BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET MENOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forgetmenot— These three bloomed in a garden spot, And once, all merry with song and play, A little one heard three voices say: "Shine or shadow, summer or spring— O thou child with the tangled hair And laughing eyes—we three shall bring Each an offering, passing fair!" The little one did not understand, But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

but they bent and kissed the dimplet hand. Buttercup gamboled all day long, Sharing the little one's mirth and song Then, stealing along on misty gleams, Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams, Kissing the little face under the pall, We thought of the words the third dower spake. And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot The solace and peace of forgetmenot.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day, Glinting with gold the hours of play; Bringeth the poppy sweet repose, When the hands would fold and the eyes would close

When the hands would fold and the eyes would close, And after it all—the play and the sleep Of a little life—what cometh then? To the hearts that ache and the eyes that were cep e flower bringeth God's peace again. one serveth its tender lot—

ttercup, poppy, forgetmenot. -Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

# "JIST IN TIME."

The sun was slowly lifting a rosy crown from the head of the tall "King mountain" in eastern Kentucky. Twi-light was slowly creeping up the valley, leaving black throated tunnels yawning beneath the trees that crowded each side of the creek. With quiet chatter the chickens were gathering beneath the trees in the front of old Bill Copiedly. log cabin, glancing about here and there, seeking the best boughs in which to rest through the coming night. A whip poorwill was lifting its weird, monoto

through the coming night. A whip-pioorwill was lifting its weird, monoto-nous shrieks out on the mountain side at the rear of the house. Beyond the yard fence in front, on a large oak, sat a young man and a young girl. The lat-ter was Nellie Copfield, the pretises girl "in all the country round." The former was her big, rawboned, but withal handsome lover, Tim Holbrook. The two had been quarreling, but now a short truce of silence had intervened. To young giant sat with his head been dover, vigorously, but unconsciously, whitting on a pine shingle. The girl sat twisting her fingers, making the joints crack, and ever and anon flash-ing a detecting glance at her lover. Oc-casionally her sharp look would en-counter his, and then two chins would suddenly drop toward two breasts. Finally the young man, with a sudden impulse, arcse from the log, brushed away the shavings that clung to his clothes, and said: "Waal, I guess it's time fer me ter be gittin out this."

impulse, arose from the log, brushed away the shavings that clung to his clothes, and såid: "Waal, I guess it's time fer me ter be gittin outen this." The girl glanced up, and with a sug-gestion of sarcaam in her tones said: "In surprised at yo wantin to go so sudding! I thought yo was havin an awful nice time!" "Now that ar quarrel agin. I don't feel like it. I got up ter tell ye goodby." "Thar's plenty o' time yit ter tell me that. The moon ain't hardly up yit. Yo ginerally stay nearly all night. What's yer hurry now?" The girl's tones were glowed with soft radiance through the gathering darkness. At the beauty of that upturned face his joints weakened, and down he sat again beside her. He turned to the girl and said with some desperation: "I low eon. Nell. and ye know it."

me desperation: "I love you, Nell, and ye know it." "O' course I do," returned the girl,

laughing. "I can't he'p lovin ye." "I know you can't." "I loved ye the fust time I ever seed

"Yes, you did that!" "That's jis' why ye treat me like a

dog." "I don't trent ye like a dog, Tim." "Ye don't?" "No. suh, I don't."

"Ye don't?" "No, suh, I don't." "Pd like ter know why?" "Because I'm allers good an pleasant o my dog." Here the girl laughed aloud: but Tim, exasperated beyond any further endur-ance, leaped up, made a rush for his mule, mounted it and dashed furiously

away. As the echoes of the mule's hoofs died out in the night remores eprang up in "Oh, goodness!" she cried, "wonder what got inter him ter treat me that avway? Jis' jumped up an run off an never sed nothin. He's mad about somethin—I ter pieces, an a body never kin tell what it's erbout. Well, I reckin it wud be all for the best if he stays mad—if he is mad. Anybody that acks the foot that a-way why they'd be no livin with 'em arter they's married to 'em. I never will speak to him agin. Lordy goodness, I know I never done nothin. Wonder if he was certain mad and won't never try to make up with me no more". And the poor, injured little maiden smakhed two big tears on her pretty, plump cheeks, crossed the fence, entered the house and went to bed. As the echoes of the mule's hoofs died

