

A CANTER.

When the breath of the morning is cool and keen, And the smile of the sun in the heavens is seen, One may forget that the world has hills On a high mettle steed of the thoroughbred kind, With exultation the bosom thrills When taking a canter across the hills. When the body seems fettered in listlessness, chains, And the blood goes sluggishly through the veins, It is better than powders and better than pills To go for a canter across the hills. —Susie M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

A PULL FOR LIFE.

I was passing an evening with Jack Harlan, the noted landowner and speculator. The latter phase of his occupation, however, has come in later years. In the old times he was dependent on his daily toil for subsistence. He has a comfortable home now, a nice family and an assured income, so that he can afford to talk lightly of his past life while roughing it in the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin. "So you wish me to give you a little of my experience while looking land, Jim?" said Harlan. I assured him that nothing would please me better, since I knew he must have met with some interesting experiences during the long period of his timber life. Jack was not given to "blowing his own bugle," yet at times, under the mellowing influence of a hickory fire on a winter's evening, he would talk by the hour of the woods and his adventures therein. It was a blustery night outside, and Jack sat before the fire holding little Bess, his youngest child, and smoothing her dark ringlets with his big brown hand. I could see that he was in a reminiscent mood, so I waited patiently for him to speak. "Do you know, Jim," he said at length, "I was never frightened but twice in my life? I have met with many adventures, but nearly always I could see my way out somewhere, and managed to remain fairly cool through it all. But on two occasions I quite lost my head, and very nearly my life." I nodded as he ceased to speak, and he proceeded: "It was ten years ago last November that Dolph Wender and I set out on a two weeks' tramp, looking land in the region about the headwaters of the Muskegon. The weather was cool and the air bracing, just the season of the year for big game, so Dolph and I took along our Winchester, with plenty of ammunition. "We meant to bring down some game, even should we find plenty of timber on the land we had been sent to estimate. I was quite a Nimrod in those days, and would rather hunt than eat. "On the afternoon of the fourth day we halted on the bank of a large lake. The land we desired to look over, on which we were to estimate the amount of standing pine, was on the opposite side of the lake. To go around would be an all day's tramp, while across the water was a matter of only six or eight miles. "If we only had a boat, Jack," said Dolph, "we could save two days' tramp." "We must find one," I returned. "It's not likely this lake has ever been plowed by boats—Indian canoes, at any rate. I see a house over yonder, let us investigate." "We did so and found an old fisherman, who was the owner of a small skiff in good condition—just the thing for our purpose. The owner agreed to lend the boat on condition that we would return it soon. Of course we promised, and were soon launched upon the water. "We doffed our packs and laid them in the bottom of the skiff. We each had a belt, from which hung hatchet and cartridges. Our rifles we placed carefully in one end of the skiff. The craft was small and had but one set of oars. I was something of an athlete in those days, and so it seemed natural enough for me to take the first turn at the oars. Dolph promised to spell me when half our voyage was covered. "We had gone perhaps a mile from land when the wind rose and sent the white caps tumbling across the bosom of the lake. At the outset I enjoyed this. Our little skiff rose and fell like an ocean steamer on the Atlantic. Presently a great wave splashed over the side, nearly deluging Dolph. The wind was cold and cut like a knife, and I could see that my wet comrade was chattering with an icy chill. "Let me take the oars," he said. I shook my head. A strange thrill shot over me at that moment and I realized that we were in danger. Our only safety lay in keeping the skiff out of the trough of the sea. Each moment the waves rolled higher and the breeze stiffened to a gale. "Dolph crouched in the stern, his face blue, his teeth chattering. He was freezing, while I was perspiring freely. It was too late to turn back had we desired. The water scurried along our sides, splashing at times over the low gunwale. "I dared not look ahead, but kept my gaze fixed to the rear, upon the foaming water and receding shore. We must have been three miles out when Dolph cried in great alarm, 'We're sinking, Jack!' and I thought the same myself for the moment, as the stern of our craft seemed to sink down, until the great waves hung over us with awful threatening. A bucketful of water splashed into the boat, and then we rose on the crest of a huge wave. "We're all right yet, Dolph," said I, although the smile on my face was but a ghastly attempt at pleasantry. At length I found myself tiring under the constant strain at the oars. I looked longingly at Dolph. He seemed to understand and moved as if to rise to his feet. "No, no, don't," I cried sharply. "If

