

SAFE.

And so beside the silent sea I wait the muffled oar; No harm from him can come to me On ocean or on shore.

BETSY'S SLIPPERS.

I was traveling in Ireland with some friends. We were in the southeastern part of the island and were traversing Connemara, the poorest part of that poor country.

A profound dolor seems to rest upon that corner of the earth. Low plains destitute of verdure extend to the right to a chain of mountains, which are bare, as though they had been ravaged by fire.

The few which we pass at long intervals consist only of four stone walls piled up without cement, and with a black roof. From the back of these dreary cabins issues a thin thread of blue smoke.

In front of them one sees children from five to twelve years old with naked feet, sun scorched skins and ragged clothing. They utter uncouth sounds in a language which is partly Irish, partly English.

"Betsy," murmured I; "where is Betsy?" In a few broken words she explained to me that Frigg had taken a fever and had just died.

I approached the cot. The pale face of the child wore a peaceful expression. Her long black hair lay over her shoulders in heavy curls, but her beautiful bright eyes were shut. Clapsed in her thin, blue veined hands and pressed closely to her heart were the image of St. Patrick and the two little slippers.

During all the time she had been sick, the old dame told me, she had held them in her hands. I begged the old woman to bury them with her.

A tear came to my eyes. I leaned over the poor Irish child and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.—Translated from the French of Jacques Normand by Harriet L. B. Potter for Romance.

BALDUR AND THE MISTLETOE.

How the God of Oratory and Poetry Died—A Legend of the North.

The mythology of the north unfolds to us the fatal power of the mistletoe in the charming myth of Baldur, the young god of oratory and of poetry.

Baldur the Good was the favorite son of Odin, and beloved of all the gods especially for his marvelous beauty and courage. From a succession of terrible dreams he believed himself doomed to death and related the hideous vision to the assembled gods, who with one accord determined to avert from him all danger and to this end conjured all things. Frigga, his mother, exacted from the elements and from all things in nature, animate and inanimate, a vow under no circumstances to do him harm.

Thus protected Baldur, as of yore, led the chase and courted danger in protean form, giving himself as a target for the other gods' arrows, battleaxes and other weapons, who, believing that, do what they would, they could do him no hurt, thus sported with his valor, deeming it an honor paid to Baldur.

Loki, the detractor of the gods and the author of all their misfortunes, angered that no harm could befall Baldur, and filled with envy and jealousy at the tribute thus paid to him by the other gods, resorted to strategy to find some way to work him evil. Assuming the disguise of a woman, he sought the abode of Frigga, and asked her if she knew how the gods were employed. She replied to the question, and to the passionate love and pride of the mother for her darling, gifted son, that they were testing their skill and the merits of their weapons upon Baldur, who was unscathed by them.

"Aye, aye," Frigga made answer; "naught can hurt Baldur. I have exacted an oath from all things to do him no harm."

"What!" exclaimed the deceiver; "have all things really sworn to spare Baldur?"

"All things," returned Frigga, "except an insignificant plant that grows near Walhalla, called 'mistletoe'; any thing so weak could do him no harm."

Hastily Loki left the presence of Frigga, and resuming his own shape searched for and found the frail plant. Appearing amid the gods with a branch of mistletoe, he directed it with aim so sure that Baldur was pierced through the heart and expired instantly.—New York Ledger.

THE INAUGURAL BALL.

An interesting feature has arisen with respect to the inauguration of President Cleveland. March 4 next year occurs on Saturday.

The discovery of this fact has led to some discussion regarding the propriety of holding the inaugural ball on Saturday night, when Sunday morning must necessarily be ushered in with the first stroke of 12. Inquiry of those who have been prominently identified with the inauguration ceremonies of previous years shows that this question need not occasion concern.

In the first place, the event known as the inaugural "ball" is in reality a reception merely. The throng in attendance is always so great as to prevent dancing. In the second place, it has, with rare exceptions, been brought to a conclusion by midnight, even when no considerations of respect for Sunday entered into the case.

A ball on Friday night would be inappropriate, and a postponement to Monday night would be an injustice to the thousands of visitors who would be compelled to leave the city before that time. There is no likelihood, therefore, that the time honored precedent of an inauguration ball on the evening of inauguration day will be departed from when Mr. Cleveland is inducted into office.—Washington Post.

GEMS IN VERSE.

She Knew the Worst.

