

DREAMS

O spirit of peace,
Soothe my senses to sleep.
Let my soul in sweet reverie steal back to the
past,
To the castles of youth in that dear land of
dream,
Where the ghosts of dead loves are so real
that they seem
Like the gold leaves of autumn preserved from
the blast!

Phantom of fancy,
Dream wings lend my soul
To float softly away to those deep shadow delis,
And blend with the beauty of memory's
bright stream
That silently sings in that dear land of dream
Like the remembered music of long silent bells!

O land of the past,
Where the soft echoes linger
And the music of memory with sweet rapture
thrills
The heart like the fragrance of the flowers,
or a kiss
That gladdens a life with fond thoughts of
its bliss—
Oh, the soul is a song burst—the whole world it
fills!

Ah, me! Dear dreams,
You are naught but shadows
Still wrapped in the silence of Time's silver
years;
Like the mirth of the May time you cheer
with your smiles;
Your gifts, those bright witch fires of fancy,
leagues
This old world of fact with its roses and
tears.
—Fitzgerald Murphy in Memphis Commercial.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

Fiddlers was excited, not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for the Flat was in a normal condition of excitement over one thing or another every hour in the day and vented it in much drinking, loud talking and fighting, but on this particular occasion the excitement was of a unique order, that in its still intensity chilled and silenced the mob of men that crowded in and close about the doors of the Mary's Eyes saloon and gambling house, the proprietor of which, Velvet Jack, was at that moment being tried for his life before that most terrible of earthly courts, Judge Lynch.

It was not the first killing at the Flat. This shooting scrape was only one of dozens of others during the five months of Fiddlers' existence, but the victim was a peculiarly inoffensive creature known as "Mud" to the camp. He had no other name that they knew of, and had earned his sobriquet by his unflinching ill luck at the gaming tables, and his equally unflinching remark as he rose penitently from his bout with the tiger, "Waal, my name's mud again;" but on this particular occasion Mud's luck had run his way, and he had sat hour after hour at the little oblong faro table since the night before, and won with unflinching regularity through every deal.

Velvet himself had the shift at deal when Mud had won the last ounce in the "bank roll," and as the lucky player rose from his seat opposite him, the gambler had without a word shot him through the heart. The cold fiendishness of the act was too much for the nerves even of Fiddlers, and the camp rose to a man and cried aloud for vengeance. They were waiting now for the sentence. Long Smith was the judge. He occupied a chair placed on a faro table at one end of the long, narrow cabin, the identical chair that Velvet sat in when he shot Mud. Velvet sat a little to his left, a guard at either side on his right, the hastily chosen jury of twelve sat or stood, and beyond a rope stretched across the room was the silent, expectant crowd. The evidence was all in and Long Smith was settling himself down into a comfortable position to listen to counsel for defense, when Velvet suddenly rose to his feet and said:

"See here, boys, what's the use of going on with this monkey business any longer? I shot Mud and you've determined that I must hang. Can't you drop this and take me out and hang me and be done with it, instead of torturing me with all this nonsense. You know you're only doing it to amuse yourselves." The eyes of every man in the crowd were fixed on the prisoner during this speech, then turned expectantly to the judge.

"Pris'ner of the bar, yer hev bin tried for murder by the only kin o' er co't this yer kentry hez. Ef there's anythin ye hev ter say yer'll hev er chance ter say it furder on." There was a murmur of approval from the audience, and counsel for the defense went on with his argument, followed by the counsel for the prosecution. The court summed up and charged the jury, which without a moment's hesitation returned a verdict of guilty.

The judge arose from his chair and said, "Velvet, yer gone in;" there was no further assumption of judicial dignity; it dropped from him as one drops a cloak from his shoulders; "ther boys hev giv' ye a squar deal, which's more'n ye giv' Mud, 'n ye'll hev ter go under. What hev ye got ter say agin it?"

Velvet smiled and shook his head. "You've got the drop on me, I reckon," he said, "and I can't kick."

