

GRUB STREET, LONDON, 1730.

O dingy street, where genius lit, Half clad, her torch, where Johnson's wit Plowed through the pretense of his time, Where Goldsmith built the lofty rhyme, And Savage died and Smollett writ.

Where Garrick, born to lead the pit, First made the royal buskins fit, And trod the tragic stage sublime; O dingy street!

A dreary street, no longer fit Starved authors in and out of it; They drudge no more in gloom and grime, In dens of death, in caves of crime, To kinder fates they now submit, O dingy street!

-J. N. Matthews in Albany Journal.

A METHODOICAL MAN.

Love worketh wonders, as hath been said by various wise men before the present writer manipulated the sentence on his typewriting machine.

It is remarkable that the T. P. (meaning the tender passion) should have turned the methodical man's methodicalness to his undoing, as nearly happened in the case of Mr. George Peters. Love should have nothing to do with a man during business hours. There ought to be a placard to this effect hanging up in all well regulated business houses:

Clerks in love are requested to the management not to think of the adored object between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

Now George Peters was a very methodical person for so young a man. When a letter got into Peters' hands it went through a certain routine, and the answer departed from him to the copying book, and from the copying book to the envelope, and the envelope, letter and all, with inclosures marked, went into the letter box with a regularity that nothing but the office clock could emulate, and even that, the clerks said, was not as regular as Peters, for they claimed it was always fast in the morning and mightily slow in pointing to 6 o'clock.

It is little wonder, then, that Peters stood so high in the confidence of old man Bentham. Bentham was Bentham Bros. & Co. There were no brothers and no company—that was merely the firm name—it was all Bentham. Perhaps there were once brothers and perhaps there was once a company, but that is all ancient history anyhow, and has nothing to do with this strictly modern story. And it did not interfere with the fact that old Bentham's name was a lovely thing to have at the bottom of a large check.

The clerks never speculated on the probable effect of love on Peters because it never occurred to them that such a thing as Peters falling in love was within the bounds of possibility. Love, they argued, was not an article that can be docketed and ticketed and referred back for further information and entered in the daybook and posted on the debit or credit side of a ledger, so what on earth could Peters do with it if he had it? Manifestly nothing. If they had known as much about human nature as you or I they would have surmised that when Peters did fall it was time to stand from under.

And who should Peters fall in love with but the very woman of all others whom he ought never have given a thought to—in other words, pretty little Miss Sadie Bentham, if you please. It made Peters himself cold when he thought of it, for he knew he had just as much chance of getting the moon or the laurel wreath as the consent of old man Bentham. The clerks always said that it was Miss Sadie who fell in love with Peters, principally, I suppose, because she should have known better, and I think myself there is something to be said for that view of the matter.

Anyhow she came to her father's place of business very often and apparently very unnecessarily, but the old man was always pleased to see her, no matter how busy he happened to be. At first she rarely looked at Peters, but when she did flash one of those quick glances of hers at him poor Peters thought he had the fever and ague. He understood the symptoms later on.

I don't know how things came to a climax; neither do the clerks, for that matter, although they pretend to. Besides, they are divided in their opinions, so I think their collective surmises amount to but very little. Johnson claims that it was done over the telephone, while Farnam says she came to the office one day when her father was not there and proposed to Peters on the spot. One thing the clerks are unanimous about, and that is that Peters left to himself would never have had the courage. Still too much attention must not be paid to what the clerks say. What can they know about it? They are in another room.

Peters knew that he had no right to think about that girl during business hours. He was paid to think about the old man and his affairs, which were not nearly so interesting. But Peters was conscientious, and he tried to do his duty. Nevertheless the chances are that unconsciously little Miss Sadie occupied some small portion of his mind that should have been given up to the concerns of Bentham Bros. & Co., and her presence where she had not the slightest business to be there rest of his mental machinery out of gear.

It is very generally admitted now that the sprightly Miss Sadie managed the whole affair. No one who knew Peters would ever have given him the credit of proposing an elopement—"accuse him of it," as Johnson puts it. She claimed that while she could manage her father all right enough up to a certain point, yet in this particular matter she preferred to negotiate with him after marriage rather than before. She had a great deal of the old man's shrewdness—had Sadie. He used to say he would not like to have her as an opponent on a wheat deal.

Then the clerks say—but hang the clerks! What do they know about it? As Farnam truly remarked, casting a gloom over the rest as he spoke, "You may say what you like about Peters, but you can't get over the unwholesome fact that none of us has got her."