"Sweetheart, you deem me good," I said As I took Bessie's soft, white hand; "But think you I am not that I have led Has been quite perfect, pure and grand."

"But ere we wed, my darling Bess, I tell you frankly that my ways Have been quite devils; I confess I've spent some wicked nights and days."

"Nay, say no more," quoth Bess, demure; "I know it all—I know the worst; Your mother told me, and I'm sure You told her all your follies first."

What could I say? This trustful lamb Had learned that once I teased the cat And twice or three had stolen jam— How could I deal with faith like that? —H. S. Tomer.

The People in Mars.

There are people living in Mars, they say, Enjoying the lease of a longer year, And a sterner night, and a sunnier day, And a clearer climate than we have here. Are their winters blighted by want and woe— Their summers by pestilence, plague and thunder? Do they suffer there as we do below, I wonder?

Do they plant and water their rose fields, And struggle with sorrow and fight with fears, While the thorns and thistles their red earth yields Are choking the seed that they sowed in tears? Do they trust in idols of stone and wood, And trample the meek and lowly under? Do they love the evil and leave the good, I wonder?

Or a happier world may it be than this, Where sin has not entered, nor death by sin— Which is blushing still from Creation's kiss, Whilst never a serpent has crept in? And if we may wander among the stars When body and spirit are given asunder, May we live life over again in Mars, I wonder?

Shall we find what here we have sought in vain— Fulfilling ideals where once we failed? With the crooked made straight and the rough made smooth, Will difficult mountains at last be scaled? Shall we cleanse our ways and redeem our worth— Repair the old wastes and retrieve each blunder? Shall we meet in Mars all we missed on Earth, I wonder? —Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

Constancy.

To constancy a thousand fancies are reared, To constancy a thousand songs are sung; The virtue honored, cherished and revered, Themo for the old and good to tempt the young.

Still are we taught, like fancies live and die; Faith, hope and love abide in constancy.

Yet who that prizes summer's golden moon But longs for autumn's soft, pathetic grace? Who revels in the lavish wealth of June, Nor sighs to think of April's varying face? Who tread of glare but turns to the warm gloom, Where the great yule logs glimmer in the room? Why, without change, a rift would deepen down; A passing wrong would redden to a hate; A love would wither beneath an angry frown, And a rash vow take all the strength of fate; Where constancy might darken, curse estrangement, Fair fall the sunny power of happy change!

Let time's soft magic wear away the wrath And passion's hot perfect work at last, And hope sow laughing blossoms on the path That will outloom the night's shade of the past, Till all that lives and moves in life's wide range May bless the sweet vicissitudes of change.

The Quiet House.

Oh, mothers, worn and weary, With cares which never cease, With never time for pleasure, With days that have no peace, With little hands to hinder And feeble steps to guard, With tasks that he unfinished, Deem not your lot too hard.

I know a house where childish things Are hidden out of sight; Where never sound of little feet Is heard from morn till night; No tiny hands that fast undo, That pull things all awry, No baby hurts to pity As the quiet days go by.

The house is all in order And free from tiresome noise, No moments of confusion, No scattered broken toys, And the children's little garments Are never soiled or torn, But are laid away forever Just as they last were worn.

And she, the sad-eyed mother, With a word she gives today, To feel your cares and burdens, To walk your weary way! Ah, happiest on all this earth, Could she again but see The rooms all strewn with playthings And the children round her knees! —Alma Pendexter Hayden.

Shared.

I said it in the meadow path, I say it on the mountain stairs— The best things any mortal hath Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze, The light without us and within— Life with its unlocked treasures, God's riches—are for all to view.

The grass is softer to my tread For rest it yields me numbered feet; Sweeter to me the wild rose red Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks! And no in every guest you bless Who necessarily your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way That opens into worlds unknown It will be life's delight to say, "Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brethren's property— Such wealth were hideous, I am blest Only in what they share with me. In what I share with all the rest. —Lucy Larcom.

Revenge.

It has neither hilt nor guard, Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord? Is thy grasp then firm and hard? But the closer thy clutch of the blade, The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal, Deeper wound in thy hand is made— It is thy blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow, When the blade from thy hand is down— Instead of the heart of the foe, Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own! —Charles Henry Webb.

Teas.

But ah! the tears that are not wept, The tears that never outward fall; The tears that grief for years has kept Within us—they are best of all; The tears our eyes shall never know Are dearer than the tears that flow. —Father Ryan.