Just at this moment there was a struggle as of some one trying to force an entrance through the crowd at the door, and the shrill tones of a woman's voice could be heard demanding access to the court that was trying the man who had killed her.

"I'm Mud's wife," she insisted in a shrill, shaky voice.

"Oh, I know what yer nicknamed him. His 'n my name's Dobbs, 'n he were a good nuff man most ways, 'n I want ter see the man what killed him 'n lef me er lone widdier rite in the prime er life."

The relief of the late Mud was at the bar of the court by this time. She was a tall, angular woman of forty or so, dressed in rusty black, with an immense calico sunbonnet that projected over her face like a section of stovepipe and effectually concealed her features. The eyes were bright and keen though, and swept quick glances from prisoner to judge and jury.

The court ordered a chair for her in-

side the bar, and when she had seated herself remarked to her:

"We never knowed ef Mud were a mar'd man, marm. Ef we had we'd shorly hev waited this trial for ye."

"D'y mean to say yer've gorn 'n tried this yer man for killin mine, 'n me not here ter see? Yer a nice kin o' er judge, I mus' say. Waal, ye kin jest go ter tryin 'im rite over agin, now I am yere," and the widow settled comfortably back in her chair and took a dip of snuff.

The court, counsel, jury and spectators were melted in a moment. They were Missourians, almost to a man, and the "one touch of nature" that snuff did awake in them made them the widow's slaves for the moment. The court, counsel and jury consulted for a few moments, and the judge intimated to the widow that they had concluded that her request was a very natural, and under the circumstances, a very proper one, and that with the prisoner's consent they would comply with it, but as he had already been tried and found guilty once, they thought it hardly fair to him to try him again without his consent.

Velvet arose, the eyes of the throng upon him. He was a tall, slight, graceful fellow, with a swagger about him that insensibly attracted men and women alike, and with a smile that showed his white teeth under the black mustache, remarked that he was always delighted to please a lady, but that under the circumstances he could not see anything to be gained by it. He had in fact pleaded guilty in the first place, and all that remained for the judge was to pass sentence, but that as they had insisted on trying him once to please themselves, they might as well try him again to please the lady. There was a murmur of approval at this sentiment from the audience, which was sternly checked by the court. The widow had been dipping snuff and eying Velvet during his and the court's remarks, and seemed to have made up her mind to something she had been considering, for she suddenly closed her snuffbox with a click, rose from her chair and, turning to the court, said:

"Jedge, I'm the person what's bin most hurt in this yer scrap. I'm lef a lone woman, with nary man ter provide for me, an I've been er thinkin ter best way out o' this yer biznis is fer this man what kilt my man ter git me er new one." She stopped amid a deathlike silence. Velvet was the only man that preserved his customary unruffled composure. Every other face wore an expression of horrified astonishment for a moment, and then a yell of delight went up from the crowd. The cool efficiency of the woman had caught their sense of the fitness of things. Here, in a country where a woman most needed a man's protection, here a man had been taken from her. What more just than that the man who had caused his taking off should replace him! The racket subsiding, the court gravely arose and said:

"Pris'ner of the bar, yer hev bin tried 'n foun guilty of murder. Hev yer anythin ter say why ther sentence in this yer co'te should not be past 'pon yer?"

Velvet shook his head smilingly and the court continued: "Ther sentence of ther co'te is ther yer shall marry this yer woman, 'n the co'te, ez a jestice, will tie yer up right now." At this there was a yell that fairly shook the roof, and the audience rushed inside the bar to shake hands with the prospective bride and groom and offer congratulations, but the bride had something else to say first.

"Jedge," she shrieked, "I've bin tell'd ther Mud win'd a conside'ble gamblin last night 'n I want her money."

The coin and dust had been impounded by the court, and he reluctantly turned it over to the widow. After looking it over she stowed it away in a voluminous pocket, and announced her readiness for the ceremony. The counsel for the prosecution and defense acted as groomsmen, a couple of "ladies" from the "hurdy gurdy" next door as bridesmaids, and the foreman of the jury gave away the bride.

