know;
Our hearts yet revel amid the pleasures
And cherished treasures
Of long ago. —I. A. Edgerton.

Memory Pictures.
Dark hickory boughs against blue perfect sea;
Sharp-shapen fir-trees crowning sombre rocks;
The cadence of wind-murmurs fresh and free;
The merry sunlight on brow and girl's locks;
The sounding of two tender voices low;
And all so long ago!

A building of sweet castles in the air,
Fral as the dim, calm cloud o'er distant seas;
Delicious idleness; carelessness of care;
Fragments of song; unutterable life's music all at soft pianissimo—
And all so long ago!

A purple whorl of sunset in the West;
A great gold star through a wide oriel seen;
Two lilted hands upon a placid breast;
A mute pale face ineffably serene;
A mourner kneeling in impassioned woe;
And all so long ago!
—Edgar Fawcett.

A Friendly Old World.
It's a simple and childish old world,
And good, when its weakness you learn;
It likes to be liked, more than anything else,
And it's willing to like in return,
We've called it hard names for so long,
And told of its faults without end,
That it's just a bit hardened and crusty on top,
But it's glad to be friends to a friend.

And, come to take stock of the world,
You're really no cause to stand off,
You're just like the rest of it, full of the faults
At which it's so easy to scoff,
And you'll find, when you're lonesome at times,
As along on life's journey you wend,
If you'll warm your own heart and be good to the world,
It's glad to be friends to a friend.
—Ripley D. Saunders.

Invocation.
Waken, Master! Master,
Strike thy sacred lyre;
Fill the world with music
And the heart with fire!
Lo! The west is waiting,
Free and rich and strong,
For thy valiant coming
And thy mystic song.

Up, O mighty Master!
Make us one in heart—
Followers of pleasure,
Worshippers of art,
Seekers after learning,
On right living bent,
Working for each other,
In the Valley of Content.
—Charles W. Stevenson.

MILLICENT'S LILY

O H, how beautiful they were those Easter lilies! The store window was full of them, and not the window only, but the counter, the shelves that sloped up to the walls and the floor, so that you were afraid to walk lest your skirts should brush against the radiant, perfumed whiteness. Everywhere you saw tall stems crowned with the pearly, glistening glory of flowers whose perfume made you want to breathe with every part of you.

Millicent stood outside and looked till her dark eyes seemed to burn in her little pale face. She was about ten years old, and today was her first holiday—that is to say, she had this day for the first time been allowed to go out minus the baby that she all but incorporated into her being on other days while her mother went out scrubbing. Today the baby had been fretful and unhappy, and her mother had been alarmed—so alarmed that she stayed at home with him, which was why Millicent had wandered out alone.

"My, ain't them fine?" She was so excited that she said the words aloud. "I wonder what 'em's called?"

She had not noticed the stopping of a carriage nor the descent from it of a woman and a little girl. The little girl was about her own age.

"Are they not beautiful, dear?" said the woman. "You would like one for your room, wouldn't you, Millicent?"

The rugged Millicent started and turned round. She looked up into the lady's face.

"Was you—was you—speaking to me?"

The words faltered from her lips. Her face clouded sadly as the woman stared at her, apparently without seeing her, and walked into the store.

"She said 'Millicent,'" the little girl spoke again. "She said 'Millicent!'"

The Millicent more favored of fortune looked at her curiously.

"Little girl," she asked imperiously, "is your name 'Millicent?'"

"Course it's 'Millicent,'" said the child resentfully. "Why not?"

"It's my name, too," said Millicent Vanderslyke.

Millicent O'Flaherty looked at Millicent Vanderslyke, and Millicent Vanderslyke looked at Millicent O'Flaherty.



"IS YOUR NAME MILLICENT?"

Vanderslyke looked at Millicent O'Flaherty. The first saw a child of wealth and fortune, slim, graceful, beautiful, clad in white serge, with a glint of silver at her wrist, a wave of plumes, snowy, curling around her hat—saw a face, fair as the lilies so near it, lighted by deep, sweet blue eyes.

The second saw a sturdy little form, a round, freckled face, hair of a glorious red—saw, too, a shabby woolen frock patched with alien fabrics, clumsy shoes, faded stockings, a dingy straw hat guiltless of trimmings.

Then Mrs. Vanderslyke came to the door. "Millicent, darling, come in! Come in and choose your lily!"

And then Mrs. Vanderslyke was greatly astonished, for her little daughter stretched out her hand and clasped the grimy fingers of her namesake, drawing her into the perfumed, flower filled store.

"Oh, mamma, dear! She's a Millicent too! And she wants a lily too!"

