

GIVE THE OLD YEAR HIS DUE

GIVE THE poor Old Year his due Before we tell his knell! He's been a faithful friend to us, and served us long and well.

Oh, was it not his hand that brought The springtime's wealth of green And flung into the lap of May Fit garlands for a queen?

And through among the blossoms fair He dropped some sprigs of rue, We'll take him by the hand and give The poor Old Year his due!

When summer held high carnival Among her sylvan bowers, Was not his hand the one to strew Her onward path with flowers? And when, in billowy harvest fields, The reapers' song went round, Did he not loiter on his way, Till all the sheaves were bound?

And if among the hoarded grain Some blighted stalks there grew We'll winnow out the gold and give The good Old Year his due!

A! was he not our comrade still Through many a glade and wood, When all the autumn trees were gowned In crimson, tan, and gold? And when his hair and beard grew white With flakes of wintry snow, Did he not bring the Christmas joys To set our hearts aglow? And if the trimming cup he held Was mixed with sorrow, too, We'll drain it to the dregs and give The kind Old Year his due!

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.



Half-dozen such houses. Faith lived with her father and mother, who were farmers and came

A clerk, who was Oscar's chum, had been ill a long time, and as they were friends in their poverty, Oscar had tended him devotedly, and this, in addition to his clerical duties, had nearly prostrated him. By some fortunate discovery the chum had turned out to be a nephew to Oscar's rich employer, and he, to show his gratitude, sent him off to recuperate, with a promise of promotion when he returned.

Oscar found the woods and fields charming, and Faith Carson he pronounced more than charming—angelic was the word most frequently in his thought. But Mr. Carson guarded Faith very jealously and suspiciously, and when he wasn't guarding her, her mother was, which was all perfectly right and proper, only it didn't give the lovers half a chance to be comfortable.

All know what becomes of girls who are cautioned against falling in love with particular somebodies; they generally go straight off and do it. And Faith was no exception to the rule. Although Oscar did not find opportunity to "tell his love," yet it did not prevent "prey upon his cheek," for it grew plumper, fresher and browner every day. Never a chance could he get to see Faith alone.

The day approached when he must leave. He had written a note to Faith, pouring out his love in it, and asked her if he "might come" to claim her as his wife the next New Year's day—for her to send him just one word after he was gone if he might.

After it was written the foolish boy didn't know what to do with it. He could not even get a chance to put it in her hand, and as for sending it to the village post office, that plan would never do, as Mr. Carson would be sure to get the letter first.

At last a strange bit of fortune favored him. He was passing through the kitchen and Mrs. Carson, who was particularly good-natured that day, was showing him some of the old-fashioned belongings of the old house.

Among other things she opened the door of the old-fashioned brick oven, long since relegated to the past in favor of a "range." Its capacious mouth looked large enough to swallow almost anything, and as she turned away to make a remark about something else Oscar quickly slipped his letter inside and shut the door hurriedly, with a bang which must have made the ashes fly inside.

In his excitement he forgot that the oven had not been opened for several years, and probably would not be opened for years again. As he passed out he glanced mysteriously from Faith to the oven door, a look which she failed to interpret, as she did not happen to see him place the letter there.

The day of parting came. The tutan

then placed it in Faith's hands without saying a word.

"You see, now, father, if he could have told me about it it would have been all right. I suppose he thought I would find it soon, and now it is over two years. It is too late now," and here her voice grew pitifully weak and trembling; "but I shall write him at his old address, just once, though I may never hear from him again. Perhaps this is what he meant by whispering 'New Year's.'"

Faith took her letter and went slowly to her room. Mr. Carson looked after her with a sigh.

"So—that's what's been the matter with her, an' I've been a doctorin' of her with sarsaparilla an' other arbs! Guess they won't cure her. I might as well let things take their course!"

Faith wrote Oscar a dainty little letter, telling him of finding his at that late day, and simply said: "I would have written you if I had found it sooner."

Oscar was not at the old place. Her letter wandered from place to place, forwarded by Uncle Sam's faithful post clerks, until it reached him one happy day in the midst of rising fortune.

It found him still free, except for ties of love for Faith. Only four more days and the new year would be here! He started hurriedly for Cramp Hollow and walked into the old kitchen from a blinding snowstorm.

He glanced for an instant toward Faith, sitting by the fire and leaning her head wearily against that old oven door, then marched resolutely toward the surprised old farmer and said: "Mr. Carson, I have come for Faith!"

Mrs. Carson dropped her knitting work, Mr. Carson dropped his newspaper and said in a broken voice: "Then I have faith to believe you will get her."

