

THE SINGER.

In the church I stood in silence, Not a footfall, not a sound...

And I wondered if the people Gathered there, his name to praise...

So I turned unto the organ, And began to play the air Of the tender, sacred opera...

Then the heavenly spell was broken, For, beside the great staircase Stood a little ragged maiden...

"Child," I cried, "what is your business?" And I paused, with meek sublimity...

"You were singing 'bout the angels, And I came to look at you, And I kind of thought you was one...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

Years have passed since that brief moment, But sometimes I seem to hear Through my busy life of duty...

"Oh, don't, Ad! I'll fall off! I'm falling—indeed, I am!" Then Ad would bring the horse to a walk...

Once, on a pleasant piece of road, Ad pulled the horse into a loop, notwithstanding Liz's pleadings and assertions...

The tighter she held him by his coat, the better pleased he was. It was while thus entering along, Jake Pot- torff made his appearance...

Arriving at the schoolhouse, Liz slid off the horse. Ad tied his horse and joined the boys on the outside of the building...

The slinging was half over when Ad noticed Jake slip out of the room. Jake had come alone and taken a back seat...

It was dark when the meeting was over, with the exception of the dim light of a small crescent. The boys rushed out of the schoolhouse...

Ad succeeded in catching Liz, and hurried her off toward his horse. The animal was restless, and pawed the ground...

Ad first tried to ride up to the fence. As often as he did so and Liz made any attempt to mount, the horse shied off or jumped away...

There was no other alternative. It was three miles to her home. So Ad led the horse, throwing the bridle rein over one arm...

"I tell you what, Liz, the night is boss. I believe I would like to walk the rest of my life on a night like this."

"Oh, you would get tired." "No, I wouldn't; not with you."

After another silence, Ad said: "Liz, I heard that old Bossman's farm was for rent. What would you think if I took a notion to rent it?"

Another pause. Again: "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

"Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?" "Liz, how would you like to live on old Bossman's place?"

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIED in haste, we repeat at leisure.—Congreve. HUMBLE wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—Augustine.

A HUSBAND is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.—Moliere. MEN marry to make an end, women to make a beginning.—A. Dupuy.

A MAN finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon. NO MAN can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—Richter.

TAKE not too short a time to make a world-wide bargain in.—Shakespeare. NEVER marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—Penn.

For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty.—Massinger. A PERSON'S character is but his formed till after wedlock.—C. Simmons.

WEDLOCK'S like wine, not properly judged of till the second glass.—Jerrold. IT is in vain that a man is born fortunate if he be unfortunate in his marriage.—Daicler.

MEN should keep their eyes wide open before marriage and half shut afterward.—Mme. Soudier. FATHERS their children and themselves abuse, that wealth a husband for the daughters choose.—Shirley.

MARRIAGE with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest of life; with a bad woman it is a tempest in a harbor.—J. P. Senn.

As the husband is, the wife is; if mated with a clown, the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.—Tennyson.

The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear, and something every day they live to pity and perhaps forgive.—Cowper.

INCANDESCENT lamps now sell for twenty-five cents apiece. MAGNETO and automatic telephones are now coming to the front.

ITALIAN fire engines are supplied with hose fitted with electric wires, so that the firemen handling the hose can communicate with those at the engine.

On January 20, we are told, the Heilmann electric locomotive was tried between Havre and Paris, drawing thirteen cars at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

ELECTRIC headlights for railway locomotives are coming into general use. The Southern Pacific railroad has already equipped many of its engines with the new headlights.

It is reported that the Thomson-Houston company is in negotiations with the Belgian inventors (Messrs. Lagrange and Hoho) of an electric welding process for the purchase of the patent rights of France.

THERE are now in the United States more than three hundred mining companies making use of electricity for light and power.

ST. MARY'S falls, Michigan, is now being utilized for electric power production, the power being transferred to the Sault by wire.

THEY were passing a fruit store on Jefferson avenue. "Oh, my," she exclaimed, "look at those strawberries. Aren't they a lovely red?"