But it was more than a lily that Millicent O'Flaherty climbed into a car with. It was more even than the little pocketbook, with its green two dollar bill and shining bits of silver, for a new joy, a joy to be defined by no words that she could say then, though later she may call it a sense of the "sisterhood of women," filled her childish heart. There were beautiful, beautiful people in the world, like that other Millicent—and they were kind to her!

The baby was better and asleep when she reached her home. The boards were newly scrubbed, a "lunch"



THE LILY IN THE WINDOW.

was ready, a strange element of festivity emanated from the lilies that the mother set in the window. Mother and daughter ate their roil and bologna sausage and drank their tea with added relish because of their beauty.

"Shure," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, "I'd almost forgot that tomorrow was Easter day, so I had. But we'll go to the church the morning, Millicent, and then it's lilies ye'll see, mavourneen."

But no Easter lily could be like the one the other Millicent had given her.

—Frances Harmer in New York Tribune.

The Operation

A man came over the edge of the hill and looked down the long stretch of dusty highway. He was not an attractive fellow. His clothes were old and tattered and his face was grimy.

He hesitated a moment and then plodded along. When he walked he stooped a little, and he had a way of looking quickly to the right and left from time to time, as if he expected to see something unpleasant.

He was plodding along at a steady pace when he was startled by a voice. "Hello, mister man?" it said.

The man recoiled a little at the greeting, and his keen, gray eyes searched the roadside.

Then he saw the speaker. It was a child perched on a gate post, a thin-faced boy with yellow hair and big brown eyes.

"Hello," said the man. His voice was harsh, his tone impatient.

"I saw you first," said the boy. "Did you?" said the man. The boy smiled.

"What are you so mad about," he asked.

The man came a little nearer. "Why do you think I'm mad?"

"It's something in your voice," the boy replied. "It seems to say 'I'm mad at everything and everybody.'"

The man drew a long breath. "You're a clever little fellow," he said, and his voice seemed to soften. "But then, you see, I'm an exception."

"You're a what?"

"An exception. People never get mad at me, an' they never laugh at me either. They're always too sorry to laugh."

The man stared at him.

"Why are they sorry?"

"Because I'm lame. It's my hip, you know. It slips out. You'll see. There was a great doctor here once. He came over with some folks from the Ridge in a choo-choo car, an' he saw me. An' he says that boy could be cured if he went to the hospital in the big city an' was operated on, an' my grandma said, 'How much would it cost?' an' the doctor said 'Five hundred dollars.' That's a great deal of money, ain't it?"

"It's quite a bunch," said the man. "It's a great deal more than my grandma's got," said the boy. "But she's savin', an' maybe sometime she'll have enough."

The man nodded and leaning against the fence took off his battered soft hat.

"How old are you, son?" he asked.

"You have nice hair," said the boy. "An' bright eyes. I think you'd look pretty good if you was washed up. How old am I? I'm just twelve. You have got a queer little scar high up there on your forehead, haven't you?"

The man suddenly put on his hat. Then he laughed.

"I wonder if you can tell me where I can get a drink, Mr. Sharpes?" he asked.

"I'll show you," said the boy. "The well is up by the house. It's very fine water. The parson said so when he was here last week. You'll have to lift me down. Grandma puts me up here, an' when she thinks I'm tired she comes and takes me down. I'm not very heavy."

He was very light, as the man found when he gently lifted him from the post and placed him on the ground.

"My crutch," said the boy, "an' my cane."

The man handed him the crutch and cane, they were leaning against the gate, and watched him as he swung himself forward, a brave but pitiable little figure.

"See here," said the man suddenly. "I—I think I'd like to carry you. Can you trust me?"

The boy looked around and smiled. "Of course I can. I can trust you all right. You're strong and you're gentle. No matter what happened you wouldn't drop me."

The man drew a quick breath as he gathered the little figure in his arms and carefully raised it.

The house was some distance back from the highway and when they reached it the man carefully put the boy down on the broad old fashioned porch.

"There's the well an' the dipper," said the child. "An' you can drink your fill without money an' without price. That's what the parson said. He's always sayin' funny things. You don't know him, do you?"

The man shook his head as he wound up the chain that held the bucket. Presently the water gushed forth and he drank eagerly.

"That's very good water," he said. "You didn't praise it any too highly." He looked around and caught sight of a woman standing in the doorway. He quickly pulled off his hat. She was a woman past middle age, a serious woman who looked at him, he fancied, in a disapproving way. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for trespassing," he said, "but the lad here told me I could have a much wished for drink."

"You are welcome to the water," the woman said.

"Without money an' without price," the boy chanted.

