

FLOW ON, SWIFT STREAM.

Flow on, swift stream, amid the flowers,
Flow on and dance with joy,
And tell me of the happy hours
When I was yet a boy.
I watched thee with the loved ones then.
Now all alone I come again
To wander by the river;
And I am old and they are gone,
But it unchanged is gliding on
As young and bright as ever.

Unchanged it seems, yet who can stay
The water's ceaseless motion?
The little waves of yesterday
Today have reached the ocean;
Unmarked, unmissed, they swiftly fly,
Unmarked, unmissed, we, too, must die,
And leave the mighty river,
Where youth and joy and love and strife,
And all the various modes of life,
Flow on unchanged forever.
—W. E. H. Lecky in London Spectator.

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in agoin agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continual for more'n thirty years, an you'll jest hev to give in; no use talkin at him. 'T only make him wuss." Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition. Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her.

A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request.

It was better, far better for her, for even after her departure there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an you'll have to too; ef you don't there be awful fesses, so you'd jes' better give in."

"That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likeable catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say, "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth, but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing as she began softly, "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here too."

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott gruffly, as he quietly stepped into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard lined mouth.

Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the bootjack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footwear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin to see you. Ef they do I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak.

"I'm master in my own house and you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away a kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't have any city fellers a-follerin you, and if I ketch your Aunt Kate makin matches for you I'll jest fustch you home from bein a fine lady down there and set you workin."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear; I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott with a sigh of relief; "try and git along peaceable like, an jes' give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and

this was the answer of that clever woman:

"My DEAR NIECE—Your father needs managing and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens." Mrs. Kate Colding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Colding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people.

After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl would be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said the lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed dining room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Colding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I know something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution she made this statement. The old man was interested. "Rich," he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on:

"Of course, it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man I'll just take him on home with me, an I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go if I'm livin."

Mrs. Colding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out and take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say, "She'd hev picked up with some empty noddled city chap ef I hadn't just took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind and they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple—but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Drake's Magazine.

A Man of Adventure.
John Switzer, who now lives within one mile of Pendleton, thirty-six years ago saved the lives of thirty persons at the Cascades, on the north side of the Columbia river, at a place at that time called the Upper Cascades. John is now old and well wearied with years. But then he was a young man and after making thirty persons safe he ran the gantlet for a mile with other parties, some of whom were wounded, while others were killed by the Yakima and Klilikat Indians. Yet he arrived at the fort safe and sound and in time to care for the wounded in the fort, where twelve soldiers were imprisoned three days and nights.—East Oregonian.

An Elephantine Nurse.
Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in her book on Ceylon, gives a few lines to a pet elephant, who seems to have been a creature of much amiability and intelligence. He had been captured young, and was known as Kurunegalla Jack. He used to go the hospital rounds with his master, a medical officer, who had taught him to be generally useful, and even to administer pills. A Malay soldier one day dropped his pill, whereupon Jack picked it up and dropped it into the man's open mouth, with a puff that blew it safely down.

A Lunatic's Advice.
Mr. Lionel Brough once played a game of billiards in an asylum with one of the patients. He conceded his adversary twenty-five points, with the result that he was hopelessly beaten. Then the patient took him quietly on one side and said:

"Look here, if you go on giving points so reckless as that, you'll be in this asylum instead of me!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cromwell's Nicknames.
Cromwell, of all men, has perhaps had most nicknames applied to him. He was known as "Old Copperface," "The Brewer," "His Noneship," "Old Noll," "Saul," and a score of others.—St. Louis Republic.

Know He Was Going.

"I'm only a tramp," said a little, withered old man early yesterday morning in the Mulberry street police station, "but please let me stop here. I've walked a great deal. I'm footsore and weary. I won't be a bother much longer. I'll soon throw in my checks." He had the pallor of death.

"I never take in any one at 3 in the morning," kindly replied Sergeant Horbelt, "but I'll make an exception in your case. Poor fellow, you look played out."

Yesterday morning Policeman Croughan took the old man, who gave the name of John Irving, to the Tombs police court. He wanted to be committed to the workhouse.

"The top o' j' morning, yer honor," he said to Justice Duffy. "This'll be th' last time I'll bother ye. Give me a good sentence."