"Of course they are," he replied; "that's the way they blush at the price asked for them."—Detroit Free Press.

CONSOLATION. Doctor—How is your appetite? Sick Man—Good. Doctor—And your sleep? Sick Man—Good.

Doctor—And your general health? Sick Man—Also good. Doctor—Well, don't worry; I'll change all that within a week.—Hullo.

FIRST YOUNG LADY—Do you always buy two kinds of paper? SECOND YOUNG LADY—Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love. When I answer Jim's letters I use blue paper, which means "faithful unto death." See?—Brooklyn Life.

LOST HIS HEAD COMPLETELY. "They say Vaillant, the anarchist, was very brave on the scaffold." "That wasn't bravery. It was bluff." "What makes you think so?" "Why, along towards the last he weakened. Lost his head completely."—N. Y. World.

VULGAR ECONOMY. Miss Shoddie—the Highminds are going to send Edith to college. Mrs. Shoddie—Huh! It doesn't cost half as much to send a girl to college as it does to have her at home and keep her dressed up the way we do you.—Good News.

FATHER KINGFISHER.

"It is getting towards spring," says Father Kingfisher. "Time to think of another nest!"

Father Kingfisher is a handsome fellow. He is of dull blue back and breast marked with black. His under parts are white and he has black tail feathers with curious white lines across them.

His nest is not a little affair, woven of sticks and grasses, like the majority of birds. "I like to live near a quiet mill pond," says Father Kingfisher.

"I dig a good tunnel, perhaps six or eight feet long, in the side of the sandy bank. At the end of this tunnel I let Mother Kingfisher arrange the nursery. I bring her plenty of good, clean fish-bones to make the cradles for the little ones. They make the most comfortable beds in the world—for little Kingfishers."

It is on account of meals that Father Kingfisher finds the sand bank a good place for a home. He sits for hours on a dry limb or a high post overlooking the water. When his sharp eyes spy a fish swimming below him he darts down and seldom misses striking his prey.

Father Kingfisher does not look as if he enjoyed his dinner. He swallows it in great gulps, dislocating his neck and jerking his body and wings during the process. But he is a good provider, although it is to be hoped that the little Kingfishers do not tire of a fish diet for they get little else.

The Kingfishers are large, noisy and assertive birds. They dash across the water, looking like a long blue streak in their swift flight. When they spy the fish for which they have been watching they dart down, plunging into the water with a sudden dash.

The little Kingfishers lie warm and snug in their dry, sandy hole. No doubt they think it far pleasanter than the most daintily woven nest in the top of the tallest tree.—N. Y. World.

VERY CLEVER TRICK. How to Boil Water with the Heat of One's Hand. A very clever trick whereby cold water may be made to appear to boil from the heat of the hand is easily managed by the boy magician.

Take a tumbler and fill it three-quarters full of water. Show your audience that is ordinary cold water or ice water, if you choose. Cover this with a coarse linen handkerchief, allowing its center to fall to the surface of the water.

Place the palm of the hand tightly over the top of the tumbler and gently invert it with the right hand, which will hold it in the air after the left hand is removed.

Now with the left hand slowly and firmly draw up the handkerchief ends so as to stretch it tightly over the mouth of the tumbler, when, of course, the water will follow it to the lowest point, leaving a vacuum above it.

This vacuum, being something always abhorrent to nature, as we are taught at school, must be filled at once; hence the outer air will force itself through the handkerchief and up through the water in a rapid succession of bubbles.

So lively will this be that the operator will clearly feel the vibrations in his hand, and the audience will hear the bubbling as of boiling water, and if the glass be long and the handkerchief properly arranged, so that the glass is exposed to view between the four corners of the handkerchief, the violent disturbance may plainly be seen, an exact counterpart of the steam bubbles in boiling water.

