

TOMORROW.

The robin chants when the thrush is dumb... Snow smooths a bed for the clover...

MY KLEPTOMANIAC.

As the great Sir Walter says, the public likes the big bowwow. Yet what if I try whether it may not be interested also in the little bowwow?

The little bowwow took an immense interest in me at first sight. He was such a poor and friendless creature, and it was such a cold and blustering night...

Yes, he is certainly mongrel, this Artful Dodger of mine. Perhaps if he had been of good honest Skyo strain this tale could never have been told of him.

However, in he came with me that night, and out he went with me next evening for the first of our walks abroad.

It was only round a couple of corners on an errand to the green grocer's about the morrow's list, which had not properly been made up, but when I pulled my glove off at the home door to grapple the better with the difficulties of the latch key...

That was excusable enough perhaps. But what followed day by day exhausted all my stock of apologies for my poor kleptomaniac.

Day by day there was something of my neighbors' goods laid at my door. One morning it would be a prime beefsteak fresh from the butcher's stall; another, it would be a dainty handkerchief thrust into my hand as we walked together along Chestnut street.

Some Fagin had trained him. There was not a doubt of that. It was the part of a Christian moralist, to reclaim him, not to turn him adrift in his evil ways.

"Love me, love my dog," I said to Hugh one evening as I stood with him in the vestibule, and the Artful Dodger whined so piteously on the other side of the closed door that I was obliged to let him out to walk with us.

"When your dog is as honest as you are, Kitty," said Hugh, "I may perhaps begin to love him as—"

"As I do?" I answered, my dog and I springing down the steps together gaily. "I wouldn't advise you to. Evil communications corrupt good manners, to quote still another proverb, and my Artful Dodger may teach me as much as I have failed in teaching him, poor boy!"

"At that rate it is as well I am taking you both to a poor quarter of the city," said Hugh. And indeed I felt that the dog might help to cheer the little crippled lad he was taking me to see.

But just then the door opened; the dressmaker was letting out a customer. Who or what that was I never heeded, for from where we stood over the way my dog had dashed across, up the low steps and was fawning on the little woman in a transport of joy.

She did not stoop to meet those eager carresses; those sharp little canine cries of delighted recognition had no response. Only as we came in she made a hurried, groping movement for the handle of the door as if she would have shut it in our faces.

"We owe it to ourselves," he said, "to make some explanation. Of course the dog is yours."

"She made a hasty motion of disclaimer, but Hugh went on: "Of course the dog is yours; we have had him so long in our keeping because he was found one night last winter, and this lady kindly let him come indoors with her out of the bitter weather."

"This lady tentatively, for it had not escaped Hugh any more than it had me that as between dog and mistress the affection was certainly all on one side. The little woman—girl she was rather—had retreated, sinking down on the steep box stairs that almost filled up the tiny entry. The dog did not feel himself repulsed as we did, but fell, dog fashion, to kissing the worn hands with which she covered her face. It was in that same instant that we heard a child's cry. She let her hands fall together, the wedding ring flashing out on the worn finger, and then, for the first time noticing me, with a swift sign she led the way into the back room."

"The baby was just waking in his cradle. She turned her white face round on us in the doorway as she dropped down on her knees beside him. The dog went sniffing about the cradle, round and round, as if he could not understand, then stood irresolute, his brown eyes flashing inquiry from the woman to me. "For the child's sake," she said. "For the child's sake!"

"She caught her breath in a frightened, gasping way that brought the doctor in Hugh to the fore."

"Steady," he said gently. "We are not here to hurt you, but to see what can be done for you."

"Poor Dash! My poor, poor Artful Dodger!" I whispered, stooping to pat him. But Hugh was looking at the woman attentively. "I beg your pardon, but I think I have seen you before," he said.

"She threw up her hands with a sharp cry: "I knew it! I knew that dog would ruin me!"

"Then you tried to lose him—to get rid of him?"

"She made Hugh no answer, only looked at him half fearfully, half defiantly. "Come, Kitty," he said to me, "since the dog's owner is willing to part with him we will take him home with us."

"Of course I asked Hugh what it all meant the moment we were out of earshot, and I am afraid I was not in a very amiable mood during the walk home, because he would not answer. The next day, however, he told me, for the next day he went back to the flowerpot of a house and found the little dressmaker had lost herself to Dash again."