The justice, however, did not fix any specified time. Under the commitment the old man could get his liberty when he wanted it.

"Take your time," said the policeman, as he assisted Irving down the winding flight of stairs leading into the prison.

"My wife!" gasped the old man down stairs.

By this time they had reached the warden's office, where the pedigrees of the prisoners are taken anew.

"Well, what's the matter with your wife?" asked a keeper.

"She's in heaven!" replied the tramp. The next instant he fell back dead into the policeman's arms.—New York World.

Came from Cuba to Vote.
The last vote deposited in Rhode Island at the recent election was the vote of Eugene McAniff, of Providence. The gentleman was in Cuba when he received a cablegram telling him of the urgent necessity for every vote.

Consulting the shipping register, he found that by taking a steamer which sailed that night he might with good weather reach Boston the day before election.

Two hours later found him aboard the ship. Adverse weather delayed the vessel, and at the dawn of election day the steamer was still out in the Atlantic. Port was reached late in the afternoon, and McAniff was just in time to take a train to Providence due just ten minutes before the time for closing the polls.

The train was four minutes late. Hurling himself into a hack he bribed the driver to get to the wardroom in six minutes or kill the horses. The clock was about to strike the hour as Mr. McAniff bounded into the booth. His cross marks were made with lightning rapidity, and he got in his ballot right on the last stroke. He will return to Cuba to complete the business he dropped to come back to vote. And yet there were some thousands of people in Providence who, I have no doubt, forgot to go to the polls or were "too busy" to give the time required for walking to the wardroom.—Cor. Boston Globe.

Canoeing in Scotland.
Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, who have spent very many years in Canada, have introduced canoeing in Scotland. They have taken the beautiful estate of Faskally, Perthshire, belonging to Mrs. Butler, which comprises a stretch of the picturesque river, Tummel, which runs through the Pass of Killiecrankie to Athole and all that district, and in order to explore more fully, Lord Mount Stephen has brought some Canadian canoe and two real Canadian boatmen.

They have already shot some of the dangerous rapids of the Scotch river, and are investigating the salmon pools among the bowlders in otherwise unscenic spots. Lord Mount Stephen intends to use his canoe later on for salmon fishing.

The novelty has created a great deal of interest in the neighborhood, extending to the ducal party at Blair Athol castle.—London Queen.

Utah's First Pavements.
After a long fight in the Ogden city council over the relative merits of sandstone, brick and asphaltum for street paving purposes, it has been decided to use native sandstone from the quarries a few miles distant from Ogden, and that only home labor shall be employed by contract. The district to be paved includes a number of blocks in the business part of town, for which paving bonds are now being negotiated. It will be the first paving done by this city or in this territory.—Utah Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Priceless Diamond Found.
A remarkable diamond has been recently found on the Koffeyfontein Diamond Mining company's ground in Australia, which appears to be of such value that even competent judges hesitate to name a price commensurate with its worth. It is said to be of a beautiful shade of pink, entirely devoid of spot or blemish, and to weigh 13½ carats.

Natural Gas in Utah.
A flow of natural gas has been struck at Salt Lake City at a depth of 600 feet, the pressure being 160 pounds to the square inch. Several companies are engaged in sinking wells in that locality, with favorable indications of finding the gas in considerable quantities.—New York Journal.

Pig Iron in March.
In the first week in March the iron furnaces in this country are said to have produced more pigs—193,900 tons—than in any previous week in history. One curious circumstance is that there were fewer furnaces in blast than in the preceding month.—New York Times.

The largest shipment of apples ever made from the United States left Portland recently in the steamship Labrador, which carried more than 13,000 barrels of fine fruit to England.

A fine collection of Seventeenth century tobacco pipes has just been found under an old London cellar and deposited in the Guildhall museum.

The states west of the Missouri alone will cast one-fourth of the popular vote in the United States this fall.

Tommy's Wild Run for Life.

Tommy L. Dyer, a fourteen-year-old boy, of Hulbert, Mich., had an exciting adventure on Wednesday in which he narrowly escaped being devoured by a couple of big gray wolves.

Near the town is a lake of considerable extent. G. W. Dyer, father of the boy, is in charge of Hulbert's lumbering operations there. At the request of his son he caused a half mile track to be cleared on the lake by a snow plow so his boy and others could enjoy skating.

