

IN SHADOW.

One moth sticks in a flaming flower;
A light leans on the old church tower;
I watch the moon, I watch the moon—
A moth, a white slip—
One silver tip.

GOING ON BOARD.

It was a wet, dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain, which had been falling heavily for hours, still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer.

To the roof or the steps he opened the door of what looked like a small pantry, but which was really the mate's boudoir. "Jem," said the captain gruffly. There was no reply, and jumping to the conclusion that he was above the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which as far as he could see was in the same deserted condition as when he left it.

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below—the deep, satisfied snoring of half a dozen seamen, who regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly in blissful ignorance of all that The Lancet might say upon the twin subjects of overcrowding and ventilation.

"Why, the Mary Ann," chorused the astonished crew. "My lads," faltered the agonized captain, after a long pause. "My lads," He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. "I've been and brought away the wrong ship," he continued, with an effort; "that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched."

"She's gone—clean gone," murmured the bewildered crew. "Clean as a whistle," said the mate. "The new hands must ha' run away with her."

Ball Bearings for Farm Vehicles. The advantages of ball bearings and pneumatic tires have been recognized by manufacturers and riders of bicycles so long that the wonder is, not that those friction saving devices have been applied to track sleds, but that they were not utilized on all varieties of light vehicles long ago.

With the march of these improvements will come better roads. This is the age of wheels, and the gentleman driver, the farmer and the bicyclist will soon be in league for improved highways in city and country alike.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Letters to the Editor. "I send you here an article that's bound to make a hit." "I send you here an article that's bound to make a hit."

Fame, Wealth, Life, Death. "The sun gleam on the mountain Spreading brightly ere it flies, 'Tis the bubble of the fountain Rising lightly ere it dies; Or, if here and there a hero Remembered through the years, Yet to him the gain is zero: Death hath stilled his hopes and fears. Yet what danger men will dare If but only in the air May be heard some eager mention of their name; Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same."

What is wealth? "Tis a rainbow, still receding As the panting foot pursues, Or a toy that, youth unheeding, Seeks the readiest way to lose; But the wise man keeps due measure, Neither out of breath nor base: He but holds in trust his treasure For the welfare of the race. Yet what crimes some men will dare But to gain their slender share In some profit, though with loss of name or health."

What is life? "Tis the earthly hour of trial For a life that's but begun, When the prize of self denial Must be quickly lost or won; 'Tis the hour when love may moonbeam To an everlasting flower, Or when lusts their victims urge on To defy immortal power. Yet how lightly men ignore All the future holds in store, Spending brief but golden moments all in strife, Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife."

What is death? "Past its dark, mysterious portal Human eye may never roam; Yet the hope still springs immortal That it leads the wanderer home. Oh, the bliss that lies before us When the secret shall be known, And the vast angelic chorus Sounds the hymn before the throne! What is fame or wealth or life? Past are prizes, fortune, strife; All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath."—London Academy.

The Model Husband. "Most wives will end their story with, 'Ah, well, men are but human!' I long to tell the secret of A truly happy woman."

Through all the sunshine lighted years, Lived now in retrospect, My husband's word brought never tears Nor caused a sad reflection. What'er the burdens of the day, Unflinching, calm and steady, To bear his part—the larger half—I always find him ready. Housecleaning season brings no frown, No sarcasm pointed keenly; Through carpets up and tacks head down He makes his way serenely. Our evenings pass in converse sweet Or quiet contemplation, We never disagree except To "keep up conversation."

And dewy morn of radiant June, Fair moonlight of September, April with bird and brook at tune, Stern, pitiless December— Each seems to my adoring eyes Some new grace to discover, For he's teaching through the years, Is still my tender lover. So life no shadow holds, though we Have reached the side that's shady. My husband? Oh, a dream is he, And I'm a maiden laid."—Eleanor M. Denny.

The Merit of the Deed. "The painter paints a picture of the summer sky of blue, But he cannot steal the rainbow lights from the smallest drop of dew; But the painter makes his picture from the Master Artist's own, And he takes his brightest coloring where His faintest tints have shown."

The poet writes a poem in a dream of summer hours, But he cannot steal the sweetness from the humblest of the flowers; So the poet writes a poem, and because his eyes are sealed, Sees not a glimmer of the glory which he fain would have revealed. The singer sings a song in the golden summer tide, But the wild bird of the morning into sweeter notes can glide; So the singer sings a song and knoweth not its lay, Is the singer of the echoes that in heaven died away."

Thus it seems the tireless worker who ne'er taketh needed rest, And the hand that giveth liberally and giveth of its best, Each gives the widow's mite to the world of want and need, And the love which prompts the giving is the merit of the deed."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Enslavement. "All constraint Except what wisdom lays on evil men Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes Their progress in the road of science; blunts The spirit of discovery and begets In those that suffer it a sordid mind, Restless, a meager intellect, unfit To be the tenant of man's noble form."—Covper.

The Baby. "It's a sweet and tiny treasure, A torment and a tease, It's an autocrat and anarchist— Two awful things to please; It's a rest and peace disturber, With little laughing ways; It's a wailing human night alarm And terror of your days."—Voice.