The gallantry of this undoubted

truth was that each of the clerks thought himself a better looking man than Peters.

Well, to come to the awful point where Peter's methodicalness nearly upset the applecart. The elopement was all settled, Peters quaking most of the time, and he was to write her a letter giving an account of how arrangements were progressing. It will hardly be credited—and yet it is possible enough when you think what a machine a methodical man gets to be—that Peters wrote this epistle to his girl on his desk and put it in the pile of letters that were to be copied into the old man's letter box! The office boy picked up the heap at exactly the usual hour, took them to the copying press, wet the thin leaves and squeezed them in; the love letter next to the one beginning: "DEAR SIR—Yours of the 23d received and the contents noted."

Peters got the corner curled letters, still damp, and put them all in their right envelopes and Sadie got hers in due time, but did not know enough about business correspondence to know that her first love letter was written in copying ink and had been through the press.

Next day when old man Bentham was looking over the leaves of the previous day's letters he suddenly began to chuckle to himself. Old Bentham had a very comfortable, good natured, well to do chuckle that was a pleasure to hear. Even Peters almost smiled as he heard it. "Peters!"

"Yes, sir." "Have you all the letters, Peters, that these letters are the answers to?" "Certainly, sir." "There is one I want to see, Peters." "What is the name, please?" "Petty. I did not know that we dealt in this line of goods, Peters." "H. W. Petty, sir?" "I didn't know the initials. Here's the letter."

Peters was stricken. He was appalled—dumb—blind. The words "Darling Petty" danced before his eyes. He felt his hair beginning to raise. The book did not fall from his hand simply because he held it mechanically—methodically. Old Bentham roared, then closed the door so that the clerks would not hear his mirth.

"That's one on you, Peters. It's too good to keep. I must tell that down at the club." "I wouldn't if I were you, sir," said Peters, slowly recovering his senses as he saw the old man had no suspicion how the land lay.

"No, I suppose it wouldn't be quite the square thing. But of all men in the world, Peters—you! Why do you elope? Why not marry her respectably at the church or at home? You'll regret going off like that all your life." "Miss—she—that is—prefers it that way."

"Oh, romantic, is she? I wouldn't do it, Peters." "There are other reasons." "Father or mother against, as usual, I suppose. Well, you refer them to me, Peters. I'll speak a good word for you. But what am I to do while you are away?"

"I—thought perhaps—perhaps—Johnson would take my place." "All right, I can put up with Johnson for a week, maybe, but think of me and get back as soon as she'll let you."

If old Mr. Bentham did not mention it at the club he did at home. "You remember Peters, Sadie. No, no! that was Johnson. Peters is in my room, you know. No, the redheaded man is Farnam. He's in the other room. Peters has the desk in the corner. Staidest fellow on the street. Ever so much older than I am—in manner of course. The last man in the city you would suspect of being in love. Well, he wrote."

Sadie kissed him somewhat hysterically when he promised to say a good word for Peters, and said he was very kindhearted.

Besides, papa, you ought to have a partner in the business. There is no company, you know."

"Bless you, my child, what has Peters wedding to do with the company? He is taking the partner, not me. I can't take Peters into partnership merely because he chooses to get married."

"Oh, I thought that was customary," said Sadie. "There was no elopement after all. The clerks say that it was the conscientious Peters that persuaded Sadie out of it. But as the old man found he had to give way it came to the same thing."

"Sadie," the old man said, "I think I'll change the name of the firm. I'll retire and it will be after this, 'Bentham, Husband & Co.'"—Luke Sharp in Buffalo News.

An Odd Way of Saving the Hair. Among the Sakkaras the women twist their hair into flat braids, which are literally covered with cowry shells or beads, and the ends are then gathered above the head, forming a sort of bunnet. The whole is drenched liberally with palm oil and sprinkled with red powder. At night the women go to sleep with their necks resting in a concavity that has been dug out of a small log, thus keeping their headwear from touching anything and thereby being disarranged. Sometimes this uncomfortable pillow is hollowed out, the top of it being a lid, which when lifted off discloses a receptacle in which are kept the hairpins and other objects of the toilet.—New York Sun.

