On Tintagel's fortressed walls, Proudly built, the loud sea scorning, Pale the moving moonlight falls; Through their rents the wind goes m

Through their reuse such that, so your ancient home, chafed and spoiled and failen asunder! Hear ye now, as then of old, Waters rolled and wrathful foam, Where the waves, beneath your graves, Snow themselves abroad in thunder!—Laurence Binyon in London Academ

MEETING A POET.

I was busy one bright September morning packing my trunks for my fall morning packing my trunks for my fall removal from my uncle's house in the country to the marble fronted hotel on Broadway that numbered me each winter among its immates, when my cousin Adelaide came dancing into the room and commanded me to give up all thoughts of a journey for three months at least.

And why, pray?" I asked. "You know I have to go out west after I reach New York. Come what may, I must see an Indian summer on the prairies."
"Bother the prairies and the Indian summer, too!" cried Adelaide, taking a

stetter from her apron pocket and waving tin the air. "Look at the signature." I did look, and I might have been cooking to this day for all the information I got; but Adelaide grew impatient, and snatching the letter from my hand exclaimed:

"MY DEAR FIGURD—I am coming into the country for a month or two; my doctor positively forbids my staying in New York during the fall. Remembering our old schoolboy league I have eelected W—as the place of my exile, and shall be there on the 20th—wind and weather permitting."
"What do you think of that?" asked Adelaide, making large eyes at me over the top of the letter.

the top of the letter.
"I have not heard anything yet to

"Wat a moment—I'll finish. as ever, yours faithfully"—
"Well, go on."

"'James Quitman.'"
"James Quitman! You are mad, Ad-

"James Quitman! You are mad, Addie—he can never be coming here."
"There is the letter—father has always known him, it seems; it is the poet, and we are to have him stay here all the time. Father is to meet him at the station tonight, and not let him go to the hotel on any account. Won't people stare when we walk into church next Sunday?"

Sunday?"

I closed the lid of my trunk in the twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so often longed to see, the man over whose tender verses I had made myself a Niobe scores of times—was it possible that the same roof was going to shelter us both? Dinner was a thing unthought of in the house that day, and my uncle lunched meekly at one of the china closets off cold ment and bread and preserved strawberries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream as strawperries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream as a suitable pendant to the work in which we were engaged. Nothing less ethereal would we partake while fitting up that

By 4 o'clock that afternoon our labors were ended. The house was like a bed of roses; they blushed and bloomed were ended. The house was like a bed of roses; they blushed and bloomed everywhere, and their fragrance was delicious in the upper chamber. My favorite pictures had been unpacked and arranged upon the parlor walls. Everything was perfect. The teat table sparkled with silver and cut glass; flowers wreathed the dishes of preserved fruit, and cake and wine for the evening were ready on the sideboard, to say nothing of some delicately tinted ice cream which was still undergoing the process of "freezation" in the cellar. Of course the train was late that night. Trains always are late when we are expecting any one by them, and Addie and I had time to work ourselves into a feverish state that gave us some very becoming red cheeks. We heard the whistle of the train, and five minutes afterward, a carriage stopped before the gate. The poet had come!

He climbed out of the carriage like a creak-sidewise and continue when

He climbed out of the carriage like a He climbed out of the carriage like a crab—sidewise—and, coming up the graveled walk toward the front door, presented to our admirring eyes the figure of a stoutish, middle aged man, with dark eyes and hair and a very pleasant smile. He did not wear a Spanish cloak and a sombrero—he was clad in linen garments and thatched with a rough looking straw hat that had evidently seen service. We heard him as he came up the walk.

looking successes seen service. We heard nime with walk.

'Very pretty house, Tom; very pretty house. Those girls your daughters, hey? I see they've got those horrid city fashions—low nock and short sleeves. If fashions—low neck and short sleeves. If

I had a daughter I'd sew her dress to her ears."

Addie and I looked at each other in consternation and barely managed to give him a civil greeting as he crossed the threshold. Was this the man who had raved about his Lydia—

That bosom, white and fond and fair. I would I were the enamored air. To traint and fall in passing there.