Surely such another wedding was never seen. The festivities lasted until the fiddler was completely exhausted, and when a couple of days later the Flat recovered from its carouse, Velvet and his wife had disappeared.

A few days later a tall, swaggering, black mustached man, accompanied by a woman dressed in rusty black, with an immense sunbonnet covering her head and face, stood on the deck of a Panama steamer making its way down San Francisco bay toward the Gate. They were at the rail gazing at the receding city. Suddenly the man snatched the sunbonnet from the woman's head and whirled it overboard, and as it floated astern said:

"Goodby to the Widow Mud, and now, old girl, be can be comfortable again. The old bonnet served its turn, and served it well, but I can't look down two miles of stovepipe every time I want to see yer pretty face."—George Charles Brooke in Buffalo News.

Various Styles of Hairdressing. The various styles of hairdressing under Louis XVI were known as the cascade of St. Cloud, the windmill, the sheep and lambs, the hen and chickens, the dog and hare, the peal of bells, the milkmaid, the bobwig, the bother, the kermil, the oriental, the Circassian, Minerva's helmet, the crescent, the enigma, the theatre to please, the turned up calash, the treasurer of the age, the frivolous bather, the rat, the drunken monkey and the lover's snare, the last named consisting of a mass of curls covered with powder, particles of which, deposited on the coat or shoulders of a gentleman, indicated the previous whereabouts of the lady's head.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Enough for Any Lion. Very Stout Old Lady (watching the lions feed)—Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sech an animal.

Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's big enough for the lion.—London Tit-Bits.

HUMOR

CRUEL ETHELRIDA.

Why It Was That John Fled Away in the Night.

He was plain John Smith. She was the beautiful and cultivated Ethelrida Martingale. But what mattered that to him; he loved her.

Love is the great leveler. Not that it had leveled the sweet, pale Ethelrida exactly, for it had not; but it had knocked John out flat.

Happy Ethelrida, for she had the bulge on him.

It is ever thus. In love's sandwiches one piece of bread will always have more butter on it than the other will.

Yet Ethelrida was not cruel, and she did not long to let him drop hard enough to cripple him for life.

On the contrary, she sought to let him down on silver strands to beds of thornless roses.

But John wouldn't have it. Nor is our hero the only man built that way.

He loves but little, or not at all. Who fears the dampness of his fall. That was John Smith all over, and still John was no slouch, as the word goes.

Ethelrida knew what was coming, but she was powerless to prevent it, unless she took an ax to John, and she hesitated to resort to harsh measures.

Woman's nature is ever gentle. It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath evening when John called for the last time.

"I love you, Ethelrida," he whispered, low and lisping, at about 11 o'clock, "and I want you for my wife."

It was then apparent to Ethelrida that Mr. Smith meant business.

"It cannot be, I fear," she replied, standing him off. "Papa is unutterably opposed to our union, and he has said he will lock me in my room and keep me there if I persist in seeing you."

That was a tip John should have acted upon—that and the palatable fact that Ethelrida did not rush to his throbbing bosom like an undammed torrent when he had so unmistakably blazed the way for her.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," he said courageously, ignoring the surface indications.

Again was the fair girl balked in her generous purpose, and there came into her face the hard, cold lines of resolution and into her eyes the cruel glint of justice, long deferred.

"Yes, and at John Smith's," she added, a naive simplicity scarcely concealing the edge of the sword.

And John fled away into the misty, murky darkness of forgettable disappointment.—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Duty. The casual observer would have detected nothing strange in the personality of the youngish party who sat alone in the front parlor. Yet a close scrutiny would have revealed symptoms of mental strain.

Mental strain was something Aloysius De Gughmp could ill afford. Presently a beautiful little boy fitted into the room.

The youngish party started eagerly from his seat. There was a look of agonizing doubt in his eyes.