Had Treated Them. A collection of cholera germs was exhibited with microscopes at a meeting of male and female doctors in the Academy of Medicine one night. They had been prepared by Dr. E. K. Dunham and colored with aniline dyes in order that they might be observed to the best advantage. Some of the women pretended to be a little nervous about going near them, and one roguish looking young woman remarked: "You are sure that those are not live germs, doctor? I do not want to catch the cholera." "The germs are dead," said the doctor, gravely. "I dyed them myself."—New York Times.

The Same Boy.

If your boy amounts to a continental you will notice that when he comes home evenings now his lips are stained a yellowish brown and his fingers are a color of a fresh Egyptian mummy. You know what it means. You have had the same outlandish color on your own hands, no matter how white and soft they may be now. Boys are boys the world over, and the boy of today manages to get out among the thickets in the creek bottoms, much as the boy has done for years and years. In the creek bottoms butternut trees grow—large trunks, broad, sweeping branches, sticky, queer fruit and ample shade. By some strong but wise provision of nature butternut trees always grow along the creek banks, and stones are plentiful in the streams. They are plentiful also beneath the butternut trees, for many generations of boys carrying big flat stones to points where they would do the most good have brought Mohammed and the mountain close together.

When your hopeful comes home with his fingers brown and his face looking like a yellow fever patient's he has only been down to the creek bottoms. He has been climbing the crooked trunks and out upon the strong limbs of the butternut trees. He has stolen the developing milky fruit not yet ripe, but delectable, nevertheless, as the lips of a bride. He has gathered his store beneath the tree, and with a flat stone to hammer on and a carefully selected stone to hammer with he has sat and robbed the nut of its kernel and its stain. It is not very satisfactory to the appetite. It is a good deal on the green apple order of feasting. The stains hang on the boy's hands for weeks. But what's the difference? Boys have eaten green butternuts since there were boys, just as ostriches eat glass or billygoats chew circus posters off the dead walls. Nobody can account for it any more than we can tell why a pig runs about with a wisp of hay in his mouth before a storm, or why a dog turns around before he lies down. It is enough that it is so.—Bradford Era.

In the Grasp of a Boa.

"I have been in some pretty close places," said David Mann, a member of the Munchausen club, that was reciting some thrilling adventures in the corridors of the Laclede. "When a boy of sixteen I left home between two nights and went on a cruise to India. Returning we had aboard the agent for a managerie and quite a collection of beasts and reptiles that he was bringing home for the great moral show. One night a boa constrictor, measuring eight feet, slipped his cable and went up the mainmast without anybody suspecting his escape. I was ordered aloft for some purpose, and in the darkness ran right onto the monstrous reptile. As my hand touched the great folds I came near falling out of the rigging. I did not know what it was, but I instinctively felt that it was something terrible. His snakeship did not leave me long in doubt, however, for he took a turn around me, lifted me from my feet and held me aloft as a sportive elephant might a small boy. "My head was within two feet of the monster's mouth, and I felt as if every bone in my body was snapping. Yell! The Confederate yell was a whisper to the ones I gave. His snakeship began to descend with me, evidently intending to make a meal of me on deck. The mate flashed a light on me, and when he saw the situation was so frightened that he rushed off and locked himself in the room. The boatswain was made of sterner stuff, however, and he came to my assistance with the carpenter's broadax and nearly cut his snakeship in twain at the first blow. He dropped me and I got a fall that nearly finished me. The boa dropped to the deck and went writhing up and down, lashing things right and left, while the crew pumped musket balls into him, despite the tearful protests of the agent, who insisted that he was worth \$2,000 laid down in New York."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Difference.

"Whoa there, I say; whoa, you brute!" The man jerked his horse savagely, pulling him right and left for the simple reason that when he had left the poor animal a moment it had moved toward a spot of grass, which it began to nibble, when it was reined up by its angry master. "At the same moment another man who had stopped his team opposite was lifting a dozen jolly boys and girls from his truck and dropping them gently on the grass. "Thank you, mister," they chorused as, smiling, he drove away. Out of the goodness of his heart he had treated them to a ride. His neighbor vented his bad temper on his horse. The conditions of the men were parallels, but their souls were as far apart as the poles. Smiles and scowls indicate the moral temperature.—Detroit Free Press.

An Error in the Lord's Prayer.

A party of gentlemen were the other evening discussing literary subjects when one asked another to point out the grammatical blunder in the Lord's Prayer. Half a dozen tried; some thought it lay in the words, "which art in heaven;" others placed it elsewhere, but not one detected it in the expression, "For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory." To be perfectly correct the word "is" should be "are," but people have used it in the present form so long that they never think of regarding it as a blunder. There are teachers who say such an expression is right, because it sounds right, but reverse it and say, "The kingdom, the power and the glory is thine," and the fault is soon perceived.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Summer Without Night.

