rd a far land, whose dre Our hearts do hope for, we are sailing on; The way is dark, and mutinous thoughts.

anon, st against the voyage and implore master, Faith, to search the sea no mor unknown lands. We soon are set up winds and waves of doubt, that make

The awful vastness of what lies before.

But, oh, my brothers, bear abounding trust, And fearless Faith will doubting crew dismay;
So was Columbus tried by thoughts unjust,
Who found a world, while seeking for a way
That would be shorter, from Spain's heat and

dust, To the fair gardens of far famed Cathay! —William S. Lord in Kate Field's Washingto

### SANDY'S BESSIE.

One beautiful afternoon a few days after Davie Gillespie's visit I turned into Second avenue from a cross street to see Sandy MacNab about some committee business for a Caledonian club pienic. Just before I reached the shoeshop, however, a little girl emerged from the throng of passersby and entered the door. She was a thin, pale, puny child of the kind the cities breed, stoop shouldered, narrow chested, ill nourished, almost untaught except in the hard school of experience. I lingered outside a moment, waiting for Sandy to dispose of his customer before entering, but as the little girl did not appear I opened the door. "Fifty cents: fifty cents," Sandy was

but as the little girl did not appear I opened the door.

"Fifty cents; fifty cents," Sandy was shouting as I stepped inside. "Canna ye understan that, ye puir heathen? Fifty cents."

He was standing before his bench, gesticulating, with a pair of newly soled shoes, two sizes too small for the girl, who stood in a mutely submissive attitude before him. Sandy has always resolutely disdained learning any foreign tongue. If the "braid Scots' decalect," isn't good enough for his customers they can go elsewhere.

"und"—
"Come hither, Owen," cried the old man impatiently. "Can ye tell what is't the lass wants?"
The girl told me her story. Her mother was dead. She was the oldest of four children, and had seen eighteen years, though she looked but fourteen. She and two other children had got work—tailor's piecework—and they were all living somehow, but it was very hard. She had the money for mending the shoes, but the neighbors had told her that "der Herr MacNab" was such a kind hearted man, and so—

"Come hither, Owen," cried the old man impatiently. "Can ye tell what it's the lass wants." The girl told me herstory. Her mother was dead. She was the oldest of four children had got workstallor's piecework—and they were all thing somehow, but it was very hard. She had the money for mending the hose, but the neighbors had told her that "der Herr MacNab" was such as their head to her hish "der Herr MacNab" was such as their hish "der Herr MacNab" was such as the his hoes in a sheet of newspaper. Then he shoes in a sheet of newspaper. Then be shoes in a sheet of newspaper. The hose in the sheet in the sheet of the sheet in the sheet in the sheet of the sheet in th

wery nignly.—Exchange.

An Experiment with a Bee.
An Experiment was and ware or boat with business entable him to live in a good house, to complete table for his chilific, was for many years partner in an the the shamed. He was accustomed to boast that

dine, they say, an five-and-twenty year is lang eneuch, but the scar's wi' me yet, Owen, the scar's wi' me yet, an will be till my deeing day, an I canna see a wee bairn warslin wi' this wicked war! like the puir Dutch lass, but I maun think: 'Hoo, if 'twere Bess?' My ain wee Bessie?'"

think: 'Hoo, if 'twere Bess? My ain wee Bessie?'"

And the old man, dashing his hand across his eyes to clear away a mist that was not all of age, drew from his inner vest pocket one of those old fashioned dagnerrectype cases that used to be so common on country house center tables twenty years ago and handed it to me. I opened it, and after turning the case this way and that to avoid the reflection from the glassy surface, saw two dimly outlined faces, the mother's and daughter's, looking at each other. It was impossible to get much idea of what they were in life, but I looked at them as one would look at a strange face in a coffin and then handed back the case in silence.

what they were in the, our relocate at them as one would look at a strange face in a coffin and then handed back the case in silence.

Just then the door was flung open and a number of men entered the room, their forms but dimly discernible in the dusk which had fallen upon us unheeded.

"Why, it's Langdon," said one, advancing with an exclamation of surprise. "I suppose you've got everything all arranged for the picnic, Sandy?"