"And I had been hoping you would be here making your gowns, Kitty," he said ruefully. "That was the reason I thought I had better not tell you her story until you had got interested in the poor, young thing. But she has vanished without a clew, and—Do you remember Cousin Katharine's writing to me here to look out for her house last summer, while you were all out of town?"

"I remember mamma's being worried at hearing of so many burglaries in town of empty houses."

"Precisely. There was a gang, it was believed. At any rate one of the burglars was traced to his home by means of his dog. He was not taken without obstinate resistance. He had got a bad wound, and I was called in as the nearest doctor to stop the flow of blood before he could be removed. He had a pretty little house; a pretty little wife of his own, who, with her baby of a few weeks in her arms, shrank stricken with shame and horror in the farthest corner of the room."

"It seems she had never so much as dreamed of her husband's 'business,' which took him so often away from her at night. She appeared to shrink away from him as if he were an absolute stranger to her, as if he could not be the man she had known. What she might have done further I don't know, for he fell dead of the first opportunity and just fled his life away. People were interested in the poor young woman, and she would not have lacked kindness, but then, as now, she disappeared."

"There was a rumor that she was a shoplifter, so many incongruous things were found stored away in the little house. But I believe myself the Artful Dodger was responsible. He must have been trained unbeknown to her by that Fagin of a husband of hers. Now what are we to do about your kleptomaniac, Kitty?"

"I put my hand under the Artful Dodger's chin and turned up his face, with his brown, innocent eyes. "Love me, love my dog," I said again."

"This time I had the right to say it. The right had been mine since yesterday. —Marion Reeves in Philadelphia Times.

A Unique Invention.

The last application of the penny-in-the-slot principle is characterized by common sense, ingenuity and utility. Hitherto the public has had the automatic machine with coppers in return for value. In the latest plan the process has been reversed. The public will receive pennies instead of giving them. The idea is this: To the person who turns a crank 100 times the machine yields up one penny. The crank is connected inside with a dynamo, and the 100 revolutions of the handle manufacture and store a quantity of electrical energy which is to be eventually retailed by the owners of the machine for the purpose of producing illumination.

The plan appears to be feasible enough, and it would certainly in districts where unemployed labor abounded be productive of considerable good. No man need go in want of a meal who can apply himself to the electrical automatic machine. And the invention might be capable of wide application. Why should not every household be provided with one? Every member of the family might in the name of exercise give the handle so many hundred turns a day sufficient, if that were possible, to provide electricity enough for the purposes of lighting.

The turning of the crank might supersede dumbbell practice in the mornings, and during the summer months it might be possible to store enough electrical energy to tide over the winter. From the point of view of the man in the street it would be interesting to know what income he could make in a week by a reasonable expenditure of effort. Even if only 100 revolutions could be performed in five minutes, the operator would be working at the rate of a shilling an hour, a scale of remuneration much in excess of that paid in some industries involving quite as much physical exertion.—Electricity.

The Intricacies of Wall Street.

Just after Jay Gould's death, a wealthy Wall street broker made a proposition to a young man who was not wealthy but who had been able to do the broker a favor, which the latter appreciated. The proposition was couched in language something like this: "Dick, you have rendered me a valuable service, and I want to do something for you. I will tell you what I will do. I will carry 100 shares of Manhattan stock for you for a month, or I will buy you the best suit of clothes that you can pick out. Which will you take?"

"The young man considered the proposition for a few minutes and replied: "I believe that Manhattan railway stock will eventually go up, but if I should be the holder of 100 shares it would be certain to go down. Such is my luck invariably. I will take the suit of clothes." On Friday this young man figured up how much he had lost by making the choice that he did. When Mr. Gould died, Manhattan was selling at 132. On Friday it sold at a fraction above 174. Had the young man chosen the 100 shares and sold them Friday he would have been about \$4,500 richer.—New York Times.

Manufacturing Petrified Corpses.

A factory for the manufacture of petrified human corpses has, it is alleged, been discovered in Fresno, Cal. At least four petrified people are said to have been manufactured and shipped to museums from this place. It may be remembered that a petrified man created considerable talk in Utah last fall, and that reports of the curiosity were printed in eastern papers. The thing was seen by natural history experts and pronounced a fraud, but it netted considerable money for the "miners" who discovered it. The objects were very carefully made, the bones of the legs and arms being hollowed out, and in one case one arm and a foot was broken off to show the internal structure. The fake factory, it is said, stole a genuine mummified man—a dried body found on the plains—from the health officer at Fresno, fixed it up a little and shipped it to a museum in the east.—New York Sun.

A Fake Newspaper Man.

