

TO A STOLEN PORTRAIT.

As you gaze from my library table,
Mid manuscript, letters and books,
The easy to see you're unable
To regulate all of your looks.

LITTLE COLONEL.

I had watched him every day for weeks.
He always stood in the shadow
Of the American express office on Market
Space, and his poor little hunchback
So pitiful. He was the tiniest mite
Imaginable, and his pallid little face
Was rendered doubly delicate in appearance
By the light blue shirt he always wore.

Some few used to buy from him;
Others more often would give him
A nickel or a dime and let him keep his
Goods. To each and every purchaser
He doffed his hat, but he forgot their faces
As soon as they amalgamated with the
Crowd. One could see it was an irksome
Task—mechanical, unloved. He was
Studying on something all the time. All
The weeks I passed by he did not learn
To know me until one day I paused and
Asked: "Now, look here, colonel, I want
You to recognize me when I go by next
Time. I've traded with you for weeks,
And you never know me. I'm getting
Pretty mad about it, I can tell you, my
Friend."

"Right you are, colonel," I said.
"Ought not to be for you," I said.
"Pretty fair. Dull times now, though."

"You found her by her smile, didn't
you?" said the little colonel.
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an ef yo had no time to tell yo neber
min, but dat he'd told himself down ter
business at de first particular opportunity
when he can get onto his bed."

"Can you take me to him?"
The boy was wonderfully solemn by
this time and hustled off to lead the way
in double quick time.

"Ef yo is tired," he said thoughtfully,
"yo might tek a car. The line runs right
near his house. I'll run behind. Yo kin
get off at — street."

"You come, too," I said; "get on the
platform. I'll pay your fare."

I was lost in dreams about my sick lit-
tle friend when I was aroused by the car
coming to a sudden standstill, and my
guide came and touched my arm gently.

"Poor little colonel," I thought, "we
will have to get him out of this place as
soon as he can be moved."

On either side of the alleyway stood a
mass of little woolly headed urchins,
male and female. I stepped over the
threshold in the open doorway, for it was
May, and the day, outside of the alley,
at least, was warm. My guide followed in
my wake. A pale faced woman met me
and clasped both my extended hands in
hers.

I stepped to the side of the bed. The
little light brown head was thrown back
on the pillows, the blue eyes were more
magical than ever in their hue. The
mouth, with its shrewd, old lines was
open, and the breath came unsteadily
through the even rows of small white
teeth.

My throat filled up and I could not
speak. My poor little partner; my brave
little colonel! His mother began fanning
him gently and evenly again from the
other side of the bed. His eyes brightened
when he saw me and his hand was lifted
to greet me.

"Had to give up business for a spell,"
said the colonel falteringly.
"Oh, darling," I cried, forgetting my
part in this strange scene, "I cannot bear
to see you look so ill. What can I get
you?"

A radiant smile lighted his face and
he pointed upward. "I'm afraid I can't
do business in the old stand," he said
faintly, "but I've got a place up there,
and I hope I can keep my bunch on my
back, 'cause if I don't when you come
along you won't know the little colone-
l!"

He ceased speaking to rest. I passed
him some wine and water mixed that
stood at hand. His eyes fell on his little
colored friend standing back by the door
twisting his hat in both hands nervously
and shifting noiselessly from one foot to
the other.

Persuaded to Work.
While in Cajamarca in the Cordilleras
I was sitting with my hosts one even-
ing at the door of their house. Sudden-
ly there was a great noise in the quiet
street, and a horseman rode up. It was
a friend of the family, who was on his
way to settle an account with a trouble-
some debtor. When he hinted that a
creditor would hardly be ordinarily re-
ceived at such an hour, he touched some-
thing, handing on the pommel of his
saddle, and so that he had something
there which would settle the matter.

His debtor was an Indian who lived
not far away in the country, and who
had promised to make for him 300 or 400
large adobe bricks in payment for some
small wares which he had purchased two
years before. He seemed perfectly will-
ing to fulfill his contract, and when ever
he was reminded of it would promise to
be on hand the next day; but he never
appeared.

The merchant was repairing his house,
and according to the custom of the coun-
try had taken the law into his own
hands. An hour after he left us he re-
turned, calling out triumphantly, "Well,
I have my man, you see."