Low necks, indeed! I sat beside him at the tea table, as had been previously arranged, and saw that all things were within his reach. Never did Hindo did was found with the skull nearly clother though, for the matter of that, his appetite quite took away my own. He was a regular Dr. Johnson for teastrawberry preserves pleased him, and soda biscuits vanished before his attack as green things before the march of a cloud of locusts. Heaven knows he had one qualification—a stomach!

Teo over, we adjourned to the rose scented parlors, and the volume on the center table caught his eye. He took it up, turned over the pages, laughing now

and then to himself, and finally tossed

it back carelessly.

"The unconsciousness of genius!"
whispered Addie in my ear, just as
he turned upon us.

"Who owns this book?"
I modestly answered that I had that
great pleasure.

He helped himself to an ice.

There was no reply. The two gentlemen resumed their political discussion, waxing so warm in the defense of their waxing so warm in the defense of their favorite views that they were in a fair way to clear the tray between them. Addie caught up the contemned volume of poems and vanished from the room. I followed her. She fled up the stairs like a fairy, and I found her in the poet's chamber, stripping the roses from the vases with frantic haste.

"What on earth are you about?" I asked, halting on the threshold in amazement.

ment.

"He shall not have one of them," she said, half crying. "His curtains shall not be looped up with them—I have a great mind to tie them back with rope yarn. To think how we worked all the day to give him pleasure, and after all he only cares about eating and drinking, and being an alderman. Oh, it is too bad!"

and being an alderman. Oh, it is too bad?'

I burst out laughing and ran down stairs. The contrast between our dreams of the poet and the poet as he was was rich. I had to wait a moment in the hall to get my face into "company order," and then, pushing open the half closed door, I went back into the parlor At first sight I thought it was empty. The chairs were pushed away from the table, and there was a faint smell of cigars—had they actually been smoking there? No: I heard my uncle pacing up and down the garden, as was his wont each evening, and the fragrance of the weed came that way, but he was alone. Where was the poet?

I caught sight of him at last, sitting at the open window with the rose colored curtains falling in soft folds around him. The moon was up, shining gloriously upon the grassy yard beneath him; the night wind rustled in the leaves of the maples above his head. Addie, coming into the room, paused at the sight of my uplifted finger on the threshold.

It had been all a "sham" then! Our

It had been all a "sham" then! Our poet, though a hearty eater, still retained his love of the beautiful. What on earth had made him talk such heresy, when he sat rapped in enjoyment, never stirring, scarcely breathing, as one watched that glorious moon? I would steal softly to his side, pause, try to convict him and make him recant all the fibs he had told about these beautiful blossomings of his youth—the poems. The carpet was thick and soft, and it muffled my footfall effectually, and I stood beside him unnoticed. His face was hidden by his arm. Iheard a choking sound—he was weeping. My heart melted in a gush of pity; I laid my hand upon his shoulder as sympathizingly as I could; he started a little; his head settled down upon one side, exposing his It had been all a "sham" then! Our

I could; he started a little; his head set-tled down upon one side, exposing his face; the mouth opened, and—he snored! The next morning I started on my trip to the west, and from that day to this I have never met a "poet."—M. W. G. in New York News.

New York News.

Several Strange Dreams.

A farmer's wife dreamed that she was walking near the house of a rejected lover—one O'Flanagan—attended by a beautiful hound, of which she was fond, when a raven dashed at him, killed him, and tearing out his heart flew away with it. She next imagined that she was running home, and met a funeral, and from the coffin blood flowed upon the ground. The bearers placed it at her feet, opened the lid and exhibited her husband, murdered and his heart torn out. She awoke, as might be expected, in great terror. But here follows the most incomprehepsible part of the narrative. Her husband entertained an idiot cousin in the house, and he in doggeral rhyme repeated the very same dream to a gossip to whom the farmer's wife had related hers.

That very night the farmer was mur-

er's wife had related hers.

That very night the farmer was murdered, and the next morning the poor idiot, to the horror of all, exclaimed, as he rose from his bed: "Ulick"—Ulick Maguire was the farmer's name—"is kilt! Shamus dhu More kilt him!" [Shamus dhu More kilt him!