"No," said l, hastily interposing, "we have not been talking about the picnic at all. That's what I came for, but Mr. MacNab has been telling all about the old days in Scotland, and we hadn't really got down to business yet."

Sandy bustled about to light a couple of gas jets as I spoke, and when he had finished he slowly returned, thankful, I was sure, for the moment's respite.

"I'm thinkin," said he slowly, "that I s'all na gae to the picnic."

"Not go to the picnic." said young MacGowan in astonishment. "Why, uncle, how can that be? What would the picnic be without you?"

"Aye, lad, it's kind o' you to speak sae, but I'm owre auld for sic tricks. I canna pit the stane, nor hurl the caber, nor rin, nor loup, nor warsle, nor step a hielan fling. Young folk s'uld be blithe an merry an auld folk s'uld stay hame. Dinna mind me, lad, but go your ways."

"He's thinkin o' his bairn, puir Sandy," whispered Rob Mackenzie in my ear.—Owen Langdon in New York Recorder.

The Glass Sponges.

ASH BARREL PHILOSOPHY.

The Comedy and Tracedy of a Biousehold Recalled by Its Ecceptacle for behiving.

An ash barrel overflowing with household refuse!

Not a very tempting oldect, but a volume of philosophy is stowed away among the curious debris of this fat receptacle on the curbstone. Near the top is a bit of dainty fabric—a mere fragment of a woman's handkerchief. It has flutreed in the brisk sea breeze of Newport or Long Branch, a pretty vehicle of gag flirtations. A sad spectacle it is now with its torn and solidel lace ediging. Beneath this relic of the flown summer her the ferral boy of the flown summer her the formation of the flows of the flow chapties. The cane was a bit out of fashion when the youngster's mother presented it, and "the fellows of the club," you know, guyed him about the stick. In a fit of anger he broke the thing over his kneed (a wondrous feat of strength), and if found its way next morning to the sab barrel.

Peeping from beneath a broken fruit dish is the tiny too of a dilapidated of footgear?

A battered, torn and glossless silk hat of a familine foot are still there, despite of footgear?

A battered, torn and glossless silk hat of a date long past next comes to light. Through what viclestitudes has this discorded with a card attached (compliments of Dick Dovely); a fragment of the water's lowes thrown it in the robbing slower a bunnel of wildle roses, with a card attached (compliments of Dick Dovely); a fragment of the water's lowes thrown it in the robbing slower in the proposition. Its fiery contents, long sincedias appeared down the throats of men, has helped to cheer as well as make foolish the drinkers at its font. The scrap of rug, which stands like as soft wall between a sharp edged brick and the willow chall sides of the demilpolm—rotund and robust, and the rumants of a schoolboy's slate!

Ab, but here is a symbol of gayety—the green nose of a pot bellied denijohm—rotund and robust, and to the proposition is firely contents, long since disappeared down the throats of m

usually attends the wicked and unthinking.
Some scraps of paper are blown upward by the strong autumn breeze. They are fragments of a letter. "Must have—money immediately—been foolish—lost all—gambling—mean to reform—your refusal—will be ruined."
Here is another scrap of paper, with a girlish scrawl on its much solled surface: "Dearest Harry—never thought—cared for me—very happy—call soon—your own."—New York Recorder.

for me—very happy—call soon—your own."—New York Recorder.

Dr. Laing's Method of Distilling.
Some interesting processes in obtaining distilled or lighter products from mineral oils have been described by Dr. Laing, of Edinburgh, before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts. Among these he names the arrangement of a still in such a manner that the oil is continuously being distilled into itself until the required density is obtained. Dr. Laing showed that radiant heat is a powerful agent in breaking down oil vapors, and can be utilized by passing the gases as they leave the still through a superheater at a high temperature, placed between the still and the condenser.

His ingenious method for distilling under pressure—by means of which a hold is kept on all the considerable gases until liquefied—he describes as consisting of a relief tank interposed between the pressure valve and the condenser, into which the gases escape as they come from the still, the pressure here getting distributed over such a large area that it is practically reduced to nil, the oil running to the receiver at ordinary atmospheric pressure.

