10

GEMS IN VERSE.

Hope. Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup, And every one that lives must drink it up, And yet between the sparkle at the top And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop There ewims enough good liquor, heaven knows. To ease our hearts of allour other woes. The bubbles rise in smaller of a from other week. The bubbles rise in smaller at the brin; That drop below is very far and dim; The quick times spread and shape us such bright dreams That in the glad delirium it seems As though by some deft slight, if so we willed, That drop untasted might be somehow spilled. —W. D. Howells.

The Ant as an Engineer.

The Ant as an Engineer. The pastry was delicious, and I wanted it my-self. So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest shelf. And to keep it from the insects, those ants so T made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be.

could be, And the captain, with his aid-de-camp, just extrmished round to see Whether they could ford this river or should try some other plan, And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after traveling around, The place where the molasses was the narrow-est he found; Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward Till he spice some lossened plaster in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each squad, And he marshaled the whole army and before him each ant trod. His directions all were given; to his chiefs he

gave a call, While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall, Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck

Every ant then selzed his plaster, fust a speck and nothing more, And he climbed and tugged and carried till he'd brought it to the shore; Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour by the sky. After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.

-St. Nicholas. The Saint and the Sinner. The shift and the sinner. Heartworn and weary the worman sat, Her baby sleeping across her knee, And the work her fingers were toiling at Seemed a pitful task for such as she-Mending shoes for the little feet That pattered over the cabin floor, While the belies of the Sabbath day rang sweet And the neighbors passed by the open door. The children played, and the baby slept, And the busy needle went and came, When, lol on the threshold stone there stept A priestly figure and named her name: "What shrift is this for the Sabbath day, When bells are calling and far and near The people gather to praise and pray? Woman, why are you tolling here?"

Woman, why are you toring never "Father, my days are workdays all. I know not Subbath. I dare not go Where the beautiful bells ring out and call, For who would look to the meat and drink And tend the children and keep the place? J pray in alloce and try to think, For God's love can listen and give me grace." The year's passed on, and with fast and prayer The year's passed on, and with fast and prayer The good priest climbed to the gate of rest, And a tired woman stood waiting there, Her workworn hands to her bosom pressed, "O saint thrife blessed, mount thuo on high," He heard the welcoming angels say, Withous the second second bar of the second Who had mended here on the Schohrt day. —Ladies' Home Journal.

The Road to Yesterday.

The Robat to Yesterday. Wilt some wises man who has journeyed Over land and over sea To the countries where the rainbow And the glorious sunsets be Kindly tell a little stranger, Whore's the road that she must travel To return to Yesterday? ho has journeyed

For, you see, she's unfamiliar With Today and cannot read What its strange, mysterious signposts Tell of ways and where they lead, And her heart upbraids her sorely, Though she did not mean to stay When she fill askep last evening And abandoned Yesterday.

To My Wife. Here, then, today, with faith as sure, With ardor as intense and pure, As when amids the rites divine I took thy troth and plighted mine, To thee, dear love, my second ring,

To these, dear lows, my second mins, t token and pledge I bring. With this I wed, till death us part, fly riper virtues to my heart— These virtues which, before untried, the wife has added to the bride— Chease virtues whose progressive claim, Endearing wedlock's very name, Ly soil enjoys, my heart approves.

For why? They teach me, hour by hour, Honor's high thought, affection's power, Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sen-

And teach me all things—but repentance. —Samuel Bishop.

To a Long Faced Query

To a Long Fused Query. I'll hang deep crape on the door of my heart For the time, if you'll have it so, And wrap miles of band round the cap and bells Until evry inch spells woo. Our converse will smack to the funeral vault And the graveyard's grisly store, And I'll make myself, in a solemn way, A most infernal bore.

A most internations: But where's the use? It's a queer old world, With not too much joy at the best. And there's never a heart, if it is a heart, That's the worse for a timely jest. Let the last day come ore it's sin to sing Or to joke's a capital erime. A to joke the uther time the with fun Than with age only time the sing with fun —Thiladelphia Times.

Liberty.

Liberty. The sensual and the dark robel in valn, Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game They burst their manacles and wear the name Of freedom graven on a heavier chain. O Liberty! with profilese endeavor Have I pursued these many a weary hour, But thou nor swellest the victor's strain, nor But thous nor swellest the victor's strain, nor

ever Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human Difference of the source of th

-Coleridge.