His lasso was unrolled. One end was
tied to his saddle; the other was fastened
about the wrists of an Indian. I shall
never forget the captive's impressive face.
His strong features, framed in long locks
of hair, expressed neither anger nor as-
tonishment—only philosophical submis-
sion to fate. The next day at dawn I saw
him cheerfully at work with the air of a
man who was glad to pay his debts.

Curiously enough, when some time
later another man wished to engage his
services he declined the offer. He liked
his employer and his work and had no
desire to better his condition.—Marcel
Monnier.

Death to the Horses.
It is a white and dreary plain. There
is a line of straggling gum trees beside a
feeble water course.
Six wild horses—brombies, as they are
called—have been driven down, corralled
and caught. They have fed on the leaves
of the myall and stray bits of salt bush.
After a time they are got within the
traces.

They are all young and they look not
so bad. We start. They can scarcely be
held in for the first few miles. Then
they begin to soak in perspiration. An-
other five miles and they look drawn
about the flanks, and what we thought
was flesh is dripping from them.

Another five, and the flesh has gone.
The ribs show, the shoulders protrude.
Look! A pole's heels are knocking
against the whiffletree. It is twenty
miles now. There is a gulp in your
throat as you see a wreck stagger out of
the traces and stumble over the plain,
head near the ground and death upon its
back. There is no water in that direc-
tion, worn out creature.

It comes upon you like a sudden blow.
These horses are being driven to death.
And why? Because it is cheaper to kill
them on this stage of thirty miles than
to feed them with chaff at \$350 a ton.
And now another sways. Look at the
throbbing sides, the quivering limbs.
He falls.

"Driver, for heaven's sake, can't you
see?"
"I do, so help me God, I do. But
we've got to get there. I'll let them out
at another mile."

And you are an Anglo-Saxon, and this
is a Christian land.—"Round the Com-
pass in Australia."

Effect of a Compromise.
In a certain Maine town lives a man
who for many years has been engaged in
the grocery business, but receiving a
good offer he sold out to a younger man
and retired to private life. But the ruling
passion was too strong to let him long
be idle, so he commenced building a
store on his land, which adjoined that
of the Methodist church. For a time
everything went harmoniously and the
new store neared a state of completion.
But just at this point up came one of
the trustees of the church and said,
"Your store sets over on our land one
foot and it will have to be moved."

LIGHT AND AIRY.
The Stage in Nineteen Ninety-two.
"Was in a dream I saw a play
In nineteen ninety-two—
The plot had faded quite away—
The situations new:
A villain and a lovely girl,
All innocent and true;
The people sat to witness that
In nineteen ninety-two.

Shakespeare, not even as a name,
In every front row chair;
The actor who aspired to fame
Thought melodrama crude;
Variety and minstrel shows
Were memories to be feared;
Provincial towns ne'er heard of clowns
In nineteen ninety-two.

Barnstorming was a thing unknown:
There were no railroad ties;
Each actor had a car—his own—
In a balloon of size;
The ghost would never fail to walk,
And modern ghosts of old;
A new and solid joke had been found
In nineteen ninety-two.

The death had had dwindled down
Until it numbered one;
Four matinees a day in town
The actors thought rare fun;
The buzz saw and the tank had flown
With other fads a few;
And "kids" went on—for Gerry'd gone—
In nineteen ninety-two!

And She Failed.
"Whatever the matter, dear?" asked Mr.
Justwell as he came into the house and
found his wife crying as if her heart would
break.
"I am so discouraged," she sobbed.
"Whatever has bothered my little wife?"
"I worked all the afternoon making cos-
tard pies because I knew you were so fond
of them, and—and—" Here she began
weeping hysterically again.

Circumstantial Evidence.
Lodger (furiously)—Madame, 'vave you
stole mine sugar?
Landlady (indignantly)—Indeed, sir, I
have not touched your sugar.
Lodger—But dere vos a glass ober it
ven I went out dis morning.
Landlady—Well, there is a glass ober it
now.
Lodger (triumphantly)—Acht! but vere iz
ze fly?—Pick Me Up.

An Illusion.
A phantom ne'er could speak so low,
Nor shadows make respond
To sounds that on the rocks below
Rise upward from the pond.
Two figures in the moonlight dim
I see beneath the trees,
And she is bending over him,
While he is on his knees.
The night is cold and breezes blow,
Yet on his knees he waits.
You say he's pleading love—or, no!
He's putting on his slippers.