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



to it like a duck to water. Her first speaking part was in "Editha's Burglar," and then came "Raglan's Way," with Edwin Arden, and in the summer of 1890 Baby De Grignau appeared with Rosina Vokes at Daly's. Rose Coghlan next had petite Julia in "Peg Woffington" at the Columbus theater in Harlem. The baby actress joined the Kendals in October, 1891, and played with them in "The White Lie." One of her most successful appearances was at the such a furore in running a booth and in selling pictures of herself that one gensetting pictures of nerseit that one gen-tleman gave her a magnificent doll, and others loaded her with candies and sweetmeats. Julia remained each night until the final curtain was rung down.

Baby De Grignau is fortunate in having a stanch personal friend in Commodore Gerry. He pets her and tells her—the probable truth—that she will become a famous actress. She does not dance or sing, so the head of the S. P. C. C. allows himself to admire her and protect her. Julia's father is French; her mother German-American. Mme. De Grignau says the baby gets her dramatic bent from her father, who once tried opera, but gave it up for reasons of health. The De Grignaus were well known on the French stage. Julia says she has no favorite part. "I like them all," she declares.—New York Press. Baby De Grignau is fortunate in hav-

Looking After Her Kitten.

The other day in Beekman street a motherly looking cat was calmly sitting on the curb watching the antics of her four kittens, which were having a glorious time rolling about and mauling one another. The kittens kept at their sport for some time. Suddenly one of them, tiring of further play, wandered away toward a large paper bag that was fluttering in the wind on the walk. Nosing around the bag he presently espied an opening into which he crawled. The attention of his fellows was soon directed to the new attraction, to which they speedily hastened, and entering one by one the four kittens quickly found themselves housed in this unusual domicile. They made no effort to leave it, observing which the old cat, who kept an eye all the time on the maneuvers of her progeny, walked toward the bag, smelled and looked within its interior, and seeing her kittens at rest she picked up the parcel with her teeth, and walking down the street disappeared in a hallway with the bag and her tots inclosed.—New York Sun.

Swing Away, Eaby.

Swing Away, Baby.
Swing away, baby, in the tree top;
Though the wind blows, I've no fear that you'll

Though the wind blows, I've no fear that you'll drop;
Should the bough break it won't matter at all,
Others below you can catch in your fall.

Swing away, baby; your little fist Shows how your forefathers used to exist; In your wee fingers a Robinson sees Proof that your ancestors lived up in trees.

Swing away, baby: if your hand grows Tired you can rest it by using your toes, Ere boots and shoes have distorted the sh Due to the ancient quadrumanous ape.

Swing away, baby. Monkey and man Both have been made upon one common One missing feature you'll live to bewai Only a rudiment's left of your tail.

Swing away, baby, swing! You have not Need of a cradle, a crib or a cot,

Patching Up the San Marco Lion.
One of the most wonderful pieces of mechanical work ever undertaken by human hands has just been completed abroad. The celebrated landmark of Venice, the lion of San Marco, has during the past three months been greatly missed from the top of the mighty column of the Marcus place by strangers when an examination of it was made, it was found that the statue had fallen into more than fifty pieces, which were liable to come down at any moment. This discovery gave rise to a desire of the part of some of the city fathers to transfer the original lion to the Civil museum and to make for the column an exact copy of the historical monument. But the Venetians were strongly op-

exact copy of the historical m But the Venetians were stre posed to this, and argued that the original lion should remain in its place. Thereupon Signor Luigi Vendrasco devised a plan to repair the damaged monster. With infinite labor and care the decayed statue was lowered to the ground and its fragments carried to the arsenal. The experiment by which it was thought the loose pieces could be reunited by a smelting process proved a failure. Giovanni Bontempi, one of the finest mechanics of Venice, was called in, and resolved to repair the fallen hero by welding the pieces together in the presence of several of the municipal of-ficers. ed to this, and argued that th

ficers.

More than 250 screws were used to re-unite the separated pieces of metal, and the cracks and interstices were filled out with an inside lining of bronze. This difficult piece of work was brought to a happy close with marvelous skill. Nothing can be seen of the repairs ex-ternally, and as of old the lion of San Marco bids the stranger welcome as he enters the beautiful City of the Doges. —St. Louis Republic. -St. Louis Republic

A Bit of Bangor Property.

