

IN MEMORIAM.



Blue-eyed
month, the
of the
year,
May, palpable,
half-visible, is
here!
She lives, en-
compassed by her
leafy screen.
To peep with
laughing eyes
herself unseen
She lingers in the lanes or ferny wood
Or where the meadows bloom in solitude,
Or listens on the river's sedgy bank
To the glad song of her own bobolink
Her swift foot pauses where the grasses wave
Above some half-forgotten soldier's grave.
She stoops above war-desolated spots
To seal forgiveness with forget-me-nots,
And writes with mosses on the crumbling
stone
Heroic names recalled by her alone
O May, so prodigal in memories!
Hast thou forgot the battles on the seas?
Hast thou forgot the seamen that went down
Without a fear to blanch the cheek of brown?
No victory or prize over rears
Its faded leaves upon those warrior-breasts,
No friendly hand has decked their ocean grave
Nor sorrow's tribute reached them through the
wave
Perchance the drifting seaweed drops a spray
In the unfolded arm, then floats away
Perchance those crystal corridors below
Are lighted by a faint and shifting glow
Where passing birds, with soft and sheeny
wings,
Shed gleams of glory in their wanderings!
Not for their age alone the brave old ships
Set thundering trumpets to their iron lips
They poured that awful eloquence of fire
To right the wrong, and lift the right still
higher
The ocean or the shipyard claims the wrecks,
And shadowy crews invest the rotting decks
A ghostly cavalcade flutters to the breeze,
Hast thou no garlands, May, for such as these?
Bring thy deep urn filled with a nation's tears;
Sing thy sweet psalm sprung from our happier
years
And where a warship moulders on our shore,
Worn like a grandeur whose long work is o'er,
Yet on whose rough cheek bay fingers stray,
Give the grim past the blossoms of to-day!
—Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

AUNT DRUSILLA'S MEMORIAL DAY.



procession on Decoration day and
carry flowers to the soldiers' graves."
Aunt Drusilla looked up from her
sewing, gave a scarcely audible sigh
and said nothing. Too much excited
to notice this apparent lack of interest
on the part of her aunt, the elder child
continued the fascinating description
of the event in which she hoped to play
so prominent a part. In a breathless
tone, wherein was just a suspicion of
an undercurrent of pride, she pro-
ceeded eagerly:
"And I am to walk first, teacher
says—and we are to wear white
dresses with bright sashes—it will be
lovely, I!"
"It won't be quite so lovely if we
haven't any white dresses to wear,"
interrupted her little sister Myrtle, who
was of a practical turn of mind.
Myrtle's face fell somewhat at this,
and a moment or two of thoughtful
silence followed. Quickly rallying,
however, she turned to her aunt as to
a person of inexhaustible resources, say-
ing confidently:
"Aunt Drusilla will fix us some, I
know she will."
"No you don't, Myrtle, Aunt Drusilla
hasn't said she would."
"You will, won't you, aunt?" said
Myrtle, coaxingly.
"You must wait until I think it over,
children—you know I am not made of
money."
As this was a somewhat common ex-
pression with Aunt Drusilla when
extra drains were made on her pocket-
book, and often resulted favorably,
the little girls felt no serious misgiv-
ings with reference to their white
dresses.
Left once more to herself Drusilla
continued her work with thoughts
which wandered far from her present
surroundings. Time had flown by, carry-
ing with it one by one of her old
associates, either on the matrimonial
wave, or to the shore where there is
"neither marrying nor giving in mar-
riage," and still she, Drusilla Dexter,
remained with an uneventful past and
an apparently joyless future. I said
"uneventful" in that, perhaps I erred
—taking the general opinion of the
few who thought they knew Drusilla's
history from beginning to end as a cri-
terion for the precise truth.
The wise man has truly said: "Every
heart knoweth its own bitterness and
a stranger intermeddeth not with its
joys," and he might have added—its
own secret hopes.
Some fifteen years before the date of
my story, while in her father's home,
Drusilla cherished, and fell asleep many
a night to dream of, an ideal of a manly
type. No one suspected it—naturally
reserved, she said but little of what
touched her in the tenderest spots.
Hugh Manning, their neighbor's son,
was a big boy when she first started
for school. His was the friendly hand
upon which she had relied in all her
childish troubles, and out of the abun-
dance of a large-hearted nature he
never refused to help the shy little
maiden whose thanks were often only
an appreciative smile. Years passed in
and Drusilla a sweet-faced maiden.
The neighborly companionship con-
tinued and Drusilla cared for none
other. To see him once in a few days,
even, satisfied her.

