HEART'S HUNGER.

Ve let them be just for a little while,
We cannot bear to put them yet away—
he vacant high chair of a little child,
The torn hat but worn the other day,
r the low footsool where our dear one's feet
Had rested, or the father's easy chair,
hat never more will hold the manily form—
We let them stand, the room would look too

We gaze out in the waning, fading light,
The books and music mock us in the room;
Dur hearts are with that new made grave in
the night,
All dark and shadow haunted in the gloom.
Idd pity those who wait in vain to hear
The sound of rest that ne'er will tread again
Or long to kiss white taces hid away.

In their deep beds beneath the snow and rain The wind from out the harp of nature chants A dirge above them as it passes by; The dead leaves, tears of autumn, sadly fall Upon our sleeping ones as still they lie. Oh, ye who never o'er dead loved ones wept, Who ne'er kissed cold hands and faces white And held out empty arms and hearts to God, Can never know the pain we feel tonight.

—San Francisco Examiner.

A GHOSTLY BRIDAL.

Sant Andre climbed up to the front seat.

Here he found a good looking fellow of his own age, and straightway the two became great friends. At the end of an hour they began exchanging confidences after the manner of youth.

The scion of noble stock was on his way to Paris, to buy an officer's brevet, so as to serve his country, as his ancestors had done before him; the other, who was the son of a rich tradesman, was also bound for Paris, for the purpose, however, of marrying an heiress, the daughter of an old friend of his father.

so see, therefore, that if I were to absorb marter for each of us. The little god Capid has no more concern in your business than in mine?"

"There you mistake," returned the other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but I fell in love with her, none and forever, the first time I haid eyes upon her portrait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a tortoise shell case, and Saint Andre exclaimed admiringly:

"What an angel! Indeed, my dear fellow, you are very fortunate to have that charining, dainty creature picked out for you."

"I do not complain," said the bridegroom elect, "and now I am going to sleep, if this miserably, jolting concern will allow me. I am expected to breakfast at my future father-in-law's as soon as I reach Paris, and as I shall then be presented to my betrethed I want took as well as possible."

At the end of three days and two nights the heavy stagecoach lumbered into the metropolis and the two travelers went to the nearest hotel and engaged two rooms, intending to take a little rest. Saint Andre had just thrown himself upon the bed when he heard deep groans in the next room, and on rushing in found his late companior rolling on the floor in agonies of pain. The servants were summoned, a physician was brought in and the latter declared that the patient was suffering from acute colic, which had probably been contracted before he left home and had been aggravated by the fatigue of the journey. He pronounced the malay a very serious one, and so it proved, for, in spite of every care, the youth experied at the end of an hour.

Saint Andre was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and when he found that he stood gazing sadly at the lifeless clay when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of the solven provided that would the fair brid-select say when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of the sad news to the family, but there was no one else to perform the errand, and so he set off, carrying with him the dead youth's satchel.

When he reached the stately mansion the f

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little, fat, white haired man, rushing into the hall, "let me embrace you?" and he clasped the newcomer rapturously to his heart. As soon as he could get his breath Saint Andre said hurriedly:

"Pardon me, sir, but"—"l'pardon you for being late," interrupted the other. "Look, it is 12 o'clock, and breakfast is growing cold. Come in and see my daughter. The little puss has been watching the clock for hours, and is all impatient to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the breakfast room as he spoke, and without pausing an instant added, "My wife, Uncle Dorival, Aunt Dolarice, here is the son-in-law at last; Sylvia, my child, bid him welcome"—

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint Andre, but again his host interrupted him.
"Don't tell me that you wish to draw back at the last moment, my dear fellow! Everything has been arranged by my esteemed friend, your father, but if you have any objection to urge I will hear it later; bad news can always keep. Now let us sit down to breakfast at once and be merry. Sit by me, son-in-law, and give me your opinion of this pigeon bisque."

circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself,
"I cannot bear to put a dampener upon
the joy of these good people; at least
not until they have had their break-

unhesitatingly to his supposed future father-in-law's inquiries.

unhesitatingly to his supposed future father-in-law's inquiries.

"How is your Aunt Armande, my son?" asked the old man suddenly. "I remember her as a charming young woman; when I was twenty I came near falling in love with her! We must keep her in good graces, for she will leave a sung little fortune to her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth in a tone of deep affection; "I hope she will enjoy life for many, many years longer," and his pious wish was reward ed with a tender glance from Sylvia's dark eyes. Aunt Dolarice also listened to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the bearing of a born gentleman," she whispered to her brother. "Who would think that his ancestors had always sold cinnamon and nutmegs!"

Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopedia and was thought very learned, retorted quickly: "And why should he not have as fine

cimmon and nutinegs:"
Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopedias and was thought very learned, retorted quickly:
"And why should he not have as fine sentiments as a nobleman? Away with your absurd notions, sister! All men are equal!"

The clock struck 2, and Saint Andre suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the part he was playing, as he recollected that he had to arrange for his friend's burial and would be expected at the hotel. He therefore rose from the table, and announcing that he had important business to attend to, prepared to leave. His host protested in vain, Sylvia looked up in blank amazement and every one entreated him to remain.
"I do not understand," began the old man, following his visitor to the front door. The young man interrupted him, saying solemnly:
"I will explain. At 11 o'clock this morning I died, after a short and sudden attack of colic, and I gave the hotel proprietor my word of honor that my body should be removed this afternoon. You see, therefore, that if I were to absent myself any longer it would be very awkward." With these words he disappeared, leaving the old father overwhelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the family heard what had been said they decided that the youth was joking.
"He has humor," said Uncle Dorival." I shall congratulate him the next time I see him. He will be here in time for supper."

But supper time came and passed, and there were not some of the son-in-law. The

for the affianced husband whom she had seen but once.

Two weeks later she was wandering about the garden one evening, listening sadly to the songs of the nightingales. The stars were shining brilliantly, but the sight of their beauty only served to increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but here to stroll with me along these pathways!"

As she spoke a cracking of boughs near her made her start with terror, and in another instant a man broke through the flowering shrubs and knelt at her feet. The stars were shining to some purpose then, for by their light she recognized the face for which she had been longing, and in a voice which betokened mingled joy and dread she cried:

"Then you are not dead!"

"No indeed, sweetheart," he answered softly; "I am alive, and I hope to live and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered the drawing room the family were playing backgammon. A look of amazement greeted the appearance of Saint Andre, and every one being dumfounded the young baron had no difficulty in telling his story, which he concluded by asking for sylvia's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the proper period of mourning had elapsed, and Aunt Dolarice was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you he had the bearing of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Dorival.—Translated from the French by Isabel Smithson for Romance.

Training Youngsters to Sling Stones.

It has been said that Asiatic nations

Isabel Smithson for Romance.

Training Youngsters to Sling Stones.
It has been said that Asiatic nations excelled others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their atm. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience."—Harper's Young People.

Fireworks in Europe in 1360.

ward of his skill and patience."—Harper's Young People.

Fireworks in Europe in 1360.

Fireworks first became known in Europe in 1860, when the Italians in Florence managed to make some. The first spectacle of fireworks was in 1588.—New York Evening Sun.

"Our Own."

We have careful thoughts for the strang And smiles for the coming guest.

But off for our own."

We have careful thoughts for the strang And smiles for the coming guest.

Hu off for our own."

The bitter tone.

Though we love "our own" the best!

All ibrow with that look of scorn, Twee acruel face.

Were the night too late

GEMS IN VERSE.

and glazing eye has looked

men may hold,
And at its summons each must go—the same the bold;
and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm, deserts it.
What matters where the lifeless form dissolves again to dust?

again to dust?

Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes with those we cherish near.

And wafted upward by their sighs soar to some calmer sphere.

But whether on he scaffold high or in the battle's van.

The fittest place where man can die is where he diles for man!

Inconstant.
Inconstant O my God!
Inconstant When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of cestacy!

Inconstant! When to feel
That thou hast loved me, wilt love to the

Were joy enough to steal
All fear from life—the future and the past!

Inconstant! Ah, too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast;
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as to the skies above
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee; oh, not to thee, dear love.

I may be false to all
On earth besides, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth
My steadfast heart turns backward ever

more
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between
our lives;
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would nive All other joys, the swot est and the best, For one short hour to live Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark.

The sunlight goldens many a hidden slo
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

Or peacetal steep'
And should another's head
Sleep on thy heart, and it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
Oh, darling! hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is; our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion clean.
Thank him death comes at last—a
goodby!

Self Conquered.

Go, if thou wilt, beloved, far from me— What way soever pleasure beckons thee, But make this heart thy refuge still, alway, The key is thine—none other's. Stray or stay, When thou art wearied in that chamber rest— When thou art grieved, and deemest quiet best.

When thou art glad or sad. My tenderness Shall shield thy moods of silence. None shall

guess
Thy presence there. Alasi what breaks my
Three times I tried to say, "Bring in thy
choice
Of one alone whose presence is most sweet,
And I that friend with gracious word will
greet."

greet."
Forgive, love, that I faltered. "Yea," I cry,
"Bring e'en that friend thou lovest—though I
die."

Whom first we love, you know, we soldom wed.
Time rules us all; and life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it outere hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear; Much given away, which it were sweet to keep.

God help us all! who need, indeed, his care.

And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his father's eager eyes, I know, And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best, God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear. Who knows the Past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been.
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all?

-Owen Meredith.

This is life's story from the first to last.

Tis far off things for which we ever pray.
The beauty that lies 'round us we see not,
But gaze with loving eyes across the bay.

—Florence A. Jones

The Hero.

Nay, never falter; no great deed is done By falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steadfast mind, The undivided will to seek the good; Tis that compels the elements and wrings A human music from the indifferent air. The greatest gift the hero leaves his race Is to have been a hero. Say we fall: We feed the high tradition of the world. And leave our spirit in our children broasts.