Vim, Not Size. "Size counts for naught in poet, sage or dunce; Vim makes the hero in his rank or rhyme; Old Samson brought the house down only once, What Doctor Holmes has done a thousand times. Gauge your own caliber, O man alive— If Samson, ten feet high, or poet, five."—James B. Wiggins.

The best revenge is love; disarm Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm. Give water to thy thirsty foe; The sandal tree, as it is proved How sweet to conquer hate by love, Perfumes the air that lays it low."

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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HORSEMEN ALL KNOW THAT Wise's Harness Store. Is still here and doing business on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.

READING RAILROAD SYSTEM. LEHIGH VALLEY DIVISION. Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 15, 1892.

HORSE : GOODS. Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen. Good workmanship and low prices is my motto. GEO. WISE, Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St.

Advertisement for horse goods and services, including blankets, harness, and livery stable.

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"Where is the mate?" inquired the captain. "Man with red whiskers and pimply nose" said the man interrogatively. "That's him to a hair," answered the other. "Ain't seen him since he took me on at 11," said the man. "How many new hands are there?" "I believe we're all fresh," was the reply. "I don't believe some of 'em have ever smelt salt water."

"The mate's been at it again," said the captain warmly; "that's what he has. He's done it afore and got left behind. Them what can't stand drink, my man, shouldn't take it; remember that." "He said he wasn't going to sail till Wednesday," remarked the man, who found the captain's attitude rather trying. "He'll get sacked; that's what he'll get," said the captain warmly. "I shall report as soon as I get ashore."

The subject exhausted, the seaman returned to his work, and the captain continued steering in moody silence. Slowly, slowly darkness gave way to light. The different portions of the craft, instead of all being blurred into one, stood upon themselves shape, and stood out wet and distinct in the cold gray of the breaking day. But the lighter it became, the harrier the skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again. "Here, come here," he cried, beckoning to one of the crew. "Yessir," said the man advancing. "There's something in one of my eyes," faltered the skipper. "I can't see straight; everything seems mixed up. Now, speaking deliberate and without any hurry, which side of the ship do you say the cook's galley's on?"

"Starboard," said the man promptly, eying him with astonishment. "Starboard," repeated the other softly. "He says starboard, and that's what it seems to me. My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side." "The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but as a slight concession to appearances said "Lor!" "And the water cask," said the skipper; "what color is it?" "Green," said the man. "Not white?" inquired the skipper, leaning heavily upon the wheel. "Whitish green," said the man, who always believed in keeping in with his superior officers. The captain swore at him. By this time two or three of the crew who had overheard part of the conversation had collected aft, and now stood in a small wondering knot before their strange captain.

"The freakishness of chance. Chance is a queer word, and chance is a queer thing. Chance cannot ever be counted on, and the chances are great those who take chances miss the great chances of life, which is one of the queer things about it. As a further evidence of the peculiarities of chance, a western paper narrates a singular instance. A wagon loaded with gunpowder, this paper says, moving on a perfectly level road near Wenatchee, Wash., exploded last week, while in the same week another wagon, loaded with dynamite, drawn by a four horse team, went over the grade not far from the same spot, and rolled 100 feet without doing a bit of damage. The freakishness of chance was never more fully illustrated than by this episode. It is one of those things which defy explanation, but which point a moral. The moral is, don't take chances.—Harper's Young People.

Not to Be Expected. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the professor to the student who was rehearsing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all." "Of course not," responded the student lively enough. "You don't expect it in a dead language, do you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Perfection Not Wanted. She—And don't you drink? He—No, dear. "Nor smoke?" "No." "Nor use bad language?" "No." "And haven't any bad habits?" "Not one." "Then you must learn some. I won't marry a man I can't have some excuse for scolding."—Exchange.

Died with Their Boots On. Just outside the town of Tascora, in the panhandle of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as Boot Hill. A correspondent who visited the spot says that there are twenty-three nameless graves in the clay and gravel of Boot Hill, where lie the remains of twenty-three men who died with their boots on.—New Orleans Picayune.

Shakespeare's Allusions to Strawberries. Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the Fifteenth century. Shakespeare has three allusions to strawberries. In "Henry V" the Bishop of Ely, in illustration of the good qualities which the young king possessed, in spite of his wild habits and objectionable companions, says: "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbored by fruit of baser quality. The reference here is obviously to the wild berry. But in the play of "Richard III" strawberries are spoken of as growing in the Bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, and this seems to show that the berry was cultivated with considerable care as early as the latter part of the Fifteenth century, though Hayden's "Dictionary of Dates" asserts that the common strawberry was brought to England from Florida in 1530.

How to Live on Love. The girl was having a private conference with her father on the subject of marriage. "The young man hasn't enough to support you on," urged the father. "But you will give us something," she said. "Not a great deal, my dear." "Then we shall live on love." "Ugh," sniffed the father. "Don't you think we can?" asked the girl with the beautiful confidence of youth. "Yes, if you both stay single," and the father declined to discuss the matter further.—Detroit Free Press.

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