The distant rumblings of war at last
penetrated the little western village
where they lived, and women's hearts
failed them, knowing that the call for
their loved ones would surely come.
Then Drusilla awoke from the blissful
dream in which she had indulged to the
reality of a heartache and a startling
consciousness of the fact which is
either fraught with much joy or sor-
row to a woman, viz., that her heart
was no longer in her own keeping—
irrevocably given to another.
The call for men came even sooner than was
anticipated, and Hugh was one of the first
to offer himself. Notwithstanding her
grief Drusilla would not have had it
otherwise. Her ideal was a brave man,
stalwart and fearless—but oh, the mis-
ery of it! Her father and young brother
were likewise going; the one on the
extreme limit of age permissible, and
the other almost too young for service,
but they were ready and willing, and
the women were too loyal to their coun-
try to say them nay.
The last night before the men started,
the two families of the Mannings
and Dexters met at the latter's home
for a farewell supper. Beneath the
pleasant flow of genial neighborly
chat there lay the deep current of
turbulent thought and sad forebodings
to which none would give voice lest
the others should be disheartened. Drusilla
waited on the table with a white face
and a compressed look about her
mouth, telling of a speechless grief
harder to bear because it must not find
voice.
It was an evening in June. The roses
were in full bloom and filled the air
with their sweetness. The scent of
roses reminded Drusilla of that even-
ing for many years after. Weary of
the strain of keeping up appearances
the girl went for a breath of air down
the garden path between the rose
bushes. A sense of desolation, too un-
defined for language, lay like a heavy
burden on her heart. Hearing a foot-
step on the walk she hastily turned,
dreading the interruption to these few
stolen moments of freedom from re-
straint. A glance at the supposed in-
truder sufficed to bring the color to her
white lips.
"What did you run away for, Drusilla?"
said Hugh, cheerily. "Why, you
surely are not crying because we go to
fight our country's battles and, please
God, to return with honor to our friends.
You must exercise faith and courage,
Drusilla. It is the only way to endure
these separations."
"I cannot, Hugh. It is far easier for
you to go than for us who remain to
stay at home and weep," replied the
girl, tearfully.
"How do you know that, Drusilla."
"There was no opportunity for further
speech, the rest of the family joined
them and the conversation became gen-
eral. The summons came earlier than
was expected in the morning and leave-
takings were of necessity brief. Faith
and courage—those two words burned
themselves, as it were, into Drusilla's

