

BOB WHITE.

Bob White from the fence rail is calling. The field for the harvest is brown.

As backward I come from the town. A year 'mid 'em I've been working.

But now, at the border of night. I pass where the deer-mice are lurking.

And hear the shy call of Bob White. I pause by the wayside uncertain.

A lute branches off, and I see A light and a snowy chin in curtain.

Familiar as daybreak to me. And memories are rising unbidden.

Of eyes that were full of delight. When I by the hedgerows hidden.

Mocked gaily the call of Bob White. And one in the doorway was listening.

A kerchief thrown over her head. Who came at the sound to our listening.

Her cheeks as the roses were red. Like gold of the harvest her tresses.

Her step as the thistle-down light. Sweet hour of love's vows and caresses.

Foreord by the call of Bob White. The tears from my eyes overflowing.

Fall down on the wild roses bloom; 'Tis many to weep at the knowing.

Life's blossom has lost its perfume. A quater, cold words, and we parted.

I noticed her cheeks and grew white. She left me alone broken-hearted.

Alone in the lane with Bob White. Just once for the sake of old pleasures.

To-night I will pay for forget. And whilst the well-remembered measures.

That farmers trample as "More Wet." The door is thrown open. I wonder.

If ghosts walk abroad in the night. No, there is her face smiling under.

The "kerchief," she's coming, Bob White. But what was the past to the present?

As years have happened to me. From their hiding place partridge and pheasant.

Peep out as we pass, and above The robins are chirping together.

Oh, everything's bonny and bright. Our life shall be all pleasant weather.

Call on, from the fence rail, Bob White. —Lalla Mitchell, in Good Housekeeping.

Dear Guido! What a man he is. There are not many like him.

Mr. Hamblin jerked his chair impatiently. "I always wonder, Rex, why it is that you do not get on with Guido; he is so easy to please. But somehow you two—"

Miss Hamblin broke in quickly: "Who else was it Lady Meredith's, Valerie?" "Oh, you'll see the whole list in the Morning Post, dear. But, as usual, the one person I wanted to see was not there."

"And who was that?" "Mrs. Lascelles." Both Rex and his sister looked up sharply. "Mrs. Lascelles?"

"Yes, Guido introduced us the other day in the park! She is perfectly charming, and a great friend of his."

Miss Hamblin fidgeted nervously with the cups, and Hamblin threw down his serviette so impatiently that it jerked to the floor some of his opened letters; an envelope fluttered to Valerie's feet, she stooped and picked it up.

"Why, Rex, who is this from?" she asked, curiously, glancing at the delicate feminine writing, under which, in the club porter's clumsy hand, was the home address.

Hamblin frowned angrily. "It's a business letter," he answered, shortly. "Oh," and Valerie was about to put it down when her eye caught the gilt monogram "S. L." "I didn't know business people wrote on paper like this, they don't in Italy," she added quietly, then, turning to Miss Hamblin, but still retaining the envelope, she continued: "Guido brought me a message from Mrs. Lascelles, though; she wants me to act in some tableaux vivants she is getting up on the 12th of next month; I am to choose my own characters and do whatever I like; isn't it delightful?"

"What did you say?" "My dear Kate, I said I should be charmed!" Rex looked up. "I hope you don't really mean that, dear?"

"Why?" "Because I cannot possibly allow you to do anything of the kind." Valerie stared at him in astonishment. "But I tell you I have already accepted, the idea pleases me, and I have no intention of giving it up," added Valerie, with decision.

"My dear child, you must let me decide that for you. You cannot possibly take part in these tableaux of Mrs. Lascelles."

"And why not?" asked Valerie, petulantly, irritated by the unwonted contradiction. "Because Mrs. Lascelles is not a woman whom I choose to have you associate with."

Mrs. Hamblin's face flushed. "She is my brother's friend."

"Exactly," replied Rex, in a tone that spoke volumes. "Rex, how dare you insinuate such things? Guido would not wish me to know anyone who was not nice. He particularly asked me to be friends with Mrs. Lascelles, and I will do all I can to please him."

"My dear Valerie," began Rex, but she interrupted quickly: "You are jealous of Guido; jealous because he is so much better looking and more popular than you! I have noticed it ever since he has been in London. I will not have my brother slighted, nor his friends, and I shall go and call on Mrs. Lascelles this very afternoon."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Valerie," said Rex, in a tone which was new to his wife. "The woman is the talk of the town, and I won't have you mixed up with her. Stella Lascelles' name is in every man's mouth."

"Stella Lascelles—S. L.!"—exclaimed Valerie, whose eyes had wandered to the envelope, and her letters are in every man's pocket, too, I suppose. I understand now why you do not wish me to meet her."

"Valerie!" cried Kate, putting her hand on the girl's arm. "Leave me alone, Kate!" she said, impatiently, her face white and her eyes lowering. "Do you suppose I am such a child as not to see through this?"