And he did the very next day, which was New Year's day.—Chicago News.

SHALL WOMEN SMOKE?

Shall woman smoke? Why should she not, if she is minded to? Why shouldn't woman do the things that lordly man may do? He makes her stand on cable-cars, a-clinging to a strap. E'en though she step upon his feet, or tumble in his lap.

She's entered into politics; she practices at She's taken up the surgeon's work with lancet and with saw. Some of them play at football—so we're told; and there are some Who on their safety bicycles like Bores to be hum.

Man makes her do a thousand things that once were his to do, If she assumes his duties, pray why not his pleasures too? She wears his collar, and her clothes are cut quite as his are; If she be mannish in her dress, why not have her cigar?

And furthermore, man has encroached on woman's sphere of late, He's taken on dressmaking at a truly wondrous rate; And some men's clubs for gossip beat the Dorcas out of sight. To thus encroach, and yield no jot, most surely is not right.

Of course 'twill not be pleasant, just at first, to see Minette, Like any dudling, puffing on a horrid cigarette; Nor will the sight be of a strongly pleasurable type. When first we see our daughters lighting up their evening pipe.

But men get used to all things, be it soon or be it late, And this, like other problems, must fulfill its settled fate. 'Tis very safe to prophesy the time is not so far When women all will smoke who live beyond their first cigar.

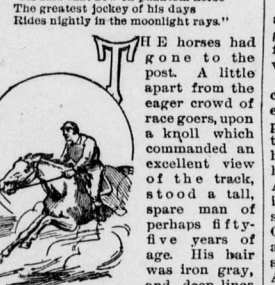
—Gaston V. Drake, in Harper's Bazar.

HIS LAST BET.

BY E. H. BAYNES.

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"Across the heath, along the course, 'Tis said that now on phantom horse The greatest jockey of his days Rides nightly in the moonlight rays."



THE horses had gone to the post. A little apart from the eager crowd of racegoers, upon a knoll which commanded an excellent view of the track, stood a tall, spare man of perhaps fifty-five years of age. His hair was iron gray, and deep lines were furrowed in the pale anxious face. His clothes were of the cut and pattern which stamp the habitual race-track gambler; but they were worn and shabby now, and as is usual in such cases, denoted a season of hard luck.

Frederick Clifton—for such was his name—had been a very wealthy man, but his money, like that of many another of his class, had gone with more or less regularity into the pockets of the bookmakers; until now, after years of anxiety and misfortune, he found himself at the end of his tether. All the money he had left, and all that he could borrow, was staked upon the race about to be started, and well he knew that unless the black muzzle of Bodach Glas first caught the eyes of the judges as the horses passed under the wire, another gambler's career would be ended and another gambler's wife would have to pay dearly for her husband's folly.

He raised his field-glass—the same through which he had so often seen vast sums of his money take wings—and turned it toward the post, where fifteen speedy thoroughbreds were plunging and dancing about sideways, waiting for the signal from the starter. Bodach Glas, the horse he had backed to retrieve his lost fortune or ruin him, was almost an outsider in the betting, but his tremendous raking stride and his magnificent condition, together with the tempting odds of forty to one against, had made him the bearer of the broken gambler's hopes. Another thing in his favor was the fact that ever more silk, had the moment—a hint which the talent seemed to have entirely overlooked.

The flag falls. As though moved by the same force, fifteen horses spring forward as one, and "they're off!"—that well-known cry which never fails to make the heart beat faster—rolls like low thunder from end to end of the crowded grand stand.

As the horses round the turn, they are lost to view in the cloud of dust

PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

Things seen and heard in the town and vicinity.

Matters of a Local Nature Written up and Placed before the Readers of the "Tribune" by the Saunterer—Something Here May Interest You.

Did my readers ever notice while traveling by train the man who attracts the attention of all in a car by "talking through his hat?" A case of this kind was brought to my notice one day last week on a train not far from Freeland and the speaker was no less a personage than one of the men who secured a "good job" on the Valley during the recent strike. He continued annoying those near him until they became so disgusted that a row was imminent at any moment.

When a man is so conscience-stricken, as this one was, on account of some despicable act or injury that he has done his fellow man, then that man is in the most abject misery known. The gulping sensation which he experiences in trying to swallow the lump in his throat when he unexpectedly finds himself in the company of those whom he injured, is not any more embarrassing to him than when he is compelled to gaze upon the public in general who know of the foul means he adopted to secure an advantage over those who are his superiors.