"What did he say?" he demanded. "She said," lisped the child, "to tell Mr. De Gughmp that she'd be right down."

The youngish party could not repress an exclamation of joy. His face shone with satisfaction.

"And is that all she said?" he asked, striving to be calm. The child shook his head.

"What was it, Willie? Tell me her words. Every syllable is a treasure to me."

The boy approached and looked trustingly into his face. "She said—"

Aloysius de Gughmp held his breath. "She'd be polite although it did turn her stomach."

The youngish party at once resolved to make his call strictly formal.—Detroit Tribune.

Millions in It. Servant (pounding on door)—What, ho! within there! Awake, awake! Dime Museum Owner—What means this turmoil? Why at the midnight hour do you arouse me from my slumbers?

Servant—Peace, master, until you have heard the joyful news. I have here a messenger boy who has never whistled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."—Truth.

No Hope for Him. He—Will you marry me if I stop smoking cigarettes? She—No, Mr. Sappy. I can't bear the idea of marrying a man who does nothing.—Brooklyn Life.

He Laughed Once Only. "I suppose you haven't forgotten that it is leap year," he said as he took a seat beside her, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction," and he laughed.

"I had quite forgotten it," she said with a yawn. "What's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?"

This time he didn't laugh.—Tit-Bits.

Some Hope Left.

"Mother," said the devoted son, burying his face in her lap, "for four long months have I tried to get employment, and I am not everywhere with the same answer." And the miserable youth sobbed aloud.

"My dear son," said his loving mother, "there is still hope. You know Greek and Latin, and did I not hear you say yesterday that in this hour of trial Browning was your greatest comfort?"

"I did, mother," replied the youth. "Then," cried his mother, a gleam of hope lighting her fond eye, "do not despair. If the worst comes to the worst, you can apply for a position as a Boston horse car driver."—Truth.

His Own Invention. Featherstone—What the mischief have you got that black and tackle fastened to the ceiling for?

Ringway—That's a contrivance of my own. I bought some woolen undershirts the other day that were guaranteed not to shrink, and I use that to pull them off.—Clothes and Furnisher.

Saw Him One Better on Economy. A good story was recently told of the discount clerk in one of the Baltimore banks. He is a man somewhat along in years, is a Quaker, and is possessed of all the characteristics of that peculiar religious sect. One day a patron of the bank came in and submitted a pile of notes for discount. The clerk looked them over in his deliberate way and remarked, "Isaac, if these will have to have the money on these notes, indorse them."

The patron complied, writing his name in a bold, free hand across the back of the promises to pay. When nearly through the list the good old Quaker gently expostulated: "Isaac, these should be more careful of thy ink; these makes a dreadful waste in thy signature."

In indorsing the next note Isaac, who was not without the spirit of a wag, wrote his name so small that the old Quaker was obliged to adjust his glasses to see that it was correct. Finally, handing it back to the customer, he said, "Isaac, these is a very careless man; these should always dot thy i's and cross thy t's; the i in thy name, Isaac, is not dotted."

To this good natured rebuke the patron replied, "Not so, old friend; if you will observe, the i in question has a fly speck just above it, and I thought that much ink could be saved."—Washington Hatchet.

A Reserved Seat. "When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion. "Perfectly; the lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."—Boston Globe.

Discretionary Valor. Mrs. Bantham—James, I wish you would tell that big, ill-mannered fellow on the other side of the car to quit staring at me in that impudent manner?

Mr. Bantham (after a careful scrutiny of the other man)—I don't think I shall bemean myself, Mary Jane, by seeming to be on speaking terms with such a looking man.—Chicago Tribune.

A Slight Misunderstanding. Doctor—What! your dyspepsia no better yet? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?

Patient—I tried, doctor, but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes at a stretch!—Westfalscher Kurier.

Art Note. Mother—Our son is going to be a great artist. Just think of it—he has sold his first picture for twenty-five dollars.

