NEGLECTED WIVES.

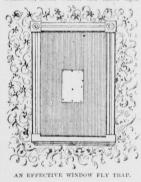
NEGLEOTED WIVES.

Very Many of Them Hase No One to Hinam
"I am not at all surprised," said a bright woman, 'that some men find other women more attractive than their wives. In this age of progress and newspapers women who do not live up to the those must expect to be eclipsed wives. In this age of progress and newspapers women who do not live up to the those must expect to be eclipsed.

"The occasion for my disgust is that twice within the past week I have me vives who did not eare for the friedout the progress of the control of the control

How to lild a Room Successfully of the Froublesone Insects.

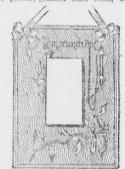
Flies are the pest and worry of all tidy housekeepers, and how to rid a room of them is an unsolved question to many. This is quite easily accomplished by taking advantage of the flies habit of flying to the window or place from which light is admitted, and to accomplish this, darken all the windows with a heavy shade, or any material, cutting a hole in one of the shades, over which is firmly pinned a sheet of the common transparent fly paper, and, if possible, have this located at one of the east, south or west windows, from which the most light



AN EFFECTIVE WINDOW FLY THAP. may be obtained. It will be but a short time ere the flies in the room will be sticking to this paper in their effort to be near the light. This is far easier and more cleanly than placing paper about the room for them to accidentally light upon, or killing them with poisoned liquid pyrethrum powder.—American Agriculturist.

about the room for them to necesses and pill pills upon reliable the room of the correct period period of the correct period of the correct period of the correct period of the correct period pe

## NOVEL MEMORY JOG.



time as they can be realized.—Country Gentleman.

Long Chains Popular Again.

The fancy for wearing jewelry is growing apace, and long watch chains are becoming popular again. If the lovely jeweled ones are beyond the limit of price, then the old-fashioned gold ones which have been in oblivion for years may be brought out for duty. It is not at all necessary that there should be a watch at the end of the chain, for the utility element is a minor consideration. A brooch fastens it at the neck, and it may be few tooned lower down and lose itself in the trimming of the dress, suggesting a dainty little watch tucked away in the folds.

A Curtosity Among Colors.

a dainty little watch tueleed away in the folds.

A Curiosity Among Colors.

It is a curious fact that the color of yellow, whether it be vegetable or animal, is much more permanent than any other hue. The yellow of a flower's petals is the only color known to botanists that is not faded or entirely discharged upon being exposed to the fumes of sulphurous acid. Take the viola tricolor (heart's ease) as an illustration. If exposed but a moment to these fumes the purple tint immediately takes its flight, and in the wall-flower the yellow shines as brightly as ever after all other colors have fled.

Twins at Sixty-Three.

## THE POOL AND THE RILL

What though the pool,
Its bosom full.
No want may seem to know;
It's like the heart.
That has no part.
In any human woe.
What though the stream
May sometimes seem
With wasteful haste to flow;
It's like the heart.
That seeks a part.
In every human woe.

In every human woo.
The worthless pool stands dry,
No moisture in it found;
The gladsome brook runs byles waters still abound.
The gladsome brook runs byThe sun has caught
The sun has caught
Then to the skies
The brook bestows
With lavish hand;
And still it flows
To bless the land.

To bless the land.

What though our life,
With blossines rife,
No good thing seems to lack;
If we refuse
God's gifts to use
Lie will demand them back,
What though the stream
Of life may seem
A gainless course to lead;
It cannot cease,
With God as Fountain-Head.

—Rev. Norman Plass, in N. Y. Independent,

## TOLD AT THE CLUB.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.



BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

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will say that this is not exactly a club story. But my excuse for giving it to you is that the Old Beau told it to me one night while we sat in the eozy, curtained alcove just behind the buffet. And long before he had finished I called the set and the set as creepy feeling down my back.

"I have been a member of the club for five and twenty years," said my friend, "and in that time I have come to know intimately the lives of many men. Some curious things have happened within these rooms, but none so strange as this thing in the life of a man who was once the very soul of our inner circle. There! I did not mean to use that word, for before I have finished you may think it was misplaced. But no matter. Other and wiser men than we have had their doubts.

"His name was Eugene Wallace. We used to sit here and talk and drink 'B and S,' just as you and I are doing now. One night we fell to talking about marriage.

"If I wanted to marry any woman,' said Eugene, 'which, thank heaven, I do not, nothing should stand in my way,'
"I can readily believe,' I said, for I liked to urge Eugene on, 'that you would permit no little matter of conscience or sentiment to stand in your way—or prevent you from accomplishing your desires. Yet I do think, my dear fellow, that it is possible there may be obstacles in this life which even you will find it difficult to surmount."