To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during a greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies hidden in the frozen north are not hours of darkness—the refraction of his rays as he passes around the north pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday, and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night."—St. Louis Republic.

A Good Reason.

First Boy—Why do they call all goats billygoats and nannygoats? Why don't they call 'em George goats an Johnny goats and Jimmy goats, an so on? Second Boy—Why, goats looks so much alike you can't tell 'em apart, so wot's the use of havin different names?—Good News.

Good in Theory, but—

Mrs. Newage—Why don't girls learn their father's business and be independent? One Girl—Please, ma'am, my father is a telegraph lineman.—New York Weekly.

The Electric Fire Engine.

An electrical application, which is only waiting until electricity can be as extensively distributed as water to be generally adopted, is the electric fire engine. It is even now being used to a limited degree. In an experiment at the late Crystal palace electrical exhibition the motor was worked on a circuit at a pressure of 105 volts. With this pressure, when running at about 450 revolutions per minute, the pump propelled a jet of water from a 1-inch nozzle to a height of 15 feet, the water pressure being seven and a half pounds per square inch. With two delivery hose pipes on at once, having nozzles respectively one inch and seven-eighths inch, the motor ran at 550 revolutions per minute and the pressure was forty-five pounds to the square inch, the two jets rising to a height of about eight feet. The combination of an electric motor and a pump has manifest advantages over the steam fire engine, provided a supply of current is available.

In the case of the latter it is always necessary to keep up steam, so that time will not be lost when an alarm is sounded, and the fact that the motor is instantly ready for service as soon as a current is turned on makes it obviously better adapted to many conditions. It is beyond question that the day will soon come when the distribution of electricity will be so general that the pump operated by an electric motor will be the most important piece of fire fighting apparatus.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Russian Fatalism.

One day a Russian village official was riding with me in search of some strayed horses. The black soil was like dust, and he sighed heavily as his mare sank in the light stuff. "Ah," he said, "what land is this? It is like a woman broken with sorrow. How can she find food for her child?"

"Has it been so all summer?" I asked. "Not so, indeed. There was frost in spring, and men said 'Frost and fair weather.' But then came the dryness, and though mass was said in the fields, it went to nothing. And then we dug up the drunkards!"

"The drunkards, your honor. Often it is, that when the drunkards are pulled out of their graves and flung into pools of water, that rain will come; we know not why. But not only rain came, but hail and fierce storm and fire, and withered the little that was green. Then after that, dryness again and now," he shrugged his shoulders, "the famine."

"Must there be famine?" I asked. "Surely," he said with a smile; "the grain we have is soon eaten, and then what?" "Will no provision be made for the future?" "Who should make provision? Now we can buy much and eat much; afterward—well, the little father will not see us die!"

So depending on the czar and public charity, they rest content in making no provision for the future.—Temple Bar.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

The Touchstone.

I told mine enemy the truth. His brow At first grew stern, and from his angry eye The lightnings flashed. But soon he spake: "This now is my touchstone." I see I judged you falsely. Wrong was I Forgive me for the past, and let us forth To roam thro' peaceful meads, all strife at once!"

So arm in arm we went—no longer wroth— The truth had made mine enemy a friend! I told my friend the truth. He bravely smiled, And with a gracious courtesy averred, "Your candor pleases me!"—yet "neath his mild And glad exterior a something stirred, Which plainier said than words: "We are estranged."

Forevermore, Your lance hath wounded me Past all redress! Love had to hatred changed: The truth had made my friend an enemy!—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

My Pleasin. I mourn no more my vanished years, Beneath a tender rain— An April rain of smiles and tears— My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low I hear the glad streams run, The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind I look in hope or fear, But, grateful, take the good I find— The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land, To harvest weed and tare, The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff: I lay Aside the tolling car; The angel sought no far away I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue eyed gentian look Through fringed lids to heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south wind softly sigh, And sweet, calm days in golden haze Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that breathe the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal— To build as to destroy— No longer heart for others feel That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved Have marked my erring track; That whoso'er my feet have sweared His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence Of love is understood, Mingling the springs of time and sense Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last, Through Memory's sunset air, Like mountain ranges overpast In purple distance fair;

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