show he is. What a habout some him-type of a subsection of the best if he stays mad-if he is mad. Anyholdy that acks the foot hat he road like a young faw.
where it is. Will I have time? Oh, I type of the best if he stays mad-if he is mad anyholdy that acks the foot hat he road like a young faw.
As the neared the great oak she saw if he love climbing up to the first limbs, are they simariced to 'em. I never with the road like a young faw.
As the neared the great oak she saw if he love climbing up to the first limbs, are they simariced to 'em. I never with a the love climbing up to the first limbs, are they simarice to 'em. I never a the love climbing up to the first limbs, are seen to be determine the work one nothin. Work the theore the love climbing up to the first limbs, are they exist the theore the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the seen to the sort of the theore the the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the sort of the theore the sort of the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the sort of the theore the sort of the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the sort of the theore the sort of the love climbing up to the first limbs, are the sort of the theore the sort of the sort of the sort of the theore the do the sort of the sort of

all the critters. When they find out a fel-ler's too sweet on 'em it turns 'em sour." ler's too sweet on 'em it turns 'em sour." And the great, strong man—a weak-ling at this moment—lifted up his voice and sang the following stanza of despair:

For yewel, my lowin Nelle, Till bit you adlee, I am rulned forever, By the lowin of you.
"Oh, don't you be a bit frightened, young man, about that girl. Don't I know human nature? Haven't I read the book of humanity from the 'preface' to the end, 'until every leaf is greasy and yellow with my thumbs? I's my business, young man. From what you tell me about the girl, and the account of your quarrel with her, she is now in the orchard under a tree, lying flat in the grass 'snubbing' about you. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her about. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her about. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her about. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her apron. She's drawing deep sighs at this moment, and has a chunk in the throat that she can't either get up or down. She'd give tho earth and throw in a few other good sized planets to be all right with you again. Do as I've told you, and if the thing don't work you don't pay me the ten' dollar4 and I give you leave to kick me clear across the county besides." The speaker was a traveling peddler an 'wan to ther than Tim Holbrook. "Waal, you better rockon," returned Tim, rubbing his hard hands together in an excess of glee, "is make that ar trick work, ye're not only wel-come to the ten dollars, but sixten head of fine fat shoats besides!" "Git your rope an clear out then, and so will I," impatiently 'spoke the reser-voir of destiny, and off he went toward the cabin residence of old Bill Copield.
An hour later the "fortune teller" was first. Comig out on the porch. "The like to stop with you and get my dim.c. 'he spiled.
"Hello yerself," glumly spoke a young igit, comig out on the porch.
"The table sta shoats besides!" "There won't be no clust.
"The to stop with you and get my dim.c. 'he spiled.
"The spiled. He sat in front of the youn fir, tranger." "There won't be hortuna t VICLAD VESUVI

IRONCLAD VESUVUS. kinds of fun which are to Americans much fuenier than they are meant to be -viz., the serious comments of some very serious English writers on our so-ciety and politics, and the attempts of Frenchmen to be funny at our expense It is pleasant to learn that the illus trated papers of Paris contain carica-tures of the Chicago We'd's fair, for it shows that Europe is Atterested in it. and their ideas about us are decidedly funny. One paper, for instance, gravely unforms its readers that a great attrac-tion at Chicago will be Buffalo Bill and his heroes, showing how they would

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Dimer being concluded, the man asked the "bill." "Nuthin, stranger," simultaneously spoke mother and daughter. "That is certainly cheap," laughingly spoke the fortune teller. "Yas," returned Mrs. Copfield, "but it's all we ever charg." "Well, well," spoke the fortune teller, "Yas," returned Mrs. Copfield, "but it's all we ever charg." "Well, well," spoke the fortune teller, and the something for such a good dinner. I am a fortune teller, and I know the young lady would be pleased to know her fortune. Most young people would." The young girl colored brightly and said she'd "like awful well to have it told if he could tell." A cup with coffee grounds staining its sides and bottom was soon revolving in the wizard's practiced fingers. Finally, in tones of deep gravity, he spoke: "Young lady, you are in love." The girl turned to her mother with an astonished look in her eyes. The mother smiled through the veil of astonishment that covered her features. "You are in love with a young man not far from here. He loves you, You have him, and he has made up his mind to kill himself." "On kend of on the soul is that."

him, and he has made up his mind to kin himself." "Ob, boohool Oh, don't say that!" pleadingly cried the girl. The fortune teller gazed long into the depths of the cup. Then a frightened look sprang to his face. His eyes spread open like saucers. His breast heaved. His hands clutched together. Finally he spoke, hoarsely: "Quick, girl! Go to him! Go at once! Ho will soon hang himself!" "Oh, Lordy Gord!" screamed the girl, wringing her hands, "where, oh, where is he?"