There is one piece of real estate in Maine which is entailed so far as such property can be in this country. It is known as Dundee, and is situated in the town of Limington. In 1668 Francis Small bought it with other lands from the Indians, the original deed being yet preserved in the family. Having descended from father to son for several generations. Humbhrey Small nurchased generations, Humphrey Small purchased a small section of his father's land, which he named Dundee, and he stout-ly affirmed that Dundee should remain in the ownership of the Smalls forever, and that it should be allowed to become

and that it should be allowed to become a forest again. Twice he was offered more than double its value, but although hard pressed for money he remained true to his declaration.

On the 28th of November this property will have been in possession of the family 224 years, and to commemorate this and also to celebrate the centennial of Limington, which was organized in 1792, the family had a reunion and picnic recently. Next year they propose to celebrate their 225th anniversary with a larger gathering, to include all of the Small family that can be gathered together.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

Architecture at the Fair.

The architectural standards of the average man are the best buildings he has seen. To show him the possibilities of beautiful construction is to enlarge his aspirations and make him dissatisfied with inferior jobs. He might cross the seas and travel thousands of miles without getting so effective an architectural lesson as he will get at Chicago. He will not only see admirable buildings there, but he will also see some pretty bad ones, and having the good and the bad side by side he will have so much the better chance of learning which is

which, and wherein consists the excellence or inferiority of either.

The fair buildings have cost a great sun of money, and most of them are only for temporary use, but we miss our guess and our hope if they do not prove in the end one of the most beneficent educational investments that have been made in this country, and as lasting in their ultimate results as stone and iron could have made them. — Harper's Weekly.

Weekly.

The Nearest Star.

One of the most clearly defined figures in the sky is the Northern Cross, which you will find at about 8 o'clock now directly overhead. It would be hard for you not to identify it. The head of the cross, the bright star Deneb, is toward the northeast, and the foot, Albireo, is toward the southwest. Thus the whole figure lies along the milky way. The cross has no special mythological history, nor indeed has the constellation Cygnus (the Swan) of which it is a part. But Cygnus is famous for containing the star that is nearest to us of all the stars seen from this hemisphere, sixty-one Cygni, as it is called. It is a faint star immediately under Deneb and in the direction of the Square of Pegasus. The astronomers have obtained the parallax of this star with something like accuracy, and they find that it is about 650,000 times as far from us as the sun is distant from the earth.—Philadelphia Times.

Missionaries in Scotland.

Missionaries in Scotland.

It seems odd to think of missionaries going to Scotland, the home of the Covenanters, to convert the savage inhabitants to Christianity. At Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, there was found a few days ago one of the old "hillside crosses" set up by the early missionaries who went to the lowlands from Iona. who went to the lowlands from Iona. or Ireland, to mark the spots where they first preached Christ to the heathen Scots. This interesting cross is of red sandstone, 48 inches long, 14½ inches across the widest part, and 4 inches thick. Its arms are 26 inches in length, or were, for one is broken off. Rude inscriptions are carved on the cross.—London Letter.

Wanted Long Dresses.

Little Girl—Fil be awful glad w'en I'm old 'nough to wear long dresses.

Mamma—What do you want long dresses for?

Little Girl—So I can climb trees wifout showin zee holes in my stocisins.—Good News.

A Nine Cent English Stamp.

A new stamp is to be issued in Great Britain of the value of fourpence half-penny—nine cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes. It will be the first stamp issued of this value, and its issuance is called for by the new features of telegraph and parcel post business.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Wanted-A Situation

Ef anybody ast me what's the thing I'd ruthes do,
Puvidin I could have my pick o' jobs,
I guess the work my natur' would the soonest
tackle to
Is shellin corn an pilin up the cobs.

Is significant an pinn up the coss.

I'd want the corn fetched in an biled afore it got its growth, An left to dreen awhile upon a platter;

An I'd want some salt an butter, an a plenty of 'em both—

Especially a plenty of the latter.

Ef anybody knows a man 'at wants to hire a hand
To shell his corn an furnish the machine, Jes' tell 'em'e can git me if the job is stiddy an The corn is biled when it is proper green.

The Coming Poem.

All motion is rhythm, says wise Herbert Spencer,
A sage so immense that no sage is immenser.