If this trick be introduced by appropriate remarks and with the pantomime of rapidly rubbing the hands together to generate a high degree of animal heat, it is very effective. Of course, it is well to practice a few times over a basin until proficiency is attained.—St. Louis Republic.

PETER MADE A MISTAKE. The schoolmistress was showing off her pupils to some visiting friends. She had been over the same ground a day or two before, and thought she could trust them to do her credit.

"Who knows what useful article is furnished to us by the elephant?" she asked. "Ivory," was the prompt reply of three boys at once.

"Very good. And what do you get from the whale?" "Whalebone." "Right again. And what from the seal?" "Sealing-wax," answered Peter Sand, whose inventiveness was better than his memory.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S AMBITION. "Well, Jimmie," said the visitor to the small son of the entomologist, "are you going to be a lawyer when you grow up, or what?" "I'm goin' to be a bugwump like papa," said Jimmie.

THE CAUSE OF THE FEUD.

He sat an hour with her in the room. At eve, in the warmth and light; Then he stood three hours outside in the gloom And the storm, bidding her good night.

Mrs. Flaherty (proudly)—Do you hear me Mary Ann singing? Mrs. Dooley—It's her voice Oi wish Oi had, Mrs. Flaherty.

Mrs. Flaherty (unsuspiciously)—An' phwat would th' loikes ar you do wish sich a voice, Mrs. Dooley? Mrs. Dooley—Oid toic a sthone to it and trow it to the bottom av a well.—Judge.

His Fond Wife. "Take care," she said, "you do not go on ley walks and break your back; Take care, dear spouse, I love you so— Besides I don't look well in black."—Chicago Record.

Incomplete. Mrs. Ver Million (dressed for a ball)—How do I look, dear? Mr. Ver Million—Beautiful! beautiful! But you want a little blue paint on your nose and chin.

Mrs. Ver Million—You horrid thing! What would I have that for? Mr. Ver Million—Complete the national colors.—Judge.

Matrimonial Item. "Why, Clara, you look radiant! What has happened?" "I've just received an invitation to a wedding."

"Well, there's nothing particular in that to go into raptures over." "Yes, my," she showed the new engagement ring.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Spring Diamonds. They were passing a fruit store on Jefferson avenue. "Oh, my," she exclaimed, "look at those strawberries. Aren't they a lovely red?"

"Of course they are," he replied; "that's the way they blush at the price asked for them."—Detroit Free Press.

Consolation. Doctor—How is your appetite? Sick Man—Good. Doctor—And your sleep? Sick Man—Good.

Doctor—And your general health? Sick Man—Also good. Doctor—Well, don't worry; I'll change all that within a week.—Hullo.

Her Destruction. First Young Lady—Do you always buy two kinds of paper? Second Young Lady—Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love.

Second Young Lady—Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love. When I answer Jim's letters I use blue paper, which means "faithful unto death." See?—Brooklyn Life.

Lost His Head Completely. "They say Vaillant, the anarchist, was very brave on the scaffold." "That wasn't bravery. It was bluff." "What makes you think so?" "Why, along towards the last he weakened. Lost his head completely."—N. Y. World.

Vulgar Economy. Miss Shoddie—the Highminds are going to send Edith to college. Mrs. Shoddie—Huh! It doesn't cost half as much to send a girl to college as it does to have her at home and keep her dressed up the way we do you.—Good News.

A Good Talker. Little Dick—If I had a stereopticon I could give exhibitions and make some money. Johnny Shaver says he'll go with me and do the talkin'.

Papa—Who is Johnny Shaver? Little Dick—He used to work in a barber shop.—Good News.

A Heavenly Match. Husband (frantically)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in Heaven, and yet you order me about as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is Heaven's first law.—N. Y. Weekly.

Too Warm. Bonus (struggling author)—Nagrus, I always thought you were a warm friend of mine! Nagrus (literary editor)—Bonus, I am. That's why I roasted your book.—Chicago Tribune.