"Hush, Wilbur."

The man twisted his hat in his hands.

"I'm a little down on my luck, ma'am," he said, "an' I'm in need of work badly. Couldn't you find some thin' for me to do for a few days?"

"We do not encourage wanderers," said the woman. "It isn't safe. Some of my neighbors have been sadly imposed upon. Your appearance is not in your favor."

"I know it," said the man quickly. "But you'll find that a basin of water and a bit of soap will bring about a great difference in my looks. I'm sure I can make myself handy. Just give me a trial, ma'am." He looked around. "You need a man's help. I worked on a farm when I was a boy. It's true I haven't any friends about here. I've come quite a piece." He suddenly smiled. "I have one recommendation," he said. "An' I don't know of a better."

"What is your recommendation?" the woman asked.

He had moved about until he brought the figure of the lame child between them.

Now he pointed to the lad.

"Here is my recommendation," he softly said.

"Do you want this man to stay here, Wilbur?" the woman asked the child.

"Yes, yes," the boy eagerly answered. "Let him stay, grandma."

The woman gave the man a quick look.

"I will bring you a basin, and soap and towels," she said. She looked back from the doorway. "You will have to sleep in the barn," she added. "Trust me to sleep soundly," he called after her.

"I'm glad you're going to stay," said the child. "You an' me will be fine friends."

"I hope so," said the man.

The wash in the hand basin effected a quick change for the better in the man's appearance, a change that the woman viewed with approval.

"That's pretty good water," laughed the child. "It's just as good outside as 'tis inside—only on the outside you don't get so thirsty."

The man laughed.

"You may call me Johnson," he said to the woman. "That's as good a name as any and easy to remember."

"Very well," the woman answered. "And now you may look around and see what you can plan to do."

"Yes," said the man.

"I can't promise to pay you until I make up my mind what you are worth."

"That suits me," said the man.

"Grandma can't pay you much, you know," said the child. "Cause she's savin' up for the operation."

The woman looked at the man.

"You know about this?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "The lad told me."

The woman drew a quick breath. "The doctor was sure he could be helped," she said. Then she quickly added, "It seems a pity he should have to go through life like that."

"Yes," said the man very softly.

The boy smiled up at the woman, and she smiled back—a beautiful smile that seemed to thaw the seriousness of her care worn face. Then she turned abruptly and went into the house.

"I don't know why it is," said the child reflectively, "but it always seems to make grandma sort of snuffy when she talks about me. You noticed it, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the man. "I noticed it."

"She's a very good woman," said the lad. "When your mother's dead and your father's dead, there's nothing like having the right kind of grandma. That's right, ain't it?"

"That's right," said the man very gravely.

"And now," cried the boy, "let's go out and take a look at the barn. That's where you're goin' to sleep, you know. I can walk if you don't want to carry me."

The man laughed.

"I want to carry you, of course," he said.

"Suppose we leave the crutch and the cane here," said the child. "You might want to carry me back."

And the woman, hidden behind a window curtain, watched the strangely assorted pair with an approving smile.

That night when the place was quite still the man stood in the doorway of the old barn and looked up at the sky. The moon suddenly came from behind a fluffy mass of cloud and cast a flood of radiance over the garden.

The man drew a folded paper from his pocket and spread it out and stared at it. At the top of the sheet in large type was the word "REWARD." The man glanced at it, chuckled softly, and carefully folding it again, replaced it in his vest. Then he drew from an inner pocket a shining revolver. He saw that it was in perfect condition and slipped it into his side coat pocket.

"Good place to hide," he muttered as he looked around. "I can stay here a couple of weeks, anyway. They'll get me some time, but I'll give 'em a lively hunt for it." He laughed again and then his face suddenly softened. "That's a queer little kid," he muttered. "Too bad he's a cripple."

The woman had no fault to find with the man's work. He had plenty to do and did it in a handy way and with a cheerful spirit. He cut wood, he cleared up the garden, he painted the old barn.

"You mustn't work too hard," the woman said to him one day.

"Don't you worry about me," he answered in his cheery way. "This is my vacation time."

The boy and the man became the greatest of friends. The boy looked up to the man as to a superior being who knew the world outside—the world to which he could never hope to penetrate. And the man loved the boy for his frankness, his quaintness, and above all for the perfect trust the lad reposed in him.

The man talked with the woman about the boy. Her mind held fast to one subject—the possibility that the lad could be cured. As the boy had said, she was saving her little earnings, penny by penny, with that eventual trip to the great city always in view.

"If I had the money, ma'am," said the man, "I'd gladly give it to help the child. Or if I had friends I'd get it from them. But I'm a wanderer, ma'am, and every man's hand is against me." He suddenly paused. "And there's the making of a splendid man in the little chap," he added and abruptly walked away.