you get up now we are lost! Keep your seat. I will hold the skiff alone." The task was a harder one than I had bargained for, however. It was a very difficult matter to dip the oars properly in such a heavy sea. "It taxed all my coolness and knowledge of boating to hold the frail skiff straight across the boiling sea. A single misadventure now would send us to the bottom. When I realized this I confess I felt alarmed. It was yet a long distance to land, and I knew that, strong as I was, the situation was destined to test my endurance to the utmost. "I—I wish I could help you," chattered the blue lips of my companion. I made no reply, but set my teeth hard and urged the skiff more swiftly on its course. "The wind seemed to rise each moment. Great clouds of water splashed over my person and the hiss of the boiling sea seemed like the mocking growl of a hungry animal about to spring upon its prey. I breathed hard. I was tiring with the awful strain. "I faint would have called on Dolph, only I knew should I relinquish the oars for but one second it would end the struggle. I must sit where I was and hold the nose of the skiff out of the trough of the sea till land was reached else we were lost. Could I hold out? This was the supreme question of that terrible moment. "I was wet with perspiration, and my once stalwart frame trembled from my long and unrelenting exertion. I soon realized with a shudder that my strength was departing. It seemed to me at that moment that there was no possibility of our reaching land again. "I had on my heavy heaver coat, and a belt strapped about my waist, loaded with hatchet and cartridges. With these I should stand no show in the struggle for life in the water which at that moment seemed inevitable. I dared not drop an oar to lighten myself. At length I looked at my chattering companion and bade him remove my belt. He did not move, but seemed frozen in his seat. "In heaven's name!" cried I, "take off this belt, Dolph. It's heavier than so much lead." He moved then to obey me, trembling with the wet and cold. After some difficulty he managed to reach me, and with no little effort succeeded in removing my belt, which he laid in the bottom of the boat. "This seemed a slight relief, yet, as my strength was fast leaving me, I realized that it could be but a question of a very short time ere the struggle in the cold lake must begin. "Can you swim, Dolph?" I asked breathlessly. "Not a stroke," he replied, and then I realized all the more the dangers of our position. In such a storm it would be impossible to cling long to the boat when once it was overturned, as it must be the instant I should drop the oars. How long could I hold out? My hands were blistered and swollen, while my arms trembled from weakness caused by the terrible strain. "I caught the glance of Dolph's eyes. There was an appeal in them, combined with a look of such terror, I shall never forget. He seemed to read my thoughts and tried to appear cheerful and unconcerned. He even tried to strengthen me with words of hope. "We're gaining all the time," he said in an unsteady voice. "Hold out a little longer, Jack, and we are safe—just a little longer." "Just a little longer. Ah! I cannot tell you, Jim, what my feelings were at that moment, when it seemed that the last nerve in my body was strained to its utmost, ready to snap at any instant, while perspiration poured from me in streams. Just a little longer! I could not do it. I felt strangely, horribly weak. In vain I tried to nerve myself, to send new strength into my trembling arms. "I cannot stand this," I cried huskily. "Make ready for the plunge, Dolph!" "Hold on a little longer, Jack. You must! We're almost out of the billows. Hold fast, hold fast, Jack!" almost screamed my frightened companion. "I said not a word. I could not speak again if I would; I was too weak for that, and so clung numbly to the oars, and worked them like one in a dream. The waste of mad waters seemed like a dim, foggy, roaring Niagara, fast receding in the distance. "The white face of Dolph grew less distinct each moment; then came a terrible roar, like the crash of a thousand pieces of artillery, and a black pall covered the scene. All was over! "Something blinding in its glare next filled my vision. It was several moments before I was able to gaze about. I lifted an aching hand and felt beside me. It touched solid earth. I beheld several grim faces and the blaze of a fire. Overhead was a tent covering. "I was on dry land surely. At this moment the face of Dolph bent over me, and a smile filled his eyes, now no longer strained with an awful fear. "You're all right, old fellow," he said, with a hearty laugh. "Just as our skiff struck the shore you fell over like a log and I had some trouble getting you away from the water. These are fishermen and friends. Yes, the guns and ammunition are safe, providing the water hasn't spoiled them. Please lie still while I bring you a cup of hot coffee." "Ah! that was the happiest moment of my life. How soothing was the sound of the crackling fire and the smell of the hot coffee. Under the combined influence of these revived and was soon out of danger, although it was a long time before I recovered fully from that fearful experience. I shall not forget that ride on Forest lake to my 'qing day.'" —James McKinney Merrill in Yankee Blade.

