I cannot help but think how many a night
Your eyes have watched those red lights
drawing near,
When they were all by which you had to
steer,
Yet ever sped the little craft aright.

Swift as a bird it flew from pier to pier,
And still I know twill wing its watery flight
And still will happy hearts and faces bright
Crowd all its length, as in the bygone year.

Only one face will vanish from our sight, Only the presence that made all so dear, Forever from our lives will disappear; I only know that here you stand tonight For the last time!

And all the world grows drear.

A sudden, blinding mist shuts from my sight
The distant splendor, blazing red and white,
I will not lift my eyes to yours for fear

That you, too late, should read my soul aright I may not touch your hand in parting here, Yet can no darker cloud o'er life appear. Than when I answer to your calm "Good night" For the last time! —Ida I. Gould in New York Sun.

# REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, the was about nair an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silences of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever, and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to ex-

given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure, one moment only, for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigais in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to 'a common mechanic,' yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain"—— "Is that you, Spicer? What now?" Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.
"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot of men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad." "I will be there directly. Spicer."

morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men," he ex-

streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?" "No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"
"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce, make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."
"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpae, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon kee-tly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.
"He is not dead, doctor?"
"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."
"Thank God! oh, thank God!"
The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.
"He doesn't belong to your regiment.

ment.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment.
Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Ke.ne, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first-bonly at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I buye carried the suir!

conjugate first. The next moment I re-membered that I was a man and a Chris-tian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood." It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness. "Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, be you?"

you?"
"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man.
"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd
been his own brother born, he couldn't

have taken better care of you. His cous-

a, maybe?"
"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered
the wounded man with a low, bitter

groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bed-side.

side.
"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.
"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your bands."

right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"Yes."

"I want you to obtain leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered voice:
"Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister—yes."

"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But"—

"Well?"

"Well?"
Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.
"I should not suppose she would be
willing to leave her husband for the very
uncertain comforts of hospital life."
Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.
"May is not married, Captain Keene.
She has no such appendage as a husband!"
"Not married!"

"Not married!"

"Not married!"
"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left Sabout two years ago too well ever to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say"—

come any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say"—

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion:
And and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written today," sighed Harney as he lay watching
Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet
of condemmed note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace.
"Only I can't tell exactly which end of
my letter to begin at."
Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the
epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother
was promoted into the convalseent
ward, and she went home again, it was
only to lose herself in bowers of orange
blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon
and acres of pearly, shimmering silk,
shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after
all its turn and intricacies, had at length
found its way into the sunshine and was
running smoothly over sands of gold.

A. R. in New York News.

Simultaneous Games of Ches

Simultaneous Games of Chess. The perfection to which chess may be carried almost implies its imperfection as an amusement. Chess giants like Mr. Blackburn and the late Henry Zukertort act as warnings rather than ideals to ordinary people in search of amusement. The latter gentleman once undertook to carry on 18 vames simultaneously with. The latter gentleman once undertook to carry on 18 games simultaneously without looking at the boards. The performance did not end very satisfactorily, for after more than two days' play the mental acrobat surrendered the contest. But the fact of having carried it so far implied a bewildering feat of cerebration, for if the first four moves on either side in a single game admit of 72,000 variations the first four in 18 games make the appalling total of 1,296,000 possible combinations.

Mr. Blackburn is unrivaled as a blind.

appaining total of 1,296,000 possible combinations.

Mr. Blackburn is unrivaled as a blindfold player, and he has actually succeeded in winning the majority of 12 simultaneous games without the assistance of sight. The possible variations in the first four moves of these number 844,000. Performances such as these leave on the mind the oppressive and somewhat humiliating impression of infinity. It is too much of a good thing. One can scarcely imagine how a brain called on to steer through such vast and barren complexities can have any faculties in reserve for useful ratiocination.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

Misunderstood. Two little sand heaps by the sea. As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad With serious eyes, and all intent Upon his wor't, with patience had Molded a mound, and as I went Past him I wondered what it meant. "A pie?" I asked, "A fort," said he.

Beside the other pile of sand There sat a tiny, gold halred maid. She patted with her baby hand The warm, white billock, and I said, "That is a noble fort you've made." "No, 'tis a pie," she answered me.

We grown folks hardly understand
The happy fancies children have,
Busy and the seabeach sand
That is washed white by many a waw.
The boy would be a patriot brave;
A housewife would his sister be.

Old Dobbin.

I see old Dobbin through the fence. How weak he looks, and old!

His hair is failing off in spots; he feels the damp and cold;

He hangs his head; his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see

His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot—not that he would complain;
But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best.
I should have thought of it before, but now he shall have rest.

I call to my mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in.

Whew! how he kicked and pranced and plunged; twas doubtful which would win. But I was young as well as he and would not be denied.

And since he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

Then in my happy courting days he knew the very night
That I would swing the stable door and greet
him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away
and fair.

and fair.

He seemed to say, "'Twill not be long before I take you there!" Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church.

No doubt he thought for just that once I left lim in the lurch.