All the worlds wabble on with a rhythmical

teeter
And the universe whirls on its mystical meter.
The sage sees the stars, and their rhythmic orbs show him
That the world is a verse and the Cosmos a new first the stars.

The torn sea that surges with wreck scattered Beats out its great theme in tumultuous strophes; The blind winds that blow from the caverns of Or the zephyrs of twilight that sooth and allay

Or the zephyrs of twinight that soots and and The use.

The use;

Whose foam banners wave o'er the startled alysses.

Or the constant of the use of the startled alysses.

All these, one and all, are a part of the meter. And all lives are a poem; some wild and

And all lives are a poem; some wild and cycloin cycloin.

Chi were so f cynical bluster Byronic.

And some still flow on in perpetual benison, As perfect and smooth as a stanza fron Tunnyson;

And some find huge bowlders their current thinder,

And are broken and bent like the poems of Pindar; And some a deep base of proud music arbuilt on built on—
The calm ocean swell of the epic of Milton;
And some rollic on with a freedom completer
In Whitman's chaotic, tumultuous meter.

But most lives are mixed like Shakespearear dramas,
Where the king speaks heroics, the idiot stam

mers; Where the old man gives counsel, the young man loves hotly; man loves hotly;

Where the king wears its crown and the fool

Where the king wears its crown and the fool

Where the lord treads his hall and the peasant
his heather—
And in the fifth act they all exit together—
And the drama goes out with its pomp and its
thunder,

And we weep, and we laugh, and we lister

A Change of Taste.

When he was youth and she was maid Full of t would he declare He loved to see her charms displayed In setting rich and rare. The costliest lace, the gayest plume, The quaintest broidered stuff, The choicest fabric of the loom Was hardly choice enough.

Years pass, and Angelina's life
With Edwin's now is blent,
And—he a husband, she a wife—
His tastes are different.
Simplicity, he says, is best—
Sawsy with vulgar show!
Alway with vulgar show!
Alway with relative when she's dresses
In eight cent callion.
—New York Herald.

The Undertow.

You hadn't ought to blame a man fer things he hasn't done. Fer books he hasn't written or fer fights he hasn't won; The waters may look placid on the surface all aroun.

An yet there may be an undertow a-keepin of him down.

Since the days of Eve an Adam, when the flight of life began, It ain't been safe, my brethren, fer to lightly judge a man; He may be tryin faithful fer to make his life a

An yet his feet git tangled in the treacherou undertow.

Ho may not lack in learnin, an he may not want fer brains;
It may be allways workin with the patientest of pains,
An yet go unrewarded, an, my friends, how can we know
What heights he might climbed up to but fer the undertow?

You've heard the Yankee story of the hen's nest with a hole.
An how the hen kept layin eggs with all her might an soul,
Yet never got a settin, not a single egg, I trow;
That hen was simply kickin 'gin a hidden undertow.

dertow.

There's holes in lots of hens' nests, an you've got to peep below
To see the eggs a-rollin where they hadn't ought to go.
Don't blame a man fer failin to achieve a laurel crown
Until you're sure the undertow ain't draggin of him down.

—Carrie Blake Morgan.

ter
They follow butterflies with endless wings;
They peep into the birds' nests; they look after
White lambs and other pretty little things.

Then in the first flush of their youth they bring us Shy gifts of violets in a gallant way; And ah! what charming, low love songs they

sing us
From leaf green shadows where the wild
doves stay. But somewhat later they show bearded faces And sway the scythe and bear the shear about

about In the hot fields, and quite forget the graces They had of old—as others do, no doubt Still later they go out for us and gather The scarlet fruit in, and the yellow corn, Or walk about the withering woods with rather A faded look, and sigh and seem forlorn.

Then they sit still and watch the dying ember Behind the curtains in some pictured room While each one somewhere in his heart re The dew, the summer moonrise and the bloom.

Then comes the last night watch, the lone-some tapers,

The few tears of the many prayers quick pers,
And, yes—the many virtues of the dead.
—S. M. B. Piatt.

The Babe. Naked, on parent's knees, a newborn child, Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled;

smiled;
So live that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile while all around thee
weep.
—Sir William Jones. Then at the balance let's be mute—
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
—Burns.

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