According to recent dispatches the sensational accounts which all the papers had a few days ago of the storming of the jail at Bakersville, N. C., the shooting of the sheriff, the desperate battle between the mob and the sheriff's posse and the lynching of three prisoners was all a "fake," as the newspaper men call it, devised by a man named Hyams, assistant city editor of a paper at Johnson City, Tenn. Correspondents who were sent from Asheville, N. C., to Bakersville have returned with no trouble whatever, nor is there any reason to expect any. The man Hyams, who was guilty of telling and publishing this abominable lie should be discharged from his own paper and blacklisted by every respectable newspaper in the United States.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Life For a Cigarette.

Not many men can have sacrificed their lives for so trifling an article as a cigarette end. This, however, is what has been done by a French private soldier with the curiously outlandish name of Schwinghedaw. This man, who had a bad character in the army for his insubordination, was undergoing one of many terms of imprisonment he has had at Bicetre military prison, when he picked up a cigarette end that had been thrown down in the exercise ground. The sergeant on duty ordered him to throw it away, whereupon the delinquent became abusive and eventually struck his superior with his fist. A court martial sitting in Paris has condemned Schwinghedaw to be shot.—London News.

Russell Harrison May Be a War Lord.

There will shortly be another vacancy in the office of paymaster, with the rank and pay of major, Major Joseph W. Wham will probably be retired. This makes the second position of the kind that will be vacant. Secretary Halford is slated for the first. It is understood that the president's son, Russell Harrison, would like to fill the other berth. —Washington Letter.

AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

Then, on a sudden, came a maid With tanned skin and dark hair— Allas! it all! it was she, The slave girl from the Bosphorus That Yusuf purchased recently. Long narrow eyes as black as black! And melting, like the stars in June; Presses of light drawn smoothly back From eyebrows like the crescent moon. She paused an instant with bowed head. Then, at a motion of her wrist A veil of gossamer outspread And swept her in a silver mist. Her tunic was of Tifis green Shot through with many a starry speck; The zone that clasped it might have been A collar for a cygnet neck. None of the twenty charms she lacked Demanded for perfection's sake; Charm upon charm in her was packed Like rose leaves in a costly vase. Full in the lantern's colored light. She seemed a thing of paradise. I knew not if I saw aright, Or if my vision told me lies. Those lanterns spread dancing glare; Such stars they threw from bough to vine. As if the slave boys here and there Had spilt a jar of brilliant wine. And then the fountain's drowsy fall, The burning place's heavy scent, The night, the place, the hour they all Were full of subtle blandishment. —Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

The Revival of such Cities.

The revival of such cities as Athens and Damascus can be explained by the unrivaled advantage of their location, an advantage which has also more than once proved the salvation of Constantinople. The fire service of the Turkish capital is a century behind the average of the times, and in the southern suburbs there are miles of streets lined with nothing but wooden houses, but the aristocratic quarters in their present condition are really almost fireproof. The palaces of the Turkish grandees are built almost exclusively of stone, the very floors consisting of a mosaic of variegated marble, while an abundance of water is supplied by indoor baths and fountains, but in addition to all that they are surrounded by acres of ever green shrubs, which in their turn are in closed by massive stone walls.

A single establishment of that sort—and their number runs up in the hundred—could stand unscathed in the midst of flaming streets, and old Stamboul may in the same way survive a bombardment of the predicted Russian invasion. Its site at all events would insure its resurrection.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Using up the Earth's Stores.

The death of the earth and man must both come, and with their death the end of all life upon this earth, but the human race of today is taking care that it shall cease to exist millions of years before this shall come to pass.

So rapidly have two kinds of accumlated earth stores—petroleum and natural gas—been exhausted in America that within one generation alone stores which were millions of years accumulating will have been almost wholly exhausted. And all this time population increases so fast that at the rate of growth during the last twenty years the inhabitants of Great Britain in 139 years time will number more than 300,000,000 if indeed it were not practically an impossibility for them to exist with only six square feet of earth surface apiece to live on.—Westminster Review.

Enthusiastic Wyoming Women.

The enthusiasm shown in registering by women of Wyoming in qualification for the presidential election was a complete refutation of the hackneyed charge that "the sex" do not appreciate or generally care for the privilege of suffrage. Not only were the wives of prominent citizens registered—they went further by instructing their help in things political and insuring their registering as well. Whenever it has been made worth while to them the women have seldom, if ever failed to show how real is their interest in the use of the ballot.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

An English Woman's Clothes.