very soul. Faith first in her God and
then in Hugh, and courage to take
up boldly the duties of each long sad
day, and to wait for the tidings of
loved ones that might never come.
Some time after the departure of the
men from Leigh Valley a distant re-
lative visited the family and brought
for Drusilla, as a present, a beautiful
white dress. In an instant the thought
occurred to her that it might serve as
a wedding dress if Hugh should return
and she meant to do so that night, I am
sure," she frequently said to herself.
"Oh, if he had only spoken, it would
have been easier to bear now."
Troubles came thickly to the Dexter
family after the first year of absence.
Occasionally letters from the field told
of wounds and suffering, and finally
they ceased altogether. From Hugh
there were two or three communica-
tions to his family, and then he too
was silent. At the close of the war the
father and brother returned. Careful
nursing restored the latter, but no lov-
ing care could bring health to the shat-
tered constitution of the former, and in
a few months he was laid to rest in a
soldier's grave. Hugh's whereabouts was
a mystery. He was heard of as
wounded and a prisoner, and the opin-
ion of his relatives was that he too
had fallen a victim to the horrors of
the war.
"Faith and courage, oh for it!"
prayed Drusilla many times a day;
"not my will, but Thine be done," she
murmured from the depths of her
stricken soul.
Her mother died, and then she went
to a distant town to live with her
brother, who had married and settled
down. As the patient aunt of his little
girls, and the mainstay of the church
to which she belonged, she did not lead
an unhappy life, although an abiding
sorrow was her portion. The mystery
attending Hugh's fate remained un-
solved. Other troubles, however, fol-
lowed. Her brother and his wife were
both taken, and she was left sole



guardian to the little girls, Myrtle and
Myra. "He has had about time to get
here."
"Hush, Myra, don't you hear aunt
crying? What can be the matter?"
A strange stillness had fallen over
the occupants of the sitting-room after
that one loud sob of sorrow—or rather
joy.
The little girls waited in vain for
their aunt to come and finish their
toilets, so they concluded to wait upon
each other, as they usually did, and
then go and see what ailed their aunt.
This was soon executed, so eager were
they to solve the mysterious coming of
this stranger. On entering the room
they found the G. A. R. man occupying
a seat very near their aunt, who ap-
peared to be in too happy a state of
mind to warrant that sob. On seeing
the children Drusilla held out her hand
to Myrtle, who happened to be fore-
most, saying, with a smile in which
there was a mingling of various emo-
tions:
"These are poor Heber's children,
Hugh. They are all that is left of my
old home."
"This little lady's likeness to you was
the means of my finding you, Drusilla,
after my long search. I only intend-
ed remaining here a week, so that my
chances were small of meeting with you."
A few words will suffice to explain
Hugh's silence and long absence. He
had written to Drusilla, asking her to
be his wife, soon after wishing her
good-by, but unfortunately the letter
was lost. He was injured in the head
during one of the first engagements.
On his apparent recovery from the
wound it was discovered that his mem-
ory was a blank, and without being
exactly insane, he came very near it.
For several years he continued in this
condition. Finally, however, he recov-
ered under skillful treatment, and then
set on a quest for his loved ones. No
one in his native village knew Drusilla's
latest move, and the search seemed
hopeless.
By the will of his father, who had
died recently, he had come into consid-
erable property, and, as he told Drusilla,
there would be no further need for
her to be a breadwinner.
"I am afraid, Hugh," she answered,
with a loving smile, "that with so much
happiness in prospect I shall be tempted
to forget my daily prayer for faith and
courage!"—Mrs. W. L. Sanders, in Chi-
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pleased to learn that there is at least one
dreaded disease that science has been
able to cure in all its stages and that is
catarrh. This curable disease is the only
positive cure now known to the medical
fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-
tional disease requires a constitutional
treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken
internally, acting directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system,
thereby destroying the foundation of
the disease, and restoring the patient's
strength by building up the constitution
and assisting nature in doing its work.
The proprietors have so much faith in
its curative powers, that they offer one
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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., May 25, 1894.

The Democratic senators were subject-
ed to a great deal of criticism by the
Republicans this week during the debate
on the iron ore schedule of the tariff
bill. Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island,
opened the debate by sarcastically point-
ing out inconsistencies of the Democratic
senators, as manifested in the bill, after
the professions made by them in the
several political campaigns of the past
dozen years in favor of free raw ma-
terials, free iron ore, free coal, etc. He
especially called attention to the ante-
election promises made by Mr. Mills, of
Texas, who in speeches made before
people in Pennsylvania and in New
England, had deluded many of these
people into supporting the Democratic
party in the election of 1892 by making
false promises that as soon as the Demo-
cratic party should get into power it
would reform the tariff and give the
people free raw materials.