A Dubious Compliment. He—I should be glad to hear that you enjoyed my novel. She—Why, I was fairly in ecstasy when I reached the last pages.—Chicago Record.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America selling Carriages and Harnesses in any quantity with privilege to examine before any money is paid.

Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed name as well for \$100 to \$125. Top Buggies, \$37.50, as the same sold for \$65. Photographs, \$6.60 to \$10.00. Farm Wagons, Waggonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts.

Wholesale Prices. Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed name as well for \$100 to \$125. Top Buggies, \$37.50, as the same sold for \$65. Photographs, \$6.60 to \$10.00.

Annual Statement of the Borough of Freedland, for the year 1893-94. Frank Fairchilds, Collector.

To amount of duplicate, \$1,528 71. To additional tax, 22 72. To dog tax, 96 14. Total, \$1,647 43.

By amount returned to commissioners, 218 15. Does returned with property, 2 00. Abandonment on property, 12 85.

To amount received from license fees, \$4,000 20. From ex-collector Woodring, 222 50. From collector Fairchilds, 1,136 32.

By amount paid out on the following items: Sewer account, labor, 150 00. Frank McGrettrick, 24 45.

Sever account, labor, 150 00. Frank McGrettrick, 24 45. Isaac Davis, 104 89. Frank Gallagher, 82 12.

Supplies for sewer, 4 40. Cox's Bros. & Co., powder, etc., 34 00. Freedland Metal Co., cement, 30 00.

Team on streets, 48 80. William Johnson, 2 80. David Rickett, 1 00. John Fisher, 1 00.

Police service, 12 25. Owen Donnell, 12 25. Patrick Gallagher, 40 00.

Repairs on lock-up, 5 00. William Williamson, supplies, 5 00. M. Halpin, 5 00.

Printing and Publishing, 100 00. Tribune, printing ordinance, 100 00. Progress, printing ordinance, 32 25.

Assessing dogs, 3 80. David Marley, 1892, 3 80. G. G. Fritchard, 1893, 4 35.

Interest on bonds, 39 00. Fire bonds, 39 00. Sewer bonds, 35 90.

One fire bond redeemed, 100 00. Rent of street lamps, 409 06. Rent of fire plugs, 220 88.

Lumber and coal for council room, lock-up and hose house, 43 50. Wm. Johnson, coal, 24 50.

Board of health, supplies, 5 50. Robert McNelis, 4 00. John Bell, 4 00.

Salaries, 20 00. J. B. Hayes, attorney, 20 00. J. R. Quigley, health officer, 20 00.

Miscellaneous, 11 35. Hugh Malloy, repairs on water pump, etc., 1 50. C. P. Geritz, keys, 1 50.

Outstanding orders, 1892, 341 40. Amount paid treasurer, 1892, 178 37. Total expenditure, \$4,795 52.

Amount due treasurer, \$47 63. Treasurer's commission, 16 91. Expenditures in excess of receipts, \$ 573 54.

LIABILITIES.

Amount due Henry Smith, overpaid orders and commission, 573 54. Fire bonds, 600 00. Sewer bonds, 5,965 00.

RESOURCES. Due from ex-col. Woodring, 147 14. Due from Col. Fairchilds, 96 83. Sealed land returned to commissioners, 180 92.

Liabilities over resources, \$ 1,827 76. We, the undersigned, auditors of the Borough of Freedland, after being duly sworn according to law, do hereby certify that we have examined the foregoing accounts, receipts and vouchers of the secretary and treasurer and find the same true and correct.

Roger McNelis, John Bell, H. G. Deppes, Auditors.

Wheeler & Wilson NEW HIGH ARM No. 9.



DUPLIX SEWING MACHINE.

SEWS EITHER CHAIN OR LOCK STITCH. The lightest running, most durable and most popular machine in the world.

Send for catalogue. Agents wanted. Best goods, best terms. Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

C. A. SNOW & CO. O.P.P. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver Spots, Blackheads, Sandbars and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless.

PATENTS

Can I Obtain a Patent? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.

READ THE TRIBUNE— ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR.