arms, Pathetic monuments of vanished men. erpents in stone, they wind o'er hill and dell 'Mid orchards long deserted, fields unshorn;

Forgotten, worthless to a race newborn.

Nearer than stones of storied Saxon name These speechless relics to our hearts should

No toiler for a priest's or monarch's fame, This farmer lived and died to shape a h

What days of lonely toil he undertook! What years of iron labor; and for what? To yield the chipmunk one more secret no The gliding snake one more sequestered s

So little time on earth; so much to do; Yet all that waste of weary, toilworn hands! Life came and went; the patient task is

through;
The men are gone; the idle structure stands.

—T. W. Higginson in New England Magazine

### THE BOGY MAN.

In 1715 a small slave schooner from the coast of Africa, bound for Virginia, was blown far out of her course, toward the north, and put in at the port of Bos-

The cargo consisted of little else than

ton.

The cargo consisted of little else than a few families of Congo negroes destined for the new plantations of Virginia.

New Englanders did not then feel any special abhorrence to slavery. If not regarded with positive favor it was not regarded with disfavor, and the slaver found little difficulty in disposing of his cargo of men, women and children to the good citizens of Massachusetts bay.

Among the purchasers was Mr. Lemuel Clark, owner of a large tract of land on the Merrimac river, in New Hampshire. Three families of negroes were bought by him and taken to his estate in the wilderness.

Once the tenant of an English baronial estate himself, he inclined to play the baron on his New Hampshire domain. A great stockade was built upon the eminence overlooking the Merrimac, and within the stockade, upon the crown of the hill, stood his large log house. Lower down, but within the stockade, were three cabins of the slave families and the more pretentions houses of the families of English barorrs who accompanied Mr. Clark to the New World. Back from the stockade and stretching to the foot of some cliffs that formed the abutment of a range of low hills was a wide expanse of level, cleared land, on which the estate raised its corn and postatoes. wide expanse of level, cleared land, on which the estate raised its corn and po-

tatoes.

Beyond the few charred stumps that
marked the edge of the clearing was the
forest stretching away as far as the eye
could reach.

As the Merrimac was one of the high
ways of maranding French and Indians

As the Merrimac was one of the high-ways of marauding French and Indians, the stockade was very strongly built, and from embrasures in its walls pro-jected three small brass cannon com-manding the sweep of the river in every direction. No fleet of canoes could safely pass the stockade by day. The importance of the place was so well rec-ognized that Mr. Clark held a colonial commission as major and the stockade was officially styled Fort Clark. The children of the fort made no dis-tinction between white and black. The little Clarks, Sanborns, Tennys and Marsdens played with the little Qua-shees, Cushees and Gambas upon terms of perfect equality.

Marsaens played with the fittle Quasshees, Cushees and Gambas upon terms
of perfect equality.

The children of both races whisked
from house to house. About the hearths
of the negroes the little Englishmen
listened with fascinated horror to wild
tales of devils and evil spirits, great
serpents, huge river monsters and the
gigantic manlike apes of the mysterious
continent of Africa; of bloody tribal
wars and human sacrifices to the heathen
gods. The little black boys learned of
the gay elves and gnomes, of dainty
sprites and fays of merry England, of
the good cheer of Christmas and the
sports of May Day. The rival story tellers strove to outdo each other in the
marvelous tales; but nothing so pleased
the children of both races as Sam Quashee's stories of the Mumbo Jumbo, for
in his native village Sam himself had
hear Membo Lumbo.

in his native village Sam himself had been Mumbo Jumbo.

The big Congo negro enjoyed telling how when a crime had been committed now when a crime had been committed by some person unknown, Mumbo Jumbo was called upon to detect the guilty one, was called upon to detect the guilty one, and how, mounted upon stilts, with a long grass cloak completely enshrouding him, a great false head fastened above his own head and a pair of wooden arms sticking out below it, he stalked about the village like a giant. The children delighted to hear of the Mumbo Jumbo marching up and down the paths of the African village, crowds of people dancing about him, beating on tomtoms and singing wild chants. And when Cushee and Gamba gave the battle yell of the cannibal tribe—for those were cannibal families—the satisfaction was complete.

were cannibal families—the satisfaction was complete.

Of the tales of the English merry-making, none pleased the little Africans so much as Philip Sanborn's descriptions of the May Day sports. The jollity of Christmas they knew, for Lemuel Clark was not a Puritan and kept the Christmas holidays, but they wished to dance about a May pole crowned with flowers. One Christmas night, as all the people of the fort were gathered in the big common room of the "great

his own children were not allowed to

his own children were not allowed to see.

The winter of 1722 melted into an early spring in New Hampshire. The rivers were free from ice in April, and the first cances that came up the Merrimac brought the news that war was declared with France. The weapons and defenses were duly looked to, but no precautions were taken, for it was a long month's journey through the wilderness to Canada; besides it was not likely the enemy would move at once.

May Day came at last and a tall Maypole decorated with wreaths of flowers and stripes of colored cloth stood in the broad stretch of greensward before the gate of the stockade. Around this pole the children danced and played old English games. A bountiful outdoor repast called the merrymakers from their fun. Hastily eating what was placed before them, the older negroes left the others at the feast. Going across the clearing they disappeared among the heaps of rocks at the foot of the craggy hills. All the mysterious things Sam Quashee had been laboring upon for the past months evidently were hidden in the cliffs. The children impatiently awaited the advent of the weird procession whose grotesque strangeness would cause them that delightful teror all children enjoy.

An hour passed, but as yet there were no signs of life about the heaps of rocks. The delay was unaccountable. San. Quashee's oldest boy, Bob, proposed that they start across the fields to meet the delayed procession. The other children enjoy.

Picking their way over the soft plowed land, they went toward the

started.

Picking their way over the soft plowed land, they went toward the hills, all the time on the alert, expecting to turn and flee at any moment before the approach of the Mumbo

"Why, they are not at the cliffs at all,' said Mary Clark when the children had reached the middle of the clearing. "Look over the edge of

clearing. "Look over the edge of pines."

Sure enough, they could see dark figures among the burned trees at the border of the forest hastily concealing themselves from the gaze of the little crowd so suddenly turned upon them.

"I saw 'em!" cried Luke Sanborn.
"One of 'em had a feather hat on. I could see it just as plain, but I didn't see anybody on stilts with a false face. Let's go over."
"It's too far away to see any stilts or false faces and we had better stay here." said Patience Tenney, the oldest of the group.

group.

Just at that moment there sounded from the fort the harsh blare of the trumpet used to call the laborers from the fields at mealtime. Looking back the children saw a sudden flash of flame, the children saw a sudden flash of flame, and a deep roar of a cannon reverberated among the hills. The next instant the crackle of musketry came faintly from the fort; a blood curdling war whoop burst from the edge of the clearing near them and three Indian warriors raised from among the stumps and came leaping toward them!

Almost before they could turn toward the fort loud drum peals sounded from the rocks at the foot of the hills. As if in reply to the war whoops there rang forth the wild, savage, African battle cry. There stalked forth into the clearing two immense, lideous giants, acing the same control of the control of the same control of the cry.

forth the wild, savage, African battle cry. There stalked forth into the clearing two immense, hideous giants, accompanied by four strangely bedecked creatures beating on tomtoms and screaming forth the battle cry of the Ansgari cannibals. Fearful, hige, red. distorted gashes of mouths, knobby, black cheeks, terribly staring white eyes, altogether diabolical faces had these two giants, stalking stiffly out of the clearing. Scarcely less terrifying were the bepainted creatures with moose horns rising above their heads, who leaped and danced along before the giants.

leaped and danced along before the giants.

Away, with loud shricks, the children rushed toward the fort. The Indians halted amazed. The giants and their attendants halted too. They had just discovered the Indians. They had thought the firing of the cannon a salute in honor of the day.

The Indians hesitated, and the Mumbo Jumbos hesitated.

But one cannot stand still on stilts.

The Indians hesitated, and the Mumbo Jumbos hesitated.

But one cannot stand still on stilts. The tallest of the Mumbo Jumbos staggered forward and one of the Indians turned and fied. The other giant advanced, the attendants struck their drums again, and again the horrid Ansgari war song pealed forth, and the second Indian followed the first. The third Indian dropped on one knge, and before the Mumbo Jumbos could turn he å va bead and sent a bullet crashing through the wooden forehead of Sam Quashee's mask.

The giant neither fell nor faltered, and with a cry of terror the last Indian rushed after his companions down the river edge.

Slowly, as befitting their brave con.

and with a cry or terror the last infinite rushed after his companions down the river edge.

Slowly, as befitting their brave conquests and the softness of the ground, the procession of Mumbo Jumbos passed across the field and through the gate of the fort where the children had just preceded them. The idols of Africa had overcome the redskins. The rising generation of Clarks, Tennys, Sanborns and Marsdens would never doubt that fact.

Meantime the white coated body of a French officer went floating down the river, and two canoes rapidly disappeared up the river. The attack upon Fort Clark had been repulsed. The war with France had begun.—Atlanta Con-

the people of the fort were gathered in the big common room of the "greathouse," Mr. Clark promised that the approaching May Day should be celebrated in English style. Philip Sanborn was pleased, but seeing a cloud upon the face of his rival story celler. San Quashee, he asked if the negro families might not have the afternoon of May Day for showing their native games and sports.

The request was readily granted, and on the next day Sam Quashee dragged to his cabin two well seasoned pine logs that had been left after building the stockade, and for weeks thereafter employed every evening in carying from the logs mysterious objects which even

A FALSE PROPHECY.

Would be prophets tell us
We shall not reknow
Them that walked our fellows
In the ways below!

Smoking, smoldering Tophets, Steaming, hopeless plaints! Dreary, mole eyed prophets! Poor, skin pledging saints!

Knowing not the Father, What their prophecies? Grapes of such none gather— Only thorns and lies! —George Macdonald in Cosmo

Paritan Small Boys.

In a book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the minor cases he tried as justice of the peace is this entry: "His Majesties Tithingman entered complaint against Jona and Susan Smith. that on the Lord's day, during divinservice, they did smile." They were found guilty, and each was fined five shillings and costs. But it was the "small boy" whose behavior in the meeting house provoked the Puritan elders

ing house provoked the Puritan elders to groan in chorus, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." The boy behaved badly because he was seated with other boys, instead of with his father and mother in a family

with his father and mother in a family pew. They were herded together on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and tithingmen and constables were appointed to watch over them, "and see that they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as meet."

In one parish it was ordered in town meeting "that there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting house, and fit persons by them and to use them." use them.

A Persian Mode of Punishment.

A Persian Mode of Punishment.

An extraordinary punishment is now in vogue in Persia. It was introduced by the present shah with a view to putting a stop to the petty pilfering that had had unbridled sway for hundreds of years. It consists in taking the culprit through the following "course of sprouts" and is said to be very effectual, especially when it has been applied to one guilty of the third offense:

The first time a man is caught in the act of stealing he is "bastinadoed" beaten on the soles of the feet with an iron rod) and made to sign a paper declaring that that will be his last offense. If he forgets this when the soles of his feet quit burning and tries it again, the second offense calls for the amputation of his right hand. If he is still obdurate, and goes at it left handed, the third and of course last resort is decapitation.—St. Louis Republic.

Arranging Pansles.

St. Louis Republic.

Arranging Pausics.
You must pluck pansies every day if you would have them bloom continually. There is not so great a field for their arrangement in the house as with many other flowers. I have a low, shallow, flaring basket of amber glass in which I lay them.

A pretty way to arrange them is this. Along the edge of a shelf, bracket, mantel or whatever it may be, put in a row of small vases straight up and down, little yellow match jars shaped like a mug without a handle (which you can find in any store where Japanese goods are sold), and into these put your pansies with faces upright looking over the edge, only three or four in each. There is room for all sorts of delicions combinations and contrasts of colors in this arrangement.—Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Many Languages in German Colonies.

arrangement.—Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Many Languages in German Colonies.
The Germans are trying to count the languages that are spoken in their colonial possessions. In east Africa they have found fifty languages, in southwest Africa, twelve; in Cameroons, twenty; in Toga, five or six. These figures do not include a large number of dialects which are almost equivalent in some cases to another language. The Germans have no idea yet how many languages are spoken in their South sea possessions, but they have thus far counted fifty. Their missionaries and agents are hard at work reducing the languages which are most used to writing and making dictionaries of them.—New York Sun.

New York Sum.

Bought Up Offending Organs.

A story is related of the composer Verdi that has to do with organs. One time a friend while visiting him was shown through the composer's home. When the door was opened into one room it was found to be filled with barrel organs of all sizes and patterns.

"What on earth are you doing with all these?" asked the astonished friend.

"Those are a few that have annoyed me with 'La Miseerer,'" answered the great artist, "and they will never do so again."—New York World.

A Natural Inference.
Teacher—When was Rome built, say,
Fritzchen?
Fritzchen—Rome was built in the

night.
Teacher—How do you make that out,
you silly boy?
Fritzchen—Because you always said,
sir, that Rome was not built in a day.—
Saphirs Witzblatt.

Massachusetts has given a last rest-ing place to two presidents, New Hamp-shire to one, New York to three, Penn-sylvania to one, Ohio to two, Illinois to one, Kentucky to one, Tennessee to three, and Virginia—the "mother of presidents"—to five.

A heavy plate glass shade, ornament ed with gold and securely locked to three staples set in the marble top of a pulpit in a church in Brussels, is said to cover one of the thorns which formed a part of the Saviour's crown.

More people were executed in England during the reign of King Henry VIII than ever before or since in the tight little island, the number reaching 71,400.

"Gentlemen," said one worthy noble-man, who loved to use the Devonshire dialect, "I wish to propose a toast; and that there is this here, 'Fox hunting!"

"Contagious diseases," says the old philosopher of the Canebrake region, "is sometimes gen'ly always ketchin."

FOR PARENTS ONLY.

He Was the Youngest Boy Ever Caned in School.

He Was the Youngest Boy Ever Caned in School.

I have just returned home from an evening at the play, or rather from visiting my friends, the Robinsons.

Robinson, an amiable man except when his shoelace breaks, sat alone and glum in the study. His teeth were clinched, his face was pale and he stared hard at the fire. He welcomed me with an effort and then forgot me. He is a business man and then forgot me. He is a business man and then forgot me. He is a business who know what they are in despair). I tried the drawing room and there found the two little girls crying, Mrs. Robinson on the couch, with her face to the wall. This was serious, and seemed to me to mean at least a "corner" in stocks. It was not stocks, however, my hostess told me from behind a handkerchief, it was Bobby. Had not her husband shown me "the letter"?

Bobby is the heir, aged seven. I softly withdrew from the drawing room and returned to Robinson, who, with trembling arm, handed me "the letter." It was from the master of a school to which Bobby goes by train daily, except during the birdnesting season, when other matters claim his attention. The letter read thus:

DEAR SIR—I regret to have to apprise you of the fact that I had today to cane your son

ing season, when other matters claim his attention. The letter read thus:

Dran Sire—I regret to have to apprise you of the fact that I had today to eane your so the fact that I had today to eane your so the fact that I had today to eane your so the fact that I had today to eane your so the fact that I had today to the fact that I had today to ease you pain, but the punishment will have a beneficial effect not only on him, but on the other boys of his age, whose leader in mischief he has been. They will no longer make a hero of one whom they have seen publicly chastised. The disgrace of the punishment, indeed, is The disgrace of the punishment test. The disgrace of the punishment test. The disgrace of the punishment had the the bearer of it to you.

"And where is Bobby at present?" I asked, when I had read this terrible letter. "Crying his eyes out In the nursery, no doubt," answered Robinson. "Of course I should have him here, but I can't face him —I can't face him. I flon't blame his master, but—My dear friend, think of id The youngest boy ever caned in the school! The marks won't wear off his hands for a week, and think of his agony of mind every time he looks at them! Bobby is a sensitive boy, otherwise I should not take it so much to heart. My hands, I assure you, are thighing as if I had been caned myself."

Mrs. Robinson was for the moment not

you, are tingling as if I had been caned myself."

Mrs. Robinson was for the moment not on speaking terms with Robinson, because he seemed to think that Bobby should continue to go to "such a school." If Bobby had misconducted himself, surely the blame lay with a master who did not understand that he was a boy who could best be ruled by kindness. She had never had the least trouble with Bobby. No, he was not in the house. He had ran out immediately after delivering the letter, and she had searched for him everywhere in vain. His pride had been broken. He would never be the same boy again. He was afraid to be looked at. He was no doubt hidden somewhere in the cold night, and he had not even on his greatcoat and he would catch his death of cold.

"If he does, mamma," asked the older cited briefstang. "will the master he

he had not even on his greatcoat and he would catch his death of cold.

"If he does, mamma," asked the older girl, brightening, "will the master be hanged? And, oh, do you think we could get tickets?"

The night was dark, so we lit a lantern and set off to look for the unhappy Bobby. At last we found him—in Mr. Mackinnon's stable. We looked through revices in the woodwork and this is what we saw:

Bobby in tremendous spirits was the center of a group of envious and admiring youths, some of them school fellows, others ragged lads of the village. If they began to brag Bobby stopped them short with, "That isn't nothing; you didn't never get caned."

"That isn't nothing; you didn't never get caned."

"Yes, I did, though," insisted one.
"Let me see your hand," retorted Bobby.
"Oh, ho! he won't, and 'cause there's not no marks on it."
"Let us see your hands again, Bobby,"
Bobby held out his hands as proudly as if they contained a diamond.
"By gum! I say, Bobby, come and play with me tomorrow."

"Let me walk beside you, Bobby, and I'll give you my crossbow. It's broke, but."

"Bobby, I'm the one you like best, ain't

"Bobby, I'm the one you like best, ain't.
In'"
"I'm the youngest he ever licked!" cried Bobby in a transport of delight. He began to strut up and down the stable.
"Well, then, you needn't bounce about it like that."
"I'm the youngest he ever caned! So would you bonnee if you was the youngest he ever caned."
"But, Bobby"—
"Look here, you chaps," broke in the hero of the day, "I amn't not to be called Bobby any more. You'll have to call me Robinson now. He called me Robinson when he caned me."
"Gum!"

"Gum!"
"And, what's more, I'm the youngest he

ever"—The other Robinson here retired with a hopeless look on his face. Mrs. Robinson seemed less humbled. I came home re-flecting.—J. M. Barrie in Harper's Maga-

Just the Place.



"Alice, fetch Tom into the fireplace. Here's fun. He can see the blue sky, an there's a cool wind on yer head."—Life.

Thirsting for Information Miss Gush (on board the yacht)—What are they doing, Lieutenant Goldbraid? Lieutenant Goldbraid—They are weigh-

"Down by a little running brook, I first met Maggie May," For Maggie owned a dairy and She made the business pay, —Excha

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