No More Worrying.

Hain't a-goin' to worry any more— Hain't a-goin' to fret and fuss about it! We'll git what's a-comin to us, shore, Er, thank God! we'll git along without it! —James Whitcomb Riley.

CAUGHT TWO WHALES AND A WIFE.

One of the whalemen on the schooner La Ninia has a little romance. His name is William Stevens, and he has been a sailor on coasting vessels for several years.

Ten months ago he fell in love with a pretty and estimable young lady at Yaquina bay. Stevens wanted to get married, but his funds were low, so it was arranged between the two lovers that William should go on a whaling cruise and on his return the nuptial knot should be tied.

William came down on the next steamer, but found that sailors who had never been on a whaling voyage were regarded as green hands, and that when old timers were clamoring for a chance to ship a new man had very little show. However, Stevens persevered, and persuaded Captain Worth to take him on Whitlaw's whaler, the schooner La Ninia.

The green hand proved the mascot of the trip, and he killed the only two whales taken on the voyage. They were big fellows and produced 3,500 pounds of bone.

Stevens has consequently come into funds, and more funds than usually fall to the lot of a whaleman.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CRUEL WORKMEN.

An iron bridge was being erected for a railroad in the outskirts of the city of Paris when one of the workmen dropped a piece of iron heated to white heat.

At the moment a boy of fourteen passed the place and the workman called out to him that he had accidentally dropped the piece and that the boy should hand it back to him.

The poor boy, not perceiving the danger, grasped the iron with both hands and immediately dropped it again, uttering a fearful cry of pain.

He was answered by loud laughter from the workmen, as cruel as they were stupid. The perpetrator of the feat, miscalled a joke, has been arrested, his right hand burned so severely that he will never recover the full use of it.—Chicago Journal.

THE GREAT HORSE SHOW.

Recall the horse show. Fairly now, as between man and man, which was really on exhibition, the Vener family or the horses? What did the boys about town pay a dollar to see, women and dudes or horses and ponies? Why were \$900, \$700 paid for the use of a box in the horse show six consecutive nights?

Was it for love of horses, was it for interest in breeding, was it because of any knowledge of thoroughbreds? It would be nonsense to say so. Everybody, including the Veneers themselves, knows very well that the people in the boxes went to show themselves, and the people on the promenade went to look at the social exhibits.—Howard in New York Recorder.

A PROTEST AGAINST BABY RUTH.

I learn from The Herald that on Thanksgiving day a tallyho coach drove past the cottage in which Mrs. Cleveland is domiciliated at Lakewood, and that Baby Ruth heard the notes of a tallyho bugle for the first time. Great Jupiter! Are we to have this nauseous twaddle about Baby Ruth every day in the week? Some day Baby Ruth will have her first glass of champagne, her first eye tooth and her first talking doll! Are the great newspapers to chronicle all these exciting events? Keep me posted about the Hospital of Hog Island, but let Baby Ruth slide.—Cor. New York Advertiser.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RIGHT HAND MAN.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the well known English statesman, who has been chosen to lead the Liberal party in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, is a triple chimed man of ponderous physique, with a bland, persuasive manner, and though professionally a rampant Radical takes particular pride in the fact that he can trace his descent in an unbroken male line through the royal house of Plantagenet to the year 850. He is now sixty-five.—New York Press.

AN ENORMOUS BUFFALO.

An enormous wild buffalo, which was shot in Montana about a year ago and is now on exhibition in a Buffalo store window, stands nearly 18 hands high, measures 9 feet 6 inches in length and weighed when shot about 3,000 pounds.

In a shingle mill at Gray's Harbor, Wash., recently, the entire works were kept running all day on a single cedar stick, which made 188,500 shingles.

A San Francisco firm is about to commence the revival of whaling in the Antarctic ocean, which has not been carried on for many years.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, IN ADDITION TO BEING THE BEST DIALECT POET WE HAVE, IS ONE OF THE BEST STORY TELLERS IN THE WORLD.

BOARD COVERED WITH A VERY WHITE LINEN CLOTH, BENEATH AN IMAGE OF ST. PATRICK, AND BETWEEN TWO BUNCHES OF WHITE FLOWERS, I PERCEIVED—THE LITTLE SLIPPERS!