Dr. Laing's new form of still for preventing oils being broken down, as in distilling for lutricating oils and paraffine wax, is so constructed that the nonconducting heavy residues which are continually forming under distillation are constantly being removed from the source of heat.—New York Sun.

The Wires Under the Sea.

The world's submarine cabbes now

made by Peter Cooper, which lends it the more interest.

It was at this table that he and his wife ate their first dinner after they were married.

It was at this table that he and his wife ate their first dinner after they were married.

In appeal face it is much smaller than the modern dining table. It has two leaves and two end pieces that are attached to the leaves by hinges. In all it is about four feet square. The legs are long and slender. The wood is of cherry, and, old as the table is, so carefully has it been kept by Mrs. Golden there is no sign of scratch or mar on it.

In his early ventures Peter Cooper was often unsuccessful. It was in 1816, when he was living at Hempstead, Long Island, that he failed in business. A few days after his failure he held an auction sale of his household goods, among them being this table. Mrs. Mary Golden, a mother-in-law of Mrs. A. A. Golden, a mother-in-law of Mrs. A. A. Golden, a mother-in-law of Mrs. A. A. Golden, the death, in 1855, she willed it to the present owner, Mrs. A. Golden. The table is one which Mr. Cooper made with his own hands, and, it is said, valued it very highly.—Exchange.

An Experiment with a Bee.

A be efficient was the more interest.

The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles, france claiming 3,269 miles, Great Britation, 1,699, Germany 1,570, and Italy 1,027 miles. The remaining 335 cables, agregating 129,028 miles, are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and france will soon banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and france will soon banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and france will soon be a source of the modern forming the factor of the mode

billis of the Colorato river, felf that they had reached a degree of advancement which justified municipal airs. They thought the have a city council. When they got that they discovered that their water supply wasn't what it ought to be. There came in a class of high toned settlers who weren't satisfied with whisky and water, but wanted all water, and good water, too. The city council in due deliberation woved in the matter. A considerable fund was raised and a deep hole was bored. The drill went down 1,200 feet. It didn't find good drinking water, but it struck petroleum, eight feet of rock salt and other things.

The boring stopped for awhile. Colorado City offered its hole for sale, but found no takers. After awhile some-body thought of making use of the sait. The hole was bored deeper. It struck fresh water, which arose to within 200 or 300 feet of the surface a.l. dissolved the rock salt. A pump was put down. A windmill was hoisted abe a the pump. The wind raised the salt water, which was run into a reservoir. This west Texas sun, which shines about 340 days in the year, did the rest. Colorado City had salt. Other wells have been bored. Windmills have been hoisted in rows until Don Quixote might think he saw, by the moonlight, a whole army defying him. The process commends itself to an economical, not to say a lazy, man. The water dissolves the rock salt. The wind raises the water. The sun evaporates the water and leaves the salt on the ground.

Could anything be easier? Manual labor is necessary to take up the salt and barrel it, that's all. A 30-foot windmill raises from 5,000 to 8,000 gallons of salt water in an hour. Of the salt thus manufactured by nature's forces Colorado City ships out several hundred carloads a month. A chemical analysis shows this salt to be 98 per cent. pure. In a country where there were less sunshine and wind saltmaking could not be carried on so successfully.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Relics of J. Wilkes Booth.
Of the 10,000 or more relics of all

smine and wind saltmaking could not be carried on so successfully.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Relics of J. Wilkes Booth.

Of the 10,000 or more relics of all kinds preserved in the Army Medical museum at Washington the most interesting perhaps are two portions of a human body—all that remains above ground of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. These ghastly but most interesting specimens are numbered and catalogned for ready reference. The first (mounted on a little stand and labeled 4,086) is a section, or rather, sections of three vertebra, the third, fourth and fifth, through an aperture in which a thin wire is placed showing the course of the ball. Near this is the second specimen, suspended in a wide mouthed vial of alcohol and labeled 4,087. It is about three inches long and reminds one of a section of well cooked beef marrow.