"Don't be sarcastic,' he returned: 'time enough to twit me with lack of conscience or sentiment when I have

even you will find it difficult to surmount."

"'Don't be sarcastic,' he returned:
'time enough to twit me with lack of
conscience or sentiment when I have
set up a claim to the possession of
either."

"Truly, Eugene,' I said, 'if a man
could only throw overboard some little
things that hamper him from within,
he might work to better advantage at
times.'

"Nothing but the externals are
worth considering,' he replied, slowly.

"In fact nothing is worth considering
—much."

-much."
"Thinking,' he went on presently,
and in a manner calculated to give
force to his words, 'is a heavy task,
and it does not make things go any



"'Ah! you are about to turn moralist.' be said, lifting his eyebrows at me. 'But do you think it worth while to wa te your maiden effort on so unlikely a subject?"

"'Miss Voisdene,' I answered, not heeding this, 'has known so few men that any passably decent fellow who would make love to her violently might interest her. There is no doubt you can succeed. But you have been through too many fires. If she should, later, find there was such a thing as real passion in the world the result might prove a little annoying for all concerned.'

"Eugene answered this lazily, as if the matter after all did not much interest him."

"I told you once,' he said, 'that conscience should never stand ins my way. The reason was—I think I have no conscience. Nordo I think I have no conscience. Nordo I think I have no the artifulute which is supposed to be coordinate with it—the base of the brain where the soul is supposed to reside I verily believe is hollow. If a clever anatomist ever has me on his table I hope he will not neglect to investigate this matter."

"What has all this rigmarole to do with Miss Voisdene? I demanded, growing impatient with his nonsense." I am coming to that,' he answered quiedly. 'By the way, it is curious,' putting his hand to the back of his head, 'that the saw-bones say the very easiest place to cut off life is just here, 'ight below where the soul—the incarnation of life—should be. Now, it is true,' handling a long, thin knife such as surgeons use, 'it is true that such a thing as this thrust right in at the base of the skull, would cut off that which we call life, on the very instant."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it would,' I answered, annoyed at the way he kept

which we call life, on the very instant.'

"Yes, yes, I suppose it would," I answered, annoyed at the way he kept from the question, 'It would sever the spinal cord. But let us stop this idle talk. I would like to know what you intend in regard to Bertha Voisdene?

"Ah, yes,' he said, laughing a little: 'I had forgotten the important matter in hand. I said I would marry any woman if I wanted to. But I don't want to, thank heaven. I love Bertha Voisdene, and I think she loves me. But you are right in what you have said. I am not a fit mate for that pure shild.'

But you are right in what for that pure said. I am not a fit mate for that pure shild."

"With the last word, so quickly that I could not interpose, he had driven the knife with which he had been playing directly to the vital spot—and what had once been Eugene Wallace, and my friend—was only a lifeless thing upon the flow.

Hiche-was only a liteless thing alone the floor,

"An hour later I stood beside his body, alone with the surgeon whom I had summoned, and his words came back to me with startling distinctness.



I told this to the medical man, and, with the cold passion of an anatomist, he put his implements into play and laid bare the base of the skull and afetly removed the necessary portions of bone.

"Just as he had done this the outer door of the room opened, and I stepped hastily toward it. Bertha stood there, quiet, pale, beautiful.

"Where is he?" she asked; 'he told me to come to him, here, at this hour. We are to fly, together.'

"This was the woman who had killed my friend. I grew hard and 'cold toward her.

"Your punishment be on your own

my friend. I grew hard and cold toward her.

"Your punishment be on your own
head,' I said; 'you would have thrown
yourself away for a man who had no
youl. Look.'

"I flung a book open upon the table
before her, and pointed to a passage
which the sawbones had just shown
ue. These were the words:

"These were the words:

"The seat of the soul is in the
Corpus Callosum, a spongy little body
at the base of the brain.' Then, motioning her toward the form, I threw
back the wrappings and exposed the
incision that had just been made.

"Look,' I said again, 'this man
never had a soul.'

"But poor Bertha Voisdene saw only
the face of him whom she had learned
to love, and the eyes, now wide and
staring, that had charmed her heart
away. And with a single bound she
fell fainting across the body of her
lover."

The Old Beau pansed, while I hastily

Trying to E-cape.

"There!" said the young wife proudity, as she deposited the hot plate carefully on the table. "That's the first mince pie that I ever made without any help; all alone myself."

"So it is!" exclaimed her husband cathusinstically, looking it over critically meanwhile. "And as long as it is the very first, my dear, don't you think that, instead of cutting it, it would be nice to keep it for a souvenir? How would it do to have it framed?"—Somerville Journal.

He Knew It.

Gentleman (who has engaged an aged colored hackman to drive him from the station to the hotel)—Say, uncle, what's your name?

Driver—My name, sah, is George Washington.

Gentleman — George Washington! Why, that name seems familiar.

Driver—Well, fo'de Lawd's sake! I should tink it ought to. Here I been drivin' to this station 'bout twenty years, sah!—Stonington Bulletin.

A Bluthmark.

Superintendent Byrnes—Are there any marks by which your daughter can be distinguished?

Sorrowful Mother—Yes; she looks three years older than she really is.—Hallo.

A Blustler.

Hallo.

A Hustier.

Edith—And you never permit Jack to kiss you?

Maude—Certainly not! He always does it first and asks afterward!—Truth. FORESTALLED.



Mrs. Cobwigger—I bought a necktic here yesterday, and the one you sent home wasn't anything like it. Haberdasher—The one we sent, mad-am, was picked out by your husband a month ago, in case you ever bought one for him.—Puck.

one for him.—Puck.

Not Used to Being Flattered.

flostess.—Of course the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable ex-

take the trouble to be agreeable except for a pretty woman.
Reggy Westend—Whom do I take in, then?
Hostess—Mrs Farris.
Reggy Westend—But she's uglier than Miss Purdy.
Hostess—I know that, but she's married and used to being neglected.—Life.

It Turned Out All Right.

"What has become of your first love. Fannie Jones, about whom you used to rave so much?" asked a New York gentleman of a friend whom he had not met for several years.

"Oh, she is married and happy."
"And how is it with you?"
"I am still happier—and unmarried."
—Alex Sweet, in Texas Sittings.

Incredible.

—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Incredible.

Bob—Awfully embarrassing thing happened to-day, Jack. I went into a shop to buy some cigars, when I suddenly discovered that I had left my money at home.

Jack—Did the proprietor trust you?

Bob—O, yes; he knew me.

Jack (in surprise)—And he trusted you?—Answers.

Jack (in surprise)—And he trusted you?—Answers.

Etiquette's Demands.

Husband (alarmed) — Emily, there seems to be smoke coming up through the floor. Run and tell the lady on the flat below. Something's after in her part of this building. Quick, quick!

Wife (coldly and stately)—Cyrus, Fill never do it in the world. We've lived three months in this flat and she has never called on me.—Tid-Bits.

Pulverizing.

Teacher — Pulverized sugar is so called because it is powdered. Do you understand?

Little Girl—Yes'm.

Teacher—Now construct a sentence with the word "pulverize" in it.

Little Girl—You pulverize your face!

—Good News.

Necessary Pantomime.
Bridget—D'ye moind th' way thim
Oytalians motions wid their hands an'
arrums an' heads an' bodies whin they

Patrick—Begorra, how ilse could they undirshtand phat aich other do be chatterin' about?—N. Y. Weekly.

A Matrimon'al Prize.

Old Friend—Your little wife is very highly educated, isn't sh'n?
Happy Husband—Blessyon, no. She doesn't know enough to last her over Sunday. Why, she even enjoys the meetings of the Ladies' Literary club.

—N. Y. Weekly.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and MARNESS MFG. GO.



Benj. F. Rute, treasurer, in account with Freeland borough school district.

James Hough, interest on loan and principle.

John Bell, auditing school account 1861 Hodger McNells, ""

Hodger McNells, ""

With Williamson, supplies and books."

Progress, publishing annual statement that the statement of th \$3,836 31

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Myron Zimmerman, attending county
Institute
H. M. Doudt, attending county institute
John Smith,
Adam Sachs,
B. F. Rute,
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Casper Freiling, wood and cleaning sidewalker fiby, wood and cleaning sidewalker fiby, wood and cleaning sidewalker fiby, wood and cleaning sidewalker fibriebeck, supplies.
Silver Burdette, copy books.

\$3,664 56 171 75

LIABILITIES. \$75,000

Due B, F, Rute, commission...\$73 29

Due auditors 1894...........\$85 29 Resources over liabilities..

John Bell, Roger McNells, H. G. Deppe,

HINANCIAL STATEMENT of Foster town-ship school district for the year ending June 4, 1894.

Conrad Brehm, fax collector. DR. \$11,675 73
uplicate \$11,675 73
201 42
221 60
101 50

\$12,200 25 

Erasmus Snyder, treasurer Dt.
To amount paid by ex-freasurerTax collector, first 60 days.
Tax collector, after 60 days.
State appropriation.
State appropriation.
Loan of James Hough, I year.
Unscated land and election rent.
A McNuty, tuition.
Tutton, Tannery school.

Wheeler & Wilson

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nd for entalogue. Agents wanted, Best goods, Best terms

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