"Down the road, I think. Oh, yes; I "Down the road, I think. Oh, yes; I see him plain. It's under a big oak down the road not over 300 yards away. Go at once and you can save him. Got go?" "Oh, Lord help me! I know just where it is. Will I have time? Oh, Lord!" But before the man could answer the cirl had leared the fence and was run-

FRENCH FUN. How the Illustrated Papers of Paris Carl-cature Our Fair.

tature Our Fair. English critics declare that the Amer-icans of today are the most humorous people on earth. Americans have until recently been inclined to yield the palm to the French. There are, however, two 12-7



- "5 IRONCLAD VESUVIUS.

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THE SHOWER OF ROSES, have routed the amazons of Dahomey if only the French government had em-ployed them. Bill is apparently better known in France than any other of our public men.

Inowa in France than any other of our public met. Another gives an illustration of Ve-suvins. The volcano is to be "trans-ported to Jackson park," and to make it safe it will be covered with boiler iron well riveted. Furthermore, when put on exhibition, instead of lava and ashes it will belch forth a shower of fresh roses and perfume. "all of which," says the Parisian caricaturist, "are included in the one price of admission." Headds that



BUFFALO BILL IN DAROMEY. there will be realistic railroad accidents, the passengers volumeering to risk life and limb in order to show foreigners how the thing is done. Also incendiary fires to show the promptness and efficiency of the fire department. In short, if half this Frenchman says were true, the ex-position would be a marvel indeed.

The Mermonial Art Palace. The permanent Memorial Art palace. in which all congresses will be held, is rapidly rising on the lake front, Chicago. It will have two audence rooms, each to seat between 3,000 and 4,000 people, while twenty smaller rooms will afford accommodation for from 200 to 700 par-ticipants each.

ticipants each. A New Monumen for Chicago. Chicago is exerting berself to put style and finish on as many as possible of her public adorament in time for the great exposition, and Le vision thereto will be surprised at the many new monu-ments of one sort or a nather in the city. Among the latest is the beautiful gift of George M. Pullman. comemorating the massacre of the Fort Derborn garrison. Aug. 15, 1812. In that star Black Par-tridge, who was in truth a "moble red man," rescued the youn wife of Lieu-tenant Helm from a savege who had his tomalawk lifted to dash of ther brains, and this incident the sculptor-Carl Rohl-Smith-has chosen or his subject



THE MASACRE MONTART. Behind these three an Indian's represented as killing Dr. Van Vochis, sur sented as killing Dr. Van Vochis, sur tab va availage in the coldness of the drink than with the coldness of the drink and food which have become dangerous to health in the mare suggested. -Cor. Manchester the bronze group will stand on a bas of poli side dark Quincy granite, 10 At the session and the last so far as the antiop-tions poured in by bushels asking for the passage of the measure, while now pro-test are coming in against the senator tor, New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Fronting Hote. "I wonder," said George Hayser at the Network of a big floating hotel on the lake during the World's fair, modeled fafter the one just completed in Maine, and which will soon be sent to Florida waters to craise or float, whichever term may be right. I saw it before I left Maine, It is an immense and rather un-wieldly looking affair, and an outside view is not particularly proposessing, but its interior decoration and the ar-rangements for the convenience and com-fort of greats equal almost any of the land hotels, except that it lacks the met-ropolitan character of our large city hotes and has too much of a sporting flavor to suff, the average man who is not a Nimrod or a Walton. It will be partonized chiefly by sporting men who will hunt and fish in southern waters, take the place of cols, which slawsys stand on the cutside of hotes, there are noted to being full of unbrellar secieves, instead to being full be unbrellar secieves, ind hotels, It is a slow moving for hase to hypone the management will be made in inverse and hotel sharps, for the should be detected out on the inverse and swamps. The management will movance of dead beats and hotel sharps, for the should be detected out on the inverse in stand beat inverse and beat inverse.