Father—No wonder. I had a twenty-five dollar frame put on it.—Texas Siftings.

Too Much. He had trundled weighty triplets when his wife was wrapped in slumber; He had got up every morning and had built the kitchen fire; He had pounded on her carpets and had saved up cords of lumber.

And had stretched with endless patience several miles of stiff clothes wire. He had sworn off on his smoking just to help her on her missions.

And had matched whole coils of ribbons, with no thought of the disgrace; He had eaten several samples at her cooking exhibitions.

With a moaning in his stomach and a smile upon his face. He had borne the shirts she made him, and his courage ne'er forsook him; He had stood the socks she darned him, though the agony was keen;

He had worn her colored neckties, though his dearest friends all shook him. And the clothes that she selected he displayed with humble mien.

But when one night she showed him some pajamas she had made him And informed him she expected that in them He quailed before this torture and the thought of it dismayed him.

And he gave one look remorseful and he laid right down and died. —Tom Masson in Clothes and Furnisher.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Lightning Age. What's the world a-comin to, a feller'd like to know.

When they're makin ice to order an manufaturin snow? The cities—they're gone out o' sight; it 'pears jes' like a dream.

For when they have a cloudy night they run the stars by steam! An here's the lightning, with a song, proclaimin man is boss.

An all the street cars skimm'n long without a man to boss! An here's that ringin telephone, which never seems to tire.

But takes a man's voice, free of charge, across six miles o' wire; An here's the blessed phonygraf, which makes yer memory vain.

An, like a woman, when you talk, keeps talkin back agin! Lord! how the world is movin on beneath the sun an moon!

Can't help thinkin I was born a hundred years too soon; But when I go—praise be to God!—it won't be the night.

For my grave will shine like glory in a bright electric light! —Frank L. Stanton.

Unanswered. Why is it the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road? Why is it the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?

While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest path to go, And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to load.

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon to be dimmed with tears? Why is it the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?

While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear, And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it those who are saddest have always the gayest laugh? Why is it those who need not have always the "biggest" half?

While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give, And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed? Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones that are never remembered?

While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell, And the deeds worth little praise are the ones that are published well.

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its sister a sigh? Why is it the strongest love is the love we always pass by?

While the smile that is cold and indifferent is the smile for which we pray, And the love we kneel to and worship is only common clay.

Why is it the things we can have are the things we always refuse? Why is it none of us live the lives if we could we'd choose?

The things that we all can have are the things we always hate, And life seems never complete, no matter how long we wait.

—Elizabeth Stewart Martin.

To Those Who Fall. Courage, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter; Go on and win the fight at any cost. Though sick and weary after heavy conflict, Refuse to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits Who nobly struggle till the strife is done, Through sun and storm, with courage all undaunted, Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters. The brightest jewels in the darkest mine, And through the very blackest hour of mid-night, The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! The path is steep and rugged, And storm clouds almost hide hope's light from view; But you can pass where other feet have trodden; A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors; By patient toil each difficulty past, You then may see these days of bitter failure, But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

—Chambers' Journal.

The Thinning of the Thatch. I was once a merry uddin—curly headed I was called, And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald;

But it's not a proper subject to be lightly glossed about, For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember asking uncle, in my innocent surmise, How he liked his head made use of as a skating rink by flies;

But, although their dread intrusions I shall manfully resist, I'm afraid they soon will have another rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late, For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate.

Though I coax my hair across it though I brush away for weeks— Yet I can't prevent its parting and dividing into streaks.

I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum, But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come;

So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare, For the circle's getting wider of that open space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall, And that coming generations won't have any hair at all!

Well, they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch.

—C. S. Shetterly.

A Fanatic. A young knight made his battlereary, "I'll fight the evil till I die!" And forth he rushed with heedless might To do his battle for the right.

And recklessly he laid about, And ruthlessly, and felt no doubt, But blindly struck whatever he saw That seemed to him to have a flaw.

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