The poor child looked at her shrine of beauty with admiration and even with religious awe, as upon a precious relic. "But you should put the slippers on your feet. They are for you to wear," said I. I could not help laughing to see them set up as sacred objects of devotion.

She appeared astonished, almost angry. "Oh, never!" she said earnestly. "They are too beautiful!"

We slipped some money into the pocket of the old grandma and bade adieu to Betsy; but she could not bear to leave us yet, and followed us quite to the carriage, and looked after it with eyes full of tears as long as it could be seen.

A month later we passed through the same place on our return trip and made a halt there as before. We did not see Betsy. Before quitting that country, to which I never expected to return, I wished to see her again, if only for a minute.

I sought out and knocked at the door of the poor little cabin. No one opened it. I lifted the rude latch and entered.

A sad spectacle presented itself to my eyes. Around the little bed of Betsy, lighted by three smoking candles, some old women were kneeling and reciting prayers in a monotonous voice. Upon my entrance the chant stopped and one of the old women arose and came to me. It was the grandmother. She recognized me immediately, and two large tears ran over her wrinkled cheeks.

"Betsy," murmured I; "where is Betsy?" In a few broken words she explained to me that Frigg had taken a fever and had just died.

I approached the cot. The pale face of the child wore a peaceful expression. Her long black hair lay over her shoulders in heavy curls, but her beautiful bright eyes were shut. Clapsed in her thin, blue veined hands and pressed closely to her heart were the image of St. Patrick and the two little slippers.

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BREAD MADE OF PEANUTS.

The imperial German health authorities have been engaged in experiments, the object of which was to ascertain whether a healthful bread could be made of a mixture of rye flour and peanuts. Incidentally it was discovered that the refuse left after the oil has been extracted from peanuts contains 50 per cent. of albuminous matter. Such being the case, bread made with an admixture of peanuts or peanut refuse would certainly be highly nutritious, inasmuch as the nutritive element of any kind of bread is mainly albuminous.

Wheat and rye flours have only about 11 or 12 per cent. of albuminous matter in them. When oil has been extracted by pressure or otherwise from a vegetable substance, the residue is called "oil-cake." All oilcakes are largely albuminous. Flaxseed oilcake contains more than 40 per cent. of such elements, and the oilcake of cotton seed is about the same. It is generally supposed that peanuts are very indigestible. Another question involved is whether they could be grown more cheaply than wheat, which would seem to be very doubtful.

Perhaps, however, peanut bread is to be looked forward to as a luxury of the future.—Washington Star.

NUTRACK NIGHT.

All Hallow Even or Halloween, the evening before All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, has yet another title in the north of England—namely, Nutrack Night, the derivation of which is obvious enough. Impartially weighed against the others, it is perhaps the very best time of the whole year for discovering just what sort of husband or wife one is to be blessed withal.

Of old time, to go back to the usual source of such things, the Romans had a feast of Pomona at this time, and it was then that the stores laid up in the summer for use in the winter were opened. The appropriateness of the use of nuts and apples at this time thus becomes apparent. But when a festival flourishing in the British isles has fires connected with it, look sharp for a Druidical origin and it will not usually be necessary to look far. Now Halloween has fires connected with it and a Druidical connection, if not actual origin, seems highly probable.—New York Tribune.

WHAT "WINKERS" ARE FOR.

One of the employments of electricity just now is to make "winkers," to hang from high places. They are incandescent lights, hoisted on a flagpole or run out from a window, and the current is interrupted and turned on again by clock-work mechanism. A man sees the light, then he notices that it is gone. While wondering what has become of it it reappears. This is supposed to rouse his interest to such an extent that he will ask somebody what it is for, and the man who displays the light will then get an advertisement—if he has luck.—New York Sun.

LEARNING DENTISTRY IN JAPAN.

A twelve-year-old Japanese boy sat on the floor in a dentist's office in Japan having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. As the strength of this natural pair of forceps develop by practice the pegs are driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg pulling the young dentist graduates and is able to lift the most refractory molar in the same manner that he now lifts wooden pegs.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NOT ASHAMED OF HER STANDING.

St. Louis Girl—What did you find in your stocking—a grand piano? Chicago Girl—No; a 10-acre lot with a house on it.—Exchange.

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H. M. BRISLIN, GO TO UNDERTAKER Fisher Bros. EMBALMER. Livery Stable. 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. 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. Advertise in the Tribune.

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