One one that I could see that day of days, was all I did not think of Dobbin then, whate'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse,
I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot,
But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not

And so through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near. No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sere. I know full well that fifty years is youth to

many men.
Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached
threescore and ten! So while I live his failing life shall naught but comfort know.

Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.

The best of cats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free, poor return for all he's been to me!

—William I. Keese.

-William L. Keese. Just Be Glad.

"What shall I do for my dear? Or tune to her delicate ear The strings of my lute?

"What shall I do for my queen? Set sail to my bark? Bear her away from the scene O'er the billows so dark?

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REPORT OF AUDITORS OF FOSTER TOWNSHIP ON ROADS FOR YEAR Patrick Givens, collector of road taxes, in account with Foster township.

CR. Paid freasurer ... \$250 36 Restrained by Coxe Bros. & Co., as per injunction ... 300 98 Paid under protest G. B. Markle & Co. ... 174 19 "Co. mmmissioner's abatements...
rors in assessments...
tted land tax returned...
seated land tax returned...

Patrick Givens, collector special levy, in account with Foster township.

Wm. Gallagher, treasurer, in account with Foster township, Regular duplicate.
DR.
To amount received of J. S. McGroarty

To amount received of J. S. McGroarty, \$238 00 fleense money from from the fleense money from the fleense money from the fleense fleen

CII.
Paid by orders of Thos. Earley. \$ 446 83

" Jos. Sarieks... 215 70

" John McNells... 22 47

" John Schnec... 104 48

" John Schnec... 104 48

Paid by joint orders of McFadden and Schnec... 325 50

Paid by joint orders of Sarieks

Fad by joint orders of Sarieks

Treasurer's commission... 4 10

Treasurer's commission... 4 18

\$ 457 68

Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of ealm we couldn't
Have you know.
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad,
—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Poet and His Lady.
"What shall I do for my love?
Crown her with flowers?
Float like a zephyr above
And around her for hours?

"What shall I do for my sweet? In armor yelad Lay down my life at her feet, And, dying, be glad?"

Her lover sang thusly; but she
Interrupted his dreams
And whispered, "Just purchase for me
Some chocolate creams."
—Ally Sloper.

C. O. Stroh.

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# hn Superski... ank Dumbosky mes McMonigle ke Borak

Hauling pipes and dirt-

32 60 92 60 75 A. W. Washburn,
Wm. Williamson, tools, etc...
Thomas Birkbeck, fuse....
Coxe Bros. & Co., powder, etc.
Kline Bros., cement...
Jacob Fox, repairs.

L. V. R. R. freight on pipes... F. Mackl surveying....... J. A. Hutchins & Co. pipes....

....\$ 33 34

Total exp'dt of P McFadden... 5042 83 "John Schnee... 408 39 Total ... \$994 m.
Time worked by Schnee, but orders issued by McFadden, chargeable to \$17.49 schnees account... \$ 17.49 schnees account... \$ 156.50 cossive... \$ 156.50 cossive... \$ 156.50 Total.... J. Schnee, 2814 days, at 50 cents, excessive...

RECAPITULATION. Liabilities. unt of unpaid orders of P. Me To amount of unpaid orders of P. Me-Fadden. \$1909.46
To amount of unpaid orders of John Schnee 170 amount due P. Givens, collector. 8 11
To amount due Wm. Gallagher, reasurer. 33 34

Resources.

Amount due from Thos. Earley. \$ 568 00

Jos. Saricks . 781 62

P. McFadden . 158 50

P. McFadden . 140 75

Patk. Givens, 184 74 184 74 46

Frank Dever, Auditors. P. B. Ferry,

A NUAL STATEMENT OF THE BOR-OUGH OF FREELAND FOR 1892-93, CR.

B. F. Davis, treas.
in account with Frecland Borough.
Discount with Frecland Borough.
Balance on hand from last audit. \$ 6784
From license fees. 2515 of the control of the \$1659 1

125 3

532

106 25 41 95

\$7661 78 7483 41

\$ 178 37

\$7184 77

2 55 1 12 59 69 68 75 19 37 19 37 17 80 9 37 Police expenses

hn Jones.....illiam Gallagher F. Davis.....

Board of Health.

A. B. Welch, grading sidewalks.
Geo. Krommes, stones for gutters 90 00 Isaac Davis, labor on gutters... 20 62

Teaming on streets-3 158 50 J. J. Kennedy, burying animals.

140 75 Pat. McLaughlin, serving notices

house and coal—
Daniel Dauber, salary and feeding prisoners.
Thomas Birkbeck, supplies.
Wm. Williamson, supplies.
John M. Powell, rent of ground.
Coal.
Wm. Williamson, police stars.

25 32 \$1859 39 Auditing .\$1931 45

Total expenditures..... Due treasurer...

Outstanding orders—
John D, Hayes, salary, etc.
T, A, Inckley, salary, etc.
T, A, Inckley, salary, etc.
Dennia G, G, Light Co., rent.
Wm, Johnson, coal
Thomas Birkbeck, can.
James M, Gallagher, police
Pat. McLaughlin, police.
Isane bavis, street labor.
Robert Dunhap, street labor.
Tim t'y Boyle.
Hugh Boyle.

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results."

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