In speaking thus I have reference to some of those who have secured "good jobs" on the Lehigh Valley, and who may be seen occasionally on trains coming into Freeland. There is probably no place in the state where these worthless hirelings received so much attention as they did in the immediate vicinity of Freeland during the strike of 1887-'88. At that time they came from all quarters and serpent-like crawled into positions of trust that their sloven nature never would permit if merit received its just reward.

Many ineffectual attempts were made during the miners' strike to solve the scab problem, but all ended in failure. Hot-heads advocated questionable measures, while others of a more conservative nature advised moderation, claiming that a worthless man is not only a load to himself, but to those who employ him, and in the end would fall of his own weight, pulling others down along who might attempt to hold him up.

Experience has shown the latter method of reasoning to be the only true solution of the question which is such a vexation to laboring men. It is slow in operation, but nature does its work well. An example of this may be found at several of the collieries nearby where, a few years ago, farmers were turned into engineers, woodchoppers into firemen and pumpmen, clay-diggers into miners, etc., and it is evident that retribution came upon them as swiftly and destructively as a cyclone.

At one of these collieries east of Freeland about eighty-three of these excuses saw the opportunity of their lives, selected their jobs and went to work. Today but two remain. At the collieries south of Freeland these battered specimens of humanity received a similar fate. Where they have gone no record has been kept, presumably nature has thrown her mantle over them and henceforth their home is in oblivion. Such I predict will be the end of those who went on the Valley and love to talk so much.

On no part of the Valley system were "good jobs" so eagerly jumped at by roustabouts as on the Hazleton division, and apparently all had their eye on a fire-box. They succeeded very well, but these accidental promotions have very little stability and are always the outcome of some great necessity, and the fact that many of them have been sent to the rear on former occasions, their incompetency for the time being is overlooked. In the end they will be those who preceded them—turned down and driven from the service of the men to whom they bartered their conscience for a good job.

SAUNTERER.

Buy \$10 worth of goods at Chestnut's and you get a handsome doll free.

J. C. BERNER'S EMPORIUM

Just as sure as the rivers run to the sea so the tide of trade runs to the counters of the merchant who advertises. Look at this:

There, George, are the gifts for these times. When you can get a choice selection of the richest woolens, and at regular price, Christmas should bring every woman in the land a new Bissell Carpet Sweeper.

For the balance of this month we will give you

TEN PER CENT. OFF ON ALL BLANKETS.

and 50 per cent. off on all coats left from last year. This means

A \$10.00 ladies' coat for \$5.00.

Can you afford to miss all this?

Toilet chamber sets, worth \$4, for \$2.50.

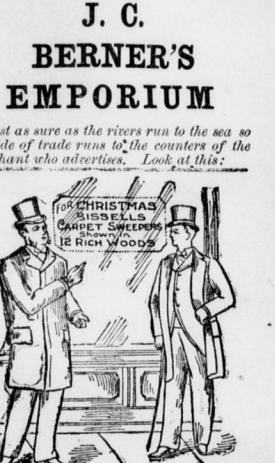
Cheaper than any ever offered in the county. NOTIONS and HOLIDAY GOODS we are aiming to have just what you want for cheaper than you dreamed of—considering quality. We have a large stock of shoes to select from; the Oranburg shoes for children; every pair guaranteed; call and see them.

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

20 LBS. GRANULATED SUGAR, \$1.00; Shoulders, 11c; Cheese, 16c; Butter, 30c Lard, 12c; Salt Herring, 5c lb; Salt haddock, 5c lb; 3 lb Bologna, 25c; 3 lbs mixed cokes, 25c; 5 lbs rice, 25c; 5 lbs barley, 25c; 3 lbs ginger cakes, 25c; 4 lbs soda biscuits, 25c; Mint lozenges, 10c lb; Mixed candy, 10c lb; Stick candy, 10c lb; 5 cans sardines, 25c; 2 cans salmon, 25c; 3 qts beans, 25c; 3 qts peas, 25c; 2 lbs dry corn, 25c; 5 lbs currants, 25c; 3 lbs raisins, blue, 25c; 5 lbs raisins, 25c; Bonny flour, \$1.85.

Yours truly,

J. C. BERNER.



ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. NOV. 19, 1893.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:40, 9:30, 10:41 a. m., 1:20, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 6:58, 7:12, 8:47 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6:05, 8:40 a. m., 1:20, 3:45 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.

9:40 a. m., 4:55 p. m. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.

7:26, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 4:31 p. m., (via Highland ranch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:18, 7:30, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m., from Drifton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:26, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

9:19 and 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

8:40 a. m. and 8:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 a. m. and 3:31 p. m. from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.

3:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Phila., Pa.

R. H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div., Phila., Pa.

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Faith Carson's NEW YEAR.

ER town was ephroniously named Cramp Hollow and her house was a tiny house. The great barn near it would have held a half-dozen such houses. Faith lived with her father and mother, who were farmers and came

from an old stock of farmers, a fact of which they used to boast.

"Farmers are the most independent critters livin'!" Mr. Carson would frequently say.

"I don't see as they are any more independent than other folks," Faith would reply. "Seems to me we have to work for all we want, and then we don't always get it."

"Of course we can't materially expect to git things without we work for 'em."

"Farmer Carson emphasized the word 'work.' Work, according to his mind, meant labor among fields and vegetation.

"Work among a few bins an' tuckers don't amount to much," he continued, with a sidewise glance at Faith, who was busily washing the supper dishes; "I mean real work that keeps a man at it arly an' late."

Faith flushed. The "bins and tucker" shaft had struck home. She knew he was thinking of Oscar Blake, a dry goods clerk. She replied with more spirit than deference.

"I suppose store work does fall some times, and potatoes give out once in awhile!"

This time her arrow found its mark, for hadn't Mr. Carson's potato crop failed this year?

All the while the Faith knew that it really was not so much "city store work" to which her father objected as it was to the clerk, who two years ago had passed a summer vacation among the hills surrounding Cramp Hollow, and who had formed an acquaintance with Faith, much to Mr. Carson's objection. He was afraid Faith's head would be turned by new-fangled notions and she would want to leave the old farm.

Oscar Blake was not a dude. He was simply a good, straightforward fellow, who, by mere chance, had the opportunity given him to go to the country. He did not even choose the place. He was sent there by an old city resident, who, in his early boyhood, had lived there.

ABOUT PINEAPPLES.

They Cost Five Dollars A Piece in England and All Over Europe.

In England and all over Europe pineapples, or "pines," are eaten only by the few who can afford to raise them in hot-houses or pay the extravagant prices for which they are sold, says the Youth's Companion. So rare are they on the other side of the Atlantic that they are sometimes hired to impart a crowning glory to banquets, when they may be admitted and longed for, but not eaten.

In England a pound, or five dollars, is considered a reasonable price for the hot-house "pine," and even in this country as much has been paid for choice specimens of the fruit at the season when they are not in the market. Until within a dozen years nearly all the pineapples raised for market were grown upon the Bahama islands, whence they are shipped by swift sailing vessels to New York or Liverpool.

To-day the principal pineapple producing district of the world is the United States, on a group of five small islands or "keys" lying on the extreme southern part of Florida. These keys are Elliott's, Old Rhoades, Largo, Plantation and Upper Metamora. On them less than seven hundred acres are devoted to the cultivation of "pines," but from this small area four million five hundred thousand pineapples were shipped to New York in one year recently.

The shipment from the Bahamas for the same year was about two-thirds of this amount, while less than a million and a quarter were brought into the United States from other West Indies islands.

The mainland of southern Florida has also begun to produce pineapples in great numbers. On the island of Cuba the sugar planters are just beginning to convert their unprofitable cane-fields into pineapple patches.

The Bahama pineapples are deteriorating on account of the impoverishment of the soil, and the growers are turning their attention to sisal hemp. On the other hand, the area of "pine" lands in south Florida is being extended with each year, and such pains are taken in gathering the crop that Florida "pines," like Florida oranges, now command a better price than any others.

Pineapple plants, frequently called "trees" by the growers, rarely attain a greater height than three feet, and are provided with stiff, sharp-pointed leaves like those on the top or "crown" of a pineapple, except that they are much longer. In fact, the crown of a "pine" is in itself a perfect plant, and, if thrust into the ground under proper conditions, will bear fruit in eighteen months.

The pineapple has no seed, but is propagated from slips or suckers. Several slips spring from the base of each perfected fruit, while the suckers shoot from the bottom of the plant.

Each plant produces a single fruit and then dies, but its suckers become bearing plants a year later, while its slips, if thrust into the ground, will yield fruit in eighteen months.

About ten thousand slips may be planted to the acre, and of these two-thirds will bear fruit. Thus the yield of pineapples is about seven thousand to the acre. If growers could be certain of realizing one dollar per dozen on every crop pineapple-raising would rank among the most lucrative of agricultural pursuits, but the present lack of transportation facilities and the dependence of the growers upon commission merchants diminish the profits greatly.

The pineapple is perishable, and there are many chances against its reaching a distant market in good condition, consequently it is generally considered best to sell the crop in the field rather than run the risk of shipment.