Referring to the catalogue, under the head of No 4,088 we find the following: "Mounted specimen is the third, fourth and fifth cervical vertebra. A conoidal carbine ball entered the right side, comminuting the base of the right laminae of the fourth vertebra, fracturing it longitudinally and separating it from the spinous process, at the same time fracturing the lifth through its pedicle, and also involving the transverse process. The missile passed directly through the canal with a slight inclination downward, and to the rear, emerging through the left base of the fourth and fifth vertured the laminae of the fourth and fifth vertured to consigned to the grave.—St. Louis Republic.

into which the gases escape as they come from the still, the pressure here getting distributed over such a large area that it is practically reduced to nil, the oil running to the receiver at ordinary atmospheric pressure.

Dr. Laing's new form of still for preventing oils being broken down, as in distilling for lubricating oils and paraffine wax, is so constructed that the non-conducting heavy residues which are continually forming under distillation are constantly being removed from the source of heat.—New York Sun.

The Wires Under the Sea.

The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles. In 1,699, Germany 1,579, and Italy 1,927 miles. The remaining 335 cables, aggregating 129,628 miles, are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon have two. To lay and repair the cables requires the constant service of a specially equipped fleet of thirty-seven vessels of 36,955 tons.—Ohio State Journal.

Sold Beds Besides Preaching.

An active pastor, who has now retired from both ministerial and commercial life, was for many years partner in an iron bedstead business, and was not ashamed. He was accustomed to boast that his conflection with business enabled him to live in a good house, to dress his wife well, to educate his children, to keep a respectable table for his friends, to help the poor and to benefit the church, all of which was true.—National Review.

A Reply from Tennyson.
On one occasion it was publicly stated that Toxocke had decay thicitaristics.

## "BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY

A fresh memorial to vanished youth.
The sweet girl graduate, with flower face;
Her oyes so full of trust, her heart of fruth,
Looking o'er all the world to find her place.
Her theme holds weightly words and thought
so staid,
A travesty on life in phrase austere;
But youthful confidence is unarraid.
And gladness vibrates in the tones so clear,
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

The joy of triumph and of proud appliance.
Sweet floral offerings, the music's stir!
Fair, samp slope of youth [O], let up naise
And linger in this girlineous, de with her.
Ere yet she climbs those "properties" of life,
Where womanhood with all its restery lies. emember, ere you go to meet its strife, Oh, maiden innocent, grown strangely wise. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

The essay soon will yellow grow with time;
The years will string their rosary of tears;
Weary and footsore, we the hills must estimb,
And stumble o'er the stones of cares an
fears.
The mists of doubt will all the landscape veil,
The summit lies so very far awa;
The feet may falter and the courage fail,
The stern pale lips will quiver then to say,
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

Oh, when the hands that helped you up the

Binded by tears, with lagging footsteps creep;
Then let your girlhood's maxim cheer your heart—
A peal of joy through all life's sad refrain—
Though here we love and lose, and meet and part,
there is a height where pleasure conquers pain—
"Beyond the Alra lies Italy."

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

-Anna B. Patten in Youth's Companion

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

—Anna B. Patten in Youth's Companion.

The Clever Bheel Robbers.

It is said that once, before the English had become used to the maneuvers of the robbers in India, an officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock, or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of seorched and withered trees, and, the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became transformed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy.—Harper's Young People.

In Down Town New York.

"The trouble with you New Yorkers is, Quill," said the man from Boston—they had been looking over Trinity church—"that your buildings lack age: they are not venerable enough to command the respect of the soul instinct with the ideals of all that is hallowed by the past. Now, there is the Old South"—"But what's the matter with that?"

South"—
"But what's the matter with that?"
interposed Quill—they were strolling
toward the Battery, and were opposite
45 Broadway—"what's the matter with
that? There's Adams Express company.
There couldn't be anything much older
or more venerable than Adam, could
there?"—New York Times.

there?"—New York Times.

The Right Answer.

A judge, meeting a countryman, said to him, "Where are yon going?"

"How do I know?" was the gruff reply.
The judge, taking it for a piece of impudence, said: "You don't know, you scamp? I'll tench you better manners. Off to prison with you!"

The poor rustic was seized forthwith and was being hauled off to jail when he turned round and said, "Your worship can see now that I answered correctly, for I assure you that I didn't know I was going to prison."

This reply excited the ristbility of the judge, who ordered him to be set at liberty.—Tesoretto.

A Monster Map.