— Dwell.

THE WOMAN BOOK AGENT.

the Is Entitled to Consideration, Though She Gets but Little.

of all the wage earners of the gentler sex the woman book agent is most to be pitied. She, owing to her occupation, has to struggle not only against the usual trials attendant on a woman's starting out in life for herself, but she must oppose the tradition of years that has caused the people to regard her as an unmitigated nuisance.

Remember, dear "lady of the house."

how you would feel if the wheel of fates should revolve with sufficient speed to throw you on your own resources and you were compelled in order to eke out an existence to ring strange doorbells, interview sharp tongued and uncharitable members of your own sex, walk many a mile through dust or rain, your one shabby black gown growing shabber with each day's wear and going home at night with perhaps only one order, which means for all the hours of labor not enough to pay for a substantial meal. Of course it is very trying when your servant announces, "A lady in the parlor wishes to see you, ma'am," and you hastily don your most becoming tea gown, give your hair an extra bru: and twist, descend to the waiting stranger with your company manners on and find instead of the caller you, exceeded a

and you hastily don your most becoming tea gown, give your hair an extra bru: and twist, descend to the waiting stranger with your company manners on and find instead of the caller you expected a faded woman with the inevitable package or little hag who commence, at once on the beauties of the book she wishes to canvass.

No wonder you are cross and put out, but change places with her and would you not be the greater coward in her position? You are in your own house, she has edged in under false pretenses, for such has her vocation become that once let it be known that she is a book agent she will have the door slammed in her face. Therefore she must dissemble and enter your abode under the guise of a social caller.

She realizes your displeasure and talks all the harder to cover her own embarrasment. Tears may be very near the surface and the hands that struggle to untie the knots that bind her wares to gether may be trembling with nervousness, yet she must talk on. She must turge the sale if possible, and when at last she is perhaps not too politely shown the door she knows that the same ordeal must be gone through with many times before she can seek the shelter of the poor place she calls home and give up to the luxury of a good cry, for she is but a woman after all, with a woman's heart and tender feelings.

Of course the pushing, aggressive members of this body need no sympathy. They will get on in life no matter how many rebuffs come, but we make our appeal for the poor timid little woman who takes up this occupation as the only thing open to her, and who in her shrinking way endeavors to impress you with the value of her offerings.

Do not be too hard on the next one that calls upon you; if you cannot buy, at least be kind, for in the life of these women consideration is an almost un-

women consideration is an almost in known factor, and means more to then than you in the shelter of your own home with the world smiling upon you can ever know.—Philadelphia Times.

The summer Girl of 1892.

The summer girl this year is not a lawn tennis girl. She is just a plain croquet girl, as was the summer girl of twenty or more years ago. Her costume is dainty and picturesque and more feminine than that of the girl with the racket, and she shields her fair head with a softly tinted parasol, which enhances rather than endangers her beauty. Mallet and ball have knocked out racket and net; the spreading, half drooping leghorn hat of soft texture and creamy tint reasserts its sway over the "outing" hat of felt or the yachting cap of flannel for our garden parties, and the reason is obvious.

This is a warm summer—who ever knew a presidential summer that wasn'ts—and the activity of the sunbeaten tennis court becomes less alluring than 'thumbrageous croquet grounds. It is easier and pleasanter to arrange a little "accidental" grouping of two in cozy corners of the field, and more conducive to harmless little flirtation, good for the summer season only. Croquet is eminently a flirtation game, and as such commends itself to the young people. Who can blame them?—Utica Observer.

Women of the Astor Family.

Considering the vast fortune left by Mr. Astor, the women of the family are given but a beggarly pittance. Mrs. Astor's \$50,000 will not enable her to live as she has been living. With two immensely expensive establishments to keep up, one in Fifth avenue and one in Newport, she will have a struggle for existence. She will be obliged to dispose of a lot of horses, dismiss servants, cut here and curtail there in order to make both ends meet. I have already suggested that the Astor women should "get together" and make a determined stand for their rights, and I am still of the opinion that the point is well taken. They are decidedly getting the worst of it. They are apparently faring worse as the fortune gets larger, and the time may come when they will be forced to take in washing.—John A. Cockerill in New York Recorder.

Girls Who Were Not Afraid of Bears.
A smart young man in Walla Walla, Wash., started ont to have some fun by scaring two young women who were to return homeward through a wooded stretch of road after visiting friends in the evening. He put on a buffalo robe and started out to play bear. The girls attacked the supposed bear with heavy stones and then thumped it with clubs before the young man squealed. He was so bally bruised that he could hardly crawl home.—Exchange.

Pearls and Rubies in France.
In France pearls and rubies are far more fashionable than any other precious stones. Diamonds are chiefly worn sewed all over a velvet or silk ribbon, which is tied loosely around the neck.—
Pall Mall Gazette,

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