HOW THE NEWSPAPERS IN CORSICA SUPPRESS THE NEWS.

The elections for the council general were going on all over the island of Corsica. The canton of Soccia comprises several villages, among others Guagno, noted for its famous mineral springs and also for the turbulence of its people. The elections took place in each village and on the morrow the presidents of the several bureaux were to meet at Soccia for the formal declaration of the poll. In consequence of certain disorders that had already occurred the mayor of Soccia issued an edict to the effect that none of the inhabitants of Guagno was to enter the village that day.

The inhabitants of Guagno chose to ignore this order, and sixty of them, all armed and all angry that their candidate had been defeated, marched upon Soccia, headed by their mayor. Two gendarmes (not armed) had been placed at the entrance of the village and warned the advancing troops that they were to come no further. The mayor of Guagno cried: "First! There was a general volley from his followers and the two gendarmes fell dead. They both bore excellent characters; one of them had been twenty-four years in the service, had been proposed for the military medal, and leaves a wife and three children."

Such was the first account in the daily paper of Bastia. It occupied about seven inches of one column. The next day the editor had had time to reflect (or he, too, may possibly have had a significant warning), for in an article three inches long, the account was somewhat qualified and there was this important emendation: "It seems we were not correct in stating that it was the mayor of Guagno who gave the order to fire upon the gendarmes."

The third day there were just two lines: "In consequence of the unfortunate affair at Soccia, it is probable that the mayor of Guagno will send in his resignation." That was all! I look the newspaper regularly for a week, for I was curious to see how the affair would end, but there was nothing more; apparently no inquiry, no prosecution of the offenders—Contemporary Review.

Physician—"Considering the weak state of your eyes it will be as well if you gaze as much as possible into empty space." Patient—"All right, then, I'll keep looking into my purse."

Blumenfeld.

"How do you like the new nurse?" "Oh, she is devoted to the children, but poor, dear little Fido she treats like a dog."

"I HAVE COME FOR FAITH."

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passed and no word came from Oscar to cheer Faith.

"He has forgotten me," she sighed softly, but she remembered at parting he had whispered: "New Year's! Would he come then? The day came and ended and he did not come. 'Then he did not mean that,' and she reproved herself for thinking so.

All this time Mr. Carson's mind was partly on his potato crop failure and partly on Oscar.

"It's kinder strange we hain't heard from him or of him sense he went away," said Mr. Carson, taking it for granted that Faith would know "him" meant Oscar, and forgetting that he had emphatically declared "there should be no letter writing or any sich nonsense."

"After all, he appeared to enjoy old-fashioned things. I member how curious he looked into the old brick oven."

Faith remembered it, too. Soon afterward Mr. Carson left the room. With a curiosity born of sentimentality she felt as if she wanted to look into the old oven. She walked leisurely toward it and opened the rusty, creaking door. There was the fateful missive. She took up the letter mechanically, wondering what it could be. It was addressed to herself and sealed. In her excitement she closed the door with a bang which startled Mr. Carson, who was reentering the room.

Faith's face was white and she was breathing hard and fast. She felt as if she held a message from the dead.

"What have you got there, Faith?" he asked.

"I don't know, father. I just looked in the oven, and Oscar did, and I found this letter there. It is directed to me."

Mr. Carson approached her and looked at it through hastily adjusted spectacles.

"Shol Sure enough! Read it now!"

Faith read it, but to herself; then handed it to her father with flushed cheeks. Mr. Carson read it slowly,

raised by their flying hoofs, and there is a momentary lull in the excitement of the expectant throng. The cloud of dust rolls into the stretch, and suddenly the leading horses burst from it like meteors, their bellies to the ground, their jockeys bent double and standing in their stirrups. The favorite, Timour, a big bay ridden by a boy in a scarlet jacket, is leading by two lengths, with the field well bunched.

Three hundred yards from the finish, the backers of Timour see a sight which checks their shouts of exultation. A horse on the extreme outside has shot clear of the bunch, and is rapidly overhauling the favorite. So sudden and unexpected has been the movement that for an instant the electrified spectators fail to recognize the sable form of a despised outsider, Bodach Glas. As his rider calls upon him for the final effort, behind the flying mane



TIGHTLY GRASPED IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

A Song for the New Year. Outstrutted upon a snowy bier Lies the Old Year; His slow pulse still, his last breath spent—"The King is dead!"

Across the threshold New Year stands, His rosy hands Laden with gifts, Ring, joy-bells, ring! "Long live the King!"

—J. Torrey Connor, in Good Housekeeping.