Professor Penck's scheme is to construct a new map of the world on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, or about sixteen miles to the inch, the sheets to embrace 5 degs. in each direction, except for latitudes beyond 60 degs. for which the width would be 10 degs. of longitude. The land surface would require 769 sheets. The cost is placed at \$500,000 beyond probable returns from sales.—Ohio State Journal.

Ohio State Journal.

The Price of Church Organs.

If you have any idea of buying a church organ after learning that they last for centuries, it will interest you to know that you can buy one in this city for any price between \$500 and \$80,000, and that in the best factories an instrument that sells for \$10,000 takes six months to build.—New York Times.

The Prohibition Line in Maine.

The Prohibition line in Maine does not extend to elevations exceeding 1,500 feet. On the tip top of Green mountain, Mount Desert island, is one of the flashiest barrooms to be found anywhere, run without any pretext of concealment.—Exchange.

Exchange.

The moose in Penobscot county, Me. are so accustomed to the train that they gaze calmly and critically at the locomo tive, and are not frightened by whistler and hissing steam jets. Porson, the great Latinist, was the son of a weaver. His taste for learning was kindled by the accidental discovery of a book of Latin proverbs.

There are eight soldiers located in Ire-land to one in Scotland, and over twenty boys under eighteen years of age have wen the Victoria cross.

The people of Portland, Me., call the poet's mantle that falls in heavy folds over their statue of Longfellow "that rubber overcoat."

Candollo, the investigator, says the health of dark eyed persons is much superior to that of the light or blue eyed type.

# CASTOR

## for Infants and Children.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supercogation to endorse it. Few aret to design the supercogation to endorse it. Few aret to design the supercommended to the su

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK

## NINETEEN - YEARS - EXPERIENCE In Leather.

Our stock is bound to go. There is nothing like slim figures to put it in motion. We have laid in a very large stock of seasonable goods. WE BOUGHT CHEAP—WE SELL CHEAP. A lot of goods turned quick at close margin is good enough for us. Now is the time to buy

## A No. 1 Goods-None Better on Earth At Very Close to Manufacturing Prices.

do business to live. We live to do business, and the way to do it is to offer the very best grade of goods at prices that will make them jump. An extra large line of ladies' and gents' underwear just arrived. Call and see us. Thanking you for past favors, we remain, yours truly,

Geo. Chestnut, 93 Centre Street, Freeland.

## YOU WILL FIND US AT THE TOP IN THE CLOTHING LINE.

With more fresh styles, low priced attractions and serviceable goods than ever. The big chance and the best chance to buy your fall clothing is now offered. Our enormous stock of seasonable styles is open and now ready. Such qualities and such prices have never before been offered in Freeland. A thoroughly first-class stock, combining quality and elegance with prices strictly fair. Come in at once and see the latest styles and most serviceable goods of the season in

## MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

The newest ideas, the best goods made, the greatest variety and the fairest figures. Everybody is delighted with our display of goods and you will be. Special bargains in overcoats. Remember, we stand at the top in style, quality and variety.

## JOHN SMITH, BIRKBECK BRICK. FREELAND.

## H. M. BRISLIN,

EMBALMER.



### 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.



Advertise in the Tribune.

## UNDERTAKER Fisher Bros. Livery Stable



## FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS

At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares below Freeland Opera House.

### READING RAILROAD SYSTEM LEHIGH VALLEY DIVISION.

Anthracite coal used exclu-sively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

sively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

NOV. 15, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.
6.10, 8.35, 9.49, 10.41 A. M., 12.25, 1.59, 2.43, 2.50, 4.55, 6.41, 7.12, 8.47 P. M., for Dritton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6.10, 8.40 A. M., 1.20, 3.59 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.59 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.59 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.59 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.59 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.50 P. M., for Mauch Charles, and M. M., 1.20, 3.50 P. M., for Bothlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.

M. M., 1.21, 6.4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.21, 6.4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.21, 6.4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.21, 6.4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.21, 6.4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.20, 4.50 P. M. (via Highland Charles, M. M., 1.2

## I wish I had one."

## I wish I had one."

## HORSE: GOODS

## HORSE: G

Agents.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Mgr.
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Phil

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.