"You are talking such abject nonsense that it is not worth contradicting," said Rex, rising from the table and unfolding a newspaper. "Nonsense? Then show me the letter that envelope contained."

"I shall do nothing of the sort." "Of course not; I can quite understand that. A business letter."

"Will you tell me it is not from Mrs. Lascelles?" "I will tell you nothing at all!" he exclaimed, striking towards the door.

"As you please." Kate watched them a moment—he, standing by the open door of the tiny greenhouse which led from the dining-room, a look of pain and trouble on his face; she, her chair pushed back from the table, her whole bearing sullen and defiant; Miss Hamblin had a shrewd idea that she held the key of the situation, which her brother was trying to hide from his wife. What was she to do?

Kate Hamblin had been mother and sister and friend to her only brother too long not to understand him thoroughly. She loved him too well to have harbored any small jealousy towards the wife he had chosen; and, thanks to her tact, the menage a trois had always till now rolled on oiled wheels. But Kate had not spent six months in her sister-in-law's society without gaining some insight into her character. She knew that Valerie was fonder of her husband than she herself realized, but that hers was not a nature which easily forgave, and she felt that if this grievance were allowed to take root in the girl's mind it might be productive of serious trouble hereafter. After a second's hesitation, Miss Hamblin followed her brother into the greenhouse.

When, after a few minutes, she returned, Valerie was still in the same position, only her face was a little harder, her lips a little more set.

"My dear Valerie," she said, putting a hand on her shoulder, "will you listen to me?" "Excuse me, Kate," replied Mrs. Hamblin; "you are very kind, but this is a matter between Rex and me, and no one else has anything to do with it."

The Verdict.

A coroner in Nevada recently reasoned out a verdict more sensible than one-half the verdicts usually rendered. It appears that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off, was blown into a million pieces. The following was the verdict delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't visitation of God, because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he didn't have anything to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—died for want of common sense."—Harper's Bazar.

Knows Now. A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away, as he had been fishing all day and had caught nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired a man passing. "Yes," answered the boy. "Nice dog you have there; what is his name?" "Fish. That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?" "Cause he won't bite."

"Then the man proceeded on his way. —Erie Messenger. A Generalization. "I'm very lonely," said the vivacious girl. "My brother is collecting postage stamps, and my sister is so busy collecting magazine posters that I see scarcely anything of her. What have you been doing?"

"I?" said Cholly, somewhat sternly. "I have been collecting my thoughts." "Dear me! What silly fads people do have nowadays!"—Washington Star.

Not Much Difference. Trivet—There is very little difference between a court's order to a sheriff to hang a man, and a reprieve for the criminal.

Dicer—What is the difference? Trivet—The death warrant says: "Thou shalt knot," and the reprieve says: "Thou shalt not."—Bay City Chat.

A Suggestion. Parker—What do you think of that proposed amendment to the state constitution? Barker—Which one? Parker—I provides that every law enacted hereafter must state distinctly whether it is intended to be enforced or not.—Puck.

Always the Case. "If I were only pretty," she sighed. "You can easily become so," said her best friend. "How?" "Disappear mysteriously. I never read of a girl who disappeared mysteriously who was not pretty."—Chicago Evening Post.

Proof of Genius. First Post—I think Thomson's "Seasons" is the most remarkable book ever written. Second Post—Why? First Post—It contains over a thousand lines on spring, and he managed to get it published.—Harper's Bazar.

A Coward. Irate Father—I can't understand you giving your mother so much impudence. I never dared talk back to my mother. Son (with a sneer)—No; you wouldn't dare talk back to my mother, neither.—Puck.

How Can They? That worldly set that dares reject The preacher's good advice, And think they can get away their way, But they won't out at all. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

"KEEPING A STIFF UPPER LIP." Van Waffles—Was there much life where you stopped while away? Montrose—Well, I should say there was! Why, it would have tickled an entomologist to death.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Women and Cows. Mr. Grumps—Why in creation do women always call a cow "he"? Mrs. Grumps—I presume it's because cows always act so cross and ugly with women.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Marked. "I don't see much difference between your sacred concert programmes and your secular concert programmes." "The sacred concerts are given on Sunday."—Life.

No Excuse for Cain. "I never could understand," sighed Adam, "why that oldest boy of mine turned out so badly. He hadn't any grandparents to spoil him."—Chicago Tribune.

The Coming Lover. "Shall I speak to your mother, Ethel, about our engagement?" "Yes, George, dear, and don't be afraid of her. She isn't half so dreadful as she looks."—Detroit Free Press.

Mixing the Colors. It's when a man is feeling blue, So it is often said, He has a disposition to Go out and paint things red. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

BENEVOLENT ROYALTY.

Bavaria's Oculist Duke and His Beautiful Wife.

Three Eye Hospitals Are Now Maintained by the Royal Couple—Schloss Tegernsee, the Favorite Retreat of Carl Theodor.

The third of six beautiful and talented sisters, Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, became the second wife of the celebrated royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, on April 20, 1874.

No married life could be more simple or happy than that led by Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor, surrounded by their five children, three daughters and two sons—Princess Sophie, born in 1875; Princess Elizabeth, 1876; Princess Marie, 1878; Prince Ludwig Wilhelm, in 1884, and Prince Franz Joseph, the godson of the emperor of Austria, on March 23, 1888.

The duke and duchess, says the Gentlewoman, lead a very busy, useful life, for the duke has no less than three eye hospitals under his charge, which he has himself founded, the principal and favorite of which is at the royal Schloss at Tegernsee, in Bavaria. The others are at Munich and Meran, at all of which places he spends a part of the year with his family. His royal highness performs the operations very early in the morning (in summer at half-past six), and he is almost always assisted by the duchess, who takes the greatest interest in her husband's work, and who is herself a very skillful trained nurse. He also sees all patients early in the morning, and, as may be imagined, the poor look upon him almost with worship, and have an equal adoration for the beautiful duchess.

The hospital of Tegernsee, which is in the old royal Schloss, now the property of the duke, can accommodate sixty patients, each ward containing from four to six beds. No fees are taken at any of the three hospitals, but there are boxes in which richer patients are expected to place a contribution, the money being devoted to the deserving

poor of the place. Duke Carl Theodor is the only royal oculist who exists, and when first he announced his intention of studying medicine, in order that he might spend his life and talents in the service of the sick and suffering, every one declared that it was an unheard-of thing for a prince of royal blood to adopt any profession but that of arms.

The duke, however, was wiser than his generation, and preferred to heal the sick rather than to inflict wounds, and his name will live longer and be more loved by generations to come than that of any soldier, however brave and noble his life may have been. The duke could nowhere have found a nobler and more unselfish wife than the duchess, for she enters heart and soul into his philanthropic work, and so thoroughly understands the great nature of her husband.

It often happens that a clever woman is domineering and unamiable, but this is not the case with her, for she has the sweetest and most unselfish nature, and is always thoughtful and considerate to her attendants, who are one and all devoted to her. Her tact in dealing both with high and low is unflinching, and she is as great a favorite with all the relations of her husband as with her own family.

The duchess has many interests in life, and one of her chief hobbies is engineering; she takes an immense interest in machinery of all descriptions, and, what is very rare in a woman, thoroughly understands the subject. In appearance she is very queenly, with a perfectly beautiful face, and lovely eyes, full of expression, the greatness of her soul showing plainly when she speaks, but perhaps her greatest charms are her womanliness and the tenderness that she shows to the poor patients when she is assisting her husband in a painful and difficult operation.

Schloss Tegernsee is beautifully situated on the Lake of Tegernsee, almost on the edge of the water. Tegernsee is a very ancient town, founded by two brothers, Count Otokar and Count Adalbert, in the year 740. It is now a very pretty, quiet place, greatly frequented by the inhabitants of Munich, who came there on account of the pureness of the air and the beauty of the scenery.

The ancient Schloss, which was formerly a monastery, became a private residence in the year 1838, and in 1817 became the property of King Maximilian I. of Bavaria. The king made it his summer residence, and generally spent several months there every year. Now it is the property of Duke Carl Theodor who has put it to a noble use, and has made Tegernsee the center of charitable work among the poor.

The hospital is situated in one wing of the Schloss, as the duke finds it most convenient to have his patients under his own roof. No royal dote and no dowry in all Europe lead such truly unselfish lives as the Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor of Bavaria, and if only his example will be followed by those who are talented among the royal and noble families of Germany, only good would come to the Fatherland.

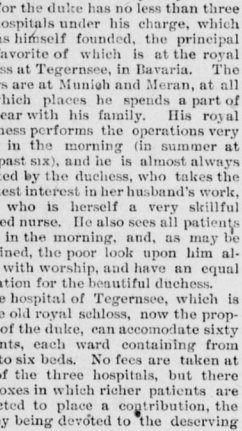
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SCHLOSS TEGERNSEE.

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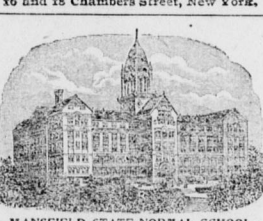
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ESTATE OF JOHN STEFONKA, late of Hazle township, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same, without delay, to JOHN WAGNER, Attorney, O. St. Street, attorney.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF Luzerne county, No. 31, December term, 1895. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the court of common pleas of Luzerne county, or one of the law judges thereof, on Monday, November 4, 1895, at 10 o'clock p. m., under the act of assembly of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and registration of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Hungarian Working Men's Benevolent Society of Freeland, Luzerne County, Pa." the character and object whereof is to promote benevolence and charity among its members, and to provide a fund which, in the event of sickness, may be used for the benefit of such sick members, and in the event of death to defray the funeral expenses of deceased members to such an extent and in such an amount as the said society may deem proper. It is desired that all persons who possess or have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act of assembly and its supplements, should appear at the time and place above specified, to wit: Charles Orion Stroth, solicitor.

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