Here's to good men! Heaven make them glad! Here's to all whilen-good or bad! Here's to all children-bless them all! Here's to kind hearts, all round the ball James B. Wind-

Floored Him. We give in full General Stewart L. Wood-ord's speech at the Clover club dinner "Ford's speech at the Clover club dimer, Waldorf hotel, General Stewart L. Woodford began by saying, "We had a man from Brooklyn", "Where is Brooklyn?" shouted some ford's speech at the Clover club dinner, Waldorf hotel. General Stewart L. Woodford began by saying. "We hed at anar from Brooklyn?" "Where is Brooklyn?" shouted some body. "A town across the river," said he, "that a man from Brooklyn?"— A voice: "You said that before. Who was he?" "I an beginning to think," he continued. "Philadelphians never think"— "Othervise yon, would not be here," "I onte or a presented smeech "I have contained charter a second the rich "Bouted Charley Brooke." body. "A town across the river," said he, "that is going to incorporate New York. We had

was he?" "I am beginning to think," he continued. "Philadelphians never think"...... "Otherwise you would not be here," shouted Charley Brooks. "I have got a prepared speech," he went on desperately. "Who wrote it?" shouted everybody. General Woodford sat down...New York Commercial Advertiser.

man found it hard work and soon fell behind. The poor man reached heaven quicker, but he was afraid to knock, so he sat down quictly and thought: "Let me wait for my neighbor; perhaps he dares knock at the gate." After a long time the rich man arrived, and finding heaven closed began to shake that Peter came running breathlessily, and on seeing the two men said to the rich one: "That was you, no doubt, who could not wait. I should not think you would care to make yourself so conspicuous, for we have no good reports of you in heaven. But we will see what next. Come both in"-and Peter helped the poor man rise. They found themselves in an immense hall, with many doors and benches along the wells. "Sithereand rest," said Peter, "and profit well he we show

man hind.

HIS CHOICE,

hall, with many doors and benches along the walls. "Sithere and rest," said Peter, "and profit well by my absence to decide what yow wish, for your wish will be fully granted. Only consider well, for there is no chance later, and forget nothing before it is too late." When Peter returned, he asked if they had made up their minds. The rich man jumped up at once and said he wanted a magnificent house, better than a king's pal-ace, and the best of foods every day-roasts and vegetables and jams and chocolate; then a comfortable armchair, and a beautif ful wrapper of green satin, and the dealty paper, so he might know the news. Peter looked as him saily and agked: "And nothing else?"

ful wrapper of green satin, and the daily paper, so he might know the news. Peter looked at him satily and asked: "And nothing else?" "Oh, yees; I also want my cellars full of gold." "Very well," and Peter opened one of the many doors and led the rich man into just such a palace as he had asked for, and told him he would find all as he had wished it to be. And so it was. But when year after year had passed, and he had counted all his gold and had every day a good dinner, and the paper had lost its interest because it tikked of people and things that were new to him, he found the time long, and he yawed. "What can I do?" he thought. But he had all-he had asked, for and he could have nothing else. And a hundred, two hundred and then a thousand years passed. At last Peter opened the door again. "Well," said he, "how do you like it?" Then the man became very angry. "How do I like it?" he said. "I do not like it at all-I hat it! How could you have such a miscrable place in heaven?" "In heaven?" says Peter. "But you are in hell, for you have wished for your own hell. Did you think we burned all sin-ners? Oh, no, Those were old times. We now let people choose their own he is in heil and eternity before him. He turns pitifully to Peter and says: "And how long is termity?" "Without end." He began to weep Differly, and Peter, feeling sorry, led him to the top of the bouse, and there through a crack in the wall he say into heaven, but he had to stand on the tips of his toes and stretch his neck. There sat God in all his glory and all his angels round him, and all was joy! One on Him. Some drummers were diverting them-selves in a smoking car by repeating epi-nodes of so calied "check." All but one had related an instance. When he was called upon, he drearily said: "I don't remember anything worth tell-ing. In fact my wife has completely dazed my memory of matters of that kind by a fine sample of her own stock. You see, when I got back from my latestrip, I went home at something after 9 o'clock in the evening. Well, there was my house light-ed up from top story to basement, car-raiges were leaving the door, and fifairs seemed to be going on inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latchkey and walked into the dining from. Strins of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled langther and conversation indicated a host of guests." of guests. "Presently my wife came into the dining room dressed like a princess. She ran up room dressed like a prise

"'So m 1," shid 1. "what's the Facket-surprise party?" and she with a poit. "Surprise party? said she with a poit. "No, indeed. It's the anniversary of my wedding." "Tilda,' said 1, 'you're off. You're way off. This is the month of March. It was in anyone we use merched?" on: This is the month of March. It was in summer we were married? "She serenely replied: 'I know that very well. This is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress suit, dear.'" -New York Tribune.