He had attacks of melancholy from time to time, when he would hide away, even from the boy. He had one that evening as he stood in the barn doorway looking up at the darkened sky.

"I'm tired of it all," he muttered. "What chance is there for me? They are sure to hunt me down. I may have to run again at any moment." He drew the little handbill from his pocket and stared at the one word that was visible in the darkness. It was the word "REWARD!" He crumpled it in his hand. "Stephen Ridge," he slowly said, "you've never had much of a chance in the world. You've never even had the chance to show that there was some good in you after all. You've got such a chance now."

The next morning he was about his work whistling in his cheery way. Presently he asked the woman for pen and ink and paper.

"Are you going to write home?" she asked.

He suddenly laughed.

"To the only home I know," he answered.

The boy gave the letter to a passing farmer to mail and the man went about his work in his usual brisk fashion. He was even more cheerful than usual. With the sending of the letter a load had been lifted from his mind.

Two days later, in the morning, a light wagon stopped at the gate and two men alighted. The man was on the lookout for them. He stepped to the house.

"Come," he said to the woman. "I want you to meet some friends of mine. Hush—where is the boy?"

"He is in the parlor reading."

"Don't let him hear you. Come."

She followed him wondering.

"Here," he said, "take this." And he hastily thrust the handbill into her hands. "You will show it when I call for it."

The men were coming through the gateway. At the sight of the man with the woman they both started and sprang forward. The man held up his hand.

"It's all right, Jim Raynor," he called. "I'm cornered. I give up."

"Awfully glad to see you, Steve," said the man he had called Raynor. "No 'possum tricks." He advanced warily as he spoke.

"I tell you, I give up, Jim," the man replied. "She wrote to you, didn't she?" And he nodded towards the woman.

"Yes."

"Recognized me by the handbill there, no doubt." And he pointed to the sheet of paper in the woman's grasp. "Reward's \$500, ain't it?"

"Yes, Steve."

"And she gets it?"

"Yes, Steve."

The woman had been staring confusedly from one to another. Now she tried to speak. The man held up his hand.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I want to have a word in private with my friends here." And he stepped a little aside with the man called Raynor.

"As a mark of good faith, Jim," he murmured and slipped the loaded revolver into his hand.

They talked earnestly for several minutes, and then rejoined the woman.

"Madam," said the man called Raynor, "I am the warden of the Eastern penitentiary. This man is Stephen Ridge, burglar, with a long list of crimes to his discredit and a twenty-year sentence before him. Six weeks ago he escaped from us and has eluded pursuit until now. I want to say that the reward for the information that has led to his capture is \$500, which belongs to you. I will personally see that the warrant for the reward is placed in your hands. Jim here," and he gently touched the man on the shoulder, "says you will know what to do with the money."

The woman tried to speak, but the man again interrupted her.

"Say goodbye to the little chap for me," he quickly said. "I wish him the best of luck."

And he waved his hand cheerily as he moved away with the two men. The woman was crying.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bovine Information.
A teacher was giving a "Lesson on the Cow." She was trying to impress on their young minds the various uses of milk. Butter, cheese, etc., had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright child to tell how the farmer gave the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked the question:

"Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that remains?"

"Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved frantically.

The teacher smiled and said, "Well, Tommy?"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped Tommy.

He Always Loses.
"Does your husband play cards for money?" "Judging from practical results," answered young Mrs. Tokins. "I should say not. But all the other men in the game do."—Washington Star.

Whooping cough kills more children under five years of age than scarlet fever.

New Zealand's Gluttonous Cuckoo.
Professor Drummond, the well-known New Zealand naturalist, has been compiling some further notes with regard to the voracious habits of the long-tailed cuckoo of Maoriland. He has recently received a photograph taken by G. Biddle of Auckland, of a long tailed cuckoo that had half-swallowed a fairly large lizard, and had been nearly choked by its effort. The lizard went down head first, but its fore limbs prevented the bird from taking in the whole body, and the reptile stuck in the cuckoo's bill until it was rescued. Mr. Biddle took a photograph of the bird with the lizard in its bill, and another one after the lizard had been removed, and in the latter picture the look of rage and disappointment is very strongly marked. A Burrows, of West Oxford, North Canterbury, tells the professor that in the crop of a long-tailed cuckoo he found two young goldfinches, full fledged, and had been swallowed whole. These bad habits of the cuckoo, says Mr. Drummond, are strongly reprobated by more decent birds, the tits and others chasing the marauder out of the bush whenever they get the chance.

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