Look to the end: Nor changing tide, Nor fickle breezes, should decide nor file course we steer across the sease. That bear our earthly destinies—For him who shapes that course aright, The final, beckoning entrance light. The final, beckoning entrance light. The shear our earthly destinies—Gleams with a welcome doubly bright; The solemn tolling harbor bell, To many but a funeral knell, For him re-echoes, "All is well!" And wafted to his grateful sense, The home wind bears its frankincense, With halm of conscience pure and free.

VETERAN AND PLEBE.

It was nearly noon at a western fort with a "mixed garrison," and the morning drill and reading of the mail having been gone through with, everybody was waiting for something to break the everlasting monotony. Lieutenant Toney Rucker came out of the rookery known as the bachelors' quarters and started jauntily down the officers' line, bearing in his hand a kite constructed on the most approved plan as remembered by him, and in building which he had awakened many fond memories of "kite time," to which, as a boy, he had looked forward with happy anticipation each year.

forward with happy anticipation each year.

He was immediately surrounded by the abundant supply of small boys from the officers' quarters, all of whom were anxious for the kite. He picked out young Arthur because the boy was so fond of sport and never cried when thrown from his pony, but young Smart, of the cavalry, lounging on the bachelors' piazza, stirred up "Mr." Dawdle, of the infantry, by remarking, "You will get left, Plebe, for there goes Toney boot licking that boy again, and he is sure of an invitation to tea, and you know what that means."

an invitation to tea, and you know that means."

"That boy" was the captain's son, and the captain's wife had a young lady sister visiting her, whom Toney had already escorted for a ride on a troop horse, much to the disguist of Mr. Dawdle, who received a sweet goodby from the young lady, but was furious at the parting shot of "So long, Doughboy," from Toney.

From Toney.

But this is all by play to the kite story. Toney took out of his pocket a ball of cord, borrowed from the commissary sergeant for the occasion, straightened out the kite tail, made of old yellow stripes cut from scouting trousers. Everything being ready, he called out: "Hold her, my son, and I will run her up for you and then she is yours."

Toney started in quarter race time, encouraged by frantic yells from the boys; but, alas, just as Arthur's young aunt was merrily applauding from the plaza the kite commenced to duck in the most cowardly fashion, and the faster Toney ran the more it ducked.

"Sumpen's the matter," said Arthur.
"Taint got the right sort o' tail," said another; "tie a rock to her." and many similar pieces of advice came from all the boys at once.

By this time the piazzas were filled with spectators, and the men waiting for mess call sailed out on the barrack porches to see the fun, when old Major Stuffy started toward the boys with that important air which he thought becoming to one so old, "be gad, dragoons, before the war, sir!"
"I say, Toney, you want to shorten up the center bridle, and make her stand on the wind like this," said the old major, taking hold of the kite.

Toney, who was puzzling his mind as to where he could get more kite tail without tearing up his only extra pair of sheets, looked up and remarked, "Well, old man, what do ayou know about kites, anyway?"

Now Major Stuffy had always been very partial to Toney, and showed it by always joking with him, while swelling with ill fitting dignity in his intercourse with all the subalterns. The old gentleman's nerves had been a little shaken for a few days because the infantry colonel and the brevet major general commanding the post—"one of those demned volunteers, you know"—had added insult to injury by sending him an order not to drive any more government horses in his private conveyance. Toney's light and airy remark upset the major completely, and he was on the point of venting his rage on him, when who of all oth

rille to Resaca certainly ought to know all about kites.

The excitement on the parade was too much for the old gentleman, and dismissing his orderly to dinner, he raised his sun umbrella and remarked to his excellent spouse, "I will go and show them how to put up a kite." The very idea seemed to make him young again, and he threw out his chest and squared his shoulders as if he were going to take a new lease of life. He joined the group around the kite and Major Stuffy braced himself pompously and saluted with an air which plainly said, "I'll stand me ground, be gad, sir!"

"How do you do, Mr. Rucker?" said the general blandly. "I see that your kite don't work right, and"—

"It will be all right in a moment, sir. I have sent to the troop tailor for more tail."

"But, Mr. Rucker, when I was a boy"

I have sent to the troop tailor for more ital."

"But, Mr. Rucker, when I was a boy" (he retires for old age next year) "we never made long tails; you just split the pieces you have and tie some knots in them. Then shorten up the bridle and make her stand so"—

"Just what I told the general," said the major eagerly: "and he insulted me, sir! Yes, sir, this young fellow that has not been in the service ten years, sir, asked me what did I know about kites, sir!"