Why He Didn't. A Cass avenue man, with a wife who has her own ways about doing things, catches her now and then. "My dear," he said the other morning as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house." "Why?" she saked nervously. "Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone." "Well," she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch, you would have had your money this morning." "Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said gingerly, "but I would have been a widow-er." She laughed softly then and gave half of wall be saw into heaven, but he had to stand on the tips of his toes and stretch his neck. There sat God in all his glory and all his angels round him, and all was joy! "Oh, how beautiful!" cries the poor rich man. "But, toll me, Peter, who is the man siting at God's feet!" "This is the poor man who lived near you on earth. After 1 had given you time to wish and returned to ask him what he wanted he begged for a little bench to sit the feet of God, and his wish was granted, just a yours was granted to you." And Peter walked noiselessly away be fore the rich man was aware of it, for he was still gazing into heaven, standing pain-fully on the very tip of his toes. And when Peter returned after a thousand years the rich man was still looking long-ingly into heaven, forgetting all other things and unmindful of pain or fatigue. He did not hear Peter, who, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, said gently: "Come, you have stood long enough, you are forgiven. I am to take you to heaven, Jon't you take you on are iden they in the beginning!" And what heat the poor and rich live again near each other.—Translated From the Ger-man, For Boston Globe.

She laughed softly then and gave half of it back to him.—Detroit Free Press.

A Jadge on the "Treadmill." A good story is told of a judge visiting a penal institution. Being practically dis-posed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the "treadmill," desiring the warden to start it in motion. The ma-chine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship commenced to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had had quite enough of it and called to be re-leased, but this was not so casy. "Pleuse, my lord," said the man, "you can't got off. It's set for 30 minutes. That's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance uffaith his "term" expired.-Tit-Bits.

Practical Doll Show

The Homeopathic hospital in Blooms-bury, London, will have a very singular exhibit at the great show in Chicago. It is a collection of dolls to illustrate nurs-

is a collection of dolls to illustrate nurs-ing and the advantages of various sur-gical appliances. One doll wears the uniform of a nurse and looks very natty in a dark blue dress and a white apron, cuffs and collar. A collection of little doll invalids is exhibited in tiny beds. They are suffering from broken thighs and other injuries and are fitted with splints and placed in such attitudes as the living patient would be made to as-sume. It is a novel idea, but a very prac-tical and useful one, and the collection will no donbt attract the attention of the medical fraternity.—Boston Journal. Placing IIIm. But one foreign newspaper correspondent has begun to pitch into the institutions of this country as yet. He is the representa-tive of the Shefled Telegraph, and he ex-presses the opinion that things are not as they should be over here. However, he is understood at home. When he first decid-ed to come over to see us, he met Ben Fol-som, our consul there, and in the loftiest, most patronizing manner remarked: "I don't know if you have heard it has been decided that I am to go to your exhi-bition." Ah, indeed," said Ben. "What section you be in?"—Boston Herald.

Fun In a Jar of Dried Beans Fun In a Jar of Dried Beans. I know of nothing that has given more pleasure to a number of children than a jar of mixed dried beans, from limas to the smallest bean; a few dried peas will help to shape and color. Empty the con-tents of the jar on the table. Each child celete a verticular bean, and ricks out

tents of the jar on the table. Each child selects a particular beam and picks out all of that kind. It is well to have twice as many of the larger kinds, as they are so easily found. Arranged flat on the table the beams are formed into squares, triangles, etc. The children delight in calling the shapes by the proper names, and it is quite as easy for a little one to say triangle as to call it a "box with three corners." Placed in lines of five, tens, etc., each, numbers are easily learned. Also arrange the beams to form letters and words.—Cor. New York Re-corder. corder.