The clothes of English women! In one of the new London plays Miss Ailsa Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, appears as the typical strong minded English woman abroad in violet and black striped satin, over which is a black and white mackintosh made of the same material as the ordinary sponge bag, a crochet lace fichu adorned with a cameo brooch, and to finish the masterpiece, side spring boots and mittens!—New York Tribune.

Why It is Discredited.

A petition written to parliament in 1648 has, it is said, been discovered in Maine. It is written in ink on handmade paper, and the sheets are fastened together with a brass pin. That an enthusiast with a completed petition should have omitted to present it is the only thing that throws doubt on the story.—New York Sun.

Tidies Again.

"I heard the dreadful word tidy," said a woman a day or two ago, "and a saleswoman at an art center showed me a collection of ribbon wheels, lace trimmed, which she said were intended as such chair trimmings. Does this mean a return to millinery on our chair backs, I wonder?"—New York Times.

The largest electric locomotive yet built has been finished at Baden, Zurich. It is believed that it will show extraordinary speed, as it is gauged so as to develop not less than 2,000 horsepower.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance, it is said, than a white light, while on a dark night, it is claimed, the result is just the reverse.

There are 300,000 domestic servants in London. That is to say, about six to every policeman. We really must increase the force, suggests a writer.

The intensity of the mind's emotions is often greater when the troubles are small, so curious is the mental state of those bordering on aberration.

Both Greek and Roman ladies painted their faces; for white, using white lead; for red, the juice of an unknown herb.

J. C. BERNER

has the Largest Store

in town. Bargains are prevailing this week in all departments.

Ladies' Coats.

Newmarkets at half price. An \$8 coat for \$5. A \$10 coat for \$5; etc.

Special Bargains

In Woolen Blankets.

Have them from 75 cents a pair up. Remember, men's gum boots, Candee, \$2.25.

Muffs, 40 cents up to any price you want.

Ladies' woolen mitts, 2 pair 25 cents; worth 25 cents a pair. Some 50-cent dress goods at 25 cents.

All-wool plaid, which was 60 cents, now 39 cents.

Some Special Things

In Furniture.

A good carpet-covered lounge, \$5.

A good bedstead, \$2.25. Fancy rocking chairs, \$3.50. Ingrain carpet for 25 cents a yard.

Groceries & Provisions.

- Flour, \$2.15. Chop, \$1.10 and \$1.15. Bran, 50 cents. Bologna, 8 cents. Cheese, N. Y., 13 cents. Tub butter, 28 cents. 18 pounds sugar \$1.00. 5 pounds Lima beans, 25 cents. 5 pounds currants, 25 cents. 5 pounds raisins, 25 cents. 6 bars Lenox soap, 25 cents. 3 packages pearline, 10 cents. Best coal oil, 12 cents. Vinegar, cider, 15 cents gal. Cider, 20 cents a gallon. Syrup, No. 1, 35 cents gal. No. 1, mince meat, 10 cents. 3 pounds macaroni, 25 cents. 3 quarts beans, 25 cents. 6 pounds oat meal, 25 cents.

FREELAND READY PAY. J. C. Berner, Spot Cash. Promoter of Low Prices. Freeland, - - Pa.

CITIZENS' BANK OF FREELAND. 15 Front Street. Capital, - \$50,000. OFFICERS: JOSEPH BIRKBECK, President. H. C. KOONS, Vice President. B. R. DAVIS, Cashier. JOHN SMITH, Secretary. DIRECTORS: Joseph Birkbeck, Thomas Birkbeck, John Wagner, A. Rudewick, H. C. Koons, Charles Dusheck, William Kemp, Mathias Schwabe, John Smith, John M. Powell, Ed. John Burton.

The Delaware, Susquehanna and Schuylkill R. R. Co. PASSENGER TRAIN TIME TABLE. Taking Effect, September 15, 1892. EASTWARD STATIONS. WESTWARD STATIONS. 5:00 P.M. 12:50 A.M. Shepton 7:40 10:30 3:40 A.M. 1:06 P.M. 7:56 A.M. Oneida 7:24 10:14 3:43 A.M. 1:12 P.M. 8:05 A.M. 7:27 10:03 3:38 A.M. 1:37 P.M. 8:18 A.M. Humboldt Road 7:10 9:50 3:34 A.M. 1:40 P.M. 8:21 A.M. Harwood Road 7:07 9:47 3:31 A.M. 1:47 P.M. 8:30 A.M. 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