Now Major Stuffy had been avoiding the general ever since he had received the communication about the horses and had even declined invitations to several garrison affairs for fear of meeting him, but he was greatly soothed when the general turned and said:
"Why, major, I am astonished, sir' why, major, I am astonished, sir's the service of the serv

speaking to Major Stuffy in this way, sir! An old man and valued officer of your regiment, too, sir! I will not allow such things in my garrison, sir!"
"But, general, I did not intend to hurt the major's feelings. I guess I don't know much about tites anyway, boys, so you take it out behind the barracks and fly it to suit yourselves," said Toney, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It will not go up unless you change the bridle, as suggested by the major." said the general.

a bridle, as suggested id the general.
"And split the tail and knot it, as the meral explained, boys," said the ma-

Toney left the two old veterans, and s he entered the bachelors quarters he was muttering maledictions on the "old unfers" who had spoiled all his plans. The sudden disappearance of Toney and the boys left the two old gentlemen lone on the parade, and the whole gardson was enjoying their dileuma. The eneral hemmed and hawed a moment and said.

and the boys left the two old gentlemen alone on the parade, and the whole garison was enjoying their dileuma. The general hemmed and hawed a moment and said:

"By the way, major, about that horse order; you know these young lieutenants have an idea that they can use ambulances and government animals whenever they choose, and 1 am determined to teach them a lesson. Of course I did not intend the order to hold in your case; some consideration must be shown to long and valuable service, sir, and I want you to understand this matter." Major Stuffy extended his hand warmly to the general and said:

"I am glad you mentioned it, general: but of course I understood the matter perfectly. These young snips are too presumptuous anyway, and think they are entitled to all the consideration due old officers."

One of these "young snips" was struggling to pay up the bills contracted when his daughter was married, and another was incessantly engaged in short division in the effort to provide for the wants of his four boys.

The two veterans strolled away together in the direction of the clubroom, followed by several officers from the row, who were interested in the reconciliation. As the major threw open the door and followed the general in he smiled benignantly on the old habitnes and said, "Come, gentleman, join us in a bottle of wine." Of course the invitation was accepted, for since the major had quit going on little "frolics," as he called them, in deference to the temperance ideas of the young snips, all recognized this as some special occasion. The major busied himself seeing that "Tubs" neglected no one, and talked in the most amiable way about the magnificent weather and fine post the general had built up.

"This reminds me of old days in Texas, gentlemen, when the dragoous"— he was saying when his Loyal Legion button fell off and rolled into a convenient knothole under the billiard table. Before he recovered from his efforts to secure the rolling button the general with the air of Sir Roger de Coverley, removed his

removed in sown in the eminotem and said:

"Major, let me present you with this as a memento of this most pleasant co-casion."

While the major was still overcome by this graceful move the general wished them all a pleasant time and escaped to his quarters. The news spread around that the major was having a birthday, and even Toney Rucker put away his wrath when the orderly came to ask his presence at the club room.

"Tubs" was kept busy during the afternoon attending to the spiritual needs of the ever increasing party, for with each new arrival the major would say, "What a fine gentleman the gen-cral is; it was the neatest thing you ever saw, sir! Why, he actually took this button from his own breast and presented it to me, by gad! and we will drink to his health, gentlemen."

That ovening, as the major and Toney, arm in arm, wended their winey way to their quarters they passed young bawdle on the walk with the captain's wife's sister, making hay while the field was clear. The garrison wore a genial smile for several days over the episode in their lives, and even the old repeaters in the grardhouse actually stopped hanling cordwood long enough to let the cart mule have a horse laugh.—Argonaut.

the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"Am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it today?"

"I am not told the day or the hour; but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again, or write me word—I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appulled probably by the stern, immovable old gentelman, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was in an asylum.—London Tit-Bits.

Byron's Chief Amusement.

Byron amused himself by shooting at a piece of money fixed in a stick, and practiced this more persistently than he ever did anything else.—Hygiene.

The New Treasury Notes.

Perhaps the principal object of the revision of the United States paper money is to make the backs of the notes more open, that is, less covered with the engraving, so that the silk fibers shall be more distinctly visible.

The distinctive paper now in use no longer has the two threads of silk running longitudinally through the note, but in their place are two stripes, each half an inch wide or so, of short red and blue silk fibers scattered thickly in the paper, in such manner that they show only on the reverse of the bill.