Advertising as Vanderbilt's Guest. The following unique advertisement has appeared in The Times, and also, with a trifling variation, in The Morning Post:

with a trifling variation, in The Morning Post: Mr. R. W. Davey, of London, has arrived at New York on his return trip from Central and Isat present the guest of Mr. Vanderblit, the millionaire. Never before having heard of Mr. R. W. Davey, of London, I am burning for more information concerning this indi-vidual. Who is R. W. Davey? What has he been doing in America? Why is the fact of his being the guest of Mr. Vanderblit deemed of sufficient public interest for publication as an advertise-ment in the London papers? Who wants to know where R. W. Davey has been? Who cares where he is now? Evidently R. W. Davey has a large circle of ac-quaintances who are deeply concerned above points.—London Truth. A Discharged Engineer's Suit.

A Discharged Engineer's Suit. One of the strangest actions ever brought in the Lawrence county courts has just been commenced by W. P. Nye against the Pittsburg company, which has been improving the new town of Ellwood. Mr. Nye states that he is a lo-compating energing from the set of the omotive engineer. Sept. 23, 1890, he vas induced by the Pittsburg company

was induced by the Pittsburg company to accept a position as engineer on the leaver Valley raincal at \$90 a month, which was increased by working over time to \$100. On the representations of the company that he would have a permanent posi-tion he bought a house and lot from the Pittsburg company for \$1,750, agreeing to pay \$120 every three months until the whole amount was paid. July 31, 1892, he was discharged, as he says, without cause. He ceased to pay for his house, and now he asks \$2,000 from the com-pany for breach of contract.—Meadville (Pa.) Gazette. A Frog Taken Alive From a Mass of Coal 300 Feet Below the Surface.

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## GEMS IN VERSE. Two Ships

Two Ships. I built a ship-a great large ship, And Prede stool at the heim And Steered for Fame, that wondrows land, And Weath-bright, shide arcaim! And steered for Fame, that wondrows land, And Weath-bright, shide arcaim? And Jone with your great, great drews And long whip, an great, great ship And long whip, an great, great ship And, long whip and beak to me And longht not of bright Weath or Fame, But pleasure rose in sight. Lorg was my captain, mate and grew, And long whip, lowly ship, Thy moles wings unfold. "And, long whip, lowly ship, Thy moles wings unfold." And, long whip came dancing back Just weighted down wing off

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DIVISION.

Uncle Jed's Journey

Uncle ded's Journey. I never grouted, never fussed, but lived here calm an still; For forty year I lived here on the hill in Po-kumville, "Don't live here like a smill," said Jim, "with-in yer snail shed curled; I'll pay yer fare to go out west an let yer see the world!"

the world." An so I got on board the train an whirled off like a breeze, But all see upon the trip wus dirt an grass an trees; See water, stones an sichlike things-some-times a brook an hill. Sez I to Jim. "All these ere things I see in Fokunwille."

We stopped to see Niagara falls, thet makes so much loud talk,

much boat faik. much boat faik. An wrea a faiss of water kinder tumblin with you spill welf. "If you spill welf." "Tiz zackly the same principul," an Jim he couldn't deny. 

An we crossed the Rocky mountains, an Jim said, "I call this grand." "They're nothing," sez I, "but great hunks of rock an dirt an sand." An we come to the Pacific, an it made Jim look profound. But I sez, "I don't see nothin but some water sloshin round." 

stosnin round." An we went to sov'rul cities—there wuz nothin there to see, " But jess er mess er houses an some folks like you an me, And we come into Chicago. Sez Jim, "How's this for high" Sez I, "It's jest like Pokunville—the same ole thing," sez I. —S. W. Foss.

Behind the Mask.

Behma the Mass. Put on thy mask, that none may know Thy heart is breaking: Put on a smile and hide from view Its heavy aching. The world would only scorn thy pain— Twould turn away in cold disdain. Danish the traces from thine eyes Of bitter crying, For none must know that those sweet lips Could part with sighing. Come, Join in merry song and dance, Nor sorrow tell by sigh or glance.

God knows 'tis hard to smile when one Is sad and weary; To dance as though thy heart were light When all is dreary.

When all is dreary. There's many curious lips to ask Thy cause for pain. Put on thy mask.

Any cause for pain. Fut on thy may
 No, no, 'twill never do—that smile, "Tis not beguiling;
 Far better see the tear drops there
 Than such sad smiling,
 For one could read the story there.
 Of broken hearted, sad despair.

of offester meaks twill hide thy grief; Come, wear it lightly, And none will guess that 'neath thy smile Beaming so brightly, Is naught but litter tears and pain-A bleeding heart with anguish slain. —Allon Mormon.

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