Miss Marlowe's Birthplace.

Calbeck, England, is a quaint moorland town in the mining region of Cumberland. South-east of it is the famous lake region. Very near is Cocker-mouth, where Wordsworth was born; and farther to the southeast, under the "brow of the mighty Helvellyn," are Grasmere, where the poet and his sister lived so many years, and which was later the scene of De Quincey's wild dreams, and Keswick, the home of Southey and Coleridge. Just over this edge of the region which inspired the famous lake school of poetry was born, Aug. 17, late in the sixties, a child destined to reflect great credit on the player's art and to wear the deep regard of the American theater going public in the last decade of the Nineteenth century. The evolution of talent, or the sudden sprouting of the seeds of genius from apparently barren soil, is an interesting study to all intelligent men and women. The child in question, Sarah Frances Frost, has become well known to this decade as Julia Marlowe, and was an example of the developing of talent from what seemed to be an absolutely unprepared stock. Nowhere in the past of either family from which she sprang is discernible the line of generation which has given to the American stage one of the most charming personalities which graces it today. The childhood of little Fannie, as she was then called, gave no promise of the future. When she was five years old her parents immigrated from England, settling first in Kansas; but a year later they moved to Cincinnati, where the child was placed at school. There were soon noted some of the qualities that have since distinguished her. She was a show child, reading uncommonly well and possessing a good singing voice. It was the latter which resulted in her first appearance on the stage.—Mildred Aldrich in Arena.

Woman Under the Law. Marion Harland commands a halt in the claims of women for more rights, and yet a Boston lawyer says that under our present statutes a woman whose husband ill treats her is compelled to leave her home—even if she hires the house, pays the rent, owns the furniture, and does all the housework, while he is getting his living out of her—in order to put herself in a position to maintain action for separate support. He says a case has come to his notice where a woman so placed, under fears of threats made by her husband of tying her up and putting her in an insane asylum if she tried to leave him, planned to leave him by pretending to pay a visit "down east."

He consented to her going if his sister would keep the house in her place. The sister came and the wife left, but instead of going east went west and earned her living by her own work. A judge of the Massachusetts court has ruled that after such leaving she could not say that she was living apart from her husband for justifiable cause. The wife's testimony of ill treatment was corroborated by several witnesses, and her terror of his threats to declare her insane and confine her was known to them, but the court declared she had no case. The question of support is always with the judge, who can say one dollar a year if he likes.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Girl with Exquisite Skin. "Every night on retiring," said the girl with exquisite skin, "I splash my face with tepid water, softened with a handful of oatmeal. When I get up in the morning I bathe my face in cold water, and rub it five minutes with a piece of soft white flannel—enough to arouse sufficient friction to be visible, but taking care not to rub hard enough to produce roughness or a burning sensation. "I find that my face gets unmistakably dirty, so two or three times a week I wash it thoroughly in a pint of very hot water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of powdered borax and a half pint of rose-water. "Beyond these local applications I am a good exerciser. The open air, brisk walking and intelligent diet after all do more for the complexion than all other devices under the sun. "Avoid pastry, eat no bread but that which is made of unbleached wheat, keep the pores open and always remember that friction is essential to a healthy skin." —New York World.

Women and Trinity College. Trinity college, Dublin, with sublime indifference to such trifles as a general election, gave itself up for the whole of the week to an elaborate jubilation over its 300th birthday. But there is more serious business before it. Irishwomen are beginning to claim that the whole boom of higher education should not be reserved for men. They have organized a petition, signed by 10,000 women, to the board of Trinity college, praying that the tercentenary of the college may be marked by the auspicious beginning of a new era of increased usefulness for the signatures of eminent members of English and Scotch universities, who have seen the actual working of university education for women.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Her Costume Has Rattled the Dudes. A well known Bar Harbor cottager has shocked several people by each day appearing in what she calls "a sporty English frock." It is made with a tight fitting, paneled skirt drawn so closely over her form that not one curve, either awkward or graceful, is missed. She wears a high topped beaver hat, carries a whip and is followed by a litter of ten foxhounds. She has a host of male admirers among the dudes. They have given up eating their canes and have taken to chewing their eyeglasses.—Leviston Journal.