These two fiber stripes practically divide the note into three sections of about equal size, and this feature of fiber in the paper is held to be an almost absolves asfognard against successful counterfeiting. But that is only one of several devices employed to insure the inviolability of the currency.

Each note has an entirely separate design, the work of which is so open as to show readily any error of an attempted counterfeit, and no portion of the design is repeated on the same note; so that no small part could be engraved by a skillful operator and then duplicated by mechanical processes to fill any amount of space, as has been the case with some of the previous "paper money" of the government.

The geometrical lathe work of the new designs is said to be the most exquisite and complicated ever executed, and such as to utterly baffie any attempt at its fillicit reproduction.—Paper World.

Rough on the Snakes.

tempt at its illicit reproduction.—Paper World.

Rough on the Snakes.

Snake stories are always in order in the spring, and the latest one comes from an interior town in Ohio, where the heat from the stove awakened the reptiles and they commenced to fall to the floor from holes in the ceiling. John Thompson, who lives in the Cheat river country, was in the city yesterday buying provisions for a lumber camp. He tells a tale that is not unreasonable and one can readily believe it.

The mountains along the Cheat are famous for their blacksnakes, and they can be seen at any time during the day in the summer sunning themselves on the rocks. Mr. Thompson says when the weather suddenly broke up about April I and led a number of people to throw off their underclothes, the blacksnakes awoke with a start, rubbed their eyes and crawled out on the rocks to stretch themselves. The sun was so warm that many of them ventured far away from their winter homes, and when it suddenly got cold again the snakes couldn't get back. Mr. Thompson claims he got tired of killing blacksnakes which were so stiff that they couldn't move. They were stretched out on the rotones, and when it stones, and were at the mercy of the lumbermen, who amused themselves making the flat heads of the snakes more flat. This is a true story.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sad story.

A contemporary relates that there was

A sad story.

A contemporary relates that there was a tragedy in the composing room of a Philadelphia paper the other day. The compositors were busy at their cases when one of their number, a young woman, fainted away, and she was conveyed to her home. Another compositor finished her "take," which proved to be an account of a suicide in another city. There were forty compositors in the room, but this particular copy fell to this particular young woman, and the suicide was her affianced sweetheart.

Electric Light in the Paris Tunnel Electric Light in the Paris Tunnel. An installation of electric light is being laid down in the Batignolles tunnel, near Paris, in which the incandescent lamps are placed at a height of about fifteen feet above the rails. The light is received by plates of burnished tin covered with glass, which reflect a soft and agreeable light into the carriages.—New York Times.

A Queer Case.

O. E. Cruse, of Kingston, Ont., died on Good Friday, and when his father, Thomas Cruse, formerly auditor general of Canada, learned of it he said: "I am going to die myself tomorrow. You can bury us together on Easter Sanday." The old man died the same night.

A String of Advertising.

If the advertisements in a paper published in Boston last Sunday had been pasted together column upon column they would be 283 feet long, or sixty-two feet higher than the Bunker Hill monument.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Black snow lately fell in the canton of Geneva, Switzerland, a phenomenon which was once thought to preage the black plague and other calamities, but is now known to be due to a fungus in the snow.

Greetey ceased to be the New York Tribune and Whitelaw Reid took his place, the Republican candidate for vice-president has been the most aggressive and untiring enemy of organized labor in the United States. The Tribune, before Reid, was the friend of labor. The fact that it was made a condition precedent of his nomination for vice-president that he should reverse his position will only feel, those, workingmen, who have a he should reverse his position will only fool those workingmen who have a fancy for being fooled. Reid would have commanded more respect if he had not tried to flop so suddenly and for a purpose apparent to every one.

for a purpose apparent to every one.

The Wilkes-Barre Record calls the attention of those Republican newspapers and people who are poking fun at Quay, Platt and the gang who were dumped at Minneapolis that they are not doing the party any good by such actions. It says the Republicans need every worker and vote they can get next fall. They certainly do, and even then there will be an awful number of ballots lack ng to elect Grandfather's Hat and Rat Reid.

Subscribe for the TRIBUNE.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

FREELAND BOROUGH SCHOOL DIS'CT.

\$2474 78 76 18 Total Am missioners
missioners
Exonerations
Paid treasurer
Collector's commission
Amount due from collector

Amount due from collector

treasur

Mrs. Bronnan, cleaning Citizens' Bank, interest...... Wm. Watkins. B. F. Rute, labor..... American Book Concern, sup-

| Discription |

RESOURCES. We, the undersigned, auditors of Freeland Boundary that the foregoing statement of the Freeland School District is true and correct, so far as the accounts presented to us.

Financial Statement

FOSTER TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DIST'CT

For the year ending June 6, 1892 Louis Bechtloff, collector of school tax. in account with Foster Township.

Total

To amount received from ex-tre Amount of state appropriation. Amount of election rent. Tutton from Huzle Township... From G. L. Halsey, attorney for a C. A. Johnson, J. P., fines... G. L. Halsey, unscated lands... Tutton from Butler Township...

WM. WEHRMANN.

German Practical Watchmaker.

Centre Street, Five Points.

The cheapest and best repairing store in town. All watch repairing guaranteed for one years. New watches for sale.

Jewelry repaired on short notice. Give me a call. All kinds of watches and clocks repaired.

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES. Complicated and fine work n watches a specialty. CITIZENS' BANK

FREELAND.

15 Front Street. Capital, - \$50,000

> OFFICERS JOSEPH BIRKBECK, Pres H. C. KOONS, Vice Pres B. R. DAVIS, Cashier. JOHN SMITH, Secretary.

DIRECTORS

Three per cent interest paid on saving deposits.

Open daily from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturda evenings from 6 to 8.

COTTAGE HOTEL,

REELAND, PA MATT SIEGER, Prop.

faving leased the above hotel and furnished in the best style, I am prepared to cater to wants of the traveling public.



Scientific American



RUPTURE! by Dr. J. B. Mayer Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of month. Send for circulars. Advice free.



To all such we recommend DH.

(IOLA CREAM as possessing these
at quickty change the most sallow
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as and all imperfections of the
not accomment but a cure, yet is bettoilet table than powder. Sold by
a sent post paid upon receipt of code,
G. C. SHTMER & CO., Toledo, O.

HORSEMEN

ALL KNOW THAT

Wise's Harness Store

Is still here and doing busi ness on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.



Two or three dollars for a 5/4 Horse danket will save double its cost. Your orse will eat less to keep warm and be orth fifty dollars more.

HORSE: GOODS.

Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen.

Good workmanship and low prices is my motto.

GEO. WISE,

What is

ASTOR

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by foreing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtid agents down their throats, thereby sending them to the processing structure.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City

Castoria.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

HATS, CAPS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS of All Kinds.

GOOD MATERIAL! LOW PRICES!

HUGH MALLOY, Corner Centre and Walnut Sts., Freeland.

S. RUDEWICK,

Imported Brandy, Wine And All Kinds Of

LIQUORS.

THE BEST

Porter, Ale And Brown Stout.

Foreign and Domestic.

Cigars Kept on Hand.

S. RUDEWICK, SOUTH HEBERTON.

PETER TIMONY, BOTTLER.

And Dealer in all kinds of Liquors, Beer and Porter, Temperance Drinks,

Etc., Etc. Geo. Ringler & Co.'s

Celebrated LAGER BEER put in Patent Sealed Bottles here on the premises. Goods delivered in any quantity, and to any part of the country.

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A. RUDEWICK,

GENERAL STORE SOUTH HEBERTON, PA.

Clothing, Groceries, Etc., Etc. Agent for the sale of

PASSAGE TICKETS From all the principal points in Europe to all points in the United States.

Agent for the transmission of MONEY

Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St.

Bank cashed at reasonable rates.

E. M. GERITZ.

23 years in Germany and America, opposite the Central Hotel, Centre Street, Freeland. The Cheapest Repairing Store in town. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

New Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on hand for the Holidays; the lowest cash price in town. Jewelry repaired in short notice. All Watch Repairing guaranteed for one year.

ear. Eight Day Clocks from \$3.00 \$12.00; New Watches from

E. M. GERITZ,

Opposite Central Hotel, Centre St., Fre eland

Fisher Bros. **Livery Stable**

FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares below Freeland Opera House.

C. D. ROHRBACH.

Hardware, Paints, Varnish,
Oil, Wall Paper, Mining
Tools and mining Supplies of all kinds,

Lamps, Globes, Tinware, Etc.

Having purchased the stock of Wm. J. Eckert and added a considerable amount to the present stock I am prepared to sell at prices that defy competition.

Don't forget to try my special brand of MINING OIL.

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UNDERTAKER