Pride and Poverty. Quericus-What did he mean by saying that he would have to economize, as there was one more in the family to support? Cynicus-His daughter has just married an English nobleman,—Truth. Triumph. Takes a Brave Man. Miss Grotesque—Do you know—te-he—no nan has ever kissed me. Calloway—Most men are cowards.—New York Herald. The grave but ends the struggle. Follows then The triumph which, superior the doom, Grows lovellest and locks best to mortal men, Purple in beauty, towering o'er the tomb. -Exchange.

FREELAND, Thursday, : June : 8. WALTER L. MAIN'S Grandest and Best - SHOW -RAILROAD ON - EARTH. **法国际**市图图 **3 BIG CIRCUSES 3 5 CONTINENT MENAGERIE 5 REAL ROMAN HIPPODROME** 2 STAGES 2 WILD MOORISH CARAVAN. 110 Circus Acts by 110 Star Artists. 20 Races by Toroughbreds, Fife and Drum Corps,

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 Fife and Drum Corps,

 1,500 Rare and Costly Animals,
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 Herd of Elephants,
 Steam Organ,

 Drove of Camels,
 Steam Caliope,

 Arabian Horses, with 26 Differ Pony with 15-Foot Tail,

 ent Colors,
 20 Ponies 20,

 \$10,000 Troupe of Rare Arabian
 20 Thoroughbreds,

 Horses 300
 Horses 400

300 Horses 300, Fat Man and Bride, Weight 1372 Pounds. Horses, 6 Tableau Wagon, 6 Bands 6, \$305,000 Free Street Parade IO A. M. Doors Open at 1 and 7 P. M. Begins at 2 and 8 P. M. ADULTS, 50 CENTS. CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS, - - - - 25 CENTS. Cheap Excursions on all Railways. ELLME PHOTOGRAPHER will make for the next 30 days ONE DOZEN CABINETS of our "French Finish" (regular price, \$4.00) for \$3.00. Make two negatives and show proofs to select from. WILL GUARANTEE BETTER WORK THAN CAN BE HAD 13 West Broad Street, Hazleton. "PROTECTION HERE'S A BARGAIN or FREE TRADE." One of the best located properties on Centre street, Five Points, is offered at a sacrifice. Any person de-By Henry George. sacrifice. Any person de-siring to make a paying in-vestment should investigate

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Anthracite coal used exclu-sively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. APPANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 14, 1893. LEAVE FREELAND APPLY AT THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

HARNESS AND 6 05, 8 47, 9 40, 10 41 a m, 12 35, 1 32, 2 37, 3 45, t 55, 6 58, 7 12, 8 47 p m, for Dritton, Jeddo, Lum-ber Y ard, Stockton and Huzleton. 6 05 a m, 1 32, 3 43, 4 55 p m, for Maueh Chunk, Allendown, Bethlehem, Phila, Easton and New

Allentown, Bethlehen, Phila, Easton and New Vork. m for Edchlehen, Easton and Phila. ⁹ 40 40 56 an, 12 16.434 p.m., via Hinbland Branch for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barrey, Pittston and L. and B. Junction. SUNDAY TRAINS. 11 40 am and 3.45 pm for Drifton, Jeddo, Lum-ber Yard and Hazieton. 3.45 pm for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenan-donh, New York and Philadelphia. ARRIVE AT FREELAND, 2.50 cm cds als 10.52 ar 20.54 15.20

ARREY F. AT FREELAND. 550, 700, 754, 018, 1054 an. 1216, 115, 215, 436, 658 and 837, pm. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lamber Yard, Jeddo and Deriton. Delano, Makanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Hoston Branch). 115, 658 and 837 pm from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. cannot be surpassed, at THE LOWEST PRICES

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One on Him.

home early.' "'So'm I," said I. 'What's the racket—

Why He Didn't.

A Judge on the "Treadmill."

Placing Him.

Looking Out For Squalls.

Looking Unit For Squares. Mr. Eastside-When I come home late, I always go to the kitchen first and strike a match. Mr. McHarlem-What do you do that

Alt, Alertanian for? Mr. Eastside—To see if the broom is in its place in the corner. If it isn't, I know what sort of a reception is in store for me when I get up stairs.—Texas Siftings.

Saved Him the Trouble. Saved Him the Trouble. Smith-I met a man today who told me I looked like you. Jones (fercely)-Who was it? If I can find him, I'll knock him down. Smith (calmly)-Don't trouble yourself. I knocked him down at once.-Life.

bition

- 1000

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