Wednesday afternoon Tommy was out alone at the end of the track farthest from camp. As it began to grow dark the boy was about to start for home when he was startled by the howl of a wolf not far off, followed instantly by another. At the same time two large and ferocious timber wolves made their appearance a short distance away.

The boy, aware that his life was in danger, at once sought safety in flight. The ugly brutes, half famished during the winter and intent on having a feast, immediately started in pursuit. Fear lent speed to the flying feet of the fugitive, and he raced along with all the strength he could command. For a time he distanced his pursuers, but he soon began to lose his strength, and the hungry animals were soon close behind, with their eyes gleaming like coals of fire and their red tongues hanging out between cruel, glistening teeth.

The lad continued his exertions, however, calling loudly for help. At last, feeling the hot breath of the panting brutes, he was about to give up in despair, when George Colvin and Aleck Stewart, two brawny woodsmen who were working near, heard the frightened cries of the boy and the fierce howls of the wolves and started to the rescue. They arrived just in time. Another minute would have been too late. The men attacked the brutes with their axes and drove them away after a struggle.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Death of a Railroad Dog.
Chippy, a small yellow cur known in every railroad and newspaper office in southern California from Santa Barbara to San Diego, is dead. He was not handsome, but he never forgot his friends, of whom he had thousands. He was a great traveler and recently made a trip from Ventura to Los Angeles and Eastern conductor on the Santa Fe and Northern Pacific passed him and was glad to see him jump aboard. He would go through the train from cab to the baggage car, and putting his head out of the door watch the track till his destination was reached, which he always seemed to know. His associates were exclusively newspaper and railroad men. With those of his own species he would have nothing to do. He died on his way to Tustin to see a conductor he knew. While looking out of a baggage car he gave an almost human moan, crawled on the baggageman's lap and expired, some thought in a fit, but probably from poison. He was buried in style at Tustin, and there were several moist eyes at the little fellow's funeral.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Old Man and a Still Older Watch.
A hale and hearty old gentleman named Everett Howard, residing on Chelmsford street, visited the city hall the other afternoon. He exhibited a curious watch, which he said was 150 years old, made by a man named Howard, in Liverpool, England.

It has been passed from Howard to Howard, and keeps excellent time. Everett Howard came to Lowell in 1843 and was married here in 1847, when he resided on the Merrimack corporation.

Mr. Howard was present at the college in Waterville, Me., when General Butler graduated. The Howards are a long lived race, Everett Howard having a sister aged seventy-six and a brother aged seventy-eight.

He is the youngest of the family.—Lowell (Mass.) News.

The Age of the Playing Card.
Dr. Rudolph Lothian, of Vienna, says this year is the fifth century of the playing card." He says the first game of cards ever played was tarok or naill, in which every card was symbolic of "a phase of life, a degree of knowledge or one of the powers ruling human existence." One of the pasteboards was named "Il Misero," doubtless our knave, and was easily involved in all sorts of unpleasant complications. Tarok has been revived in Paris, where the search for novelties is so relentlessly prosecuted, even at the expense of the old.

An English "Home."
It is to be questioned if a scheme which has just taken practical shape in London would find a field over here. A "home" has been established for ladies deprived of their natural support by death, the home to be supported by contributions which would otherwise be expended in costly funeral flowers. It is called after the late Duke of Clarence, whose memory, by the way, is perpetuated in so many charitable plans as must almost be confusing.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A New Gun for Russia.
The "official adoption" by Russia of the Canet quick firing guns has, it seems, to be reduced to the order of one quick firing coast gun, with carriage and projectiles. This order was made with the distinct understanding that in case of the adoption of the system Russia would herself manufacture the guns required.—Exchange.

A New System of Arc Lighting.
A system of arc lighting, for which patents have been granted, has for its object the protection of the exposed conductors and complete isolation of the operating parts of the system for the purpose of safety.—New York World.

An Obliging Murderer.
A very accommodating sort of murderer is John Smith, of Wolfe county, Saturday he killed W. H. Reynolds, and afterward helped dig the grave and assisted the neighbors in the interment.—Bowling Green Times.

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