To this Mr. Mills retorted with charac-
teristic warmth and vigor that it was
not his fault that the promises made by
himself and others of his Democratic
party colleagues were not to be fulfilled
in this bill. "If I had the making of
this bill," he said, "I would provide for
absolute free trade. I would close up
every custom house in this country and
establish school houses in them." The
applause from the galleries when this
remark was made astonished some of
the members on the Democratic side,
but it didn't seem to have much effect
upon them when the vote upon Peffer's
amendment to place iron ore on the free
list was taken, shortly afterward. They
voted almost solidly for a 40 per cent.
duty, and in doing so thoroughly dis-
gusted the radical members of the house,
and I suppose the Democrats of the
entire country.

The men who are here representing
Democracy today are, as a rule, the
most contemptible and cowardly coun-
terparts that ever disgraced our legisla-
tive halls. The Democratic party owes
Senator Peffer a vote of thanks for com-
pelling them to show their hands upon
the very important question of free iron
ore, as that was one of the keystones of
the Democratic campaign in 1892. The
opinion is gaining ground here that such
millionaires as Gorman, Hill, Brice, etc.,
must be thrown overboard before the
party can ever again ask the country's
support. They are protectionists at
heart, and must be given to understand
that they are in the wrong camp. Demo-
cracy has been disgraced, defeated and
betrayed in the senate.

Senator Gorman, in his speech yester-
day, intimated that the Democrats are
finally united in support of the tariff bill.
It is comforting, to say the least, to
know that they have at last arrived at
this stage of the bill—but at what a cost?
Instead of the original Wilson bill,
which suited all Democrats except the
absolute free traders, the senate proposes
to pass a measure that has been McKin-
leyized in nearly every schedule. In-
deed, it goes against the grain of some,
not many, but nevertheless some of the
Democratic senators to vote for the bill
in its present form, but our radical
friends were told to accept that or get
nothing. Reasoning that half a loaf is
better than none, they have promised
their support.

Though many may not believe it, it is
true that the McKinleyizing and Gorman-
izing of the bill was strenuously
fought in the senate by the Populists
and several Democrats, but under the
threats of Hill and his little band of
political demagogues, whose votes are
necessary to secure its passage in some
shape, the majority had to submit and
turn their backs upon the Chicago plat-
form and the promises made to the
voters in 1890 and 1892. It was a bitter
pill to swallow, but the doctors who ad-
ministered the dose will have to answer
outraged Democracy at the polls or in
some manner before many years go by.

The free list of the bill has been cut
down a great deal, and protection is scat-
tered here and there to such manufac-
turers who have their interests repre-
sented in the senate. Brice would not
vote for the bill unless sugar, was given
nearly three times as much protection as
was given this infamous trust by McKin-
ley. Hill stood aloof from his party
until the duty was replaced on collars
and cuffs, lead had to be given a heavy
tariff to suit another, iron ore and coal
were taken off the free list to please
Gorman, and so on through the bill, and
it is now so changed that Wilson would
never recognize it as his own.

Radicals have insisted upon retaining
the income tax paragraph in the act,
not so much because they wanted it, but
to give the kickers against the other
parts to understand that they could not
rule the party completely. It remained
there, despite the bluster and froth Hill
and Smith made in their speeches, and
indeed, if all the other schedules of the
bill had been left just as they came from
the house, I believe that they would go
through on the final roll-call. The risk,
however, was great, for the party could
not spare the loss of a single vote, and
Hill threatened to cast his ballot with
the Republicans if not granted part of
what he asked. The income tax is not
an ideal mode of collecting revenue, but
it is more sensible, just and honest than
a policy that would force the total ex-
pense of the government from the
pockets of day-laborers.

