

TO A BELOVED JAPANESE GIRL.

Tagged and torn the white sea leopards
Boiler the breast of the Indian drops
Lifted aloft the strong scow races

THE BOY BOATMAN.

A large pair of heavily laden coal boats, or "broadhorns" as they were termed, swept out of the Ohio and, catching the current of the mighty Mississippi, began the second stage of the journey to New Orleans.

The lumbering, cumbersome craft had come all the way from Pittsburg under the command of Joe Erick, a most skillful pilot. These coal boats were peculiarly constructed vessels, but they are now things of the past, their places being supplied by large barges, which are towed back and forth by steamers.

These frail vessels were loaded deep with coal from the mines, then two were lashed together side by side, and with a crew of thirty-five or forty men would float serenely down the Ohio and Mississippi to their destination.

The day in which our story opens Joe Erick was standing in the stern of one of the boats, with the long steering oar in hand guiding his broadhorn on its way. Beside him was a lad about sixteen years of age, a handsome, intelligent looking boy, who seemed to be wrapped in wonder and admiration at the sublimity of the scene that stretched out before him.

"Well, Jimmy, my son, we're on the old Mississippi once more. Let me see; this is the third time for you, isn't it?" "Yes, uncle, you know you have taken me twice yourself to New Orleans."

"That's a fact, Jim. But you see I'm getting old and am apt to forget little things like a trip down river. Now I couldn't tell within fifteen or twenty how many times I've been down stream."

"That's not to be wondered at," returned the boy, respectfully, "for you were a pilot long before I was born. But, look, yonder comes a high pressure boat up stream," and Jimmy pointed to a dense cloud of black smoke which was pouring out of the double stacks of a large steamer that was approaching.

"Let her come, my lad, let her come. She's got to keep out of our way. Now, what would you say," continued Erick, "if I could tell you the name of that craft, and, what's more, the name of the man who is looking at us now out of her pilot house, and likely enough wishing us sunk down among the catfish for presuming to get in his course. Yes, my son, that's the River Queen, and John Williams is her pilot."

child, and draw it into the boat, saying to Jimmy as he did so: "You get hold of the stern and hang on there until I can pull down to the broadhorn. You won't get any watter than you are now and there's no danger of the eels n-bbling at your toes."

"All right, Uncle Joe. Don't bother about me. I can overhaul the boats before you, now." And the boy striking out vigorously actually did leave the skiff behind in the race down the river.

When the broadhorn was reached the little maiden, in her dripping garments, was lifted, carefully and deposited on a blanket, which some thoughtful member of the crew had spread on top of the coal.

Joe came on board, and assuming the steering oar ordered: "Two of you fellows take the skiff and run a line down and make it fast to that big tree on the Kentucky bank. We'll tie up and give Jack Williams a chance to come back and pick up his passengers that he's scattering around so capless like."

It was a difficult task to lay the two heavy boats alongside the shore without sustaining any injury, for they were so frail that the least touch upon a rock or snag would have meant instant destruction.

When the pilot saw that the line had been properly secured he sent his assistant forward to the "gonging oar," while he himself wielded the "steerer," and his men pulled lustily at the sweeps to swing the bows of the broadhorn up stream.

"Pears to me, little one, you took it mighty sudden bath," said Erick, with a smile, as he looked down at the tear stained face of the child.

"Oh, sir, it was terrible. I was reaching over to look at your boats as they passed when I lost my balance and fell."

"That's it," returned the pilot grimly, "if Williams hadn't been cutting up his capers and kept his vessel where it belonged, you wouldn't have had to reach clear over the side in order to see a couple of heaps of coal and a number of ragged boatmen going by you. But here comes the River Queen after us, and you'll soon be safe and sound with your friends again, my little one."

"Oh, yes, and I have you to thank for saving me," replied the maiden, looking at Jimmy in such a manner as to cause the warm blood to mantle the boy's cheek. "Papa will be very grateful to you, and I know when he comes to take me away he will give you a handsome present."

The Educated Woman.

Miss Rebecca S. Rice, principal of the Chicago Girls' Higher School, spoke as follows at the commencement exercises recently:

Do not be afraid of the future of our women if you educate them. A woman crammed with knowledge only is as much a monster as a man under the same circumstances. Such monsters are made easily; it does not take much knowledge. Education presupposes digestion of knowledge—wisdom made from it—a growth and exaltation of the best powers by it.

Women will leave much of their narrowness and prejudice behind them in the higher halls of learning; and this, if you have been observing the great facts of history, in which the too conservative character of women has played a great part, is a commendation often devoutly to be wished. It looks also as though from our colleges were coming the impulse that will make our women physically stronger and more enduring. The active brain demands the active body, but it also nourishes it.

A Dainty Homemade Powder. The use of a simple powder for the face in the heat of summer is almost a necessity of the toilet. It not only cools and refreshes the skin, but it checks that profuse perspiration from which many persons suffer. The best powder for this purpose is undoubtedly one prepared at home. To make such a powder take six parts of good starch and two parts of orris root or violet sachet powder, if you prefer. Pound the mass to an impalpable powder. Sift it through a fine sieve, if it is to be used with a puff.

Traveling in Europe Alone. A sensible woman, who has explored section after section of this country, has planned a tour for this vacation for which she will take only a knapsack strapped over the shoulder. Provided with macintosh cloak and hood and thick-soled shoes, she delays no party on account of the weather, while the spirit lamp she always carries in a small bag has helped cheer the rest frequently after a tiresome tramp.

A Wonderful Woman. Mrs. Randall, the oldest resident at Mattapoisett, who attained the age of 104 last summer, is still vigorous and hearty. She lives alone half a mile from the road, and is visited twice a week by one of her nearest neighbors, who attends to her having plenty of fuel at hand. She does all of her own work, and when in the summer Mrs. J. Lewis Stackpole, Mrs. S. D. Warren and other summer habits of that pleasant resort called to see the venerable woman who was in her field hoeing potatoes. She is in possession of all her faculties and is in wonderfully good health.

A Clever Woman Skipper. The Herreshoff ballast in 24-rater Wenonah has won another race over the British boats. It was the annual ladies' race at Hunter's quay. The Wenonah was sailed by Miss Allan. The Netta came in second, twenty-one seconds behind the Wenonah. In the 24-rater race on June 11, in Gourrock bay, the Wenonah easily defeated all the boats in her class.—Gourrock (Scotland) Letter.

FAIR YOUNG PIONEERS THESE.

New York Normal College Turns Out Its First Girl Bachelors of Arts.

The big hall of the normal college of the city of New York at Sixty-eighth street and Park avenue was filled with an audience of 2,000 people Thursday morning who had come to see the 273 graduates of this year's class in the closing exercises of the school. These 273 are now fully qualified, as their diplomas attest, to teach in New York's public schools. Noticeable among the graduates was a group of fifty who wore colors of orange and white, fastened with pins bearing the motto, "Tentanda via est," concerning which one of the wearers confidently informed a friend that it meant "get out of our way."

This group was composed of the academic part of the class, "A. C. 5th," in school parlance, and they are the first girls who have ever received the degree of bachelor of arts from any publicly supported institution in this country. This caused no marked difference in their appearance, however, from that of their less fortunate sisters, except in the colors and pins they wore. There was discernible in their countenances, however, a subdued consciousness of their importance in being the first class ever graduated from the institution to attain the lofty general scholarship indicated by a class average of over 90 per cent.

Around the bachelor band were seated the normal graduates, 223 strong, wearing lavender and white colors and pins ornamented with their class motto. In the seats back of the white mass of graduates and in the overhanging galleries the audience was closely packed, while in the front was the platform where sat the dignitaries of the day.

A large number of policemen were scattered about the hall, as if fears were entertained that the bachelors, in celebration of their newly acquired masculinity, might institute a college rush or do something equally subversive of normal school decorum. The exercises passed off without any such disturbance, however, from the salutatory of Harriet M. Hanchen to the valedictory delivered by Lina Hall. The programme was agreeably diversified by some very good singing by the normal college glee club, who reflected great credit on their training, both in the selection and rendition of their songs.

After the essays and distribution of the regular prizes, School Commissioner Clara M. Williams, who is herself a graduate of the normal school, awarded four prizes, one to the girl of each class having the highest standing, and then announced that two prizes, one of twenty dollars, the other of ten dollars, were to be awarded for the best essays on General Grant, the Grant monument committee having offered the prizes. One of these was offered to the College of the City of New York, but the students of that enterprising institution complained that it was too near examination time to work on essays, so the prize intended for them was added to the one offered to their more industrious sisters. The prizes were won by Ethel Stebbins and Estelle Forschheimer.

When the exercises were over the fifty bachelors led the way out, carrying their diplomas bearing the new college seal of Minerva sitting in a circle of ivy, the college plant, clasped to their manly bosoms.—New York Sun.

Bohemian Women's Clubs. The women of Bohemia have about 160 different clubs and societies organized for the advancement and aid of women in different lines of work. One of the clubs or societies, numbering 600 members, is for the purpose of protecting young girls. A home is provided for them and opportunities for study in the schools afforded until they are old enough to go out to service. Another club, the Minerva, is devoted to raising the standard of education for women by founding schools and securing admission of women students to the universities. One college for women now exists; and in four years the University of Prague will be open to them.

Damages for Stealing a Pretty Face. Mme. Bonnet, of the Palais Royal, who prosecuted a biscuit maker for reproducing her portrait in garish colors on the labels of his boxes, has won her case, and in addition to the suppression of the obnoxious advertisement has obtained damages and the insertion of the defendant's expense.—Galvani Messenger.

A Racing Yacht's Experience. Those who are interested in yachting news will remember how many victories were won last year by the English yacht Windfall, with Mrs. Schenley as skipper. The yacht changed hands this season, the skipper is a man, and in its first race the Windfall was obliged to take second place.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HOTEL, FREELAND, PA.

MATT SIEGER, Prop. Having leased this above hotel and furnished in the best style, I am prepared to cater to the wants of the travelling public.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN PATENT AGENCY. TRADE MARKS, PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC. Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Send for free sample copy.

PATENT OR NO FEE. A 48-page book free. Address: W. T. FITZGERALD, Attorney-at-Law, Cor. 8th and F Streets, Washington, D. C.

Pimples, Boils, Blackheads. THE SKIN CURE CO. PITTSBURGH, PA. We must all have new rich blood, which is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. C. LITTLE'S IMPROVED BLOOD PURIFIER.

RUPTURE. Dr. J. P. KINCELOE, Cor. 8th and F Streets, Washington, D. C. Cure guaranteed. No operation or business interrupted.

LADIES' BEAUTY. IS BUCKIN' DEEP. There are thousands of ladies who have regular features and would be accounted the palm of beauty were it not for a poor complexion. Small such we recommend Dr. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM as possessing these qualities that quickly change the most sallow and florid complexion to one of natural health and unblemished beauty.

HORSEMEN ALL KNOW THAT. Wise's Harness Store. Is still here and doing business on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.

HORSE: GOODS. Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen. Good workmanship and low prices is my motto.

CURE THAT Cold AND STOP THAT Cough. N. H. Downs' Elixir WILL DO IT. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle. Warranted. Sold everywhere.

What is CASTORIA. 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 Syrup, and Castor Oil.

What is CASTORIA. 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 Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers.

BOOTS AND SHOES. HATS, CAPS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS of All Kinds. A Large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, Etc. Also a Special Line Suitable for This Season.

S. RUDEWICK, Wholesale Dealer In Imported Brandy, Wine and All Kinds of LIQUORS. THE BEST Beer, 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. FREELAND BOTTLING WORKS, Cor. Centre and Carbon Sts., Freeland. (Near Lehigh Valley Depot.)

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 To all parts of Europe. Checks, Drafts, and Letters of Exchange on Foreign Banks 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. Eight Day Clocks from \$3.00 to \$12.00; New Watches from \$4.00 up.

Fisher Bros. Livery Stable. FOR RENT. First-Class Turnouts. At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares west of Lehigh Valley Depot.

C. D. ROHRBACH, Dealer in 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.

H. M. BRISLIN, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER. Agent for the transmission of MONEY To all parts of Europe. Checks, Drafts, and Letters of Exchange on Foreign Banks cashed at reasonable rates.