A tablespoonful of powdered borax dissolved in the bath will prove very invigorating as well as soften the water so that it will feel like velvet.

IT RAINED.

And They Had Only One Umbrella Between Them. It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts. A man and a woman emerged from a doorway glanced at the leaden sky and shivered. They had one umbrella. "Edwin," "Tootsy," "I don't mind it if you are with me." "What's a wetting with my sweet Tootsy?" "They started. He held aloft the umbrella and stepped proudly. "Waugh." "It was the woman who spoke. She had just discovered that one of the steel ribs above her was sending a stream of water into the flower garden on her hat. "Here, you boy. Let me hold it." With a vicious frown she jerked the umbrella from the man's hand. "Pity you don't know anything," she snarled. "It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts. The man and the woman advanced half a block in silence. "Woop." "It was the man who ejaculated. He had found a rivulet of rain running into his neck. "Gimme that." "Like a flash he snatched the umbrella from her grasp. "I'll give you some pointers," he growled. "It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts. The man and the woman proceeded twenty feet. "Will you kindly hold that umbrella so that a portion at least of the water will not run on my head?" "She was decidedly icy about it. "Hold it yourself if you can do any better." He was dogged. "I'd rather have no umbrella." "Walk in the rain then." "Prute." "Timp." "I'm sorry I married you." "So'm I." "I'm going back to ma's." "Good." "I'll catch my d-d-death of cold." She was waxing hysterical. "Run at as you like." "I was in bitterness who had loved devotedly. It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts.—Detroit Tribune.

A Natural Born Driver. Harlow—Yasas, I'm vevy fond of drivin'. Get it from my fathah. He was a vreat dwlver in his day.

OLD HARLOW DRIVING. —Harper's Bazar.

A Great Work. "It won't go through that door!" "Who said it would, madam?" "And if you can't get it into that room what are you going to do with it?" "You needn't get excited over it. What's the matter with taking the partition down?" "Who's getting excited? It'll cost something to take the partition down, won't it?" "Well, if you can think of any better way to dispose of it let's hear your plan, madam." "There's no occasion for alarming the neighbors, an' how. If you must have such a thing as this in the house why don't you build an addition expressly for it?" "You know well enough that!"—"Or why couldn't you have had it made so it would go through an ordinary door?" "Madam!" "Sir!" "I am going to have it moved into that room if it takes a whole month and costs a thousand dollars!" "Then you can have the premises to yourself, sir! I shall not stay here to see the house all torn up! I am going back to mamma's!" This family disturbance, gentle reader, grew out of the circumstance that a copy of the new Chicago city directory had been unloaded at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bil-liger McSwat.—Chicago Tribune.

An Indifferentist. I put aside the world and pride full many years ago For all the strife of earthly life but ends in futile show; Presumptuous man's weak aims and plans aren't worth a copper penny. So, wisely, I have ceased to sigh or struggle after any.

I do not care to know from where the protoplasm came; I never joke or drink or smoke, or play a little game; I do not yearn at all to learn the riddle of the Sphinx; I do not crave acquaintance with the missing link or links.

I don't expect to tridiseect an inoffensive arc; I wouldn't change a circle's range to make an angled mark; I'm not inquisitive about th' Aurora Borealis; I wouldn't seek a single week to find a Holy Chalice.

I do not care a simple hair who wore the iron mask; Who punished William Patterson I've never designed to ask; Who wrote the Junius letters doesn't bother me a particle; On the Presidential Outlook I do not read an article.

In all things I can crucify the flesh and quell the fire, And yet my whole, sad, earnest soul is fraught with one desire— One wild unrest within my breast still rages evermore, For still I yearn and ever burn to question, What's the score? —J. Edmund V. Cooke in New York Sun.

DEMOCRATS TO MEET.

Official Call for the Luzerne County Nominating Convention. Under authority of a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Democratic county committee of Luzerne county, held at Wilkes-Barre, the regular annual Democratic county convention is hereby called to meet in the city of Wilkes-Barre, on Tuesday, August 30, 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon to nominate candidates for the offices of: First, one candidate for congressman; second, one candidate for sheriff; third, one candidate for recorder of deeds; fourth, one candidate for coroner; fifth, one candidate for county surveyor, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it. Delegate elections will be held by the proper vigilance committees in each election district at the usual polling places on Saturday, August 27, between the hours of 3 and 7 and each election district is entitled to one delegate. A blank form of credentials has been forwarded to the judge of election of each district, and credentials must in all cases be made up on said form. In accordance with the rules of the party, the chairman and secretary of the county committee will sit at the Exchange Hotel, Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, from 7 until 10 o'clock in the evening of Monday, August 29, and from 8 to 9 on the morning of Tuesday, August 30, to receive credentials, issue delegates tickets and make up the poll for temporary organization. All delegates are requested to report promptly upon their arrival. T. C. Mullally, J. Ridgway Wright, Secretary, Chairman.

Convention of Tramps. A Lackawanna county paper says the Jermyn breaker and the locality nearby is a great rendezvous for tramps, and at almost any time a half dozen or so of the neversawes can be found there. Parties living in that vicinity have noticed during the past few days that an unusual number of tramps had congregated, and one party avers that he counted thirty there one evening. Word was brought to the police, and last night a raid was made. Only three were captured, but the officers found evidences that many others had been around. One of the men captured told the officer that the Pennsylvania tramps were preparing to hold a convention near Scranton. Headquarters were the Jermyn breaker, and the session was to open just as soon as a full representation would arrive. Last year the meeting was held at an old breaker near Hazleton and was attended by 250 tramps.

Ex-Senator Cox's Views. Interviewed recently about the coal outlook ex-Senator Eckley B. Cox said that this region was somewhat behind yet in its allotment, but would soon pick up and better times could be expected. The slight advance, he said, would be a great benefit and would enable both operators and employes to do better in the future. The way that coal had been selling in the past, and the risks met with in the production of it, did not bring the revenue that either were entitled to. He had no fear of the combine being a detriment to the mining of anthracite coal, but would help it along and make it more prosperous. Of course these things could not be done all at once, he said, and time must be allowed for them to shape themselves. In speaking of the world's fair he stated that he was now interested in helping the state to get up a coal exhibit, but could not yet say whether or not he would have one of his own at the fair.

Don't Miss This!

For if you do you will lose money by it. WE NOW BEGIN Neuburger's Annual Clearing Sale. We will offer our entire stock, which is the largest in this region, at prices that will astonish you. Call early if you are looking for bargains as this sale will last FOR TEN DAYS ONLY! During this time we will sell goods at prices lower than were ever before heard of.

In the Dry Goods department you can buy: Handsome dress gingham-print calicoes, 6 cents per yard; reduced from 10 cents. Apron gingham will be sold at 5 cents per yard. All the leading shades in double-width cashmere, which was sold at 15 cents is now going at 10 cents per yard. As handsome an assortment of Scotch and zephyr dress gingham as you have ever seen, which we sold at 20 cents, will now go at 12 1/2 cents per yard. Lockwood, best sheeting, we will sell at 17 1/2 cents per yard, reducing it from 25 cents. Fifty different shades of Bedford cord, Manchester chevron and Henrietta cloth, which were sold at 45 cents, will now go at 25 cents per yard.

Hosiery department quotes the following: Men's seamless socks, 5 cents per pair. Boys' outing cloth waists, 15 cents each. Men's outing cloth shirts, 20 cents each. Ladies' ribbed summer vests, 4 for 25 cents. Ladies' chemise, 25 cents. We have just received an elegant line of ladies' shirt waists and will sell them from 35 cents upward.

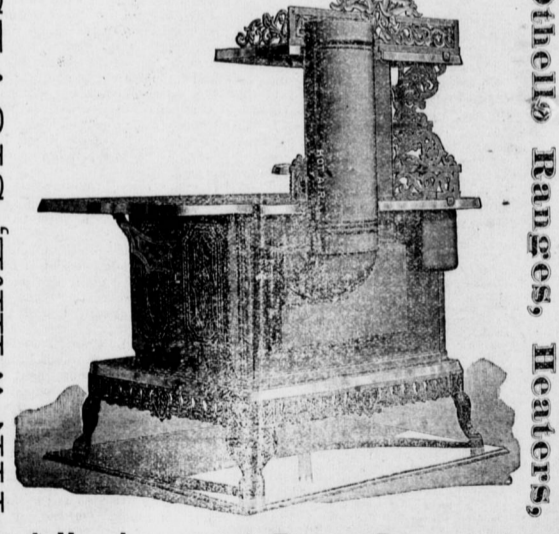
Shoe department makes the following announcement: We have just received a large consignment from the East, and have not yet had time to quote prices. But we will say that they will go at prices on which we defy competition. Call and examine them.

Clothing prices are marked as follows: We are selling boys' 40-cent knee pants at 25 cents. Men's \$1.25 pants are now going at 75 cents per pair. Boys' blouse suits, 50 cents. Men's \$6.00 suits reduced to \$3.00. Men's Custom-made \$9.00 wood-brown cassimere suits reduced to \$5.00. Men's absolutely fast-color blue suits at \$6.50; reduced from \$10.00.

We have lowest marks on all goods in our lines of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Notions, Etc.

Joseph Neuburger's BARGAIN EMPORIUM, P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland, Pa.

We Are Headquarters



And Hardware of Every Description. REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

We are prepared to do roofing and spouting in the most improved manner and at reasonable rates. We have the choicest line of miners' goods in Freeland. Our mining oil, selling at 20, 25 and 30 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods. BIRKBECK'S, CENTRE STREET, FREELAND, PA.

CHURCH DIRECTORY. BETHEL BAPTIST. (Lindsay's Hall) Front and Washington Streets. Rev. C. A. Spaulding, Pastor. Sunday School.....10:00 A M Gospel Temperance..... 2:30 P M Preaching..... 6:00 P M HEAVENLY RECRUITS. Centre Street, above Chestnut. Rev. Charles Brown, Pastor. Morning Service.....10:00 A M Sunday School..... 2:00 P M Love Feast..... 3:15 P M Preaching..... 7:30 P M JEDDO METHODIST EPISCOPAL. In charge of Rev. E. M. Chilcoat. Sunday School..... 2:00 P M Preaching..... 7:00 P M ST. ANN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC. Rev. M. J. Fallhee, Pastor; Rev. F. P. McNally, Curate. Low Mass..... 8:00 A M High Mass.....10:30 A M Vespers..... 7:30 P M Mass on Weekdays..... 7:00 A M ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL. South and Washington Streets. Rev. J. P. Buxton, Pastor. Sunday School.....1:30 P M Prayer and Sermon..... 7:00 P M ST. JOHN'S REFORMED. Walnut and Washington Streets. Rev. H. A. Benner, Pastor. Sunday School..... 9:00 A M German Service.....10:30 A M Praise Meeting..... 7:00 P M English Sermon..... 7:30 P M Prayer and teachers' meeting every Saturday evening at 7:45 o'clock. ST. KASIMER'S POLISH CATHOLIC. Ridge Street, above Carbon. Rev. Joseph Mazotas, Pastor. Mass.....11:00 A M Vespers..... 4:00 P M Mass on Weekdays..... 7:30 A M ST. LUKE'S GERMAN LUTHERAN. Main and Washington Streets. Rev. A. Beimler, Pastor. Sunday School..... 9:00 A M German Service.....10:30 A M Catechical Instruction..... 5:00 P M ST. MARY'S GREEK CATHOLIC. Front and Fern Streets. Rev. Cirilli Gulovich, Pastor. Low Mass..... 8:00 A M High Mass.....10:30 A M Vespers..... 2:00 P M TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Birkbeck Street, South Heberton. Rev. E. M. Chilcoat, Pastor. Preaching.....10:00 A M Sunday School..... 2:00 P M Prayer and Class Meeting..... 7:00 P M Epworth League meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. WELSH BAPTIST. (Donop's Hall) Walnut and Ridge Streets. Sunday School.....10:30 A M Prayer Meeting..... 6:00 P M Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE. Only \$1 if paid before September 1.