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NOTIONS:
Three-yard ecru taped lace curtains, one dollar value, price
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Good bleached towels, 5c each.
Ladies' fast black hose, twelve and one-half cent value, this
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Men's silk embroidered fancy night shirts, 49c; a seventy-
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Men's negligee percale shirts, with laundered collars and
cuffs, 45c; regularly sold at 75c.
Ladies' muslin underwear in endless varieties of the most
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CLOTHING:
Boys' twenty five cent knee pants, 15c per pair.
Boys' two dollar knee pants suits, \$1.
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5 lb jelly..... 25
5 lb soda biscuits..... 25
2 cans salmon..... 25
11 lbs lard..... 1 00
Lard, per pound..... 10
Shoulder..... 10
3 cans pie peaches..... 25
2 cans table peaches..... 25
FRESH TRUCK SEMI-WEEKLY.

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Heavy express harness, \$16.50,
\$19.00, \$20.00 and \$22.00.
Heavy team harness, double,
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Time table in effect September 3, 1893.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle
Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan,
and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., 12:30
4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:00 a. m., 2:30
p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry,
Tomblicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m.,
daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m.,
Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia, Junction,
Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and
Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:00 p. m., daily except
Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood,
Cranberry, Tomblicken and Deringer at 6:37 a.
m., 1:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:47 a. m.,
4:15 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia
Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road,
Onedia and Shepton at 6:47, 6:10 a. m., 12:30, 4:30
p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:40 a. m., 3:05 p. m.,
Sunday.
Trains leave Deringer for Tomblicken, Cran-
berry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan,
Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook,
Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:58, 6:07 p. m.,
daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m.,
Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt
Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton
Junction and Drifton at 7:28, 10:16 a. m., 1:15,
6:20 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:14 a. m., 3:45
p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow
Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo
and Drifton at 10:16 a. m., 5:25 p. m., daily, except
Sunday; and 12:16 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver
Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley,
Jeddo and Drifton at 10:16 a. m., 3:45 p. m., 6:38 p.
m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:58 a. m., 5:58 p. m.,
Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with
electric cars for Hazleton, Jenneville, Auden-
ton and other points on Lehigh Traction Co.'s
R. R.
Trains leave Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton
Junction at 9:16 a. m., and Shepton at 7:58 a. m.,
1:15 p. m., connect at Onedia Junction with L. V.
R. R. trains east and west.
Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., make con-
nection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for
Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg, etc.
E. B. COXE,
Superintendent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Anthraxoid coal used exclusively, insuring
cleanliness and comfort.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
MAY 13, 1894.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6:05, 6:25, 9:31, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:55,
5:50, 6:58, 7:12, 8:57, 10:40 p. m., for Drifton,
Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6:05, 6:25, 9:31 a. m., 1:35, 2:40, 4:55 p. m., for
Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Fair-
mount and New York.
6:05, 9:31, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:55, 6:58 p. m., for
Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
12:58, 4:00, 8:47, 10:23 p. m., (via Highland
Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-
Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
11:40 a. m. and 5:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lum-
ber Yard and Hazleton.
9:25, 10:50 a. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenan-
doah, New York and Philadelphia.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
5:00, 7:15, 7:29, 9:27, 10:56, 11:59 a. m., 12:58, 2:13,
4:54, 6:58, 8:47, 10:32 p. m., from Hazleton, Stock-
ton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:28, 9:29, 10:45 a. m., 2:14, 4:34, 6:58, 10:22 p. m.,
from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah
(via New Hazleton Branch).
12:58, 4:00, 8:47, 10:23 p. m., from New York, East-
on, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch
Chunk.
9:25, 10:50 a. m., 12:58, 5:40, 6:58, 8:47, 10:22 p. m.,
from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch
Chunk.
9:25, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven,
Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and
B. Junction (via Highland Branch).
11:21 a. m. and 3:31 p. m., from Hazleton, Lum-
ber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
11:11 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,
Philadelphia, Pa.
R. H. WILBTR, Gen. Supt. East. Div.,
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A.,
South Bethlehem, Pa.