The Proper Answer.
"You know the report we printed last
night about Mawson's death?" said the sub-
editor.
"Y'es," said the editor in chief.
"Yell, he was in here this morning ask-
ing us to deny it."
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ing us to deny it?"
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A Philanthropist.
First Moth—Do you think you could spare
a little piece of that sealink cape that we
have planned for our dinner?
Second Moth—Why, I guess so. What's
up?
First Moth—I met a tenement house
moth today, and he looked so poor I thought
I would like to give him a surprise.—
Cloak Review.

The New Stamps.
To make the new stamp
Adhesively damp
Just run out your tongue and dab it.
But to give it a lick
That will make it stick
You will discover after a few applications
that it will be necessary
To acquire the lick habit.
—New York Sun.

Her Artful Way.
Mrs. Gazzam—George, dear, here's an
article on how to keep moths out of seal
link.
Guzzam—That can't be of much interest
to you, as you have no sealink sack.
Mrs. Gazzam—That was what I wished
to direct your attention to, love.—Detroit
Free Press.

The Sphendrift Lover.
To buy her presents his cash he spent,
And her words of thanks were sweeter than
honey.
But when he had squandered his last red cent
She married a quaver who saves his money.
—New York Press.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
BETHEL BAPTIST.
Ridge and Walnut Streets.
Rev. C. A. Spaulding, Pastor.
Sunday School.....10:00 A M
Gospel Temperance.....2:30 P M
Preaching.....6:00 P M

H AVEENLY RECRUITS.
Centre Street, above Chestnut.
Rev. M. L. Lingle, Pastor.
Morning Service.....10:00 A M
Sunday School.....2:00 P M
Love Feast.....3:15 P M
Preaching.....7:30 P M

JEDDO METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
In charge of Rev. E. M. Chilcoat.
Sunday School.....2:00 P M
Preaching.....10:00 A M

ST. ANN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC.
Rev. M. J. Fallhee, Pastor; Rev. Edw. O'Reilly,
Curate.
Low Mass.....8:00 A M
High Mass.....10:30 A M
Sunday School.....2:00 P M
Mass on Weekdays.....7:30 P M

ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL.
South and Washington Streets.
Rev. A. J. Kuehn, Pastor.
Sunday School.....1:30 P M
Prayer and Sermon.....7:00 P M

ST. JOHN'S REFORMED.
Walnut and Washington Streets.
Rev. H. A. Benner, Pastor.
Sunday School.....9:00 A M
German Service.....10:30 A M
Praise Meeting.....7:00 P M
Catechism Instruction.....5:00 P M
Prayer and teachers' meeting every Saturday
evening at 7:45 o'clock.

ST. KASIMER'S POLISH CATHOLIC.
Ridge Street, above Caron.
Rev. Joseph Mazotas, Pastor.
Mass.....9:00 A M
Vespers.....4:00 P M
Mass on Weekdays.....7:30 P M

ST. LUKE'S GERMAN LUTHERAN.
Main and Washington Streets.
Rev. A. Beumler, Pastor.
Sunday School.....9:00 A M
German Service.....10:00 A M
Catechism Instruction.....5:00 P M

ST. MARY'S GREEK CATHOLIC.
Front and Fern Streets.
Rev. Cyril Gulovich, Pastor.
Low Mass.....8:00 A M
High Mass.....10:30 A M
Vespers.....2:00 P M

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Hickock Street, South Heberton.
Rev. E. M. Chilcoat, Pastor.
Sunday School.....2:00 P M
Preaching.....7:00 P M
Epworth League meets every Sunday even-
ing at 6:00 o'clock.

WELSH BAPTIST.
Fern Street, above Main.
Sunday School.....10:30 A M
Prayer Meeting.....6:00 P M

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gant stock of fine firearms here. Get our
prices and examine our new breech-load-
ers. Also all kinds of
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DEC. 4, 1892.

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COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST
COUGH
CURE

AT
BEDTIME
I TAKE
PLEASANT
HERB
DRINK

LANE'S MEDICINE
THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND
NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver
and kidneys, and is pleasant to take. This drink is
made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as
any medicine.

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GENTLEMEN.
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Misses are the
Best in the World.
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Take no Substitute,
but insist on having W. L.
DOUGLAS' SHOES, with
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John Smith, Birkbeck & Brick.

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Is still here and doing busi-
ness on the same old principle
of good goods and low prices.

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